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Schiller's Complete Works.

THE
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Wilhelm von Oranien.

SCHILLER'S
COMPLETE WORKS.

EDITED, WITH

CAREFUL REVISIONS AND NEW TRANSLATIONS,

BY

CHARLES J. HEMPEL, M.D.

WITH PREFACE TO THE READER; NOTES AND APPENDIX

TO

"WIREMAN'S POEMS OF SCHILLER."

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

With Illustrations by the Best German Artists.

PHILADELPHIA:

I. KOHLER, 911 ARCH STREET.

1881.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by IGNATZ KOHLER, in the Office of the Librarian
of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



CAXTON PRESS OF
SHERMAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

It is with some diffidence that the second volume of Schiller's Works is here presented to the public. It is not an easy task to clothe the ideas of such an eminently transcendental writer in the phraseology of a foreign idiom, without impairing, or even destroying the beauty of the original. How far the editor has succeeded in furnishing a truthful version of Schiller's exalted philosophy, and conveying a correct idea of his pure, comprehensive, and ennobling doctrines of the beautiful in art and social life, can be best estimated by those who have a sufficient knowledge of the German language to appreciate the vigor and richness of Schiller's style, the melodious flow of his sentences, the classic forms of his language, and the keen logic of his arguments, all of which cohere as the elements of one of Nature's own indestructible series. If the critical reader should discover flaws in the present version, the editor will be thankful for every hint or suggestion that may be offered to him; at the same time he has full confidence that the reader's generosity will allow him the privilege of a second edition, to remove the imperfections of style or typography which may have been suffered to remain in this first edition, in spite of every care with which this labor has been performed.

Schiller's philosophical and æsthetical writings are the offspring of a pure imagination, a noble heart, and a truly great and idealizing reason. Those in whom faith in a better humanity is still burning, will find encouragement in Schiller's eminently practical transcendentalism to preserve their hopes of a holier future of the race, and to warm their hearts with the fire of a broad and undying philanthropy. In the present age, when all the powers of the soul seem centred in the gross pursuits of sensual delights or necessities; when the very thought of man's diviner nature seems to have become extinguished; when brute force is still claiming sovereign power, even in our own midst; when first principles have been lost sight of amid the tumult of excited passions, of assulted rights, of struggling hopes, of rebellious

prejudices, of a universal conflict of conventionalism, selfishness, and fierce hatred and revenge, the calm voice of such a thinker and poet as Schiller has been to his, and will be to all future ages, may have a tendency to counteract the materialism of the present, and to quicken, like heavenly dew, the few germs of life which are now struggling here and there to break through the stony crust by which the hearts and minds of so many millions of our Christian brethren seem to be rendered impervious to the mild rays of heavenly truth and love.

We fondly believe that the present attempt of rendering Schiller's Works accessible to the people of our glorious country, will result in popularizing the literature of Germany among us. Can any thing but good spring from a closer union of the practical tendencies of the American mind, and the speculative idealism of the Germans? In spite of all the aberrations of German metaphysicians in the regions of skepticism and unbelief, we venture to assert that no class of men are more powerfully working, at the present moment, in the great cause of human progress and universal emancipation from the thralldom of prejudice than the leading minds of Germany in the various departments of human knowledge and interest. The inconvenience resulting from the search of first principles in political and philosophical science, is only temporary; the positive good to which these bold inquiries lead, will prove imperishable, and endlessly progressive; the most fascinating sophisms will finally be dispelled by the light of truth, and a new life will arise from this universal conflict of mind and matter, a life of freedom sanctified by law.

The period when Schiller gave his inspirations to the world, was an age of mental greatness and enthusiasm. The seed which was then sown by the poets and philosophers of Germany and France, is even now ripening in the minds and hearts of men, breaking down the stolid despotism of institutions, and realizing the glorious promises of the prophets of the past, and the living hopes

and aspirations of the present. If our labors should contribute ever so little to excite a desire for reading our author, and the works of his contemporaries and friends, Lessing, Goethe, Herder, Wieland, Bürger, Kant, and a host of other equally illustrious names, in the original language, we shall consider ourselves amply paid for the labor we have expended upon this publication. The facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the German language are so numerous, that any one who is desirous of being fully initiated into the inexhaustible treasures of its literature, can have no difficulty in selecting proper means of accomplishing this purpose.

We would call particular attention to the historical portions of this volume, which must prove delightful reading to every American whose heart vibrates with sympathy for political and religious freedom struggling against the horrid despotism of the Spanish Inquisition, and the oppressive rule of German Emperors.

Believing that this version of Schiller's Writings will prove a most useful addition to the library and household works of every citizen of our noble country, we bespeak for our author the active sympathies of a generous and enlightened public

PHILADELPHIA, *January*, 1864.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

REVOLT OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

SOME years ago, when I read the History of the Belgian Revolution in Watson's excellent description, I was impressed with a degree of enthusiasm which political events but rarely excite. On further reflection, I felt that this enthusiasm had arisen less from the book itself, than from the ardent workings of my own imagination, which had imparted to the imbibed materials the particular form that so fascinated me. These powers of imagination, therefore, I felt desirous to render permanent, to multiply, and to strengthen; these exalted sentiments I was anxious to extend and to communicate to others. This was my first inducement to commence the present history, my only vocation to write it. The execution of this design carried me further than I at first intended. A more intimate acquaintance with my materials made me perceive defects, previously unnoticed, long waste tracts to be filled up, apparent contradictions to be removed, and isolated facts to be brought into connection with the rest of the subject. Not so much with the view of enriching my history with new facts, as to seek a key to old ones, I betook myself to the original sources, and thus what was at first intended to be only a general outline, expanded into an elaborate history. The first part, which concludes with the departure of the Duchess of Parma from the Netherlands, must be looked upon only as the introduction to the Revolution itself, which did not come to an open outbreak till the government of her successor. I devoted the more care and attention to this introductory period, because the generality of writers, who previously had treated of it, seemed deficient in these qualities; and because I was convinced that on this all the subsequent events depended. If, then, this first volume should appear but too meagre in important events, too prolix on trifles, or rather, what at first sight seem trifles, too profuse in reflections, and, in general, too tediously minute, it must be remembered that precisely out of all small beginnings, the Revolution was gradually developed; and that all the subsequent great results sprung out of a countless number of small events

Such a nation, as the one before us, ever takes its first steps with hesitation and uncertainty; to move afterward so much the more rapidly. I have proposed to myself to follow the same method in describing this rebellion. The longer the reader delays on the introduction, the more he familiarizes himself with the actors, and the scene in which they took a part; and the more rapidly and surely shall I be able to conduct him through the subsequent periods, where the accumulation of materials forbids a slow pace, and minute attention.

As for authorities for our history, there is not so much reason to complain of their paucity, as of their extreme abundance; since it is indispensable to read them all to obtain that clear view of the subject, which is frequently disturbed by the perusal of a part, however large. From such unequal, partial, and often contradictory narratives of the same occurrences, it is often extremely difficult to seize the truth, which, in all, is alike partly concealed, and to be found complete in none. In this first volume, besides De Thou, Strada, Reynders, Grotius, Meteren, Burgundius, Meursius, Bentivoglio, and some moderns; the Memoirs of Counselor Hopperus, the life and correspondence of his friend Viglius, the records of the trials of the Counts of Hoorne and Egmont, the defense of the Prince of Orange, and some few others, have been my guides. I must here acknowledge my obligations to a work, compiled with much industry and critical acumen, and written with singular truthfulness and impartiality. Besides many original documents which I could not otherwise have had access to, it has abstracted all that is valuable in the excellent works of Bos, Hooft, Bandt, Le Clerc, which either were impossible for me to procure, or were not available to my use, as being written in Dutch, which I do not understand. I allude to the General History of the United Netherlands, which was published in Holland during the present century. An otherwise ordinary writer, Richard Dinoth, has also been of service to me, by the many extracts he gives from the pamphlets of the day, which have been long lost. I have in vain endeavored to procure the Correspondence of Cardinal Gran-

vella, which also would, no doubt, have thrown much light upon the history of these times. The lately published work on the Spanish Inquisition, by my excellent countryman, Professor Spittler of Gottingen, reached me too late for its sagacious and important contents to be available for my purpose.

The more I am convinced of the importance of the French history, the more I lament, that it was not in my power to study, as I could have wished, its copious annals, in the original sources and cotemporaneous documents, and to reproduce it, abstracted of the form in which it was transmitted to me by the more intelligent of my predecessors, and thereby emancipate myself from the influence, which every talented author exercises more or less upon his readers. But to effect this, the work of a few years must have become the labor of a life. My aim in making this attempt will be more than attained, if it should convince a portion of the reading public, of the possibility of writing a history with historic truth, without making a trial of patience to the reader; and if it should extort from another portion the confession, that history can borrow from a cognate art, without thereby, of necessity, becoming a romance.

Weimar, Michaelmas Fair, 1788.

INTRODUCTION.

One of the most remarkable political events which have rendered the 16th century, among the brightest of the world's epochs, appears to me to be the foundation of the freedom of the Netherlands. If the glittering exploits of ambition, and the pernicious lust of power, claim our admiration, how much more should an event, in which oppressed humanity struggles for its noblest rights, where with the good cause unwonted powers are united, and the resources of resolute despair triumph in unequal contest over the terrible arts of tyranny.

Great and encouraging is the reflection, that there is a resource left us against the arrogant usurpations of regal power; that its best contrived plans against the liberty of mankind may be rendered abortive; that resolute opposition can weaken even the outstretched arm of a tyrant; and that heroic perseverance can eventually exhaust its fearful resources. Never did this truth penetrate me so sensibly, as in the history of that memorable rebellion, which forever severed the United Netherlands from the Spanish Crown—and therefore I thought it not unworthy the attempt, to exhibit to the world this grand memorial of social union, that it may awaken in the breast of my reader a spirit-stirring consciousness of his own powers, and give a new and irrefragable example of what men dare venture in a good cause, and what they may accomplish by union. It is not that which is extraordinary or heroic in this event, which induces me to describe it. The annals of the world have recorded similar enterprises, which appear even bolder in the conception, and more brilliant in the execu-

tion. Some states have fallen with a more imposing convulsion, others have risen with more exalted strides. Nor are we here to look for prominent heroes, colossal personages, or those marvellous exploits which the history of past times present in such rich abundance. Those times are gone, the men are no more. In the soft lap of refinement, we have suffered the powers to relax, which those ages exercised and made necessary. With admiring awe, we wonder at these gigantic images, as a feeble old man gazes on the athletic sports of youth.

Not so, however, in the history before us. The people here presented to our notice, were the most peaceful in this quarter of the globe, and less capable than their neighbors of that heroic spirit, which imparts a higher character to the most insignificant actions. The pressure of circumstances surprised them with its peculiar power, and forced a transitory greatness upon them, which they never should have possessed, and may perhaps never possess again. It is, indeed, exactly the want of heroic greatness, which makes this event peculiar and instructive; and while others aim at showing the superiority of genius over chance, I present here a picture, where necessity created genius, and accident made heroes.

If, in any case, it be permitted to acknowledge the interference of Providence in human affairs, it is certainly allowable in the present history, so contradictory does its course appear to reason and experience. Philip II., the most powerful sovereign of his line, whose dreaded superiority menaced the independence of Europe, whose treasures surpassed the collective wealth of all the monarchs of Christendom besides,—whose ambitious projects were backed by numerous and well-disciplined armies,—whose troops, hardened by long and bloody wars, and in the recollection of their own past victories, and confident in the irresistible powers of the nation, were eager for any enterprise that promised glory and spoil, and to second with prompt and ready obedience the daring genius of their leaders,—this dreaded potentate is here exhibited to us obstinately devoted to one favorite project, dedicating to it the unceasing efforts of a long reign, and bringing all these terrible resources to bear upon it; but forced at last, in the evening of his days, to renounce it—the mighty Philip II. engaging in combat with a few weak and powerless adversaries, and retiring from it with disgrace.

And with what adversaries? Here, a peaceful tribe of fishermen and shepherds, in an almost forgotten corner of Europe, which with difficulty they had rescued from the ocean; the sea their profession, and at once their wealth and their plague; poverty with freedom their highest blessing, their glory, their virtue. There, a harmless, moral, commercial people, reveling in the abundant fruits of thriving industry, jealous of the maintenance of laws which had proved their benefactors. In the happy leisure of affluence, they forsake the narrow circle of immediate wants, and learn to thirst after higher and nobler gratifications. The new views of truth, whose gladdening dawn now broke over Europe, cast a fertilizing

beam on this favored clime, and the free burgher received with joy the light which oppressed and miserable slaves shut out. A spirit of independence which is wont to accompany abundance and freedom, lured this people on to examine the authority of antiquated opinions, and to break an ignominious chain. The severe rod of despotism was held suspended over them; an arbitrary power threatened to tear away the foundation of their happiness; the guardian of their laws became their tyrant. Simple in their state-craft, as in their manners, they dared to appeal to ancient treaties, and to remind the Lord of both Indies of the rights of nature. A name decides the whole issue of things. In Madrid that was called rebellion, which in Brussels was styled only a lawful remonstrance. The complaints of Brabant required a prudent mediator; Philip II. sent an executioner, and the signal for war was given. An unparalleled tyranny assailed both property and life. The despairing citizens, to whom the choice of death was all that was left, chose the nobler one on the battle-field. A wealthy and luxurious nation loves peace, but becomes warlike as soon as it becomes poor. Then it ceases to tremble for a life which is deprived of every thing that had made it desirable. In a moment, the rage of rebellion seized the most distant provinces; trade and commerce are at a stand-still, the ships disappear from the harbors, the artisan abandons his workshop, the rustic his uncultivated fields. Thousands fled to distant lands, a thousand victims fell on the bloody field, and fresh thousands pressed on; for divine indeed must that doctrine be, for which men could die so joyfully. All that was wanting was the last achieving hand, the enlightened, enterprising spirit, to seize on this great political crisis, and to mature the offspring of chance to the designs of wisdom. William the Silent devoted himself, a second Brutus, to the great cause of liberty. Superior to a timorous selfishness, he sent in to the throne his resignation of offices which devolved on him objectionable duties, and magnanimously divesting himself of all his princely dignities, he descended to a state of voluntary poverty, and became but a citizen of the world. The cause of justice was staked upon the hazardous game of battle; but the sudden levies of mercenaries and peaceful husbandmen could not withstand the terrible onset of an experienced force. Twice did the brave William lead his dispirited troops against the tyrant, twice was he abandoned by them, but not by his courage.

Philip II. sent as many reinforcements as the dreadful importunity of his viceroy begged for. Fugitives, whom their fatherland rejected, sought a new country on the ocean, and turned to satisfy, on the ships of their enemy, the demon of vengeance and of want. Naval heroes were now formed out of corsairs, and a marine collected out of piratical vessels, and out of morasses arose a Republic. Seven provinces threw off the yoke at the same time, to form a new, youthful state, powerful by its waters, and its union, and despair. A solemn decree of the whole nation deposed the tyrant, and the Spanish name disappeared from all the laws.

For what had now been done, no forgiveness remained; the Republic became formidable, because it was no longer possible for her to retrace her steps; faction distracted her within; her terrible element, the sea itself, leaguings with her oppressors, threatened her very infancy with a premature grave. She felt herself succumb to the superior force of the enemy, and cast herself a suppliant before the most powerful thrones of Europe, begging them to accept a dominion which she herself could no longer protect. At last, but with difficulty—so despised at first was this state, that even the rapacity of foreign monarchs spurned her opening bloom—a stranger deigned to accept their importunate offer of a dangerous crown. New hopes began to revive her sinking courage; but in this new father of his country, destiny gave her a traitor; and in the critical emergency, when the implacable foe was in full force before her very gates, Charles of Anjou invaded the liberties which he had been called to protect. The assassin's hand, too, tore the steersman from the rudder, and with William of Orange the career, seemingly, of the infant Republic, and all her guardian angels, fled: but the ship continued to scud along in the storm, and the swelling canvas carried her safe without the steersman's help.

Philip II. missed the fruits of a deed, which cost him his royal honor, and perhaps, also, his self-respect. Liberty struggled on still with despotism, in the obstinate and dubious contest; sanguinary battles were fought; a brilliant array of heroes succeeded each other on the field of glory; and Flanders and Brabant were the schools which educated generals for the coming century. A long, devastating war laid waste the open country; victor and vanquished alike were bathed in blood; while the rising republic of the waters gave a welcome to fugitive industry, and out of the ruins, erected the noble edifice of its own greatness. For forty years a war lasted, whose happy termination was not to bless the dying eye of Philip; which destroyed one Paradise in Europe, to create a new one out of its shattered fragments; which destroyed the choicest flowers of military youth, and while it enriched more than a quarter of the globe, impoverished the possessor of the golden Pern. This monarch, who, even without oppressing his subjects, could expend nine hundred tons of gold, but who by tyrannical means extorted far more, heaped on his depopulated kingdom a debt of one hundred and forty millions of ducats. An implacable hatred of liberty, swallowed up all these treasures, and consumed in fruitless labor his royal life. But the Reformation thrived amidst the devastation of his sword, and over the blood of her citizens the banner of the new republic floated victorious.

This improbable turn of affairs seems to border on a miracle; much, however, combined to break the power of Philip, and to favor the progress of the infant state. Had the whole weight of his power fallen on the United Provinces, there had been no hope for their religion, or their liberty. His own ambition came to the assistance of their weakness, by tempting him to divide his strength. The expensive policy of maintaining traitors in

every cabinet of Europe; the support of the League in France; the revolt of the Moors in Granada; the conquest of Portugal; and the magnificent fabric of the Escorial, drained at last his apparently inexhaustible treasures, and prevented his acting in the field with spirit and energy. The German and Italian troops, who were allured to his banner only by the hope of gain, mutinied when he could no longer pay them, and faithlessly abandoned their leaders in the decisive moment of action. These terrible instruments of oppression now turned their dangerous power against their employer, and wreaked their vindictive rage on the provinces which remained faithful to him. The unfortunate armament against England, on which, like a desperate gamester, he had staked the whole strength of his kingdom, completed his ruin: with the Armada sank the wealth of the two Indies, and the flower of Spanish chivalry.

But in the very same proportion that the Spanish power declined, the Republic acquired fresh vigor. The breaches which the new religion, the tyranny of the Inquisition, the furious rapacity of the soldiery, and the devastations of a long war, unbroken by any interval of peace, made in the provinces of Brabant, Flanders, and Hainault, at once the arsenals and the magazines of this expensive contest, naturally rendered it every year more difficult to support and recruit the royal armies. The Catholic Netherlands had already lost a million of citizens, and the trodden fields maintained their husbandmen no longer. Spain itself had but few more men to spare. That country, surprised by a sudden affluence, which brought idleness with it, had lost much of its population, and could not long support these continual drafts of men, both for the New World and the Netherlands. Of these conscripts, few ever saw their country again; and these few having left it as youths, returned to it infirm and old. Gold, which had become more common, made soldiers proportionately dearer; the growing charm of effeminacy enhanced the price of opposite virtues. Wholly different was the posture of affairs with the rebels. The thousands whom the cruelty of the Viceroy expelled from the southern Netherlands, the war of the Huguenots from France, as well as all whom the constraint of conscience drove from the other parts of Europe, all these flocked to unite themselves with them. The whole Christian world was their recruiting ground. The fanaticism both of the persecutor and the persecuted, worked in their behalf. The enthusiasm of a doctrine newly embraced, revenge, want, and hopeless misery, drew to their standard adventurers from every part of Europe. All whom the new doctrine had won, all who had already suffered, or had still cause of fear from despotism, linked their own fortunes with those of the new Republic. Every injury inflicted by a tyrant, gave a right of citizenship in Holland. Men pressed toward a country, where liberty raised her inspiring banner, where respect and security were insured to a fugitive religion, and even revenge on the oppressors. If we consider the conflux of all people to Holland, in the present day, who on their entrance upon the territory are reinvested

in their rights as men, what must it have been then, when the rest of Europe groaned under a heavy bondage, when Amsterdam was nearly the only free port for all opinions? Many hundred families sought a refuge for their wealth, in a land which the ocean and domestic concord powerfully combined to protect. The republican army maintained its full complement, without the plow being stripped of hands to work it. Amid the clash of arms, trade and industry flourished; and the peaceful citizen enjoyed in anticipation all the fruits of liberty, which foreign blood must first purchase. At the very time when the Republic of Holland was struggling for existence, she extended her dominions beyond the ocean, and was quietly occupied in erecting her East Indian empire.

Moreover, Spain maintained this expensive war with dead, unfructifying gold, that never returned into the hand which gave it away, while it raised the price of all necessities. The treasures of the Republic were industry and commerce. Time lessened the one, whilst it multiplied the other. Exactly in the same proportion that the resources of the Spanish Government became exhausted by the long continuance of the war, the Republic began to reap a richer harvest. The field was sown sparingly with choice seed, and it bore fruit, though late, yet a hundred-fold; but the tree from which Philip gathered fruit, was a fallen trunk, which never again became verdant.

Philip's adverse destiny decreed, that all the treasures which he lavished for the oppression of the Provinces, contributed to enrich them. The incessant outlay of Spanish gold had diffused riches and luxury throughout Europe; but the increasing wants of Europe were supplied chiefly by the Netherlands, who were masters of the commerce of the known world, and who, by their dealings, fixed the price of all merchandise. Even during the war, Philip could not prohibit his own subjects from trading with the Republic; nay, he could not even desire it. He himself paid the rebels the expenses of their own defense; for the very war which was to ruin them, increased the sale of their goods. The enormous sums expended on his fleets and armies flowed, for the most part, into the exchequer of the Republic, which was more or less connected with the commercial places of Flanders and Brabant. Whatever Philip attempted against the rebels operated directly in their favor.

The sluggish progress of this war did the king as much injury as it brought advantage to the rebels. His army was composed, for the most part, of the remains of those victorious troops which had gathered their laurels under Charles V. Old and long services entitled them to repose; many of them, whom the war had enriched, impatiently longed for their homes, and to end in ease a life of hardship. Their former zeal, their heroic spirit, and their discipline, relaxed in the same proportion as they thought they had redeemed their honor and their duty, and as they began to reap at last the reward of so many engagements. Besides, the troops, which had been accustomed, by their irresistible impetuosity, to vanquish all opponents, were necessarily wearied

out by a war which was carried on, not so much against men as against the elements; which exercised their patience more than it gratified their love of glory; and where there was less of danger than of difficulty and want to contend with. Neither personal courage, nor long military experience, were of avail in a country whose peculiar features gave the most dastardly the advantage over them. In fine, a single discomfiture on foreign ground did them more injury than any victories gained over an enemy at home could profit them. With the rebels, the case was exactly the reverse. In so protracted a war, in which no decisive battle took place, the weaker party must naturally learn at last the art of defense from the stronger; slight defeats accustomed him to danger, slight victories animated his confidence.

At the beginning of the civil war, the republican army scarce dared to show itself in the field; the long continuance of the struggle practiced and hardened it. As the royal armies grew wearied of victory, the confidence of the rebels rose with their improved discipline and experience. At last, at the end of half a century, master and pupil separated, unsubdued, and equal in the fight.

Again, throughout the war the rebels acted with more concord and unanimity than the royalists. Before the former had lost their first leader, the government of the Netherlands had passed through as many as five hands. The Duchess of Parma's indecision soon imparted itself to the cabinet of Madrid, which, in a short time, ran through nearly all the various systems of state policy. Duke Alva's inflexible sternness, the mildness of his successor Requesens, Don John of Austria's insidious cunning, and the active and imperious mind of the Prince of Parma, gave as many opposite directions to the war, while the plan of the rebellion remained the same in a single head, who, as he saw it clearly, pursued it with vigor. The greatest evil for the king was, that the right principles of action generally missed the right moment of application. In the commencement of the troubles, when the advantage was as yet clearly on the king's side, when prompt resolution and manly firmness might have crushed the rebellion in the cradle, the reins of government were allowed to hang loose in the hands of a woman. After the outbreak had come to an open revolt, and the strength of the factious and of the king stood more equally balanced, and when a skilful flexibility could alone have averted the impending civil war, the government devolved on a man, who was deficient in this necessary qualification. So watchful an observer as William the Silent, failed not to improve every advantage which the faulty policy of his adversary presented; and with silent industry he slowly advanced his great undertaking to its accomplishment.

But why did not Philip II. himself appear in the Netherlands? Why did he prefer to employ every other means, however improbable, rather than make trial of the only remedy which could insure success? To curb the overgrown power and insolence of the nobility, there was no expedient more natural than the presence of their

master. Before royalty itself, all secondary dignity must necessarily have sunk, all other splendor be dimmed. Instead of the truth flowing slowly and obscurely through impure channels, to the distant throne, so that procrastinated measures of redress gave time to ripen ebullitions of the moment into acts of deliberation, his own penetrating glance would at once have been able to separate truth from error; and cold policy alone, not to speak of his humanity, would have saved the land a million of citizens. The nearer to their source, the more weighty would his edicts have been; the thicker they fell on their object, the weaker and the more dispirited the efforts of the rebels. It costs infinitely more to commit an evil toward an enemy in his presence than in his absence. At first, the rebellion appeared to tremble at its own name, and long sheltered itself under the ingenious pretext of defending the cause of its sovereign against the arbitrary assumptions of his own viceroy. Philip's appearance in Brussels would have put an end at once to this juggling. In that case, the rebels would have been compelled to act up to their pretense, or to cast aside the mask, and so, by appearing in their true shape, condemn themselves. And what a relief for the Netherlands if the king's presence had only spared them those evils which were inflicted upon them without his knowledge and contrary to his will. What gain to himself, even if it had only enabled him to watch over the expenditure of the vast sums, which, illegally raised on the plea of meeting the exigencies of the war, disappeared in the plundering hands of his deputies.

What the latter was compelled to extort by the unnatural expedient of terror, the nation would have been disposed to grant to the sovereign majesty. That which made his ministers detested, would have rendered the monarch feared; for the abuse of hereditary power presses less painfully than the abuse of that which is delegated. His presence would have saved thousands, had he been nothing more than an economical despot; and even had he been less, the awe of his person would have preserved a territory, which was lost through hatred and contempt for his instruments.

In the same manner, as the oppression of the people of the Netherlands excited the sympathy of all who valued their own rights, it might have been expected, that their disobedience and defection would have been a call to all princes to maintain their own prerogatives in the case of their neighbors. But jealousy of Spain got the better of political sympathies, and the first powers of Europe arranged themselves more or less openly on the side of freedom.

Although bound to the house of Spain by the ties of relationship, the Emperor Maximilian II. gave it just cause to charge him with secretly favoring the rebels. By the offer of his mediation he implicitly acknowledged the partial justice of their complaints, which could not but encourage them to a resolute perseverance in their demands. Under an emperor sincerely devoted to the interests of the Spanish house, William of Orange would scarcely have drawn so many troops

and so much money from Germany. France, without openly and formally breaking the peace, placed a prince of the blood at the head of the Netherlandish rebels; and it was with French gold, and French troops, that the operations of the latter were chiefly conducted. Elizabeth of England, too, did but exercise a just retaliation and revenge in protecting the rebels against their legitimate sovereign, and although her meagre and sparing aid, availed no farther than to ward off utter ruin from the republic, still even this was infinitely valuable, at a moment when nothing but hope could have supported their exhausted courage. With both these powers, Philip at the time was at peace, but both betrayed him. Between the weak and the strong, honesty often ceases to appear a virtue; the delicate ties which bind equals, are seldom beneficial to him whom all men fear. Philip had banished truth from political intercourse; he himself, between kings, had dissolved all morality, and had made artifice the divinity of cabinets. Without once enjoying the advantages of his superior power, he had, throughout his whole life, to contend with the jealousy which it awakened in others. Europe made him atone for the possible abuses of a power, of which in fact he never had the full possession.

If against the disparity between the two combatants which, at first sight, is so astounding, we weigh all the incidental circumstances which were adverse to Spain, but befriended the Netherlands, that which is supernatural in this event will disappear, but that which is extraordinary remains—and a just standard is furnished, by which to estimate the real merit of these republicans in working out their freedom. It must not, however, be thought that so accurate a calculation of the opposed powers could have preceded the undertaking itself, or that, on entering this unknown sea, they already knew the shore on which they would ultimately be landed. The work did not present itself to the mind of its originator, in the mature form which it assumed when completed, any more than the mind of Luther foresaw the eternal separation of creeds, when he began to oppose the sale of indulgences. What a difference between the modest procession of those suitors in Brussels, who prayed for a more humane treatment as a favor, and the dreaded majesty of a free state, which treated with kings as equals, and in less than a century gave away the throne of its former tyrant. The unseen hand of fate gave to the discharged arrow a higher flight, and quite a different direction from that which it first received from the bowstring. In the womb of happy Brabant, that liberty had its birth, which, torn from its mother in its earliest infancy, was to gladden the so despised Holland. But the enterprise must not be less thought of, because its issue differed from the first design. Man works up, smooths, and fashions the rough stone which the times bring to him, the moment and the instant may belong to him, but accident develops the history of the world. If the passions which co-operated actively in bringing about this event, were only not unworthy of the great work to which they were unconsciously subservient—if the powers which aided in its accomplishment, and

the single actions, out of whose concatenation it wonderfully arose, were but intrinsically noble powers, and the actions beautiful and great, then is the event grand, interesting, and fruitful for us, and we are at liberty to wonder at the bold offspring of chance, or rather offer up our admiration to a higher Intelligence.

The history of the world, like the laws of nature, is consistent with itself, and simple as the soul of man. Like conditions produce like phenomena. On the same soil, where now the Netherlanders were to resist their Spanish tyrants, their forefathers, the Batavi and Belgæ, fifteen centuries before, combated against their Roman oppressors. Like the former, submitting reluctantly to a haughty master, and misgoverned by rapacious satraps, they broke off their chain with like resolution, and tried their fortune in a similar unequal combat. The same pride of conquest, the same national grandeur marked the Spaniard of the sixteenth century and the Roman of the first; the same valor and discipline distinguished the armies of both, their battle array inspired the same terror. There, as here, we see stratagem in combat with superior force, and firmness, strengthened by unanimity, weary out a mighty power weakened by division; then, as now, private hatred arms a whole nation; a single man, born for his times, reveals to them the dangerous secret of their power, and brings their mute grief to a bloody announcement. "Confess, Batavians," cries Claudius Civilis to his fellow-citizens in the sacred grove, "we are no longer treated, as formerly, by these Romans, as allies, but rather as slaves. We are handed over to their prefects and centurions, who, when satiated with our plunder and with our blood, make way for others, who, under different names, renew the same outrages. If even at last Rome deigns to send us a legate, he oppresses us with an ostentatious and costly retinue, and with still more intolerable pride. The levies are again at hand which tear forever children from their parents, brothers from brothers. Now, Batavians, is our time. Never did Rome lie so prostrate as now. Let not their names of legions terrify you; there is nothing in their camps but old men and plunder. Our infantry and horsemen are strong; Germany is allied to us by blood, and Gaul is ready to throw off its yoke. Let Syria serve them, and Asia and the East, who are used to bow before kings; many still live who were born among us, before tribute was paid to the Romans. The gods are ever with the brave." Solemn religious rites hallow this conspiracy, like the league of the Gueux; like that, it craftily wraps itself in the vail of submissiveness, in the majesty of a great name. The cohorts of Civilis swear allegiance on the Rhine to Vespasian in Syria, as the covenant did to Philip II. The same arena furnished the same plan of defense, the same refuge to despair. Both confided their wavering fortunes to a friendly element; in the same distress, Civilis preserves his islands, as fifteen centuries after him, William of Orange did the town of Leyden—through an artificial inundation. The valor of the Batavi disclosed the impotency of the world's ruler, as the noble courage of their descendants revealed to the

whole of Europe the decay of Spanish greatness. The same fecundity of genius in the generals of both times, gave to the war a similarly obstinate continuance, and nearly as doubtful an issue; one difference, nevertheless, distinguishes them; the Romans and Batavians fought humanely, for they did not fight for religion.

BOOK I.

EARLIER HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS UP TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BEFORE we consider the immediate history of this great revolution, it will be advisable to go a few steps back into the ancient records of the country, and to trace the origin of that constitution, which we find it possessed of, at the time of this remarkable change.

The first appearance of this people, in the history of the world, is the moment of its fall; their conquerors first gave them a political existence. The extensive region, which is bounded by Germany on the east, on the south by France, on the north and northwest by the North Sea, and which we comprehend under the general name of the Netherlands, was, at the time when the Romans invaded Gaul, divided amongst three principal nations, all originally of German descent, German institutions, and German spirit. The Rhine formed its boundaries. On the left of the river dwelt the Belgæ, on its right the Frisii, and the Batavi on the island which its two arms then formed with the ocean. All these several nations were sooner or later reduced into subjection by the Romans, but their conquerors themselves give us the most glorious testimony to their valor. The Belgæ, writes Cæsar, were the only people amongst the Gauls who repulsed the invasion of the Teutones and Cimbri. The Batavi, Tacitus tells us, surpassed all the tribes on the Rhine in bravery. This fierce nation paid its tribute in soldiers, and was reserved by its conquerors, like arrow and sword, only for battle. The Romans themselves acknowledged the Batavian horsemen to be their best cavalry. Like the Swiss at this day, they formed for a long time the body guard of the Roman Emperor; their wild courage terrified the Dacians, as they saw them, in full armor, swimming across the Danube. The Batavi accompanied Agricola in his expedition against Britain, and helped him to conquer that island. The Frieses were, of all, the last subdued, and the first to regain their liberty. The morasses among which they dwelt, attracted the conquerors later, and enhanced the price of conquest. The Roman Drusus, who made war in these regions, had a canal cut from the Rhine into the Flevo, the present Zuyder Zee, through which the Roman fleet penetrated into the North Sea, and from thence, entering the mouths of the Ems and the Weser, found an easy passage into the interior of Germany.

Through four centuries, we find Batavian troops in the Roman armies, but after the time of Honorius, their name disappears from history. Pre-

sently we discover their island overrun by the Franks, who again lost themselves in the adjoining country of Belgium. The Frieses threw off the yoke of their distant and powerless rulers, and again appeared as a free, and even a conquering people, who governed themselves by their own customs and a remnant of Roman laws, and extended their limits beyond the left bank of the Rhine. Of all the provinces of the Netherlands, Friesland, especially, had suffered the least from the irruptions of strange tribes, and foreign customs; and for centuries retained traces of its original institutions, of its national spirit and manners, which have not, even at the present day, entirely disappeared.

The epoch of the immigration of nations destroyed the original form of most of these tribes; other mixed races arose in their place, with other constitutions. In the general devastation, the towns and encampments of the Romans disappeared, and with them, the memorials of their wise government, which they had employed the natives to execute. The neglected dikes once more yielded to the violence of the streams, and to the encroachments of the ocean. Those wonders of labor, and creations of human skill, the canals, dried up, the rivers changed their course, the continent and the sea confounded their olden limits, and the nature of the soil changed with its inhabitants. So, too, the connection of the two eras seems effaced, and with a new race a new history commences.

The monarchy of the Franks, which arose out of the ruins of Roman Gaul, had, in the 6th and 7th centuries, seized all the provinces of the Netherlands, and planted there the Christian faith. After an obstinate war, Charles Martel subdued to the French crown Friesland, the last of all the free provinces, and by his victories, paved a way for the gospel. Charlemagne united all these countries, and formed of them one division of the mighty empire, which he had constructed out of Germany, France, and Lombardy. As under his descendants, this vast dominion was again torn into fragments, so the Netherlands became at times German, at others French, or then again Lotharingian Provinces, and at last we find them under both the names of Friesland and Lower Lotharingia.

With the Franks, the feudal system, the offspring of the North, also came into these lands, and here, too, as in all other countries, it degenerated. The more powerful vassals gradually made themselves independent of the crown, and the royal governors usurped the countries they were appointed to govern. But the rebellious vassals could not maintain their usurpation, without the aid of their own dependents, whose assistance they were compelled to purchase by new concessions. At the same time, the church became powerful through pious usurpations and donations, and in its abbeylands and episcopal sees acquired an independent existence. Thus were the Netherlands, in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, split up into several small sovereignties, whose possessors did homage, at one time to the German Emperor, at another to the Kings of France. By purchase, mar-

riages, legacies, and also by conquest, several of these provinces were often united under one suzerain, and thus in the fifteenth century, we see the House of Burgundy in possession of the chief part of the Netherlands. With more or less right, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, had united as many as eleven provinces under his authority, and to these his son, Charles the Bold, added two others, acquired by force of arms. Thus imperceptibly a new state arose in Europe, which wanted nothing but the name, to be the most flourishing kingdom in this quarter of the globe. These extensive possessions made the Dukes of Burgundy formidable neighbors to France, and tempted the restless spirit of Charles the Bold to devise a scheme of conquest, embracing the whole line of country from the Zuyder Zee and the mouth of the Rhine down to Alsace. The almost inexhaustible resources of this prince, justify in some measure this bold project. A formidable army threatened to carry it into execution. Already Switzerland trembled for her liberty; but deceitful fortune abandoned him in three terrible battles, and the infatuated hero was lost in the melee of the living and the dead.*

The sole heiress of Charles the Bold, Maria, at once the richest princess and the unhappy Helen of that time, whose wooing brought misery on her inheritance, was now the centre of attraction to the whole known world. Among her suitors appeared two great princes, King Louis XI. of France, for his son, the young Dauphin, and Maximilian of Austria, son of the Emperor Frederick III. The successful snitor was to become the most powerful prince in Europe; and now, for the first time, this quarter of the globe began to fear for its balance of power. Louis, the more powerful of the two, was ready to back his suit by force of arms; but the people of the Netherlands, who disposed of the hand of their princess, passed by this dreaded neighbor, and decided in favor of Maximilian, whose more remote territories, and more limited power, seemed less to threaten the liberty of their country. A deceitful, unfortunate policy, which, through a strange dispensation of heaven, only accelerated the melancholy fate which it was intended to prevent.

To Philip the Fair, the son of Maria and Maximilian, a Spanish bride brought, as her portion, that extensive kingdom which Ferdinand and Isabella had recently founded; and Charles of Austria, his son, was born lord of the kingdoms of

* A page who had seen him fall, a few days after the battle conducted the victors to the spot, and saved his remains from an ignominious oblivion. His body was dragged from out of a pool in which it was fast frozen, naked, and so disfigured with wounds, that with great difficulty he was recognized, by the well-known deficiency of some of his teeth, and by remarkably long finger nails. But that, notwithstanding these marks, there were still incredulous people who doubted his death, and looked for his re-appearance, is proved by the missive, in which Louis XI. called upon the Burgundian States to return to their allegiance to the Crown of France. "If," the passage runs, "Duke Charles should still be living, you shall be released from your oath to me." Comines, t. iii., *Preuves des Mémoires*, 495, 497.

Spain, of the two Sicilies, of the New World, and of the Netherlands. In the latter country, the commonalty, emancipated themselves much earlier than in other feudal states, and quickly attained to an independent political existence. The favorable situation of the country on the North Sea, and on great navigable rivers, early awakened the spirit of commerce, which rapidly peopled the towns, encouraged industry and the arts, attracted foreigners, and diffused prosperity and affluence amongst them. However contemptuously the warlike policy of those times looked down upon every peaceful and useful occupation, the rulers of the country could not fail altogether to perceive the essential advantages they derived from such pursuits. The increasing population of their territories, the different imposts which they extorted from natives and foreigners, under the various titles of tolls, customs, highway rates, escort money, bridge tolls, market fees, escheats, and so forth, were too valuable considerations to allow them to remain indifferent to the sources from which they were derived. Their own rapacity made them promoters of trade, and as often happens, barbarism itself rudely nursed it, until, at last, a healthier policy assumed its place. In the course of time, they invited the Lombard merchants to settle among them, and accorded to the towns some valuable privileges, and an independent jurisdiction, by which the latter acquired uncommon respectability and influence. The numerous wars which the counts and dukes carried on amongst one another, or with their neighbors, made them in some measure dependent on the good will of the towns, who, by their wealth, obtained weight and consideration, and for the subsidies which they afforded, failed not to extort important privileges in return. These privileges of the commonalties increased, as the crusades with their expensive equipment augmented the necessities of the nobles; as a new road to Europe was opened for the productions of the East; and as wide-spreading luxury created new wants to their princes. Thus, as early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries, we find in these lands a mixed form of government, in which the prerogative of the sovereign is greatly limited by the privileges of the States, that is to say, of the nobility, the clergy, and the municipalities. These, under the name of States, assembled as often as the wants of the province required it. Without their consent, no new laws were valid, no war could be carried on, and no taxes levied, no change made in the coinage, and no foreigner admitted to any office of government. All the provinces enjoyed these privileges in common; others were peculiar to the various districts. The supreme government was hereditary, but the son did not enter on the rights of his father, before he had solemnly sworn to maintain the existing constitution.

Necessity is the first lawgiver: all the wants which had to be met by this constitution, were originally of a commercial nature. Thus the whole constitution was founded on commerce, and the laws of the nation were adapted to their pursuits. The last clause, which excluded foreigners from all offices of trust, was a natural conse-

quence of the preceding articles. So complicated and artificial a relation between the sovereign and his people, which in many provinces was further modified, according to the peculiar wants of each, and frequently of some single city, required for its maintenance the liveliest zeal for the liberties of the country, combined with an intimate acquaintance with them. From a foreigner, neither could well be expected. This law besides was enforced reciprocally in each particular province; so that in Brabant no Fleming, in Zealand no Hollander, could hold office; and it continued in force, even after all these provinces were united under one government.

Above all others, Brabant enjoyed the highest degree of freedom. Its privileges were esteemed so valuable, that many mothers from the adjacent provinces removed thither about the time of their accouchment, in order to entitle their children to participate, by birth, in all the immunities of that favored country; just as, says Strada, one improves the plants of a rude climate by removing them to the soil of a milder.

After the House of Burgundy had united several provinces under its dominion, the separate provincial assemblies which, up to that time, had been independent tribunals, were made subject to a supreme court at Malines, which incorporated the various judicatures into one body, and decided in the last resort all civil and criminal appeals. The separate independence of the provinces was thus abolished, and the supreme power vested in the senate at Malines.

After the death of Charles the Bold, the states did not neglect to avail themselves of the embarrassment of their Duchess, who, threatened by France, was consequently in their power. Holland and Zealand compelled her to sign a great charter, which secured to them the most important sovereign rights. The people of Ghent carried their insolence to such a pitch, that they arbitrarily dragged the favorites of Maria, who had the misfortune to displease them, before their own tribunals, and beheaded them before the eyes of that princess. During the short government of the Duchess Maria, from her father's death to her marriage, the commons obtained powers which few free states enjoyed. After her death, her husband, Maximilian, illegally assumed the government as guardian of his son. Offended by this invasion of their rights, the states refused to acknowledge his authority, and could only be brought to receive him as viceroy for a stated period, and under conditions ratified by oath.

Maximilian, after he became Roman Emperor, fancied that he might safely venture to violate the constitution. He imposed extraordinary taxes on the provinces, gave official appointments to Burgundians and Germans, and introduced foreign troops into the provinces. But the jealousy of these republicans kept pace with the power of their regent. As he entered Bruges with a large retinue of foreigners, the people flew to arms, made themselves masters of his person, and placed him in confinement in the castle. In spite of the intercession of the imperial and Roman courts, he did not again obtain his freedom,

until security had been given to the people on all the disputed points.

The security of life and property, arising from mild laws, and an equal administration of justice, had encouraged activity and industry. In continual contest with the ocean and rapid rivers, which poured their violence on the neighboring lowlands, and whose force it was requisite to break by embankments and canals, this people had early learned to observe the natural objects around them; by industry and perseverance to defy an element of superior power; and like the Egyptian, instructed by his Nile, to exercise their inventive genius and acuteness in self-defense. The natural fertility of their soil, which favored agriculture and the breeding of cattle, tended at the same time to increase the population. Their happy position on the sea and the great navigable rivers of Germany and France, many of which debouched on their coasts; the numerous artificial canals which intersected the land in all directions, imparted life to navigation; and the facility of interior communication between the provinces, soon created and fostered a commercial spirit among these people.

The neighboring coasts, Denmark and Britain, were the first visited by their vessels. The English wool which they brought back, employed thousands of industrious hands in Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp; and as early as the middle of the twelfth century, cloths of Flanders were extensively worn in France and Germany. In the eleventh century, we find ships of Friesland in the Belt, and even in the Levant. This enterprising people ventured, without a compass, to steer under the North Pole, round to the most northerly point of Russia. From the Wendish towns, the Netherlands received a share in the Levant trade, which, at that time, still passed from the Black Sea, through the Russian territories to the Baltic. When, in the thirteenth century, this trade began to decline, the Crusades having opened a new road through the Mediterranean for Indian merchandise, and after the Italian towns had usurped this lucrative branch of commerce, and the great Hanseatic league had been formed in Germany, the Netherlands became the most important emporium between the north and south. As yet, the use of the compass was not general, and the merchantmen sailed slowly and laboriously along the coasts. The ports on the Baltic, were, during the winter months, for the most part frozen and inaccessible. Ships therefore, which could not well accomplish within the year the long voyage from the Mediterranean to the Belt, gladly availed themselves of harbors which lay half way between the two. With an immense continent behind them, with which navigable streams kept up their communication, and toward the west and north open to the ocean by commodious harbors, this country appeared to be expressly formed for a place of resort for different nations, and for a centre of commerce. The principal towns of the Netherlands were established marts. Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, French, Britons, Germans, Danes, and Swedes, thronged to them with the produce

of every country in the world. Competition insured cheapness; industry was stimulated, as it found a ready market for its productions. With the necessary exchange of money, arose the commerce in bills, which opened a new and fruitful source of wealth. The princes of the country, acquainted at last with their true interest, encouraged the merchant by important immunities, and neglected not to protect their commerce by advantageous treaties with foreign powers. When, in the fifteenth century, several provinces were united under one rule, they discontinued their private wars, which had proved so injurious, and their separate interests were now more intimately reconciled by a common government. Then commerce and affluence prospered in the lap of a long peace, which the formidable power of their princes extorted from the neighboring monarchs. The Burgundian flag was feared in every sea; the dignity of their sovereign gave support to their undertakings, and the enterprise of a private individual became the affair of a powerful state. Such vigorous protection soon placed them in a position even to renounce the Hanseatic league, and to pursue this daring enemy through every sea. The Hanseatic merchants, against whom the coasts of Spain were closed, were compelled at last, however reluctantly, to visit the Flemish fairs, and purchase their Spanish goods in the markets of the Netherlands.

Bruges, in Flanders, was, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the central point of the whole commerce of Europe, and the great market of all nations. In the year 1468, a hundred and fifty merchant vessels were counted entering the harbor of Sluys at one time. Besides the rich factories of the Hanseatic league, there were here fifteen trading companies, with their counting houses, and many factories and merchants' families from every European country. Here was established the market of all northern products for the south, and of all southern and Levantine products for the north. These passed through the Sound, and up the Rhine, in Hanseatic vessels to Upper Germany, or were transported by land carriage to Brunswick and Lüneburg.

As in the common course of human affairs, so here also, a licentious luxury followed prosperity. The seductive example of Philip the Good, could not but accelerate its approach. The court of the Burgundian dukes was the most voluptuous and magnificent in Europe, Italy itself not excepted. The costly dress of the higher classes, which afterward served as patterns to the Spaniards, and eventually, with the Burgundian customs, passed over to the court of Austria, soon descended to the lower orders, and the meanest citizen nursed his person in velvet and silk.*

* Philip the Good was too profuse a prince to amass treasures; nevertheless, Charles the Bold found accumulated among his effects, a greater store of table services, jewels, carpets, and linen than three rich principedoms of that time together possessed, and over and above all, a treasure of three hundred thousand dollars in ready money. The riches of this prince, and of the Burgundian people, lay exposed on the battle fields of Granson, Murten, and Nancy. Here, a Swiss soldier drew from the finger of Charles the Bold that celebrated diamond,

Comines, an author who traveled through the Netherlands, about the middle of the fifteenth century, tells us that pride had already attended their prosperity. The pomp and vanity of dress was carried by both sexes to extravagance. The luxury of the table had never reached so great a height among any other people. The immoral assemblage of both sexes at bathing places, and such other places of reunion for pleasure and enjoyment, had banished all shame—and we are not here speaking of the usual luxuriousness of the higher ranks; the females of the common class abandoned themselves to such extravagances without limit or measure.

But how much more cheering to the philanthropist is this extravagance, than the miserable frugality of want, and the barbarous virtues of ignorance, which at that time oppressed nearly the whole of Europe! The Burgundian era shines pleasingly forth from those dark ages, like a lovely spring day amid the showers of February. But this flourishing condition, tempted the Flemish towns at last to their ruin; Ghent and Bruges, giddy with liberty and success, declared war against Philip the Good, the ruler of eleven provinces, which ended as unfortunately as it was presumptuously commenced. Ghent alone lost many thousand men in an engagement near Havre, and was compelled to appease the wrath of the victor by a contribution of four hundred thousand gold florins. All the municipal functionaries, and two thousand of the principal citizens, went, stripped to their shirts, barefooted, and with heads uncovered, a mile out of the town to meet the duke, and on their knees supplicated for pardon. On this occasion, they were deprived of several valuable privileges, an irreparable loss for their future commerce. In the year 1482, they engaged in a war, with no better success, against Maximilian of Austria, with a view to deprive him of the guardianship of his son, which, in contravention of his charter, he had unjustly assumed. In 1487, the town of Bruges placed the Archduke himself in confinement, and put some of his most eminent ministers to death. To avenge his son, the Emperor Frederick III. entered their territory with an army, and blockading for ten years the harbor of Sluys, put a stop to their entire trade. On this occasion, Amsterdam and Antwerp, whose jealousy had long been roused by the flourishing condition of the Flemish towns, lent him the most important assistance. The Italians began to bring their own silk stuffs to Antwerp for sale, and the Flemish cloth-workers likewise, who had settled in England, sent their goods thither; and thus the town of Bruges lost two important branches of trade. The Hanse Union had long been offended at their overweening

which was long esteemed the largest in Europe, which, even now, sparkles in the crown of France as the second in size, but which the unwitting finder sold for a florin. The Swiss exchanged the silver they found for tin, and the gold for copper, and tore into pieces the costly tents of cloth of gold. The value of the spoil of silver, gold, and jewels which was taken, has been estimated at three millions. Charles and his army had advanced to the combat, not like foes who purpose battle, but like conquerors who adorn themselves after victory.

pride; and it now left them, and removed its factory to Antwerp. In the year 1516, all the foreign merchants left the town, except only a few Spaniards; but its prosperity faded as slowly as it had bloomed.

Antwerp received, in the sixteenth century, the trade which the luxuriousness of the Flemish towns had banished; and under the government of Charles V., Antwerp was the most stirring and splendid city in the Christian world. A stream like the Scheldt, whose broad mouth, in the immediate vicinity, shared with the North Sea the ebb and flow of the tide, and could carry vessels of the largest tonnage under the walls of Antwerp, made it the natural resort for all vessels which visited that coast. Its free fairs attracted men of business from all countries.* The industry of the nation had, in the beginning of this century, reached its greatest height. The culture of grain, flax, the breeding of cattle, the chase, and fisheries, enriched the peasant; arts, manufactures, and trade, brought wealth to burghers. Flemish and Brabantine manufactures were long to be seen in Arabia, Persia, and India. Their ships covered the ocean, and, in the Black Sea, contended with the Genoese for supremacy. It was the distinctive characteristic of the seaman of the Netherlands, that he made sail at all seasons of the year, and never laid up for the winter.

When the new route by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, and the East India trade of Portugal undermined that of the Levant, the Netherlands did not feel the blow which was inflicted on the Italian republics. The Portuguese established their mart in Brabant, and the spices of Calicut were displayed for sale in the markets of Antwerp. Hither poured the West Indian merchandise, with which the indolent pride of Spain repaid the industry of the Netherlands. The East Indian market attracted the most celebrated commercial houses from Florence, Lucca, and Genoa; and the Fuggers and Welsers from Augsburg. Here the Hanse towns brought the wares of the north, and here the English company had a factory. Here art and nature seemed to expose to view all their riches; it was a splendid exhibition of the works of the Creator and of the creature.

Their renown soon diffused itself through the world. Even a company of Turkish merchants, toward the end of this century, solicited permission to settle here, and to supply the products of the East by the way of Greece. With the trade in goods, they held also the exchange of money. Their bills passed current in the furthest parts of the globe. Antwerp, it is asserted, then transacted more extensive and more important business in a single month, than Venice, at its most flourishing period, in two whole years.

In the year 1491, the Hanseatic League held its solemn meetings in this town, which had formerly assembled in Lubeck alone. In 1531, the exchange was erected, at that time the most splendid in all Europe, and which fulfilled its proud

inscription. The town now reckoned 100,000 inhabitants. The tide of human beings, which incessantly poured into it, exceeds all belief. Between 200 and 250 ships were often seen loading at one time in its harbor; no day passed, on which the boats entering inward and outward, did not amount to more than 500; on market days, the number amounted to 800 or 900. Daily, more than two hundred carriages drove through its gates; about two thousand loaded wagons arrived every week from Germany, France, and Lorraine, without reckoning the farmers' carts and corn-vans, which were seldom less than 10,000 in number. Thirty thousand hands were employed by the English company alone. The market dues, tolls, and excise, brought millions to the government annually. We can form some idea of the resources of the nation, from the fact that the extraordinary taxes which they were obliged to pay to Charles V., towards his numerous wars, were computed at forty millions of gold ducats.

For this affluence, the Netherlands were as much indebted to their liberty, as to the natural advantages of their country. Uncertain laws, and the despotic sway of a rapacious prince, would quickly have blighted all the blessings, which propitious nature had so abundantly lavished on them. The inviolable sanctity of the laws, can alone secure to the citizen the fruits of his industry, and inspire him with that happy confidence which is the soul of all activity.

The genius of this people, developed by the spirit of commerce, and by the intercourse with so many nations, shone in useful inventions; in the lap of abundance and liberty, all the noble arts were carefully cultivated, and carried to perfection. From Italy, to which Cosmo de Medici had lately restored its golden age, painting, architecture, and the arts of carving and of engraving on copper, were transplanted into the Netherlands, where, in a new soil, they flourished with fresh vigor. The Flemish school, a daughter of the Italian, soon vied with its mother for the prize; and, in common with it, gave laws to the whole of Europe in the fine arts. The manufactures and arts, on which the Netherlanders principally founded their prosperity, and still partly base it, require no particular enumeration. The weaving of tapestry, oil painting, the art of painting on glass, even pocket-watches and sun-dials, were, as Guicciardini asserts, originally invented in the Netherlands. To them, we are indebted for the improvement of the compass, the points of which are still known by Flemish names. About the year 1430, the invention of typography is ascribed to Laurence Koster, of Haarlem; and whether or not it is entitled to this honorable distinction, certain it is that the Dutch were among the first to engraft this useful art among them; and fate ordained that a century later it should reward its country with liberty. The people of the Netherlands united, with the most fertile genius for inventions, a happy talent for improving the discoveries of others; there are probably few mechanical arts and manufactures which they did not either produce, or at least carry to a higher degree of perfection.

* Two such fairs lasted forty days, and all the goods sold there were duty free.

THE NETHERLANDS UNDER CHARLES THE FIFTH.

Up to this time, these provinces had formed the most enviable state in Europe. Not one of the Burgundian dukes had ventured to indulge a thought of overturning the constitution; it had remained sacred, even to the daring spirit of Charles the Bold, while he was preparing fetters for foreign liberty. All these princes grew up with no higher hope than to be the heads of a republic, and none of their territories afforded them experience of a higher authority. Besides, these princes possessed nothing but what the Netherlands gave them; no armies but those which the nation sent into the field; no riches but what the states granted to them. Now all was changed. The Netherlands had fallen to a master who had at his command other instruments and other resources, who could arm against them a foreign power.*

* The unnatural union of two such different nations as the Belgians and Spaniards, could not possibly be prosperous. I cannot here refrain from quoting the comparison which Grotius, in energetic language, has drawn between the two. "With the neighboring nations," says he, "the people of the Netherlands could easily maintain a good understanding, for they were of a similar origin with themselves, and had grown up in the same manner. But the people of Spain and of the Netherlands, differed in almost every respect from one another, and therefore, when they were brought together, clashed the more violently. Both had, for many centuries, been distinguished in war, only the latter had, in luxurious repose, become disused to arms, while the former had been inured to war in the Italian and African campaigns; the desire of gain made the Belgians more inclined to peace, but not less sensitive of offense. No people were more free from the lust of conquest, but none defended its own more zealously. Hence, the numerous towns, closely pressed together in a confined tract of country; densely crowded with a foreign and native population; fortified near the sea and the great rivers. Hence, for eight centuries after the northern immigration, foreign armies could not prevail against them. Spain, on the contrary, often changed its masters; and when, at last, it fell into the hands of the Goths, its character and its manners had suffered more or less from each new conqueror. The people thus formed, at last, out of these several admixtures, is described as patient in labor, imperturbable in danger, equally eager for riches and honor, proud of itself even to contempt of others, devout and grateful to strangers for any act of kindness, but also revengeful, and of such ungovernable passions in victory, as to regard neither conscience nor honor in the ease of an enemy. All this is foreign to the character of the Belgian, who is astute but not insidious, who, placed midway between France and Germany, combines in moderation the faults and good qualities of both. He is not easily imposed upon, nor is he to be insulted with impunity. In veneration for the Deity, too, he does not yield to the Spaniard; the arms of the north-men could not make him apostatize from Christianity, when he had once professed it. No opinion which the church condemns, had, up to this time, poisoned the purity of his faith. Nay, his pious extravagance went so far, that it became requisite to curb by laws the rapacity of his clergy. In both people, loyalty to their rulers is equally innate, with this difference, that the Belgian places the law above kings. Of all the Spaniards, the Castilians require to be governed with the most caution; but the liberties which they arrogate for themselves, they do not willingly accord to others. Hence, the difficult task to their common ruler, so to distribute his attention and care between the two nations, that neither the preference shown to the Casti-

Charles V. was an absolute monarch in his Spanish dominions: in the Netherlands, he was no more than the first citizen. In the southern portion of his empire, he might have learned contempt for the rights of individuals: here, he was taught to respect them. The more he there tasted the pleasures of unlimited power, and the higher he raised his opinion of his own greatness, the more reluctant he must have felt to descend elsewhere to the ordinary level of humanity, and to tolerate any check upon his arbitrary authority. It requires, indeed, no ordinary degree of virtue to abstain from warring against the power which imposes a curb on our most cherished wishes.

The superior power of Charles awakened, at the same time, in the Netherlands, that distrust which always accompanies inferiority. Never were they so alive to their constitutional rights, never so jealous of the royal prerogative, or more observant in their proceedings. Under his reign, we see the most violent outbreaks of republican spirit, and the pretensions of the people carried to an excess, which nothing but the increasing encroachments of the royal power could in the least justify. A sovereign will always regard the freedom of the citizen as an alienated fief, which he is bound to recover. To the citizen, the authority of the sovereign is a torrent, which, by its inundation, threatens to sweep away his rights. The Belgians sought to protect themselves against the ocean by embankments, and against their princes by constitutional enactments. The whole history of the world is a perpetually recurring struggle between liberty and the lust of power and possession; as the history of nature is nothing but the contest of the elements and organic bodies for space. The Netherlands soon found to their cost, that they had become but a province of a great monarchy. So long as their former masters had no higher aim than to promote their prosperity, their condition resembled the tranquil happiness of a secluded family, whose head is its ruler. Charles V. introduced them upon the arena of the political world. They now formed a member of that gigantic body, which the ambition of an individual employed as his instrument. They ceased to have their own good for their aim; the centre of their existence was transported to the soul of their ruler. As his whole government was but one tissue of plans and manœuvres to advance his power, so it was, above all things, necessary that he should be completely master of the various limbs of his mighty empire, in order to move them effectually and suddenly. It was impossible, therefore, for him to embarrass himself with the tiresome mechanism of their interior political organization, or to extend to their peculiar privileges the conscientious respect which their republican jealousy demanded. It was expedient for him to facilitate the exercise of their powers, by concentration and unity. The tribunal at Malines had been, under his predecessor, an independent court of judicature; he subjected its decrees to the revision of a royal council, which he established in

lian should offend the Belgian, nor the equal treatment of the Belgian affront the haughty spirit of the Castilian." Grotii Annal. Belg. L. 1, 4, 5, seq.

Brussels, and which was the mere organ of his will. He introduced foreigners into the most vital functions of their constitution, and confided to them the most important offices. These men, whose only support was the royal favor, would be but bad guardians of privileges which, moreover, were little known to them. The ever-increasing expenses of his warlike government, compelled him as steadily to augment his resources. In disregard of their most sacred privileges, he imposed new and strange taxes on the provinces. To preserve their olden consideration, the states were forced to grant what he had been so modest as not to extort; the whole history of the government of this monarch, in the Netherlands, is almost one continued list of imposts demanded, refused, and finally accorded. Contrary to the constitution, he introduced foreign troops into their territories, directed the recruiting of his armies in the provinces, and involved them in wars which could not advance, even if they did not injure their interest, and to which they had not given their consent. He punished the offenses of a free state as a monarch; and the terrible chastisement of Ghent, announced to the other provinces the great change which their constitution had already undergone.

The welfare of the country was so far secured, as was necessary to the political schemes of its master; the intelligent policy of Charles would certainly not violate the salutary regimen of the body, whose energies he found himself necessitated to exert. Fortunately, the opposite pursuits of selfish ambition, and of disinterested philanthropy, often bring about the same end; and the well-being of a state, which a Marcus Aurelius might propose to himself as a rational object of pursuit, is occasionally promoted by an Augustus or a Louis.

Charles V. was perfectly aware that commerce was the strength of the nation, and that the foundation of their commerce was liberty. He spared its liberty, because he needed its strength. Of greater political wisdom, though not more just than his son, he adapted his principles to the exigencies of time and place, and recalled an ordinance in Antwerp and in Madrid, which he would under other circumstances have enforced with all the terrors of his power. That which makes the reign of Charles V. particularly remarkable, in regard to the Netherlands, is the great religious revolution which occurred under it; and which, as the principal cause of the subsequent rebellion, demands a somewhat circumstantial notice. This it was that first brought arbitrary power into the innermost sanctuary of the constitution; taught it to give a dreadful specimen of its might; and, as a measure, legalized it, while it placed republican spirit on a dangerous eminence. And as the latter sank into anarchy and rebellion, monarchical power rose to the height of despotism.

Nothing is more natural, than the transition from civil liberty to religious freedom. Individuals, as well as communities, who, favored by a happy political constitution, have become acquainted with the rights of man, and accustomed to examine, if not also to create, the law which is to govern them; whose minds have been enlightened by activity, and feelings expanded by the

enjoyments of life; whose natural courage has been exalted by internal security and prosperity; such men will not easily surrender themselves to the blind domination of a dull arbitrary creed, and will be the first to emancipate themselves from its yoke. Another circumstance, however, must have greatly tended to diffuse the new religion in these countries. Italy, it might be objected, the seat of the greatest intellectual culture, formerly the scene of the most violent political factions, where a burning climate kindles the blood with the wildest passions—Italy, among all the European countries, remained the freest from this change. But to a romantic people, whom a warm and lovely sky, a luxurious, ever young and ever smiling nature, and the multifarious witcheries of art, rendered keenly susceptible of sensuous enjoyment, that form of religion must naturally have been better adapted, which, by its splendid pomp captivates the senses, by its mysterious enigmas opens an unbounded range to the fancy; and which, through the most picturesque forms, labors to insinuate important doctrines into the soul. On the contrary, to a people whom the ordinary employments of civil life have drawn down to an unpoetical reality, who live more in plain notions than in images, and who cultivate their common sense at the expense of their imagination—to such a people, that creed will best recommend itself which dreads not investigation, which lays less stress on mysticism than on morals, and which is rather to be understood, than to be dwelt upon in meditation. In few words: the Roman Catholic religion will, on the whole, be found more adapted to a nation of artists, the Protestant more fitted to a nation of merchants.

On this supposition, the new doctrine which Luther diffused in Germany, and Calvin in Switzerland, must have found a congenial soil in the Netherlands. The first seeds of it were sown in the Netherlands, by the Protestant merchants, who assembled at Amsterdam and Antwerp. The German and Swiss troops, which Charles introduced into these countries, and the crowd of French, German, and English fugitives, who, under the protection of the liberties of Flanders, sought to escape the sword of persecution which threatened them at home, promoted their diffusion. A great portion of the Belgian nobility studied at that time at Geneva, as the University of Louvain was not yet in repute, and that of Douai not yet founded. The new tenets publicly taught there, were transplanted by the students to their various countries. In an isolated people, these first germs might easily have been crushed; but in the market-towns of Holland and Brabant, the resort of so many different nations, their first growth would escape the notice of Government, and be accelerated under the veil of concealment. A difference of opinion might easily spring up and gain ground amongst those, who already were divided in national character, in manners, customs, and laws. Moreover, in a country where industry was the most lauded virtue, mendicancy the most abhorred vice, a slothful body of men, like that of the monks, must have been an object of long and deep aversion. Hence, the new religion, which opposed these orders, derived an im-

mense advantage from having the popular opinion on its side. Occasional pamphlets, full of bitterness and satire, to which the newly discovered art of printing secured a rapid circulation, and several bands of strolling orators, called *Rederiker*, who at that time made the circuit of the provinces, ridiculing in theatrical representations or songs the abuses of their times, contributed not a little to diminish respect for the Romish Church, and to prepare the people for the reception of the new dogmas.

The first conquests of this doctrine were astonishingly rapid. The number of those who in a short time avowed themselves its adherents, especially in the northern provinces, was prodigious; but among these, the foreigners far outnumbered the natives. Charles V., who, in this hostile array of religious tenets, had taken the side which a despot could not fail to take, opposed to the increasing torrent of innovation the most effectual remedies. Unhappily, for the reformed religion, political justice was on the side of its persecutor. The dam which, for so many centuries, had repelled human understanding from truth, was too suddenly torn away, for the outbreking torrent not to overflow its appointed channel. The reviving spirit of liberty and of inquiry, which ought to have remained within the limits of religious questions, began also to examine into the rights of kings. While, in the commencement, iron fetters were justly broken off, a desire was eventually shown to rend asunder the most legitimate and most indispensable of ties. Even the Holy Scriptures, which were now circulated everywhere, while they imparted light and nurture to the sincere inquirer after truth, were the source also whence an eccentric fanaticism contrived to extort the virulent poison. The good cause had been compelled to choose the evil road of rebellion, and the result was what in such cases it ever will be, so long as men remain men. The bad cause, too, which had nothing in common with the good, but the employment of illegal means, emboldened by the slight point of connection, appeared in the same company, and was mistaken for it. Luther had written against the invocation of saints; every audacious varlet who broke into the churches and cloisters, and plundered the altars, called himself Lutheran. Faction, rapine, fanaticism, licentiousness, robed themselves in his colors; the most enormous offenders, when brought before the judges, avowed themselves his followers. The Reformation had drawn down the Roman prelate to a level with fallible humanity; an insane band, stimulated by hunger and want, sought to annihilate all distinction of ranks. It was natural that a doctrine, which to the state showed itself only in its most unfavorable aspect, should not have been able to reconcile a monarch who had already so many reasons to extirpate it; and it is no wonder, therefore, that he employed against it the arms it had itself forced upon him.

Charles must already have looked upon himself as absolute in the Netherlands, since he did not think it necessary to extend to these countries the religious liberty which he had accorded to Germany. While compelled by the effectual

resistance of the German princes, he assured to the former country a free exercise of the new religion, in the latter he published the most cruel edicts for its repression. By these, the reading of the Evangelists and Apostles; all open or secret meetings, to which religion gave its name in ever so slight a degree; all conversations on the subject at home or at the table; were forbidden, under severe penalties. In every province, special courts of judicature were established to watch over the execution of the edicts. Whoever held these erroneous opinions, was to forfeit his office, without regard to his rank. Whoever should be convicted of diffusing heretical doctrines, or even of simply attending the secret meetings of the Reformers, was to be condemned to death, and if a male, to be executed by the sword, if a female, buried alive. Backsliding heretics were to be committed to the flames. Not even the recantation of the offender could annul these appalling sentences. Whoever abjured his errors, gained nothing by his apostacy, but at furthest a milder kind of death.

The fiefs of the condemned were also confiscated, contrary to the privileges of the nation, which permitted the heir to redeem them for a trifling fine; and in defiance of an express and valuable privilege of the citizens of Holland, by which they were not to be tried out of their province, culprits were conveyed beyond the limits of the native judicature, and condemned by foreign tribunals. Thus did religion guide the hand of despotism, to attack with its sacred weapon, and without danger or opposition, the liberties which were inviolable to the secular arm.

Charles V., emboldened by the fortunate progress of his arms in Germany, thought that he might now venture on every thing, and seriously meditated the introduction of the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands. But the terror of its very name, alone reduced commerce in Antwerp to a stand-still. The principal foreign merchants prepared to quit the city. All buying and selling ceased. The value of houses fell, the employment of artisans stopped. Money disappeared from the hands of the citizen. The ruin of that flourishing commercial city was inevitable, had not Charles V., listened to the representations of the Duchess of Parma, and abandoned this perilous resolve. The tribunal, therefore, was ordered not to interfere with the foreign merchants, and the title of Inquisitor was changed unto the milder appellation of Spiritual Judge. But in the other provinces, that tribunal proceeded to rage with the inhuman despotism which has ever been peculiar to it. It has been computed that during the reign of Charles V., 50,000 persons perished by the hand of the executioner for religion alone.

When we glance at the violent proceedings of this monarch, we are quite at a loss to comprehend what it was that kept the rebellion within bounds during his reign, which broke out with so much violence under his successor. A close investigation will clear up this seeming anomaly. Charles's dreaded supremacy in Europe, had raised the commerce of the Netherlands to a height which it had never before attained. The majesty

of his name opened all harbors, cleared all seas for their vessels, and obtained for them the most favorable commercial treaties with foreign powers. Through him, in particular, they destroyed the dominion of the Hanse towns in the Baltic. Through him, also, the New World, Spain, Italy, Germany, which now shared with them a common ruler, were, in a measure, to be considered as provinces of their own country, and opened new channels for their commerce. He had moreover, united the remaining six provinces with the hereditary states of Burgundy, and thus given to them an extent and political importance which placed them by the side of the first kingdoms of Europe.*

By all this, he flattered the national pride of this people. Moreover, by the incorporation of Gueldres, Utrecht, Friesland, and Groningen with these provinces, he put an end to the private wars which had so long disturbed their commerce; an unbroken internal peace now allowed them to enjoy the full fruits of their industry. Charles was therefore a benefactor of this people. At the same time, the splendor of his victories dazzled their eyes; the glory of their sovereign, which was reflected upon them also, had bribed their republican vigilance; while the awe-inspiring halo of invincibility, which encircled the conqueror of Germany, France, Italy, and Africa, terrified the factious. And then, who knows not on how much may venture the man, be he a private individual or a prince, who has succeeded in enchain- ing the admiration of his fellow creatures. His repeated personal visits to these lands, which he, according to his own confession, visited as often as ten different times, kept the disaffected within bounds; the constant exercise of severe and prompt justice maintained the awe of the royal power. Finally, Charles was born in the Netherlands, and loved the nation in whose lap he had grown up. Their manners pleased him, the simplicity of their character and social intercourse formed for him a pleasing recreation from the severe Spanish gravity. He spoke their language, and followed their customs in his private life. The burdensome ceremonies, which form the unnatural barriers between king and people, were banished from Brussels. No jealous foreigner debarred natives from access to their prince, their way to him was through their own countrymen, to whom he intrusted his person. He spoke much, and courteously with them; his

deportment was engaging, his discourse obliging. These simple artifices won for him their love, and while his armies trod down their corn-fields, while his rapacious imposts diminished their property, while his governors oppressed, his executioners slaughtered, he secured their hearts by a friendly demeanor.

Gladly would Charles have seen this affection of the nation for himself descend upon his son. On this account, he sent for him in his youth from Spain, and showed him in Brussels to his future subjects. On the solemn day of his abdication, he recommended to him these lands as the richest jewel in his crown, and earnestly exhorted him to respect their laws and privileges.

Philip II. was in all the direct opposite of his father. As ambitious as Charles, but with less knowledge of men and of the rights of man, he had formed to himself a notion of royal authority, which regarded men as simply the servile instruments of despotic will, and was outraged by every symptom of liberty. Born in Spain, and educated under the iron discipline of the monks, he demanded of others the same gloomy formality and reserve as marked his own character. The cheerful merriment of his Flemish subjects was as uncongenial to his disposition and temper as their privileges were offensive to his imperious will. He spoke no other language but the Spanish, endured none but Spaniards about his person, and obstinately adhered to all their customs. In vain did the loyal ingenuity of the Flemish towns through which he passed, vie with each other in solemnizing his arrival with costly festivities.* Philip's eye remained dark; all the profusion of magnificence, all the loud and hearty effusions of the sincerest joy, could not win from him one approving smile.

Charles entirely missed his aim by presenting his son to the Flemings. They might, eventually, have endured his yoke with less impatience if he had never set his foot in their land. But his look forewarned them what they had to expect; his entry into Brussels lost him all hearts. The Emperor's gracious affability with his people, only served to throw a darker shade on the haughty gravity of his son. They read in his countenance the destructive purpose against their liberties, which, even then, he already revolved in his breast. Forewarned to find in him a tyrant, they were forearmed to resist him.

The throne of the Netherlands was the first which Charles V. abdicated. Before a solemn convention in Brussels, he absolved the States-General of their oath, and transferred their allegiance to King Philip, his son. "If my death," addressing the latter as he concluded, "had placed you in possession of these countries, even in that case, so valuable a bequest would have given me great claims on your gratitude. But now that of my free will I transfer them to you, now that I die in order to hasten your enjoyment of them, I only require of you to pay to the people the increased obligation which the voluntary surrender of my dignity lays upon you. Other princes

* He had, too, at one time the intention of raising it to a kingdom; but the essential points of difference between the provinces, which extended from constitution and manners to measures and weights, soon made him abandon this design. More important was the service which he designed them in the Burgundian treaty, which settled its relation to the German empire. According to this treaty, the seventeen provinces were to contribute to the common wants of the German empire twice as much as an electoral prince; in case of a Turkish war three times as much; in return for which, however, they were to enjoy the powerful protection of this empire, and not to be injured in any of their various privileges. The revolution which under Charles's son altered the political constitution of the provinces, again annulled this compact, which, on account of the trifling advantage that it conferred, deserves no further notice.

* The town of Antwerp, alone, expended on an occasion of this kind, two hundred and sixty thousand gold florins.

esteem it a peculiar felicity to bequeath to their children the crown which death is already ravishing from them. This happiness I am anxious to enjoy during my life, I wish to be a spectator of your reign. Few will follow my example, as few have preceded me in it. But this my deed will be praised, if your future life should justify my expectations, if you continue to be guided by that wisdom which you have hitherto evinced, if you remain inviolably attached to the pure faith which is the main pillar of your throne. One thing more I have to add:—may Heaven grant you also a son, to whom you may transmit your power, by choice, and not by necessity.”

After the Emperor had concluded his address, Philip kneeled down before him, kissed his hand, and received his paternal blessing. His eyes, for the last time, were moistened with a tear. All present wept. It was an hour never to be forgotten.

This affecting farce was soon followed by another. Philip received the homage of the assembled states. He took the oath administered in the following words: “I, Philip, by the grace of God, Prince of Spain, of the Two Sicilies, &c., do vow and swear that I will be a good and just lord in these countries, counties, and duchies, &c.; that I will well and truly hold, and cause to be held, the privileges and liberties of all the nobles, towns, commons, and subjects which have been conferred upon them by my predecessors, and also the customs, usages, and rights which they now have and enjoy, jointly and severally, and moreover, that I will do all that by law and right pertains to a good and just prince and lord, so help me God and all his saints.”

The alarm which the arbitrary government of the Emperor had inspired, and the distrust of his son, are already visible in the formula of this oath, which was drawn up in far more guarded and explicit terms than that which had been administered to Charles V. himself, and all the Dukes of Burgundy. Philip, for instance, was compelled to swear to the maintenance of their customs and usages, what before his time had never been required. In the oath which the states took to him, no other obedience was promised, than such as should be consistent with the privileges of the country. His officers were then only to reckon on submission and support, so long as they legally discharged the duties intrusted to them. Lastly, in this oath of allegiance, Philip is simply styled only the natural, the hereditary prince, and not, as the Emperor had desired, sovereign or lord; proof enough, how little confidence was placed in the justice and liberality of the new sovereign.

PHILIP THE SECOND, RULER OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Philip II. received the lordship of the Netherlands in the brightest period of their prosperity. He was the first of their princes who united them all under his authority. They now consisted of seventeen provinces; the duchies of Brabant, Limburg, Luxembourg and Gueldres, the seven counties of Artois, Hainault, Flanders, Namur, Zutphen, Holland, and Zealand, the margravate

of Antwerp, and the five lordships of Friesland, Mechlin (Malines), Utrecht, Overijssel, and Groningen, which, collectively, formed a great and powerful state able to contend with monarchies. Higher than it then stood, their commerce could not rise. The sources of their wealth were above the earth's surface, but they were more valuable and inexhaustible, and richer than all the mines in America. These seventeen provinces, which, taken together, scarcely comprised the fifth part of Italy, and do not extend beyond three hundred Flemish miles, yielded an annual revenue to their lord, not much inferior to that which Britain formerly paid to its kings, before the latter had annexed so many of the ecclesiastical domains to their crown. Three hundred and fifty cities, alive with industry and pleasure, many of them fortified by their natural position, and secure without bulwarks or walls; six thousand three hundred market towns of a larger size; smaller villages, farms, and castles innumerable, imparted to this territory the aspect of one unbroken flourishing landscape. The nation had now reached the meridian of its splendor; industry and abundance had exalted the genius of the citizen, enlightened his ideas, ennobled his affections; every flower of the intellect had opened with the flourishing condition of the country. A happy temperament under a severe climate cooled the ardor of their blood, and modulated the rage of their passions; equanimity, moderation, and enduring patience, the gifts of a northern clime; integrity, justice, and faith, the necessary virtues of their profession; and the delightful fruits of liberty, truth, benevolence, and a patriotic pride were blended in their character, with a slight admixture of human frailties in soft union with the vices of humanity. No people on earth was more easily governed by a prudent prince, and none with more difficulty by a charlatan or a tyrant. Nowhere, was the popular voice so infallible a test of good government, as here. True statesmanship could be tried in no nobler school, and a sickly artificial policy had none worse to fear.

A state constituted like this, could act and endure with gigantic energy, whenever pressing emergencies called forth its powers, and a skillful and provident administration elicited its resources. Charles V. bequeathed to his successor an authority in these provinces, little inferior to that of a limited monarchy. The prerogative of the crown had gained a visible ascendancy over the republican spirit, and that complicated machine could now be set in motion, almost as certainly and rapidly as the most absolutely governed nation. The numerous nobility, formerly so powerful, cheerfully accompanied their sovereign in his wars, or on the civil charges of the state counted the approving smile of royalty. The crafty policy of the crown had created a new and imaginary good, of which it was the exclusive dispenser. New passions and new ideas of happiness supplanted, at last, the rude simplicity of republican virtue. Pride gave place to vanity, true liberty to titles of honor, a needy independence to a luxurious servitude. To oppress or to plunder their native land, as the absolute satraps of an absolute lord, was a more powerful allurements for the ava-

rice and ambition of the great, than in the general assembly of the state to share with the monarch a hundredth part of the supreme power. A large portion, moreover, of the nobility, were deeply sunk in poverty and debt. Charles V. had crippled all the most dangerous vassals of the crown, by expensive embassies to foreign courts, under the specious pretext of honorary distinctions. Thus, William of Orange was dispatched to Germany with the imperial crown, and Count Egmont to conclude the marriage contract between Philip and Queen Mary. Both also afterward accompanied the Duke of Alva to France, to negotiate the peace between the two crowns, and the new alliance of their sovereign with Madame Elizabeth. The expenses of these journeys amounted to three hundred thousand florins, toward which the king did not contribute a single penny. When the Prince of Orange was appointed generalissimo, in the place of the Duke of Savoy, he was obliged to defray all the necessary expenses of his office. When foreign ambassadors or princes came to Brussels, it was made incumbent on the nobles to maintain the honor of their king, who himself always dined alone, and never kept open table. Spanish policy had devised a still more ingenious contrivance, gradually to impoverish the richest families of the land. Every year, one of the Castilian nobles made his appearance in Brussels, where he displayed a lavish magnificence. In Brussels, it was accounted an indelible disgrace to be distanced by a stranger in such munificence. All vied to surpass him, and exhausted their fortunes in this costly emulation, while the Spaniard made a timely retreat to his native country, and by the frugality of four years, repaired the extravagance of one year. It was the foible of the Netherlandish nobility to contest with every stranger the credit of superior wealth, and of this weakness the government studiously availed itself. Certainly, these arts did not, in the sequel, produce the exact result that had been calculated on; for these pecuniary burdens only made the nobility the more disposed for innovation, since he who has lost all, can only be a gainer in the general ruin.

The Romish Church had ever been a main support of the royal power, and it was only natural that it should be so. Its golden time was the bondage of the human intellect, and like royalty, it had gained by the ignorance and weakness of men. Civil oppression made religion more necessary and more dear; submission to tyrannical power prepares the mind for a blind, convenient faith, and the hierarchy repaid with usury the services of despotism. In the states, the bishops and prelates were zealous supporters of royalty, and ever ready to sacrifice the welfare of the citizen to the temporal advancement of the church, and the political interests of the sovereign.

Numerous and brave garrisons also held the cities in awe, which were at the same time divided by religious squabbles and factions, and consequently deprived of their strongest support—union among themselves. How little, therefore, did it require to insure this preponderance of Philip's power, and how fatal must have been the folly by which it was lost.

But Philip's authority in these provinces, however great, did not surpass the influence which the Spanish monarchy at that time enjoyed throughout Europe. No state ventured to enter the arena of contest with it. France, its most dangerous neighbor, weakened by a destructive war, and still more by internal factions, which boldly raised their heads during the feeble government of a child, was advancing rapidly to that unhappy condition, which, for nearly half a century, made it a theatre of the most enormous crimes and the most fearful calamities. In England, Elizabeth could with difficulty protect her still tottering throne against the furious storms of faction, and her new church establishment against the insidious arts of the Romanists. That country still awaited her mighty call, before it could emerge from a humble obscurity, and had not yet been awakened, by the faulty policy of her rival, to that vigor and energy, with which it finally overthrew him. The Imperial family of Germany was united with that of Spain, by the double ties of blood and political interest; and the victorious progress of Soliman drew its attention more to the east than to the west of Europe. Gratitude and fear secured to Philip the Italian princes, and his creatures ruled the Conclave. The monarchies of the North still lay in barbarous darkness and obscurity, or only just began to acquire form and strength, and were as yet unrecognized in the political system of Europe. The most skillful generals, numerous armies accustomed to victory, a formidable marine, and the golden tribute from the West Indies, which now first began to come in regularly and certainly—what terrible instruments were these in the firm and steady hand of a talented prince! Under such auspicious stars did King Philip commence his reign.

Before we see him act, we must first look hastily into the deep recesses of his soul, and we shall there find a key to his political life. Joy and benevolence were wholly wanting in the composition of his character. His temperament, and the gloomy years of his early childhood, denied him the former; the latter could not be imparted to him by men who had renounced the sweetest and most powerful of the social ties. Two ideas, his own self, and what was above that self, engrossed his narrow and contracted mind. Egotism and religion were the contents and the title-page of the history of his whole life. He was a King and a Christian, and was bad in both characters; he never was a man among men, because he never condescended, but only ascended. His belief was dark and cruel; for his divinity was a Being of terror, from whom he had nothing to hope but every thing to fear. To the ordinary man, the divinity appears as a comforter, as a saviour; before his mind it was set up as an image of fear, a painful, humiliating check to his human omnipotence. His veneration for this Being was so much the more profound and deeply rooted, the less it extended to other objects. He trembled servilely before God, because God was the only being before whom he had to tremble. Charles V. was zealous for religion, because religion promoted his objects. Philip was so because he had

real faith in it. The former let loose the fire and the sword upon thousands for the sake of a dogma, while he himself, in the person of the Pope, his captive, derided the very doctrine for which he had sacrificed so much human blood. It was only with repugnance and scruples of conscience that Philip resolved on the most just war against the Pope; and resigned all the fruits of his victory, as a penitent malefactor surrenders his booty. The Emperor was cruel from calculation, his son from impulse. The first possessed a strong and enlightened spirit, and was therefore, perhaps, the worse man; the second, was narrow-minded and weak, but the most upright.

Both, however, as it appears to me, might have been better men than they actually were, and still, on the whole, have acted on the very same principles. What we lay to the charge of personal character of an individual is very often the infirmity, the necessary imperfection of universal human nature. A monarchy so great and so powerful, was too great a trial for human pride, and too mighty a charge for human power. To combine universal happiness with the highest liberty of the individual, is the sole prerogative of infinite intelligence, which diffuses itself omnipresently over all. But what resource has man, when placed in the position of omnipotence? Man can only aid his circumscribed powers by classification; like the naturalist, he establishes certain marks and rules, by which to facilitate his own feeble survey of the whole, to which all individualities must conform. All this is accomplished for him by religion. She finds hope and fear planted in every human breast; by making herself mistress of these emotions, and directing their affections to a single object, she virtually transforms millions of independent beings into one uniform abstract. The endless diversity of the human will, no longer embarrasses its ruler—now there exists one universal good, one universal evil, which he can bring forward or withdraw at pleasure, and which works in unison with himself even when absent. Now a boundary is established, before which liberty must halt; a venerable, hallowed line, toward which all the various conflicting inclinations of the will must finally converge. The common aim of despotism and of priestcraft is uniformity, and uniformity is a necessary expedient of human poverty and imperfection. Philip became a greater despot than his father, because his mind was more contracted, or, in other words, he was forced to adhere the more scrupulously to general rules, the less capable he was of descending to special and individual exceptions. What conclusion could we draw from these principles, but that Philip II. could not possibly have any higher object of his solicitude, than uniformity both in religion and in laws, because without these he could not reign?

And, yet, he would have shown more mildness and forbearance in his government, if he had entered upon it earlier. In the judgment which is usually formed of this prince, one circumstance does not appear to be sufficiently considered in the history of his mind and heart, which, however, in all fairness ought to be duly weighed. Philip counted nearly thirty years, when he as-

cended the Spanish throne, and this early maturity of his understanding had anticipated the period of his majority. A mind like his, conscious of its powers, and only too early acquainted with his high expectations, could not brook the yoke of childish subjection in which he stood; the superior genius of the father, and the absolute authority of the autocrat, must have weighed heavily on the self-satisfied pride of such a son. The share which the former allowed him in the government of the empire, was just important enough to disengage his mind from petty passions, and to confirm the austere gravity of his character, but also meagre enough, to kindle a fiercer longing for unlimited power. When he actually became possessed of uncontrolled authority, it had lost the charm of novelty. The sweet intoxication of a young monarch, in the sudden and early possession of supreme power; that joyous tumult of emotions, which opens the soul to every softer sentiment, and to which humanity has owed so many of the most valuable and the most prized of its institutions; this pleasing moment had for him long passed by, or had never existed. His character was already hardened, when fortune put him to this severe test, and his settled principles withstood the collision of occasional emotion. He had had time, during fifteen years, to prepare himself for the change; and instead of youthfully dallying with the external symbols of his new station, or of losing the morning of his government in the intoxication of an idle vanity, he remained composed and serious enough, to enter at once on the full possession of his power, so as to revenge himself through the most extensive employment of it, for its having been so long withheld from him.

THE TRIBUNAL OF THE INQUISITION.

Philip II. no sooner saw himself, through the peace of Chateau-Cambray, in undisturbed enjoyment of his immense territory, than he turned his whole attention to the great work of purifying religion, and verified the fears of his Netherlandish subjects. The ordinances, which his father had caused to be promulgated against heretics, were renewed in all their rigor; and terrible tribunals, to whom nothing but the name of inquisition was wanting, were appointed to watch over their execution. But his plan appeared to him scarcely more than half fulfilled, so long as he could not transplant it to these countries the Spanish Inquisition in its perfect form—a design in which the Emperor had already suffered shipwreck.

This Spanish Inquisition is an institution of a new and peculiar kind, which finds no prototype in the whole course of time, and admits of comparison with no ecclesiastical nor civil tribunal. Inquisition has existed from the time when reason meddled with what is holy, and from the very commencement of skepticism and innovation; but it was in the middle of the thirteenth century, after some examples of apostasy had alarmed the hierarchy, that Innocent III. first erected for it a peculiar tribunal, and separated, in an unnatural manner, ecclesiastical superintendence and in-

struction from its judicial and primitive office. In order to be the more sure that no human sensibilities, or natural tenderness, should thwart the stern severity of its statutes, he took it out of the hands of the bishops and secular clergy, who, by the ties of civil life, were still too much attached to humanity for his purpose, and consigned it to those of the monks, a half-denaturalized race of beings, who had abjured the sacred feelings of nature, and were the servile tools of the Roman See. The Inquisition was received in Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France; a Franciscan monk sat as judge in the terrible court, which passed sentence on the Templars. A few states succeeded either in totally excluding, or else in subjecting it to civil authority. The Netherlands had remained free from it, until the government of Charles V.; their bishops exercised the spiritual censorship, and in extraordinary cases, reference was made to foreign courts of inquisition; by the French provinces to that of Paris, by the German to that of Cologne.

But the Inquisition which we are here speaking of, came from the west of Europe, and was of a different origin and form. The last Moorish throne in Granada had fallen in the fifteenth century, and the false faith of the Saracen had finally succumbed before the fortunes of Christianity. But the gospel was still new, and but imperfectly established in this youngest of Christian kingdoms, and in the confused mixture of heterogeneous laws and manners, the religions had become mixed. It is true, the sword of persecution had driven many thousand families to Africa, but a far larger portion, detained by the love of climate and home, purchased remission from this dreadful necessity by a show of conversion, and continued at Christian altars to serve Mohammed and Moses. So long as prayers were offered toward Mecca, Granada was not subdued; so long as the new Christian, in the retirement of his house, became again a Jew or a Moslem, he was as little secured to the throne as to the Romish See. It was no longer deemed sufficient to compel a perverse people to adopt the exterior forms of a new faith, or to wed it to the victorious church by the weak bands of ceremonies; the object now was to extirpate the roots of an old religion, and to subdue an obstinate bias, which, by the slow operation of centuries, had been implanted in their manners, their language, and their laws, and by the enduring influence of a paternal soil and sky was still maintained in its full extent and vigor.

If the church wished to triumph completely over the opposing worship, and to secure her new conquest beyond all chance of relapse, it was indispensable that she should undermine the foundation itself on which the old religion was built. It was necessary to break to pieces the entire form of moral character, to which it was so closely and intimately attached. It was requisite to loosen its secret roots from the hold they had taken in the innermost depths of the soul; to extinguish all traces of it, both in domestic life, and in the civil world; to cause all recollections of it to perish: and, if possible, to destroy the very susceptibility for its impressions. Coun-

try and family, conscience and honor, the sacred feelings of society and of nature, are ever the first and immediate ties to which religion attaches itself, from these it derives while it imparts strength. This connection was now to be dissolved, the old religion was violently to be dis severed from the holy feelings of nature; even at the expense of the sanctity itself of these emotions. Thus arose that Inquisition which, to distinguish it from the more humane tribunals of the same name, we usually call the Spanish. Its founder was Cardinal Ximenes, a Dominican monk. Torquemada was the first who ascended its bloody throne, who established its statutes, and forever cursed his order with his bequest. Sworn to the degradation of the understanding, and the murder of intellect; the instruments it employed were terror and infamy. Every evil passion was in its pay; its snare was set in every joy of life. Solitude itself was not safe from it; the fear of its omnipresence fettered the freedom of the soul in its inmost and deepest recesses. It prostrated all the instincts of human nature before it, yielded all the ties which otherwise man held most sacred. A heretic forfeited all claims upon his race; the most trivial infidelity to his mother church divested him of the rights of his nature. A modest doubt in the infallibility of the pope, met with the punishment of parricide and the infamy of sodomy; its sentences resembled the frightful corruption of the plague, which turns the most healthy body into rapid putrefaction. Even the inanimate things belonging to a heretic were accursed; no destiny could snatch the victim of the Inquisition from its sentence: its decrees were carried in force on corpses and on pictures; and the grave itself was no asylum from its tremendous arm. The presumptuous arrogance of its decrees, could only be surpassed by the inhumanity which executed them. By coupling the ludicrous with the terrible, and by amusing the eye with the strangeness of its processions, it weakened compassion by the gratification of another feeling; it drowned sympathy in derision and contempt. The delinquent was conducted with solemn pomp to the place of execution, a blood-red flag was displayed before him, the universal clang of all the bells accompanied the procession. First came the priests in the robes of the Mass, and singing a sacred hymn; next followed the condemned sinner, clothed in a yellow vest, covered with figures of black devils. On his head, he wore a paper cap surmounted by a human figure, around which played lambent flames of fire, and ghastly demons flitted. The image of the crucified Saviour was carried before, but turned away from the eternally condemned sinner, for whom salvation was no longer available. His mortal body belonged to the material fire, his immortal soul to the flames of hell. A gag closed his mouth, and prevented him from alleviating his pain by lamentation, from awakening compassion by his affecting tale, and from divulging the secrets of the holy tribunal. He was followed by the clergy in festive robes, by the magistrates and the nobility; the fathers, who had been his judges, closed the awful procession. It seemed like a solemn funeral procession, but

on looking for the corpse on its way to the grave, behold it was a living body, whose groans are now to afford such shuddering entertainment to the people. The executions were generally held on the high festivals, for which a number of such unfortunate sufferers were reserved in the prisons of the holy house, in order to enhance the rejoicing by the multitude of the victims; and on these occasions, the king himself was usually present. He sat with uncovered head, on a lower chair than that of the Grand Inquisitor, to whom on such occasions he yielded precedence; who, then, would not tremble before a tribunal, at which majesty must humble itself?

The great revolution in the church accomplished by Luther and Calvin, renewed the causes to which this tribunal owed its first origin: and that which, at its commencement, was invented to clear the petty kingdom of Granada from the feeble remnant of Saracens and Jews, was now required for the whole of Christendom. All the Inquisitions in Portugal, Italy, Germany, and France, adopted the form of the Spanish; it followed Europeans to the Indies, and established in Goa a fearful tribunal, whose inhuman proceedings make us shudder even at the bare recital. Wherever it planted its foot, devastation followed; but in no part of the world did it rage so violently as in Spain. The victims are forgotten, whom it immolated; the human race renews itself, and the lands, too, flourish again, which it has devastated and depopulated by its fury; but centuries will elapse, before its traces disappear from the Spanish character. A generous and enlightened nation has been stopped by it on its road to perfection; it has banished genius from a region where it was indigenous, and a stillness like that which hangs over the grave, has been left in the mind of a people who, beyond most others of our world, were framed for happiness and enjoyment.

The first Inquisitor in Brabant was appointed by Charles V. in the year 1522. Some priests were associated with him as coadjutors; but he himself was a layman. After the death of Adrian VI., his successor, Clement VII., appointed three Inquisitors for all the Netherlands; and Paul III. again reduced them to two, which number continued until the commencement of the troubles. In the year 1530, with the aid and approbation of the states, the edicts against heretics were promulgated, which formed the foundation of all that followed, and, in which, also, express mention is made of the Inquisition. In the year 1550, in consequence of the rapid increase of sects, Charles V. was under the necessity of reviving and enforcing these edicts, and it was on this occasion that the town of Antwerp opposed the establishment of the Inquisition, and obtained an exemption from its jurisdiction. But the spirit of the Inquisition in the Netherlands, in accordance with the genius of the country, was more humane than in Spain, and, as yet, had never been administered by a foreigner, much less by a Dominican. The edicts which were known to every body, served it as the rule of its decisions. On this very account, it was less obnoxious; because, however severe its sentence, it did not

appear a tool of arbitrary power, and it did not, like the Spanish Inquisition, veil itself in secrecy.

Philip, however, was desirous of introducing the latter tribunal into the Netherlands, since it appeared to him the instrument best adapted to destroy the spirit of this people, and to prepare them for a despotic government. He began, therefore, by increasing the rigor of the religious ordinances of his father; by gradually extending the power of the inquisitors; by making its proceedings more arbitrary, and more independent of the civil jurisdiction. The tribunal soon wanted little more than the name, and the Dominicans, to resemble, in every point, the Spanish Inquisition. Bare suspicion was enough to snatch a citizen from the bosom of public tranquillity, and from his domestic circle; and the weakest evidence was a sufficient justification for the use of the rack. Whoever fell into its abyss, returned no more to the world. All the benefits of the laws ceased for him; the maternal care of justice no longer noticed him; beyond the pale of his former world, malice and stupidity judged him according to laws which were never intended for man. The delinquent never knew his accuser, and very seldom his crime, a flagitious, devilish artifice, which constrained the unhappy victim to guess at his error, and in the delirium of the rack, or in the weariness of a long living interment, to acknowledge transgressions which, perhaps, had never been committed, or, at least, had never come to the knowledge of his judges. The goods of the condemned were confiscated, and the informer encouraged by letters of grace and rewards. No privilege, no civil jurisdiction, was valid against the holy power; the secular arm lost for ever all whom that power had once touched. Its only share in the judicial duties of the latter was to execute its sentences with humble submissiveness. The consequences of such an institution were, of necessity, unnatural and horrible; the whole temporal happiness, the life itself, of an innocent man, was at the mercy of any worthless fellow. Every secret enemy, every envious person, had now the perilous temptation of an unseen and unfailing revenge. The security of property, the sincerity of intercourse, were gone; all the ties of interest were dissolved; all of blood and of affection were irreparably broken. An infectious distrust envenomed social life; the dreaded presence of a spy terrified the eye from seeing, and choked the voice in the midst of utterance. No one believed in the existence of an honest man, or passed for one himself. Good name, the ties of country, brotherhood, even oaths, and all that man holds sacred, were fallen in estimation. Such was the destiny to which a great and flourishing commercial town was subjected, where a hundred thousand industrious men had been brought together by the single tie of mutual confidence; every one indispensable to his neighbor, and yet every one was now distrusted and distrustful. All attracted by the desire of gain, and repelled from each other by fear. All the props of society torn away, where social union was the basis of life and existence.

OTHER ENCROACHMENTS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NETHERLANDS.

No wonder if so unnatural a tribunal, which had proved intolerable, even to the more submissive spirit of the Spaniard, drove a free state to rebellion. But the terror which it inspired was increased by the Spanish troops, which, even after the restoration of peace, were kept in the country, and, in violation of the constitution, garrisoned border towns. Charles V. had been forgiven for this introduction of foreign armies, so long as the necessity of it was evident, and his good intentions were less distrusted. But now men saw in these troops only the alarming preparations of oppression, and the instruments of a detested hierarchy. Moreover, a considerable body of cavalry, composed of natives, and fully adequate for the protection of the country, made these foreigners superfluous. The licentiousness and rapacity, too, of the Spaniards, whose pay was long in arrear, and who indemnified themselves at the expense of the citizens, completed the exasperation of the people, and drove the lower orders to despair. Subsequently, when the general murmur induced the government to move them from the frontiers, and transport them into the islands of Zealand, where ships were prepared for their deportation, their excesses were carried to such a pitch, that the inhabitants left off working at the embankments, and preferred to abandon their native country to the fury of the sea, rather than submit any longer to the wanton brutality of these lawless bands.

Philip, indeed, would have wished to retain these Spaniards in the country, in order, by their presence, to give weight to his edicts, and to support the innovations which he had resolved to make in the constitution of the Netherlands. He regarded them as a guarantee for the submission of the nation, and as a chain by which he held it captive. Accordingly, he left no expedient untried, to evade the persevering importunity of the states, who demanded the withdrawal of these troops; and for this end, he exhausted all the resources of chicanery and persuasion. At one time, he pretended to dread a sudden invasion by France, although, torn by furious factions, that country could scarce support itself against a domestic enemy; at another time, they were, he said, to receive his son, Don Carlos, on the frontiers; whom, however, he never intended should leave Castile. Their maintenance should not be a burden to the nation; he himself would disburse all their expenses from his private purse. In order to detain them with the more appearance of reason, he purposely kept back from them their arrears of pay; for otherwise, he would assuredly have preferred them to the troops of the country, whose demands he fully satisfied. To lull the fears of the nation, and to appease the general discontent, he offered the chief command of these troops to the two favorites of the people, the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont. Both, however, declined his offer, with the noble-minded declaration, that they could never make up their minds to serve contrary to the laws of the country. The more desire the king showed

to have his Spaniards in the country, the more obstinately the states insisted on their removal. In the following Diet at Ghent, he was compelled, in the very midst of his courtiers, to listen to republican truth. "Why are foreign hands needed for our defense?" demanded the Syndic of Ghent. "Is it that the rest of the world should consider us too stupid or too cowardly to protect ourselves? Why have we made peace, if the burdens of war are still to oppress us? In war, necessity enforced endurance; in peace, our patience is exhausted by its burdens. Or shall we be able to keep in order these licentious bands, which thine own presence could not restrain? Here, Cambray and Antwerp cry for redress; there, Thionville and Marienburg lie waste; and, surely, thou hast not bestowed upon us peace, that our cities should become deserts, as they necessarily must if thou freest them not from these destroyers? Perhaps thou art anxious to guard against surprise from our neighbors? This precaution is wise; but the report of their preparations will long outrun their hostilities. Why incur a heavy expense to engage foreigners, who will not care for a country which they must leave to-morrow? Hast thou not still at thy command the same brave Netherlands, to whom thy father intrusted the republic in far more troubled times? Why shouldst thou now doubt their loyalty, which, to thy ancestors, they have preserved for so many centuries inviolate? Will not they be sufficient to sustain the war long enough to give time to thy confederates to join their banners, or to thyself to send succor from the neighboring country?" This language was too new to the king, and its truth too obvious, for him to be able at once to reply to it. "I, also, am a foreigner," he at length exclaimed, "and they would like, I suppose, to expel me from the country!" At the same time, he descended from the throne, and left the assembly; but the speaker was pardoned for his boldness. Two days afterward, he sent a message to the states, that if he had been apprised earlier that these troops were a burden to them, he would have immediately made preparation to remove them, with himself, to Spain. Now it was too late, for they would not depart unpaid; but he pledged them his most sacred promise, that they should not be oppressed with this burden more than four months. Nevertheless, the troops remained in this country eighteen months instead of four; and would not, perhaps, even then have left it so soon if the exigencies of the state had not made their presence indispensable in another part of the world.

The illegal appointment of foreigners to the most important offices of the country, afforded further occasion of complaint against the government. Of all the privileges of the provinces, none was so obnoxious to the Spaniards as that which excluded strangers from office, and none they had so zealously sought to abrogate. Italy, the two Indies, and all the provinces of this vast empire, were indeed open to their rapacity and ambition; but from the richest of them all, an inexorable fundamental law excluded them. They artfully persuaded their sovereign, that his power in these countries would never be firmly established, so

long as he could not employ foreigners as his instrument. The Bishop of Arras, a Burgundian by birth, had already been illegally forced upon the Flemings; and now the Count of Fria, a Castilian, was to receive a seat and voice in the council of state. But this attempt met with a bolder resistance than the king's flatterers had led him to expect, and his despotic omnipotence was this time wrecked by the politic measures of William of Orange, and the firmness of the states.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND COUNT EGMONT.

By such measures, did Philip usher in his government of the Netherlands, and such were the grievances of the nation when he was preparing to leave them. He had long been impatient to quit a country where he was a stranger, where there was so much that opposed his secret wishes, and where his despotic mind found such undaunted monitors to remind him of the laws of freedom. The peace with France, at last rendered a longer stay unnecessary; the armaments of Soliman required his presence in the south, and the Spaniards also began to miss their long-absent king. The choice of a supreme Stadtholder for the Netherlands, was the principal matter which still detained him. Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, had filled this place since the resignation of Mary, Queen of Hungary, which, however, so long as the king himself was present, conferred more honor than real influence. His absence would make it the most important office in the monarchy, and the most splendid aim for the ambition of a subject. It had now become vacant through the departure of the duke, whom the peace of Chateau Cambresis had restored to his dominions. The almost unlimited power with which the supreme Stadtholder would be intrusted, the capacity and experience which so extensive and delicate an appointment required, but, especially, the daring designs which the government had in contemplation against the freedom of the country, the execution of which would devolve on him, necessarily embarrassed the choice. The law, which excluded all foreigners from office, made an exception in the case of the supreme Stadtholder. As he could not be, at the same time, a native of all the provinces, it was allowable for him not to belong to any one of them; for the jealousy of the man of Brabant would concede no greater right to a Fleming, whose home was half a mile from his frontier, than to a Sicilian, who lived in another soil and under a different sky. But here the interests of the crown itself seemed to favor the appointment of a native. A Brabanter, for instance, who enjoyed the full confidence of his countrymen, if he became a traitor, would have half accomplished his treason, before a foreign governor could overcome the mistrust, with which his most insignificant measures would be watched. If the government should succeed in carrying through its designs in one province, the opposition of the rest would then be a temerity, which it would be justified in punishing in the severest manner. In the common whole, which the provinces now

formed, their individual constitutions were, in a measure, destroyed; the obedience of one would be a law for all, and the privilege, which one knew not how to preserve, was lost for the rest.

Among the Flemish nobles, who could lay claim to the Chief Stadtholdership, the expectations and wishes of the nation were divided between Count Egmont and the Prince of Orange, who were alike entitled to this high dignity—by illustrious birth and personal merits, and by an equal share in the affections of the people. Their high rank placed them both near to the throne, and if the choice of the monarch was to rest on the worthiest, it must necessarily fall upon one of these two. As, in the course of our history, we shall often have occasion to mention both names, the reader cannot be too early made acquainted with their characters.

William I., Prince of Orange, was descended from the princely German house of Nassau, which had already flourished eight centuries, had long disputed the pre-eminence with Austria, and had given one Emperor to Germany. Besides several extensive domains in the Netherlands, which made him a citizen of this Republic, and a vassal of the Spanish monarchy, he possessed also in France the independent principedom of Orange. William was born in the year 1533, at Dillenburg, in the country of Nassau, of a Countess Stolberg. His father, the Count of Nassau, of the same name, had embraced the Protestant religion, and caused his son also to be educated in it; but Charles V., who early formed an attachment for the boy, took him, when quite young, to his court, and had him brought up in the Romish Church. This monarch, who already in the child discovered the future greatness of the man, kept him nine years about his person, thought him worthy of his personal instruction in the affairs of government, and honored him with a confidence beyond his years. He alone was permitted to remain in the Emperor's presence, when he gave audience to foreign ambassadors—a proof that, even as a boy, he had already begun to merit the surname of the Silent. The Emperor was not ashamed even to confess openly, on one occasion, that this young man had often made suggestions which would have escaped his own sagacity. What expectations might not be formed of the intellect of a man who was disciplined in such a school!

William was twenty-three years old when Charles abdicated the government, and had already received from the latter two public marks of the highest esteem. The Emperor had intrusted to him, in preference to all the nobles of his court, the honorable office of conveying to his brother Ferdinand the imperial crown. When the Duke of Savoy, who commanded the imperial army in the Netherlands, was called away to Italy by the exigency of his domestic affairs, the Emperor appointed him commander-in-chief, against the united representations of his military council, who declared it altogether hazardous to oppose so young a tyro in arms to the experienced generals of France. Absent, and unrecommended by any, he was preferred by the monarch to the laurel-crowned band of his heroes, and the result gave him no cause to repent of his choice.

The marked favor which the prince had enjoyed with the father, was, in itself, a sufficient ground for his exclusion from the confidence of the son. Philip, it appears, had laid it down for himself as a rule, to avenge the wrongs of the Spanish nobility, for the preference which Charles V. had, on all important occasions, shown to his Flemish nobles. Still stronger, however, were the secret motives which alienated him from the prince. William of Orange was one of those lean and pale men, who, according to Cæsar's words, "sleep not at night, and think too much," and before whom the most fearless spirits quail. The calm tranquillity of a never-varying countenance, concealed a busy, ardent soul, which never ruffled even the vail behind which it worked, and was alike inaccessible to artifice and to love; a versatile, formidable, indefatigable mind, soft and ductile enough to be instantaneously moulded into all forms; guarded enough to lose itself in none; and strong enough to endure every vicissitude of fortune. A greater master in reading and in winning men's hearts, never existed than William. Not that, after the fashion of courts, his lips avowed a servility to which his proud heart gave the lie; but because he was neither too sparing nor too lavish of the marks of his esteem, and through a skillful economy of the favors which mostly bind men, he increased his real stock in them. The fruits of his meditation were as perfect as they were slowly formed; his resolves were as steadily and indomitably accomplished, as they were long in maturing. No obstacles could defeat the plan which he had once adopted as the best; no accidents frustrated it, for they all had been foreseen before they actually occurred. High as his feelings were raised above terror and joy, they were, nevertheless, subject in the same degree to fear; but his fear was earlier than the danger, and he was calm in tumult, because he had trembled in repose. William lavished his gold with a profuse hand, but he was a niggard of his moments. The hours of repast were the sole hours of relaxation, but these were exclusively devoted to his heart, his family, and his friends; this the modest deduction he allowed himself from the cares of his country. Here his brow was cleared with wine, seasoned with temperance, and a cheerful disposition; and no serious cares were permitted to enter this recess of enjoyment. His household was magnificent; the splendor of a numerous retinue, the number and respectability of those who surrounded his person, made his habitation resemble the court of a sovereign prince. A sumptuous hospitality, that master-spell of demagogues, was the goddess of his palace. Foreign princes and ambassadors found here a fitting reception and entertainment, which surpassed all that luxurious Belgium could elsewhere offer. A humble submissiveness to the government, bought off the blame and suspicion which this munificence might have thrown on his intentions. But this liberality secured for him the affections of the people, whom nothing gratified so much, as to see the riches of their country displayed before admiring foreigners, and the high pinnacle of fortune on which he stood, enhanced the value of the courtesy to which he con-

descended. No one, probably, was better fitted by nature for the leader of a conspiracy, than William the Silent. A comprehensive and intuitive glance into the past, the present, and the future; the talent for improving every favorable opportunity; a commanding influence over the minds of men; vast schemes, which only when viewed from a distance show form and symmetry; and bold calculations, which were wound up in the long chain of futurity: all these faculties he possessed, and kept, moreover, under the control of that free and enlightened virtue, which moves with firm step, even on the very edge of the abyss.

A man like this might, at other times, have remained unfathomed by his whole generation; but not so by the distrustful spirit of the age in which he lived. Philip II. saw quickly and deeply into a character, which among good ones, most resembled his own. If he had not seen through him so clearly, his distrust of a man, in whom were united nearly all the qualities which he prized highest, and could best appreciate, would be quite inexplicable. But William had another and still more important point of contact with Philip II. He had learned his policy from the same master, and had become, it was to be feared, a more apt scholar. Not by making Machiavelli's *Prince* his study, but by having enjoyed the living instruction of a monarch, who reduced the book to practice, had he become versed in the perilous arts by which thrones rise and fall. In him, Philip had to deal with an antagonist, who was armed against his policy, and who, in a good cause could also command the resources of a bad one. And it was exactly this last circumstance, which accounts for his having hated this man so implacably above all others of his day, and his having had so supernatural a dread of him.

The suspicion which already attached to the prince, was increased by the doubts which were entertained of his religious bias. So long as the Emperor, his benefactor, lived, William believed in the pope; but it was feared, with good ground, that the predilection for the reformed religion, which had been imparted to his young heart, had never entirely left it. Whatever church he may, at certain periods of his life, have preferred, each might console itself with the reflection that none other possessed him more entirely. In latter years he went over to Calvinism with almost as little scruple, as, in his early childhood, he deserted the Lutheran profession for the Romish. He defended the rights of the Protestants, rather than their opinions, against Spanish oppression; not their faith, but their wrongs had made him their brother.

These general grounds for suspicion, appeared to be justified by a discovery of his real intentions, which accident had made. William had remained in France, as hostage for the peace of Chateau Cambresis, in concluding which he had borne a part; and here, through the imprudence of Henry II., who imagined he spoke with a confidant of the King of Spain, he became acquainted with a secret plot, which the French and Spanish courts had formed against Protestants of both kingdoms. The prince hastened to communicate this impor-

tant discovery to his friends in Brussels, whom it so nearly concerned, and the letters which he exchanged on the subject fell, unfortunately into the hands of the King of Spain. Philip was less surprised at this decisive disclosure of William's sentiments, than incensed at the disappointment of his scheme; and the Spanish nobles, who had never forgiven the prince that moment, when in the last act of his life the greatest of Emperors leaned upon his shoulders, did not neglect this favorable opportunity of finally ruining, in the good opinion of their king, the betrayer of a state secret.

Of a lineage no less noble than that of William, was Lamoral, Count Egmont and Prince of Gavre, a descendant of the Dukes of Gueldres, whose martial courage had wearied out the arms of Austria. His family was highly distinguished in the annals of the country; one of his ancestors had, under Maximilian, already filled the office of Stadtholder over Holland. Egmont's marriage with the Duchess Sabina of Bavaria, reflected additional lustre on the splendor of his birth, and made him powerful through the greatness of this alliance. Charles V. had in the year 1516, conferred on him, at Utrecht, the order of the Golden Fleece; the wars of this Emperor were the school of his military genius, and the battle of St Quentin and Gravelines made him the hero of his age. Every blessing of peace, for which a commercial people feel most grateful, brought to mind the remembrance of the victory by which it was accelerated, and Flemish pride, like a fond mother, exulted over the illustrious son of their country, who had filled all Europe with admiration. Nine children who grew up under the eyes of their fellow citizens, multiplied and drew closer the ties between him and his fatherland, and the people's grateful affection for the father was kept alive by the sight of those who were dearest to him. Every appearance of Egmont in public, was a triumphal procession; every eye which was fastened upon him, recounted his history; his deeds lived in the plaudits of his companions in arms; at the games of chivalry, mothers pointed him out to their children. Affability, a noble and courteous demeanour, the amiable virtues of chivalry, adorned and graced his merits. His liberal soul shone forth on his open brow; his frankheartedness managed his secrets no better than his benevolence did his estate, and a thought was no sooner his than it was the property of all. His religion was gentle and humane, but not very enlightened, because it derived its light from the heart, and not from his understanding. Egmont possessed more of conscience, than of fixed principles; his head had not given him a code of its own, but had merely learned it by rote; the mere name of an action, therefore, was often with him sufficient for its condemnation. In his judgment, men were wholly bad or wholly good, and had either nothing bad or nothing good; in this system of morals, there was no middle term between vice and virtue; and consequently, a single good trait often decided his opinion of men. Egmont united all the eminent qualities which form the hero; he was a better soldier than the Prince of Orange, but far

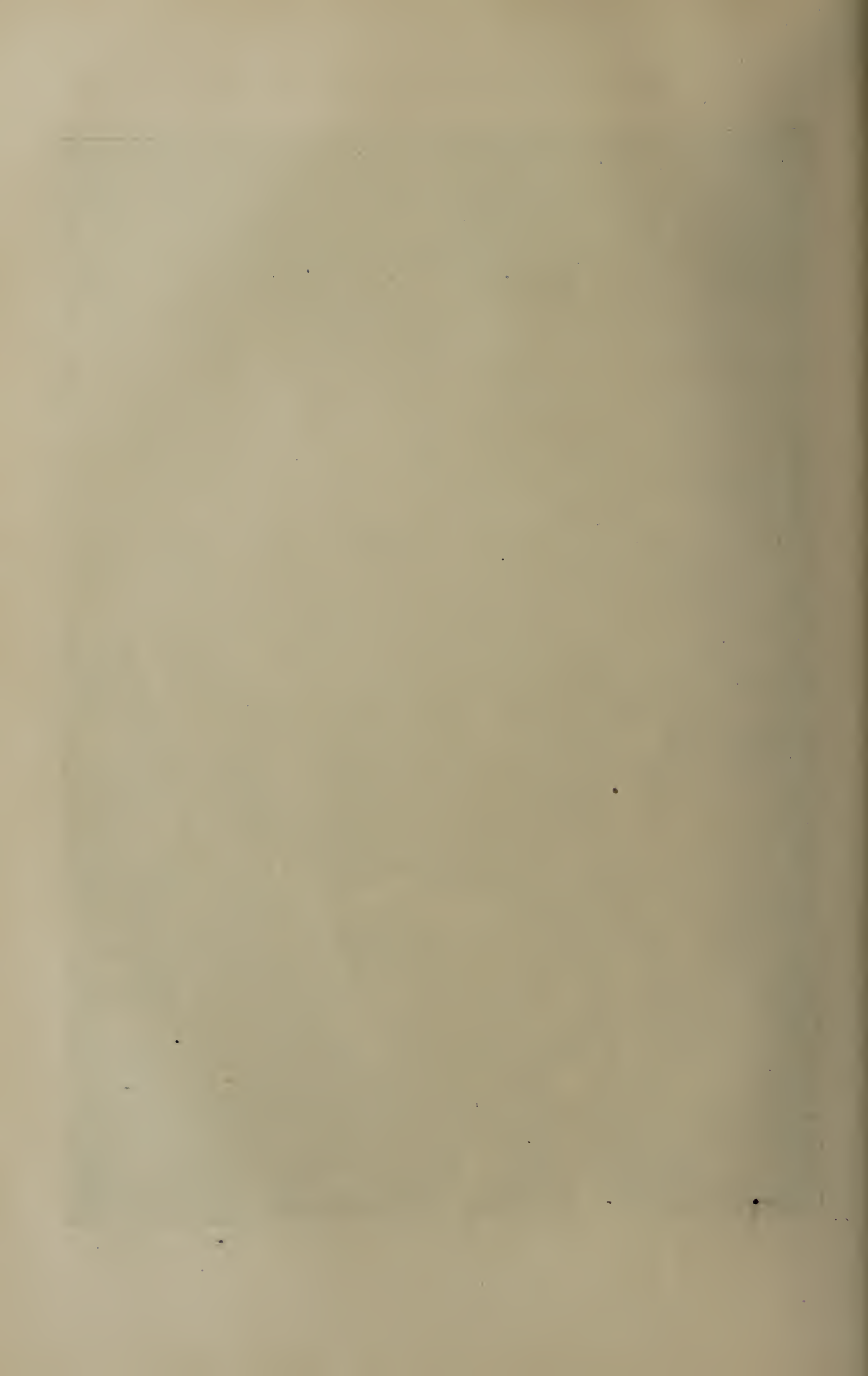
inferior to him as a statesman; the latter saw the world as it really was; Egmont viewed it in the magic mirror of an imagination, that embellished all that it reflected. Men, whom fortune has surprised with a reward, for which they can find no adequate ground in their actions, are, for the most part, very apt to forget the necessary connection between cause and effect, and to insert in the natural consequences of things a higher miraculous power, to which, as Cæsar to his fortune, they at last insanely trust. Such a character was Egmont. Intoxicated with the idea of his own merits, which the love and gratitude of his fellow citizens had exaggerated, he staggered on in this sweet reverie, as in a delightful world of dreams. He feared not, because he trusted to the deceitful pledge which destiny had given him of her favor, in the general love of the people, and he believed in its justice, because he himself was prosperous. Even the most terrible experience of Spanish perfidy, could not afterward eradicate this confidence from his soul, and on the scaffold itself, his latest feeling was hope. A tender fear for his family kept his patriotic courage fettered by lower duties. Because he trembled for property and life, he could not venture much for the republic. William of Orange broke with the throne, because its arbitrary power was offensive to his pride; Egmont was vain, and therefore valued the favors of the monarch. The former was a citizen of the world; Egmont had never been more than a Fleming.

Philip II. still stood indebted to the hero of St. Quentin, and the supreme Stadtholdership of the Netherlands appeared the only appropriate reward for such great services. Birth and high station, the voice of the nation and personal abilities, spoke as loudly for Egmont as for Orange; and if the latter was to be passed by, it seemed that the former alone could supplant him.

Two such competitors, so equal in merit, might have embarrassed Philip in his choice, if he had ever seriously thought of selecting either of them for the appointment. But the pre-eminent qualities by which they supported their claim to this office, were the very cause of their rejection; and it was precisely the ardent desire of the nation for their election to it, that irrevocably annulled their title to the appointment. Philip's purpose would not be answered by a Stadtholder in the Netherlands who could command the good will and the energies of the people. Egmont's descent from the Duke of Gueldres made him an hereditary foe of the house of Spain, and it seemed impolitic to place the supreme power in the hands of a man to whom the idea might occur of revenging on the son of the oppressor, the oppression of his ancestor. The slight put on their favorites could give no just offense either to the nation or to themselves, for it might be pretended that the king passed over both because he would not show a preference to either.

The disappointment of his hopes of gaining the regency, did not deprive the Prince of Orange of all expectation of establishing, more firmly, his influence in the Netherlands. Among the other candidates for this office, was also Christina, Duchess of Lorraine, and aunt of the king, who, as





mediatrix of the peace of Chateau Cambresis, had rendered important service to the crown. William aimed at the hand of her daughter, and he hoped to promote his suit by actively interposing his good offices for the mother; but he did not reflect that, through this very intercession, he ruined her cause. The Duchess Christina was rejected, not so much for the reason alleged, namely, the dependence of her territories on France made her an object of suspicion to the Spanish court, as because she was acceptable to the people of the Netherlands and the Prince of Orange.

MARGARET OF PARMA, REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

While the general expectation was on the stretch, as to whom the future destinies of the provinces would be committed, there appeared on the frontiers of the country the Duchess Margaret of Parma, having been summoned by the king from Italy, to assume the government.

Margaret was a natural daughter of Charles V. and of a noble Flemish lady, named Vangeest, and born 1522. Out of regard for the honor of her mother's house, she was at first educated in obscurity; but her mother, who possessed more vanity than honor, was not very anxious to preserve the secret of her origin, and a princely education betrayed the daughter of the Emperor. While yet a child, she was intrusted to the Regent Margaret, her great aunt, to be brought up at Brussels, under her eye. This guardian she lost in her eighth year, and the care of her education devolved on Queen Mary of Hungary, the successor of Margaret in the regency. Her father had already affianced her, while yet in her fourth year, to a Prince of Ferrara; but this alliance being subsequently dissolved, she was betrothed to Alexander de Medicis, the new Duke of Florence, which marriage was, after the victorious return of the Emperor from Africa, actually consummated in Naples. In the first year of this unfortunate union, a violent death removed from her a husband who could not love her, and for the third time her hand was disposed of to serve the policy of her father. Octavius Farnese, a prince of thirteen years of age, and nephew of Paul III., obtained, with her person, the duchies of Parma and Piacenza as her portion. Thus, by a strange destiny, Margaret, at the age of maturity, was contracted to a boy, as in the years of infancy she had been sold to a man. Her disposition, which was any thing but feminine, made this last alliance still more unnatural, for her taste and inclinations were masculine, and the whole tenor of her life belied her sex. After the example of her instructress, the Queen of Hungary, and her great aunt, the Duchess Mary of Burgundy, who met her death in this favorite sport, she was passionately fond of hunting, and had acquired in this pursuit such bodily vigor, that few men were better able to undergo its hardships and fatigues.

Her gait itself was so devoid of grace, that one was far more tempted to take her for a disguised

man, than for a masculine woman; and Nature, whom she had derided by thus transgressing the limits of her sex, revenged itself finally upon her by a disease peculiar to men—the gout.

These unusual qualities were crowned by a monkish superstition, which was infused into her mind by Ignatius Loyola, her confessor and teacher. Among the charitable works and penances with which she mortified her vanity, one of the most remarkable was, that during Passion-week, she yearly washed, with her own hands, the feet of a number of poor men, (who were most strictly forbidden to cleanse themselves beforehand,) waited on them at table like a servant, and sent them away with rich presents.

Nothing more is requisite than this last feature in her character, to account for the preference which the king gave her over all her rivals; but his choice was at the same time justified by excellent reasons of state. Margaret was born and also educated in the Netherlands. She had spent her early youth among the people, and had acquired much of their national manners. Two regents, (Duchess Margaret, and Queen Mary of Hungary.) under whose eyes she had grown up, had gradually initiated her into the maxims by which this peculiar people might be most easily governed; and they would also serve her as models. She did not want either in talents; and possessed, moreover, a particular turn for business, which she had acquired from her instructors, and had afterward carried to greater perfection in the Italian school. The Netherlands had been, for a number of years, accustomed to female government; and Philip hoped, perhaps, that the sharp iron of tyranny, which he was about to use against them, would cut more gently, if wielded by the hands of a woman. Some regard for his father, who at the time was still living, and was much attached to Margaret, may have in a measure, as it is asserted, influenced this choice; as it is also probable that the king wished to oblige the Duke of Parma, through this mark of attention to his wife, and thus to compensate for denying a request, which he was just then compelled to refuse him. As the territories of the duchess were surrounded by Philip's Italian States, and at all times exposed to his arms, he could, with the less danger, intrust the supreme power into her hands. For his full security, her son, Alexander Farnese, was to remain at his court as a pledge for her loyalty. All these reasons were alone sufficiently weighty to turn the king's decision in her favor; but they became irresistible, when supported by the Bishop of Arras and the Duke of Alva. The latter, as it appears, because he hated or envied all the other competitors; the former, because even then, in all probability, he anticipated, from the wavering disposition of this princess, abundant gratification for his ambition.

Philip received the new regent on the frontiers with a splendid cortege, and conducted her with magnificent pomp to Ghent, where the States General had been convoked. As he did not intend to return soon to the Netherlands, he desired, before he left them, to gratify the nation for once, by holding a solemn diet, and thus giving a solemn

sanction and the force of law to his previous regulations. For the last time, he showed himself to his Netherlandish people, whose destinies were, from henceforth, to be dispensed from a mysterious distance. To enhance the splendor of this solemn day, Philip invested eleven knights with the Order of the Golden Fleece, his sister being seated on a chair near himself, while he showed her to the nation as their future ruler. All the grievances of the people, touching the edicts, the inquisition, the detention of the Spanish troops, the taxes, and the illegal introduction of foreigners into the offices and administration of the country, were brought forward in this diet, and were hotly discussed by both parties; some of them were skillfully evaded, or apparently removed, others arbitrarily repelled. As the king was unacquainted with the language of the country, he addressed the nation through the mouth of the Bishop of Arras, recounted to them, with vain-glorious ostentation, all the benefits of his government, assured them of his favor for the future, and once more recommended to the states, in the most earnest manner, the preservation of the Catholic faith, and the extirpation of heresy. The Spanish troops, he promised, should in a few months evacuate the Netherlands, if only they would allow him time to recover from the numerous burdens of the last war, in order that he might be enabled to collect the means for paying the arrears of these troops; the fundamental laws of the nation should remain inviolate, the imposts should not be grievously burdensome, and the inquisition should administer its duties with justice and moderation. In the choice of a supreme stadtholder, he added, he had especially consulted the wishes of the nation, and had decided for a native of the country, who had been brought up in their manners and customs, and was attached to them by a love to her native land. He exhorted them, therefore, to show their gratitude by honoring his choice, and obeying his sister, the duchess, as himself. Should, he concluded, unexpected obstacles oppose his return, he would send in his place his son, Prince Charles, who should reside in Brussels.

A few members of this assembly, more courageous than the rest, once more ventured on a final effort for liberty of conscience. Every people, they argued, ought to be treated according to their natural character, as every individual must in accordance to his bodily constitution. Thus, for example, the south may be considered happy under a certain degree of constraint, which would press intolerably on the north. Never, they added, would the Flemings consent to a yoke under which, perhaps, the Spaniards bowed with patience; and rather than submit to it would they undergo any extremity, if it was sought to force such a yoke upon them. This remonstrance was supported by some of the king's counselors, who strongly urged the policy of mitigating the rigor of religious edicts. But Philip remained inexorable. Better not reign at all, was his answer, than reign over heretics!

According to an arrangement already made by Charles V., three councils or chambers were added to the regent, to assist her in the administration of state affairs. As long as Philip was himself

present in the Netherlands, these courts had lost much of their power, and the functions of the first of them, the state council, were almost entirely suspended. Now, that he quitted the reins of government, they recovered their former importance. In the state council, which was to deliberate upon war and peace, and security against external foes, sat the Bishop of Arras, the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, the President of the Privy Council, Viglius Van Zuichem, Van Aytta, and the Count of Barlaimont, President of the Chamber of Finance. All knights of the Golden Fleece, all privy counselors, and counselors of finance, as also the members of the great senate at Malines, which had been subjected by Charles V. to the privy council in Brussels, had a seat and vote in the Council of State, if expressly invited by the regent. The management of the royal revenues and crown lands was vested in the Chamber of Finance, and the Privy Council was occupied with the administration of justice, and the civil regulation of the country, and issued all letters of grace and pardon. The governments of the provinces, which had fallen vacant, were either filled up afresh, or the former governors were confirmed. Count Egmont received Flanders and Artois; the Prince of Orange, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and West Friesland; the Count of Aremberg, East Friesland, Overijssel, and Gröningen; the Count of Mansfeld, Luxemburg; Barlaimont, Namur; the Marquis of Bergen, Hainault, Chateau Cambresis, and Valenciennes; the Baron of Montigny, Tournay and its dependencies. Other provinces were given to some who have less claim to our attention. Philip of Montmorency, Count of Hoorn, who had been succeeded by the Count of Megen in the government of Gueldres and Zutphen, was confirmed as admiral of the Belgian navy. Every governor of a province was, at the same time, a knight of the Golden Fleece, and member of the Council of State. Each had, in the province over which he presided, the command of the military force which protected it, the superintendence of the civil administration, and the judicature; the governor of Flanders alone excepted, who was not allowed to interfere with the administration of justice. Brabant, alone, was placed under the immediate jurisdiction of the regent, who, according to custom, chose Brussels for her constant residence. The induction of the Prince of Orange into his government was, properly speaking, an infraction of the constitution, since he was a foreigner; but several estates which he either himself possessed in the provinces, or managed as guardian of his son, his long residence in the country, and, above all, the unlimited confidence the nation reposed in him, gave him substantial claims in default of a real title of citizenship.

The military force of the Low Countries consisted, in its full complement, of three thousand horse. At present, it did not much exceed two thousand, and was divided into fourteen squadrons, over which, besides the governors of the provinces, the Duke of Arschot, the Counts of Hoogstraten, Bostu, Roer, and Brederode held the chief command. This cavalry, which was scattered through all the seventeen provinces,

was only to be called out on sudden emergencies. Insufficient as it was for any great undertaking, it was, nevertheless, fully adequate for the maintenance of internal order. Its courage had been approved in former wars, and the fame of its valor was diffused through the whole of Europe. In addition to this cavalry, it was also proposed to levy a body of infantry, but, hitherto, the states had refused their consent to it. Of foreign troops, there were still some German regiments in the service, which were waiting for their pay. The four thousand Spaniards, respecting whom so many complaints had been made, were under two Spanish generals, Mendoza and Romero, and were in garrison in the frontier towns.

Among the Belgian nobles, whom the king especially distinguished in these new appointments, the names of Count Egmont and William of Orange stand conspicuous. However inveterate his hatred was of both, and particularly of the latter, Philip, nevertheless, gave them these public marks of his favor, because his scheme of vengeance was not yet fully ripe, and the people were enthusiastic in their devotion to them. The estates of both were declared exempt from taxes, the most lucrative governments were entrusted to them; and by offering them the command of the Spaniards, whom he left behind in the country, the king flattered them with a confidence, which he was very far from really reposing in them. But at the very time, when he obliged the prince with these public marks of his esteem, he privately inflicted the most cruel injury on him. Apprehensive lest an alliance with the powerful house of Lorraine might encourage this suspected vassal to bolder measures, he thwarted the negotiation for a marriage between him and a princess of that family, and crushed his hopes on the very eve of their accomplishment; an injury which the prince never forgave. Nay, his hatred to the prince on one occasion even got completely the better of his natural dissimulation, and seduced him into a step, in which we entirely lose sight of Philip II. When he was about to embark at Flushing, and the nobles of the country attended him to the shore, he so far forgot himself as roughly to accost the prince, and openly to accuse him of being the author of the Flemish troubles. The prince answered temperately, that what had happened had been done by the states of their own suggestion, and on legitimate grounds. No, said Philip, seizing his hand and shaking it violently, not the states, but *You! You! You!* The prince stood mute with astonishment, and without waiting for the king's embarkation, wished him a safe journey and went back to the town.

Thus the enmity which William had long harbored in his breast against the oppressor of a free people, was now rendered irreconcilable by private hatred; and this double incentive accelerated the great enterprise which tore from the Spanish crown seven of its brightest jewels.

Philip had greatly deviated from his true character, in taking so gracious a leave of the Netherlands. The legal form of a diet, his promise to remove the Spaniards from the frontiers, the consideration of the popular wishes, which had led him to fill the most important offices of the coun-

try with the favourites of the people, and finally, the sacrifice which he made to the constitution, in withdrawing the Count of Feria from the Council of State, were marks of condescension, of which his magnanimity was never again guilty. But, in fact, he never stood in greater need of the good will of the states, that with their aid he might, if possible, clear off the great burden of debt which was still attached to the Netherlands from the former war. He hoped, therefore, by propitiating them through smaller sacrifices, to win approval of more important usurpations. He marked his departure with grace, for he knew in what hands he left them. The frightful scenes of death, which he intended for this unhappy people, were not to stain the splendor of majesty, which, like the Godhead, marks its course only with beneficence; that terrible distinction was reserved for his representatives. The establishment of the council of state was, however, intended rather to flatter the vanity of the Belgian nobility, than to impart to them any real influence. The historian Strada (who drew his information with regard to the regent from her own papers) has preserved a few articles of the secret instructions, which the Spanish ministry gave her. Amongst other things it is there stated, if she observed that the councils were divided by factions, or what would be far worse, prepared by private conferences before the session, and in league with one another, then she was to prorogue all the chambers, and dispose arbitrarily of the disputed articles in a more select council or committee. In this select committee, which was called the *Consulta*, sat the Archbishop of Arras, the President Viglius, and the Count of Barlaimont. She was to act in the same manner if emergent cases required a prompt decision. Had this arrangement not been the work of an arbitrary despotism, it would perhaps have been justified by sound policy, and republican liberty itself might have tolerated it. In great assemblies, where many private interests and passions co-operate, where a numerous audience presents so great a temptation to the vanity of the orator, and parties often assail one another with unmannerly warmth, a decree can seldom be passed with that sobriety and mature deliberation which, if the members are properly selected, a smaller body readily admits of. In a numerous body of men, too, there is, we must suppose, a greater number of limited than of enlightened intellects, who through their equal right of vote, frequently turn the majority on the side of ignorance. A second maxim which the regent was especially to observe, was to select the very members of council, who had voted against any decree, to carry it into execution. By this means, not only would the people be kept in ignorance of the originators of such a law, but the private quarrels also of the members would be restrained, and a greater freedom insured in voting in compliance with the wishes of the court.

In spite of all these precautions, Philip would never have been able to leave the Netherlands with a quiet mind, so long as he knew that the chief power in the council of state, and, and the obedience of the provinces were in the hands of the suspected nobles. In order, therefore, to ap-

pease his fears from this quarter, and also, at the same time, to assure himself of the fidelity of the regent, he subjected her, and through her, all the affairs of the judicature, to the higher control of the Bishop of Arras. In this single individual, he possessed an adequate counterpoise to the most dreaded cabal. To him, as to an infallible oracle of majesty, the duchess was referred, and in him there watched a stern supervisor of her administration. Among all his cotemporaries, Granvella was the only one whom Philip II. appears to have excepted from his universal distrust; as long as he knew that this man was in Brussels, he could sleep calmly in Segovia. He left the Netherlands in September, 1559, was saved from a storm which sank his fleet, and landed at Laredo, in Biscay, and in his gloomy joy thanked the Deity who had preserved him, by a detestable vow. In the hands of a priest, and of a woman, was placed the dangerous helm of the Netherlands; and the dastardly tyrant escaped in his oratory at Madrid the supplications, the complaints, and the curses of the people.

BOOK II.

CARDINAL GRANVELLA.

ANTHONY PERENOT, Bishop of Arras, subsequently Archbishop of Malines, and Metropolitan of all the Netherlands, who, under the name of Cardinal Granvella, has been immortalized by the hatred of his cotemporaries, was born in the year 1516, at Besançon, in Burgundy. His father, Nicolaus Perenot, the son of a blacksmith, had risen by his own merits to be the private secretary of Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, at that time Regent of the Netherlands. In this post, he was noticed for his habits of business by Charles V., who took him into his own service, and employed him in several important negotiations. For twenty years he was a member of the Emperor's cabinet, and filled the offices of privy counselor and keeper of the king's seal, and shared in all the state secrets of that monarch. He acquired a large fortune. His honors, his influence, and his political knowledge, were inherited by his son, Anthony Perenot, who in his early years gave proofs of the great capacity, which subsequently opened to him so distinguished a career. Anthony had cultivated, at several colleges, the talents with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and in some respects had an advantage over his father. He soon showed that his own abilities were sufficient to maintain the advantageous position, which the merits of another had procured him. He was twenty-four years old when the Emperor sent him as his plenipotentiary to the ecclesiastical council of Trent, where he delivered the first specimen of that eloquence, which in the sequel gave him so complete an ascendancy over two kings. Charles employed him in several difficult embassies, the duties of which he fulfilled to the satisfaction of his sovereign, and when finally, that emperor resigned the sceptre to his son, he made

that costly present complete, by giving him a minister who could help him to wield it.

Granvella opened his new career at once, with the greatest masterpiece of political genius, in passing so easily from the favor of such a father into equal consideration with such a son. And he soon proved himself deserving it. At the secret negotiations, of which the Duchess of Lorraine had, in 1558, been the medium between the French and Spanish ministers at Peronne, he planned, jointly with the Cardinal of Lorraine, that conspiracy against the Protestants, which was afterward matured, but also betrayed, at Chateau Cambresis, where Perenot, likewise, assisted in effecting the so-called peace.

A deeply penetrating, comprehensive intellect, an unusual facility in conducting great and intricate affairs, and the most extensive learning, were wonderfully united in this man, with persevering industry and never-wearying patience, while his enterprising genius was associated with thoughtful mechanical regularity. Day and night, the state found him vigilant and collected; the most important and the most insignificant things were alike weighed by him with scrupulous attention. Not unfrequently he employed five secretaries at one time, dictating to them in different languages, of which he is said to have spoken seven. What his penetrating mind had slowly matured, acquired in his lips both force and grace, and truth, set forth by his persuasive eloquence, irresistibly carried away all hearers. He was tempted by none of the passions, which make slaves of most men. His integrity was incorruptible. With shrewd penetration he saw through the disposition of his master, and could read in his features his whole train of thought, and, as it were, the approaching form in the shadow which outran it. With an artifice rich in resources, he came to the aid of Philip's more inactive mind, formed into perfect thought his master's crude ideas while they yet hung on his lips, and liberally allowed him the glory of the discovery. Granvella understood the difficult and useful art of depreciating his own talents; of making his own genius the seeming slave of another; thus he ruled while he concealed his sway, and only in this manner could Philip II. be governed. Content with a silent but real power, he did not grasp insatiably at new and outward marks of it, which, with lesser minds, are ever the most coveted objects: but every new distinction seemed to sit upon him as easily as the oldest. No wonder if such extraordinary endowments had alone gained him the favor of his master; but a large and valuable treasure of political secrets and experiences, which the active life of Charles V. had accumulated, and had deposited in the mind of this man, made him indispensable to his successor. Self-sufficient as the latter was, and accustomed to confide in his own understanding, his timid and crouching policy was fain to lean on a superior mind, and to aid its own irresolution not only by precedent, but also by the influence and example of another. No political matter which concerned the royal interest, even when Philip himself was in the Netherlands, was decided without the intervention of Granvella; and when the

king embarked for Spain, he made the new regent the same valuable present of the minister, which he himself had received from the emperor his father.

Common as it is for despotic princes to bestow unlimited confidence on the creatures whom they have raised from the dust, and of whose greatness they themselves are, in a measure, the creators, the present is no ordinary instance; pre-eminent must have been the qualities, which could so far conquer the selfish reserve of such a character as Philip's, as to gain his confidence, nay, even to win him into familiarity. The slightest ebullition of the most allowable self-respect, which might have tempted him to assert, however slightly, his claim to any idea which the king had once ennobled as his own, would have cost him his whole influence. He might gratify, without restraint, the lowest passions of voluptuousness, of rapacity, and of revenge, but the only one in which he really took delight, the sweet consciousness of his own superiority and power, he was constrained carefully to conceal from the suspicious glance of the despot. He voluntarily disclaimed all the eminent qualities, which were already his own, in order, as it were, to receive them a second time from the generosity of the king. His happiness seemed to flow from no other source, no other person could have a claim upon his gratitude. The purple, which was sent to him from Rome was not assumed until the royal permission reached him from Spain; by laying it down on the steps of the throne, he appeared, in a measure, to receive it first from the hands of Majesty. Less politic, Alva erected a trophy in Antwerp, and inscribed his own name under the victory which he had won as the servant of the crown; but Alva carried with him to the grave the displeasure of his master. He had invaded with audacious hand the royal prerogative, by drawing immediately at the fountain of immortality.

Three times, Granvella changed his master, and three times he succeeded in rising to the highest favor. With the same facility with which he had guided the settled pride of an autocrat, and the sly egotism of a despot, he knew how to manage the delicate vanity of a woman. His business between himself and the regent, even when they were in the same house, was, for the most part, transacted by the medium of notes, a custom which draws its date from the time of Augustus and Tiberius. When the regent was in any perplexity, these notes were interchanged from hour to hour. He probably adopted this expedient in the hope of eluding the watchful jealousy of the nobility, and concealing from them, in part, at least, his influence over the regent. Perhaps, too, he also believed that, by this means, his advice would become more permanent; and, in case of need, this written testimony would be at hand to shield him from blame. But the vigilance of the nobles made this caution vain, and it was soon known in all the provinces, that nothing was determined upon without the minister's advice.

Granvella possessed all the qualities requisite for a perfect statesman in a monarchy governed by despotic principles, but was absolutely unqua-

lified for republics which are governed by kings. Educated between the throne and the confessional, he knew of no other relation between man and man than that of rule and subjection; and the innate consciousness of his own superiority gave him a contempt for others. His policy wanted pliability, the only virtue which was here indispensable to its success. He was naturally overbearing and insolent, and the royal authority only gave arms to the natural impetuosity of his disposition and the imperiousness of his order. He veiled his own ambition beneath the interests of the crown, and made the breach between the nation and the king incurable, because it would render him indispensable to the latter. He revenged on the nobility the lowliness of his own origin; and, after the fashion of all those who have risen by their own merits, he valued the advantages of birth below those by which he had raised himself to distinction. The Protestants saw in him their most implacable foe; to his charge were laid all the burdens which oppressed the country, and they pressed the more heavily because they came from him. Nay, he was even accused of having brought back to severity the milder sentiments, to which the urgent remonstrances of the states had at last disposed the monarch. The Netherlands execrated him as the most terrible enemy of their liberties, and the originator of all the misery which subsequently came upon them.

1559. Philip had evidently left the provinces too soon. The new measures of the government were still strange to the people, and could receive sanction and authority from his presence alone; the new machines, which he had brought into play, required to be set in motion by a dreaded and powerful hand, and to have their first movements watched and regulated. He now exposed his minister to all the angry passions of the people, who no longer felt restrained by the fetters of the royal presence; and he delegated to the weak arm of a subject the execution of projects, in which majesty itself, with all its powerful supports might have failed.

The land, indeed, flourished; and a general prosperity appeared to testify to the blessings of the peace which had so lately been bestowed upon it. An external repose deceived the eye, for within raged all the elements of discord. If the foundations of religion totter in a country, they totter not alone; the audacity which begins with things sacred ends with things profane. The successful attack upon the hierarchy had awakened a spirit of boldness, and a desire to assail authority in general, and to test laws as well as dogmas—duties as well as opinions. The fanatical boldness, with which men had learned to discuss and decide upon the affairs of eternity, might change its subject matter; the contempt for life and property which religious enthusiasm had taught, could metamorphose timid citizens into foolhardy rebels. A female government of nearly forty years, had given the nation room to assert their liberty; continual wars, of which the Netherlands had been the theatre, had introduced a license with them, and the right of the stronger had usurped the place of law and order. The provinces were filled with foreign adventurers

and fugitives ; generally men bound by no ties of country, family, or property, who had brought with them, from their unhappy homes, the seeds of insubordination and rebellion. The repeated spectacles of torture and of death had rudely burst the tender threads of moral feeling, and had given an unnatural harshness to the national character.

Still the rebellion would have crouched timorously and silently on the ground, if it had not found a support in the nobility. Charles V. had spoiled the Flemish nobles of the Netherlands by making them the participators of his glory, by fostering their national pride, by the marked preference he showed for them over the Castilian nobles, and by opening an arena to their ambition in every part of his empire. In the late war with France, they had really deserved this preference from Philip ; the advantages which the king reaped from the peace of Chateau Cambresis were, for the most part, the fruits of their valor, and they now sensibly missed the gratitude on which they had so confidently reckoned. Moreover, the separation of the German empire from the Spanish monarchy, and the less warlike spirit of the new government, had greatly narrowed their sphere of action, and except in their own country, little remained for them to gain. And Philip now appointed his Spaniards, where Charles V. had employed the Flemings. All the passions, which the preceding government had raised and kept employed, still survived in peace ; and in default of a legitimate object, these unruly feelings found, unfortunately, ample scope in the grievances of their country. Accordingly, the claims and wrongs which had been long supplanted by new passions, were now drawn from oblivion. By his late appointments, the king had satisfied no party ; for those even who obtained offices were not much more content than those who were entirely passed over, because they had calculated on something better than they got. William of Orange had received four governments, (not to reckon some smaller dependencies which, taken together, were equivalent to a fifth,) but William had nourished hopes of Flanders and Brabant. He and Count Egmont forgot what had really fallen to their share, and only remembered that they had lost the regency. The majority of the nobles were either plunged into debt by their own extravagance, or had willingly enough been drawn into it by the government. Now that they were excluded from the prospect of lucrative appointments, they at once saw themselves exposed to poverty, which pained them the more sensibly, when they contrasted the splendor of the affluent citizens with their own necessities. In the extremities to which they were reduced, many would have readily assisted in the commission even of crimes ; how then could they resist the seductive offers of the Calvinists, who liberally repaid them for their intercession and protection ? Lastly, many whose estates were past redemption, placed their last hope in a general devastation, and stood prepared, at the first favorable moment, to cast the torch of discord into the Republic.

This threatening aspect of the public mind, was

rendered still more alarming by the unfortunate vicinity of France. What Philip dreaded for the provinces, was there already accomplished. The fate of that kingdom prefigured to him the destiny of his Netherlands, and the spirit of rebellion found there a seductive example. A familiar state of things had, under Francis I. and Henry II., scattered the seeds of innovation in that kingdom ; a similar fury of persecution, and a like spirit of faction had encouraged its growth. Now, Huguenots and Catholics were struggling in a dubious contest, furious parties disorganized the whole monarchy, and were violently hurrying this once-powerful state to the brink of destruction. Here, as there, private interest, ambition, and party feeling might veil themselves under the names of religion and patriotism, and the passions of a few citizens drive the entire nation to take up arms. The frontiers of both countries merged in Walloon Flanders ; the rebellion might, like an agitated sea, cast its waves as far as this : would a country be closed against it, whose language, manners, and character wavered between those of France and Belgium ? As yet, the government had taken no census of its Protestant subjects in these countries, but the new sect, it was aware, was a vast, compact republic, which extended its roots through all the monarchies of Christendom, and the slightest disturbance in any of its most distant members vibrated to its centre. It was, as it were, a chain of threatening volcanoes, which, united by subterraneous passages, ignite at the same moment with alarming sympathy. The Netherlands were, necessarily, open to all nations, because they derived their support from all. Was it possible for Philip to close a commercial state as easily as he could Spain ? If he wished to purify these provinces from heresy, it was necessary for him to commence by extirpating it in France.

It was in this state that Granvella found the Netherlands at the beginning of his administration (1560).

To restore to these countries the uniformity of papistry, to break the co-ordinate power of the nobility and the states, and to exalt the royal authority on the ruins of republican freedom, was the great object of Spanish policy, and the express commission of the new minister. But obstacles stood in the way of its accomplishment ; to conquer these demanded the invention of new resources, the application of new machinery. The inquisition, indeed, and the religious edicts appeared sufficient to check the contagion of heresy ; but the latter required superintendence, and the former able instruments, for its now extended jurisdiction. The church constitution continued the same as it had been in earlier times, when the provinces were less populous, when the church still enjoyed universal repose, and could be more easily overlooked and controlled. A succession of several centuries, which changed the whole interior form of the provinces, had left the form of the hierarchy unaltered, which, moreover, was protected from the arbitrary will of its ruler by the particular privileges of the provinces. All the seventeen provinces were parceled out under four bishops, who had their seats at Arras, Tournay, Cambray, and Utrecht, and were subject to

the primates of Rheims and Cologne. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, had, indeed, meditated an increase in the number of the bishops, to meet the wants of the increasing population, but, unfortunately, in the excitement of a life of pleasure, had abandoned the project. Ambition and lust of conquest withdrew the mind of Charles the Bold from the internal concerns of his kingdom, and Maximilian had already too many subjects of dispute with the states, to venture to add to their number by proposing this change. A stormy reign prevented Charles V. from the execution of this extensive plan, which Philip II. now undertook as a bequest from all these princes. The moment had now arrived when the urgent necessities of the church would excuse the innovation, and the leisure of peace favored its accomplishment. With the prodigious crowd of people from all the countries of Europe who were crowded together in the towns of the Netherlands, a multitude of religious opinions had also grown up; and it was impossible that religion could any longer be effectually superintended by so few eyes, as were formerly sufficient. While the number of bishops was so small, their districts must, of necessity, have been proportionably extensive, and four men could not be adequate to maintain the purity of the faith through so wide a district.

The jurisdiction, which the archbishops of Cologne and Rheims exercised over the Netherlands, had long been a stumbling-block to the government, which could not look on this territory as really its own property, so long as such an important branch of power was still wielded by foreign hands. To snatch this prerogative from the alien archbishops; by new and active agents to give fresh life and vigor to the superintendence of the faith, and, at the same time, to strengthen the number of the partisans of government at the diet, no more effectual means could be devised than to increase the number of bishops. Resolved upon doing this, Philip II. ascended the throne; but he soon found that a change in the hierarchy would inevitably meet with warm opposition from the states, without whose consent, nevertheless, it would be vain to attempt it. Philip foresaw that the nobility would never approve of a measure which would so strongly augment the royal party, and take from the aristocracy the preponderance of power in the diet. The revenues, too, for the maintenance of these new bishops, must be diverted from the abbots and monks, and these formed a considerable part of the states of the realm. He had, beside, to fear the opposition of the Protestants, would not fail to act secretly in the diet against him. On these accounts, the whole affair was discussed at Rome with the greatest possible secrecy. Instructed by, and as the agent of, Granvella, Francis Sonnoi, a priest of Louvain, came before Paul IV., to inform him how extensive the provinces were, how thriving and populous, how luxurious in their prosperity. But, he continued, in the immoderate enjoyment of liberty the true faith is neglected, and heretics prosper. To obviate this evil the Romish See must have recourse to extraordinary measures. It was not difficult to

prevail on the Romish pontiff to make a change, which would enlarge the sphere of his own jurisdiction.

Paul IV. appointed a tribunal of seven cardinals to deliberate upon this important matter; but death called him away, and he left to his successor, Pius IV., the duty of carrying their advice into execution. The welcome tidings of the pope's determination reached the king in Zealand, when he was just on the point of setting sail for Spain, and the minister was secretly charged with the dangerous reform. The new constitution of the hierarchy was published in 1569; in addition to the then existing four bishoprics, thirteen new ones were established, according to the number of seventeen provinces, and four of them were raised into archbishoprics. Six of these episcopal sees, viz., in Antwerp, Herzogenbusch, Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, and Ru-remonde, were placed under the archbishopric of Malines; five others, Haarlem, Middelburg, Leuwarden, Deventer, and Gröningen, under the archbishopric of Utrecht; and the remaining four, Arras, Tournay, St. Omer, and Namur, which lie nearest to France, and have language, character, and manners in common with that country, under the archbishopric of Cambray. Malines, situated in the middle of Brabant, and in the centre of all the seventeen provinces, was made the primacy of all the rest, and was, with several rich abbeys, the reward of Granvella. The revenues of the new bishoprics were provided by an appropriation of the treasures of the cloisters and abbeys, which had accumulated from pious benefactions during centuries. Some of the abbots were raised to the episcopal throne, and with the possession of their cloisters and prelacies, retained also the vote at the diet which was attached to them. At the same time, to every bishopric nine prebends were attached, and bestowed on the most learned jurisconsults and theologians, who were to support the Inquisition and the bishop in his spiritual office. Of these, the two who were most deserving by knowledge, experience, and unblemished life, were to be constituted actual inquisitors, and to have had the first voice in the synods. To the archbishop of Malines, as metropolitan of all the seventeen provinces, the full authority was given to appoint, or at discretion to depose, archbishops and bishops, and the Romish See only to give its ratification to his acts.

At any other period, the nation would have received with gratitude, and approved of such a measure of church reform; since it was fully called for by circumstances, was conducive to the interests of religion, and absolutely indispensable for the moral reformation of the monkhood. Now the temper of the times saw in it nothing but a hateful change. Universal was the indignation with which it was received. A cry was raised that the constitution was trampled under foot, the rights of the nation violated, and that the Inquisition was already at the door, and would soon open here, as in Spain, its bloody tribunal. The people beheld with dismay these new servants of arbitrary power and of persecution. The nobility saw in it nothing but a strengthening of the royal

authority by the addition of fourteen votes in the states' assembly, and a withdrawal of the firmest prop of their freedom, the balance of the royal and the civil power. The old bishops complained of the diminution of their incomes, and the circumscription of their sees; the abbots and monks had not only lost power and income, but had received in exchange rigid censors of their morals. Noble and simple, laity and clergy, united against the common foe, and while all singly struggled for some petty private interest, the cry appeared to come from the formidable voice of patriotism.

Among all the provinces, Brabant was loudest in its opposition. The inviolability of its church constitution was one of the important privileges which it had reserved in the remarkable charter of the "Joyful Entry"—statutes which the sovereign could not violate, without releasing the nation from its allegiance to him. In vain did the university of Louvain assert, that in disturbed times of the church, a privilege lost its power, which had been granted in the period of its tranquillity. The introduction of the new bishoprics into the constitution was thought to shake the whole fabric of liberty. The prelacies, which were now transferred to the bishops, must henceforth serve another rule than the advantage of the province of whose states they had been members. The once free patriotic citizens were to be instruments of the Romish See, and obedient tools of the archbishop, who again, as first prelate of Brabant, had the immediate control over them. The freedom of voting was gone, because the bishops, as servile spies of the crown, made every one fearful. "Who," it was asked, "will after this venture to raise his voice in Parliament before such observers, or, in their presence, dare to protect the rights of the nation against the rapacious hands of the government? They will trace out the resources of the provinces, and betray to the crown the secrets of our freedom and our property. They will obstruct the way to all offices of honor; we shall soon see the courtiers of the king succeed the present men; the children of foreigners will, for the future, fill the Parliament, and the private interest of their patron will guide their venal votes." "What an act of oppression," rejoined the monks, "to pervert to other objects the pious designs of our holy institutions, to condemn the inviolable wishes of the dead, and to take that which a devout charity had deposited in our chests for the relief of the unfortunate, and make it subservient to the luxury of bishops, thus inflating their arrogant pomp with the plunder of the poor?" Not only the abbots and monks, who really did suffer by this act of appropriation, but every family which could flatter itself with the slightest hope of enjoying, at some time or other, even in the most remote posterity, the benefit of this monastic foundation, felt this disappointment of their distant expectations as much as if they had suffered an actual injury, and the wrongs of a few abbot prelates became the concern of a whole nation.

Historians have not omitted to record the covert proceedings of William of Orange during this general commotion, who labored to conduct to one end these various and conflicting passions.

At his instigation, the people of Brabant petitioned the regent for an advocate and protector, since they alone, of all his Flemish subjects, had the misfortune to unite, in one and the same person, their counsel and their ruler. Had the demand been granted, their choice could fall on no other than the Prince of Orange. But Granvelia, with his usual presence of mind, broke through the snare. "The man who receives this office," he declared in the state council, "will, I hope, see that he divides Brabant with the king!" The long delay of the papal bull, which was kept back by a misunderstanding between the Romish and Spanish courts, gave the disaffected an opportunity to combine for a common object. In perfect secrecy, the states of Brabant dispatched an extraordinary messenger to Pius IV., to urge their wishes in Rome itself. The ambassador was provided with important letters of recommendation from the Prince of Orange, and carried with him considerable sums to pave his way to the father of the church. At the same time, a public letter was forwarded from the city of Antwerp to the King of Spain, containing the most urgent representations, and supplicating him to spare that flourishing commercial town from the threatened innovation. They knew, it was stated, that the intentions of the monarch were the best, and that the institution of the new bishops was likely to be highly conducive to the maintenance of true religion; but the foreigners could not be convinced of this, and on them depended the prosperity of their town. Among them the most groundless rumors would be as perilous as the most true. The first embassy was discovered in time, and its object disappointed by the prudence of the regent; by the second, the town of Antwerp gained so far its point, that it was to remain without a bishop, at least until the personal arrival of the king, which was talked of.

The example and success of Antwerp gave the signal of opposition to all the other towns, for which a new bishop was intended. It is a remarkable proof of the hatred to the Inquisition, and the unanimity of the Flemish towns at this date, that they preferred to renounce all the advantages which the residence of a bishop would necessarily bring to their local trade, rather than by their consent promote that abhorred tribunal, and thus act in opposition to the interests of the whole nation. Deventer, Ruremond, and Lenwarden, placed themselves in determined opposition, and (1561) successfully carried their point; in the other towns, the bishops were, in spite of all remonstrances, forcibly inducted. Utrecht, Haarlem, St. Omer, and Middelburg were among the first which opened their gates to them; the remaining towns followed their example; but in Malines and Herzogenbusch the bishops were received with very little respect. When Granvella made his solemn entry into the former town, not a single nobleman showed himself, and his triumph was wanting in every thing that could make it real, because those remained away over whom it was meant to be celebrated.

In the mean time, too, the period had elapsed within which the Spanish troops were to have left the country, and, as yet, there was no appearance

of their being withdrawn. People perceived with terror the real cause of the delay, and suspicion lent it a fatal connection with the Inquisition. The detention of these troops, as it rendered the nation more vigilant and distrustful, made it more difficult for the minister to proceed with the other innovations, and yet, he would fain not deprive himself of this powerful and apparently indispensable aid, in a country where all hated him, and in the execution of a commission to which all were opposed. At last, however, the regent saw herself compelled by the universal murmurs of discontent, to urge most earnestly upon the king the necessity of the withdrawal of the troops. "The provinces," she writes to Madrid, "have unanimously declared that they would never again be induced to grant the extraordinary taxes required by the government, as long as word was not kept with them in this matter. The danger of a revolt was far more imminent, than that of an attack by the French Protestants, and if a rebellion was to take place in the Netherlands, these forces would be too weak to repress it, and there was not sufficient money in the treasury to enlist new." By delaying his answer, the king still sought at least to gain time, and the reiterated representations of the regent would still have remained ineffectual, if, fortunately for the provinces, a loss, which he had lately suffered from the Turks, had not compelled him to employ these troops in the Mediterranean. He, therefore, at last consented to their leaving; they were embarked 1561, in Zealand, and the exulting shouts of all the provinces accompanied their departure.

Meanwhile, Granvella ruled in the council of state almost uncontrolled. All officers, secular and spiritual, were given away through him; his opinion prevailed against the unanimous voice of the whole assembly. The regent herself was governed by him. He had contrived to manage so that her appointment was made out for two years only, and by this expedient he kept her always in his power. It seldom happened that any important affair was submitted to the other members, and if it really did occur, it was only such as had been long before decided, to which it was only necessary for formality's sake to give their sanction. Whenever a royal letter was read, Viglius received instructions to omit all such passages as were underlined by the minister. It often happened that this correspondence with Spain laid open the weakness of the government, or the anxiety felt by the regent, with which it was not expedient to inform the members, whose loyalty was distrusted. If again it occurred that the opposition gained a majority over the minister, and insisted with determination on an article, which he could not well put off any longer, he sent it to the ministry at Madrid for their decision, by which he at least gained time, and in any case was certain to find support. With the exception of the Count of Barlaimont, the President Viglius, and a few others, all the other counselors were but superfluous figures in the senate, and the minister's behavior to them marked the small value which he placed upon their friendship and adherence. No wonder that men, whose

pride had been so greatly indulged by the flattering attentions of sovereign princes, and to whom, as to the idols of their country, their fellow citizens paid the most reverential submission, should be highly indignant at this arrogance of a plebeian. Many of them had been personally insulted by Granvella. The Prince of Orange was well aware that it was he who had prevented his marriage with the Princess of Lorraine, and that he had also endeavored to break off the negotiations for another alliance with the Princess of Savoy. He had deprived Count Horn of the government of Gueldres and Zutphen, and had kept for himself an abbey, which Count Egmont had in vain exerted himself to obtain for a relation. Confident of his superior power, he did not even think it worth while to conceal from the nobility his contempt for them, and which, as the rule, marked his whole administration; William of Orange was the only one with whom he deemed it advisable to dissemble. Although he really believed himself to be raised far above all the laws of fear and decorum, still in this point, however, his confident arrogance misled him, and he erred no less against policy than he sinned against propriety. In the existing posture of affairs, the government could hardly have adopted a worse measure than that of throwing disrespect on the nobility. It had it in its power to flatter the prejudices and feelings of the aristocracy, and thus artfully and imperceptibly win them over to its plans, and through them, subvert the edifice of national liberty. Now it admonished them, most inopportnely of their duties, their dignity, and their power; calling upon them even to be patriots, and to devote to the cause of true greatness, an ambition which hitherto it had inconsiderately repelled. To carry into effect the ordinances, it required the active co-operation of the lieutenant governors; no wonder, however, that the latter showed but little zeal to afford this assistance. On the contrary, it is highly probable that they silently labored to augment the difficulties of the minister, and to subvert his measures, and, through his ill success, to diminish the king's confidence in him, and expose his administration to contempt. The rapid progress which, in spite of those horrible edicts, the Reformation made during Granvella's administration in the Netherlands, is evidently to be ascribed to the lukewarmness of the nobility in opposing it. If the minister had been sure of the nobles, he might have despised the fury of the mob, which would have impotently dashed itself against the dreaded barriers of the throne. The sufferings of the citizens lingered long in tears and sighs, until the arts and the example of the nobility called forth a louder expression of them.

Meanwhile the inquisitions into religion were carried on with renewed vigor, by the crowd of new laborers, (1561, 1562.) and the edicts against heretics were enforced with fearful obedience. But the critical moment when this detestable remedy might have been applied, was allowed to pass by; the nation had become too strong and vigorous for such rough treatment. The new religion could now be extirpated only by the death of all its professors. The present executions were but

so many alluring exhibitions of its excellence, so many scenes of its triumphs and radiant virtue. The heroic greatness with which the victims died, made converts to the opinions for which they perished. One martyr gained ten new proselytes. Not in towns only, or villages, but on the very highways, in the boats and public carriages, disputes were held, touching the dignity of the pope, the saints, purgatory, and indulgences, and sermons were preached and men converted. From the country and from the towns, the common people rushed in crowds to rescue the prisoners of the Holy Tribunal from the hands of its satellites, and the municipal officers who ventured to support it with the civil forces, were pelted with stones. Multitudes accompanied the Protestant preachers, whom the Inquisition pursued, bore them on their shoulders to and from church, and at the risk of their lives, concealed them from their persecutors. The first province, which was seized with the fanatical spirit of rebellion, was, as had been expected, Walloon Flanders. A French Calvinist, by name Lannoi, set himself up in Tournay as a worker of miracles, where he hired a few women to simulate diseases, and to pretend to be cured by him. He preached in the woods near the town, drew the people in great numbers after him, and scattered in their minds the seeds of rebellion. Similar teachers appeared in Lille and Valenciennes, but in the latter place, the municipal functionaries succeeded in seizing the persons of these incendiaries. While, however, they delayed to execute them, their followers increased so rapidly, that they became sufficiently strong to break open the prisons, and forcibly deprive justice of its victims. Troops at last were brought into the town, and order restored. But this trifling occurrence had, for a moment, withdrawn the veil which had hitherto concealed the strength of the Protestant party, and allowed the minister to compute their prodigious numbers. In Tournay alone, five thousand at one time had been seen attending the sermons, and not many less in Valenciennes. What might not be expected from the northern provinces, where liberty was greater, and the seat of government more remote, and where the vicinity of Germany and Denmark multiplied the sources of contagion? One slight provocation had sufficed to draw from its concealment so formidable a multitude. How much greater, was perhaps, the number of those who, in their hearts, acknowledged the new sect, and only waited for a favorable opportunity to publish their adhesion to it. This discovery greatly alarmed the regent. The scanty obedience paid to the edicts, the wants of the exhausted treasury, which compelled her to impose new taxes, and the suspicious movements of the Huguenots on the French frontiers, still further increased her anxiety. At the same time, she received a command from Madrid to send off two thousand Flemish cavalry to the army of the Queen Mother in France, who in the distresses of the religious war, had recourse to Philip II. for assistance. Every affair of faith, in whatever land it might be, was made by Philip his own business. He felt it as keenly as any catastrophe which

could befall his own house, and in such cases always stood ready to sacrifice his means to foreign necessities. If it were interested motives that here swayed him, they were at least kingly and grand, and the bold support of his principles wins our admiration, as much as their cruelty withholds our esteem.

The regent laid before the Council of State the royal will on the subject of these troops, but with a very warm opposition on the part of the nobility. Count Egmont and the Prince of Orange declared that the time was ill chosen, for stripping the Netherlands of troops, when the aspect of affairs rendered rather the enlistment of new levies advisable. The movements of the troops in France momentarily threatened a surprise, and the commotions within the provinces demanded, more than ever, the utmost vigilance on the part of the government. Hitherto, they said, the German Protestants had looked idly on during the struggles of their brethren in the faith; but will they continue to do so, especially when we are lending our aid to strengthen the enemy? By thus acting, shall we not rouse their vengeance against us, and call their arms into the northern Netherlands? Nearly the whole Council of State joined in this opinion, their representations were energetic and not to be gainsayed. The regent herself, as well as the minister, could not but feel their truth, and their own interests appeared to forbid obedience to the royal mandate. Would it not be impolitic to withdraw from the Inquisition its sole prop, by removing the larger portion of the army, and in a rebellious country to leave themselves without defense, dependent on the arbitrary will of an arrogant aristocracy? While the regent, divided between the royal commands, the urgent importunity of her council, and her own fears, could not venture to come to a decision, William of Orange rose and proposed the assembling of the States General. But nothing could have inflicted a more fatal blow on the supremacy of the Crown, than by yielding to this advice to put the nation in mind of its power and its rights. No measure could be more hazardous at the present moment. The danger which was thus gathering over the minister did not escape him; a sign from him warned the regent to break off the consultation and adjourn the council. "The government," he writes to Madrid, "can do nothing more injurious to itself than to consent to the assembling of the states. Such a step is at all times perilous, because it tempts the nation to test and restrict the rights of the crown; but it is many times more objectionable at the present moment, when the spirit of rebellion is already widely spread amongst us, when the abbots, exasperated at the loss of their income, will neglect nothing to impair the dignity of the bishops, when the whole nobility and all the deputies from the towns are led by the arts of the Prince of Orange, and the disaffected can securely reckon on the assistance of the nation." This representation, which at least was not wanting in sound sense, did not fail in having the desired effect on the king's mind. The assembling of the states was rejected once and forever, the penal statutes

against the heretics were renewed in all their rigor, and the regent was directed to hasten the dispatch of the required auxiliaries.

But to this the Council of State would not consent. All that she obtained was, instead of the troops, a supply of money for the Queen Mother, which at this crisis was still more welcome to her. In place, however, of assembling the states, and in order to beguile the nation with at least the semblance of republican freedom, the regent summoned the governors of the provinces and the knights of the Golden Fleece to a special congress at Brussels, to consult on the present dangers and necessities of the state. When the President Viglius had laid before them the matters on which they were summoned to deliberate, three days were given to them for consideration. During this time, the Prince of Orange assembled them in his palace, where he represented to them the necessity of coming to some unanimous resolution before the next sitting, and of agreeing on the measures which ought to be followed in the present dangerous state of affairs.

The majority assented to the propriety of this course, only Barlaimont, with a few of the dependents of the Cardinal, had the courage to plead for the interests of the crown and of the minister. "It did not behoove them," he said, "to interfere in the concerns of the government, and this previous agreement of votes was an illegal and culpable assumption, in the guilt of which he would not participate;"—a declaration which broke up the meeting without any conclusion being come to. The regent, apprised of it by the Count Barlaimont, artfully contrived to keep the knights so well employed during their stay in the town, that they could find no time for coming to any further secret understanding; in this session, however, it was arranged, with their concurrence, that Florence of Montmorency, Lord of Montigny, should make a journey to Spain, in order to acquaint the king with the present posture of affairs. But the regent sent before him another messenger to Madrid, who previously informed the king of all that had been debated between the Prince of Orange and the knights, at the secret conference.

The Flemish ambassador was flattered in Madrid with empty protestations of the king's favor and paternal sentiments toward the Netherlands; while the regent was commanded to thwart, to the utmost of her power, the secret combinations of the nobility, and, if possible, to sow discord among their most eminent members. Jealousy, private interest, and religious differences, had long divided many of the nobles; their share in the common neglect and contempt with which they were treated, and a general hatred of the minister had again united them. So long as Count Egmont and the Prince of Orange were suitors for the regency, it could not fail but that at times their competing claims should have brought them into collision. Both had met each other on the road to glory, and before the throne; both, again, met in the Republic, where they strove for the same prize, the favor of their fellow citizens. Such opposite characters soon became estranged, but the powerful sympathy of necessity as quickly

reconciled them. Each was now indispensable to the other, and the emergency united these two men together with a bond which their hearts would never have furnished. But it was on this very uncongeniality of disposition that the regent based her plans; if she could fortunately succeed in separating them, she would, at the same time, divide the whole Flemish nobility into two parties. Through the presents and small attentions, by which she exclusively honored these two, she also sought to excite against them the envy and distrust of the rest, and by appearing to give Count Egmont a preference over the Prince of Orange, she hoped to make the latter suspicious of Egmont's good faith. It happened that at this very time she was obliged to send an extraordinary ambassador to Frankfort, to be present at the election of a Roman Emperor; she chose for this office the Duke of Arschot, the avowed enemy of the prince, in order, in some degree, to show in his case how splendid was the reward which hatred against the latter might look for.

The Orange faction, however, instead of suffering any diminution, had gained an important accession in Count Horn, who, as admiral of the Flemish marine, had convoyed the king to Biscay, and now again took his seat in the Council of State. Horn's restless and republican spirit readily met the daring schemes of Orange and Egmont, and a dangerous Triumvirate was soon formed by these three friends, which shook the royal power in the Netherlands, but which terminated very differently for each of its members.

(1562.) Meanwhile, Montigny had returned from his embassy, and brought back to the Council of State the most gracious assurance of their monarch. But the Prince of Orange had, through his own secret channels of intelligence, received more credible information from Madrid, which entirely contradicted this report. By these means, he learned all the ill services which Granvella had done him and his friends with the king, and the odious appellations which were there applied to the Flemish nobility. There was no help for them so long as the minister retained the helm of government, and to procure his dismissal was the scheme, however rash and adventurous it appeared, which wholly occupied the mind of the Prince. It was agreed between him and Counts Horn and Egmont, to dispatch a joint letter to the king, and, in the name of the whole nobility, formally to accuse the minister, and press energetically for his removal. The Duke of Arschot, to whom this proposition was communicated by Count Egmont, refused to concur in it, haughtily declaring that he was not disposed to receive laws from Egmont and Orange; that he had no cause of complaint against Granvella, and that he thought it very presumptuous to prescribe to the king what ministers he ought to employ. Orange received a similar answer from the Count of Aremberg. Either the seeds of distrust which the regent had scattered amongst the nobility, had already taken root, or the fear of the minister's power outweighed the abhorrence of his measures; at any rate, the whole nobility shrunk back timidly and irresolutely from the proposal. This disappointment did not, however, discourage

them, the letter was written and subscribed by all three (1563).

In it, Granvella was represented as the prime cause of all the disorders in the Netherlands. So long as the highest power should be intrusted to him, it would, they declared, be impossible for them to serve the nation and the king effectually; on the other hand, all would revert to its former tranquillity, all opposition be discontinued, and the government regain the affections of the people, as soon as his majesty should be pleased to remove this man from the helm of the state. In that case, they added, neither exertion nor zeal would be wanting on their part to maintain in these countries the dignity of the king and the purity of the faith, which was no less sacred to them than to the Cardinal Granvella.

Secretly as this letter was prepared, still the duchess was informed of it in sufficient time, to anticipate it by another dispatch, and to counteract the effect which it might have had on the king's mind. Some months passed ere an answer came from Madrid. It was mild, but vague.—“The king,” such was its import, “was not used to condemn his ministers unheard, on the mere accusations of their enemies. Common justice alone required that the accusers of the cardinal should descend from general imputations to special proofs, and if they were not inclined to do this in writing, one of them might come to Spain, where he should be treated with all respect. Besides this letter, which was equally directed to all three, Count Egmont further received an autograph letter from the king, wherein his majesty expressed a wish to learn from him in particular, what in the common letter had been only generally touched upon. The regent, also, was specially instructed how she was to answer the three collectively, and the count singly. The king knew his man. He felt it was easy to manage Count Egmont alone; for this reason he sought to entice him to Madrid, where he would be removed from the commanding guidance of a higher intellect. In distinguishing him above his two friends by so flattering a mark of his confidence, he made a difference in the relation in which they severally stood to the throne; how could they, then, unite with equal zeal for the same object, when the inducements were no longer the same? This time, indeed, the vigilance of Orange frustrated the scheme; but the sequel of the history will show that the seed which was now scattered, was not altogether lost.

(1563.) The king's answer gave no satisfaction to the three confederates; they boldly determined to venture a second attempt. “It had,” they wrote, “surprised them not a little, that his majesty had thought their representations so unworthy of attention. It was not as accusers of the ministers, but as counselors of his majesty, whose duty it was to inform their master of the condition of his states, that they had dispatched that letter to him. They sought not the ruin of the minister, indeed, it would gratify them to see him contented and happy in any other part of the world, than here in the Netherlands. They were, however, fully persuaded of this, that his continued presence there was absolutely incompatible with the general tranquillity. The present dangerous

condition of their native country would allow none of them to leave it, much less to take so long a journey as to Spain on Granvella's account. If, therefore, his majesty did not please to comply with their written request, they hoped to be excused for the future from attendance in the senate, where they were only exposed to the mortification of meeting the minister, and where they could be of no service, either to the king or the state, but only appeared contemptible in their own sight. In the conclusion, they begged his majesty would not take ill the plain simplicity of their language, since persons of their character set more value on acting well, than on speaking finely.” To the same purport was a separate letter from Count Egmont, in which he returned thanks for the royal autograph. This second address was followed by an answer to the effect that, “their representations should be taken into consideration, meanwhile they were requested to attend the council of the state as heretofore.”

It was evident that the monarch was far from intending to grant their request; they, therefore, from this time forth, absented themselves from the state council, and even left Brussels. Not having succeeded in removing the minister by lawful means, they sought to accomplish this end by a new mode, from which more might be expected. On every occasion, they and their adherents openly showed the contempt which they felt for him, and contrived to throw ridicule on every thing he undertook. By this contemptuous treatment they hoped to harass the haughty spirit of the priest, and to obtain through his mortified self-love, what they had failed in by other means. In this, indeed, they did not succeed; but the expedient on which they had fallen, led, in the end, to the ruin of the minister.

The popular voice was raised more loudly against him, so soon as it was perceived that he had forfeited the good opinion of the nobles, and that men, whose sentiments they had been used blindly to echo, preceded them in detestation of him. The contemptuous manner in which the nobility now treated him, devoted him in a measure to the general scorn, and emboldened calumny, which never spares even what is holiest and purest, to lay its sacrilegious hand on his honor. The new constitution of the church, which was the great grievance of the nation, had been the basis of his fortunes—this was a crime that could not be forgiven. Every fresh execution, and with such spectacles the activity of the inquisitors was only too liberal, kept alive and furnished dreadful exercise to the bitter animosity against him, and at last custom and usage inscribed his name on every act of oppression. A stranger in a land, into which he had been introduced against its will; alone among millions of enemies; uncertain of all his tools; supported only by the weak arm of a distant royalty; maintaining his intercourse with the nation, which he had to gain, only by means of faithless instruments, all of whom made it their highest object to falsify his actions and misrepresent his motives; lastly, with a woman for his coadjutor, who could not share with him the burden of the general execration—thus he stood exposed to the wantonness, the ingratitude, the

faction, the envy, and all the evil passions of a licentious, insubordinate people. It is worthy of remark, that the hatred which he had incurred, far outran the demerits which could be laid to his charge; that it was difficult, nay impossible, for his accusers to substantiate, by proof, the general condemnation, which fell upon him from all sides. Before and after him, fanaticism dragged its victims to the altar, before and after him civil blood flowed, the rights of men made a mock of, and men themselves rendered wretched. Under Charles V. tyranny ought to have pained more acutely through its novelty—under the Duke of Alva it was carried to far more unnatural lengths, in so much that Granvella's administration, in comparison with that of his successor, was even merciful; and yet we do not find that his contemporaries ever evinced the same degree of personal exasperation and spite against the latter, in which they indulged against his predecessor. To cloak the meanness of his birth in the splendor of high dignities, and by an exalted station to place him, if possible, above the malice of his enemies, the regent had made interest at Rome to procure for him the cardinal's hat; but this very honor which connected him more closely with the papal court, made him so much the more an alien in the provinces. The purple was a new crime in Brussels, and an obnoxious detested garb, which, in a measure, publicly held forth to view the principles on which his future conduct would be governed. Neither his honorable rank, which alone often consecrates the most infamous caitiff, nor his talents which commanded esteem, nor even his terrible omnipotence, which daily revealed itself in so many bloody manifestations, could screen him from derision. Terror and scorn, the fearful and the ludicrous, were, in this instance, unnaturally blended.* Odious rumors branded his honor; murderous attempts on the lives of Egmont and Orange were ascribed to him; the most incredible things found credence; the most monstrous, if they referred to him, or were said to emanate from him, surprised no longer. The nation had already become uncivilized to that degree, where the most contradictory sentiments prevail side by side, and the finer boundary lines of decorum and moral feelings are erased. This belief in extraordinary crimes is almost invariably their immediate precursor.

But, with this gloomy prospect, the strange destiny of this man opens at the same time a grander view, which impresses the unprejudiced observer with pleasure and admiration. Here, he

* The nobility, at the suggestion of Count Egmont, caused their servants to wear a common livery, on which was embroidered a fool's cap. All Brussels interpreted it for the cardinal's hat, and every appearance of such a servant renewed their laughter; this badge of a fool's cap, which was offensive to the court, was subsequently changed into a bundle of arrows—an accidental jest which took a very serious end, and probably was the origin of the arms of the republic. Vit. Vigl. T. ii. 35 Thuan. 489. The respect for the cardinal sunk at last so low, that a caricature was publicly placed in his own hands, in which he was represented seated on a heap of eggs, out of which bishops were crawling. Over him hovered a devil with the inscription—"This is my son; hear ye him!"

beholds a nation dazzled by no splendor, and restrained by no fear, firmly, inexorably, and unpremeditatedly unanimous in punishing the crime which had been committed against its dignity, by the violent introduction of a stranger into the heart of its political constitution. We see him ever aloof, and ever isolated, like a foreign hostile body, hovering over a surface which repels its contact. The strong hand itself of the monarch, who was his friend and protector, could not support him against the antipathies of the nation, which had once resolved to withhold from him all its sympathy. The voice of national hatred was all-powerful, and was ready to forego even private interest, its certain gains; his alms even were shunned, like the fruits of an accursed tree. Like pestilential vapor, the infamy of universal reprobation hung over him. In his case, gratitude believed itself absolved from its duties; his adherents shunned him; his friends were dumb in his behalf. So terribly did the people avenge the insulted majesty of their nobles and their nation on the greatest monarch of the earth.

History has repeated this memorable example only once, in Cardinal Mazarin; but the instance differed according to the spirit of the two periods and nations. The highest power could not protect either from derision; but if France found vent for its indignation in laughing at its pantaloons, the Netherlands hurried from scorn to rebellion. The former, after a long bondage under Richelieu, saw itself placed suddenly in unwonted liberty: the latter passed from ancient hereditary freedom into strange and unusual servitude; it was as natural, that the Fronde should end again in subjection, as that the Belgian troubles should issue in republican independence. The revolt of the Parisians was the offspring of poverty: unbridled, but not bold, arrogant, but without energy, base and plebian, like the source from which it sprang. The murmur of the Netherlands was the proud and powerful voice of wealth. Licentiousness and hunger inspired the former; revenge, life, property, and religion were the animating motives of the latter. Rapacity was Mazarin's spring of action; Granvella's, lust of power; the former was humane and mild, the latter harsh, imperious, cruel. The French minister sought, in the favor of his queen, an asylum from the hatred of the magnates and the fury of the people; the Netherlandish minister provoked the hatred of a whole nation in order to please one man. Against Mazarin were only a few factions, and the mob they could arm; an entire and united nation, against Granvella. Under the former, parliament attempted to obtain, by stealth, a power which did not belong to them; under the latter, it struggled for a lawful authority which he insidiously had endeavored to wrest from them. The former had to contend with the princes of the blood and the peers of the realm, as the latter had with the native nobility and the states, but instead of endeavoring, like the former, to overthrow the common enemy, in the hope of stepping themselves into his place, the latter wished to destroy the place itself, and to divide a power which no single man ought to possess entire.

While these feelings were spreading among the people, the influence of the minister at the court of the regent began to totter. The repeated complaints against the extent of his power, must at last have made her sensible how little faith was placed in her own; perhaps, too, she began to fear that the universal abhorrence, which attached to him, would soon include herself also, or that his longer stay would inevitably provoke the menaced revolt. Long intercourse with him, his instruction and example, had qualified her to govern without him. His dignity began to be more oppressive to her as he became less necessary, and his faults, to which her friendship had hitherto lent a veil, became visible as it was withdrawn. She was now as much disposed to search out and enumerate these faults, as she formerly had been to conceal them. In this unfavorable state of her feelings toward the cardinal, the urgent and accumulated representations of the nobles began, at last, to find access to her mind, and the more easily, as they contrived to mix up her own fears with their own. "It was matter of great astonishment," said Count Egmont to her, "that to gratify a man who was not even a Fleming, and of whom, therefore, it must be well known that his happiness could not be dependent on the prosperity of this country, the king could be content to see all his Netherlandish subjects suffer, and this to please a foreigner, who if his birth made him a subject of the Emperor, the purple had made a creature of the court of Rome." "To the king alone," added the count, "was Granvella indebted for his being still among the living; for the future, however, he would leave that care of him to the regent, and he hereby gave her warning." As the majority of the nobles, disgusted with the contemptuous treatment which they met with in the Council of State, gradually withdrew from it, the arbitrary proceedings of the minister lost the last semblance of republican deliberation which had hitherto softened the odious aspect, and the empty desolation of the council chamber made his domineering rule appear in all its obnoxiousness. The regent now felt that she had a master over her, and from that moment the banishment of the minister was decided upon.

With this object, she dispatched her private secretary, Thomas Armenteros, to Spain, to acquaint the king with the circumstances in which the cardinal was placed, to apprise him of the intimations she had received of the intentions of the nobles, and in this manner, to cause the resolution for his recall to appear to emanate from the king himself. What she did not like to trust to a letter, Armenteros was ordered ingeniously to interweave in the oral communication, which the king would probably require from him. Armenteros fulfilled his commission with all the ability of a consummate courtier; but an audience of four hours could not overthrow the work of many years, nor destroy in Philip's mind his opinion of his minister, which was there unalterably established. Long did the monarch hold counsel with his policy and his interest, until Granvella himself came to the aid of his wavering resolution, and voluntarily solicited a dismissal, which, he

feared, could not much longer be deferred. What the detestation of all the Netherlands could not effect, the contemptuous treatment of the nobility accomplished; he was, at last, weary of a power which was no longer feared, and exposed him less to envy than to infamy.

Perhaps, as some have believed, he trembled for his life, which was certainly in more than imaginary danger; perhaps he wished to receive his dismissal from the king, under the shape of a boon rather than of a sentence, and after the example of the Romans, meet with dignity a fate which he could no longer avoid. Philip, too, it would appear, preferred generously to accord to the nation a request, rather than to yield at a later period to a demand, and hoped at least to merit their thanks, by voluntarily conceding now what necessity would ere long extort. His fears prevailed over his obstinacy, and prudence overcame pride.

Granvella doubted not for a moment what the decision of the king would be. A few days after the return of Armenteros, he saw humility and flattery disappear from the few faces, which had, till then, still servilely smiled upon him; the last small crowd of base flatterers and eye-servants vanished from around his person; his threshold was forsaken; he perceived that the fructifying warmth of royal favor had left him.

Detraction, which had assailed him during his whole administration, did not spare him even in the moment of resignation. People did not scruple to assert that a short time before he laid down his office, he had expressed a wish to be reconciled to the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont, and even offered, if their forgiveness could be hoped for on no other terms, to ask pardon of them on his knees. It was base and contemptible to sully the memory of a great and extraordinary man with such a charge, but it is still more so, to hand it down uncontradicted to posterity. Granvella submitted to the royal command with a dignified composure. Already had he written, a few months previously, to the Duke of Alva, in Spain, to prepare him a place of refuge in Madrid, in case of his having to quit the Netherlands. The latter long bethought himself whether it was advisable to bring thither so dangerous a rival for the favor of his king, or to deny so important a friend such a valuable means of indulging his old hatred of the Flemish nobles. Revenge prevailed over fear, and he strenuously supported Granvella's request with the monarch. But his intercession was fruitless. Armenteros had persuaded the king that the minister's residence in Madrid would only revive, with increased violence, all the complaints of the Belgian nation, to which his ministry had been sacrificed; for then, he said, he would be suspected of poisoning the very source of that power, whose outlets only he had hitherto been charged with corrupting. He therefore sent him to Burgundy, his native place, for which a decent pretext fortunately presented itself. The cardinal gave to his departure from Brussels the appearance of an unimportant journey, from which he would return in a few days. At the same time, however, all the state counselors, who, under his administration, had voluntarily

excluded themselves from its sittings, received a command from the court to resume their seats in the senate at Brussels. Although the latter circumstance made his return not very credible, nevertheless the remotest possibility of it sobered the triumph which celebrated his departure. The regent herself appears to have been undecided what to think about the report; for, in a fresh letter to the king, she repeated all the representations and arguments, which ought to restrain him from restoring this minister. Granvella himself, in his correspondence with Barlaimont and Viglius, endeavored to keep alive this rumor, and at least to alarm with fears, however unsubstantial, the enemies whom he could no longer punish by his presence. Indeed, the dread of the influence of this extraordinary man was so exceedingly great, that, to appease it, he was at last driven even from his home and his country.

After the death of Pius IV., Granvella went to Rome, to be present at the election of a new pope, and at the same time to discharge some commissions of his master, whose confidence in him remained unshaken. Soon after, Philip made him viceroy of Naples, where he succumbed to the seductions of the climate, and the spirit which no vicissitudes could bend voluptuousness overcame. He was sixty-two years old, when the king allowed him to revisit Spain, where he continued with unlimited powers to administer the affairs of Italy. A gloomy old age, and the self-satisfied pride of a sexagenarian administration made him a harsh and rigid judge of the opinions of others, a slave of custom, and a tedious panegyrist of past times. But the policy of the closing century had ceased to be the policy of the opening one. A new and younger ministry were soon weary of so imperious a superintendent, and Philip himself began to shun the aged counselor, who found nothing worthy of praise but the deeds of his father. Nevertheless, when the conquest of Portugal called Philip to Lisbon, he confided to the cardinal the care of his Spanish territories. Finally, on an Italian tour, in the town of Mantua, in the seventy-third year of his life, Granvella terminated his long existence in the full enjoyment of his glory, and after possessing for forty years the uninterrupted confidence of his king.

THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

(1564.) Immediately upon the departure of the minister, all the happy results which were promised from his withdrawal were fulfilled. The disaffected nobles resumed their seats in the council, and again devoted themselves to the affairs of the state with redoubled zeal, in order to give no room for regret for him, whom they had driven away, and to prove, by the fortunate administration of the state, that his services were not indispensable. The crowd round the duchess was great. All vied with one another in readiness, in submission, and zeal in her service; the hours of night were not allowed to stop the transaction of pressing business of state: the greatest unanimity existed between the three councils, the best understanding

between the court and the states. From the obliging temper of the Flemish nobility, every thing was to be had, as soon as their pride and self-will were flattered by confidence and obliging treatment. The regent took advantage of the first joy of the nation, to beguile them into a vote of certain taxes, which, under the preceding administration, she could not have hoped to extort. In this, the great credit of the nobility effectually supported her, and she soon learned from this nation the secret, which had been so often verified in the German diet: that much must be demanded, in order to get a little.

With pleasure did the regent see herself emancipated from her long thralldom; the emulous industry of the nobility lightened for her the burden of business, and their insinuating humility allowed her to feel the full sweetness of power.

(1564.) Granvella had been overthrown, but his party still remained. His policy lived in his creatures, whom he left behind him in the privy council and in the chamber of finance. Hatred still smouldered amongst the factions, long after the leader was banished, and the names of the Orange and Royalist parties, of the Patriots and Cardinalists, still continued to divide the senate, and to keep up the flames of discord. Viglius Van Zuichem Van Aytta, president of the privy council, state counsellor and keeper of the seal, was now looked upon as the most important person in the senate, and the most powerful prop of the crown and the tiara. This highly meritorious old man, whom we have to thank for some valuable contributions toward the history of the rebellion of the Low Countries, and whose confidential correspondence with his friends has generally been the guide of our narrative, was one of the greatest lawyers of his time, as well as a theologian and priest, and had already, under the emperor, filled the most important offices. Familiar intercourse with the learned men who adorned the age, and at the head of whom stood Erasmus of Rotterdam, combined with frequent travels in the imperial service, had extended the sphere of his information and experience, and in many points raised him in his principles and opinions above his contemporaries. The fame of his erudition filled the whole century in which he lived, and has handed his name down to posterity. When in the year 1548, the connection of the Netherlands with the German empire was to be settled at the diet of Augsburg, Charles V. sent hither this statesman to manage the interests of the provinces; and his ability principally succeeded in turning the negotiations to the advantage of the Netherlands. After the death of the emperor, Viglius was one of the many eminent ministers, bequeathed to Philip by his father, and one of the few in whom he honored his memory. The fortune of the minister Granvella, with whom he was united by the ties of an early acquaintance, raised him likewise to greatness; but he did not share the fall of his patron, because he had not participated in his lust of power, nor, consequently, the hatred which attached to him. A residence of twenty years in the provinces, where the most important affairs were entrusted to him, approved loyalty to his

king, and zealous attachment to the Roman Catholic tenets, made him one of the most distinguished instruments of royalty in the Netherlands.

Viglius was a man of learning, but no thinker; an experienced statesman, but without an enlightened mind; of an intellect not sufficiently powerful to break, like his friend Erasmus, the fetters of error, yet not sufficiently bad to employ it, like his predecessor, Granvella, in the service of his own passions. Too weak and timid to follow boldly the guidance of his reason, he preferred trusting to the more convenient path of conscience; a thing was just, so soon as it became his duty; he belonged to those honest men, who are indispensable to bad ones; fraud reckoned on his honesty. Half a century later, he would have received his immortality from the freedom which he now helped to subvert. In the Privy Council at Brussels, he was the servant of tyranny; in the Parliament in London, or in the Senate at Amsterdam he would have died, perhaps, like Thomas More or Olden Barneveldt.

In Count Barlaimont, the President of the Council of Finance, the opposition had a no less formidable antagonist than in Viglius. Historians have transmitted but little information regarding the services and the opinions of this man. In the first part of his career, the dazzling greatness of the Cardinal Granvella seems to have cast a shade over him; after the latter had disappeared from the stage, the superiority of the opposite party kept him down, but still the little that we do find respecting him, throws a favorable light over his character. More than once, the Prince of Orange exerted himself to detach him from the interests of the cardinal, and to join him to his own party—sufficient proof that he placed a value on the prize. All his efforts failed, which shows that he had to do with no vacillating character. More than once, we see him alone, of all the members of the council, stepping forward to oppose the dominant faction, and protecting against universal opposition the interests of the crown, which were in momentary peril of being sacrificed. When the Prince of Orange had assembled the knights of the Golden Fleece in his own palace, with a view to induce them to come to a preparatory resolution for the abolition of the Inquisition, Barlaimont was the first to denounce the illegality of this proceeding, and to inform the regent of it. Some time after, the prince asked him if the regent knew of that assembly, and Barlaimont hesitated not a moment to avow to him the truth. All the steps which have been ascribed to him bespeak a man, whom neither influence nor fear could tempt,—who, with a firm courage and indomitable constancy, remained faithful to the party which he had once chosen, but who, it must at the same time be confessed, entertained too proud and too despotic notions, to have selected any other.

Amongst the adherents of the royal party at Brussels, we have further, the names of the Duke of Arschot, the Counts of Mansfeld, Megen, and Aremberg—all three native Netherlanders; and therefore, as it appeared, bound equally with the whole Netherlandish nobility, to oppose the hierarchy and the royal power in their native country.

So much the more surprised must we feel at their contrary behavior, and which is indeed the more remarkable, since we find them on terms of friendship with the most eminent members of the faction, and any thing but insensible to the common grievances of their country.

But they had not self-confidence nor heroism enough to venture on an unequal contest with so superior an antagonist. With a cowardly prudence they made their just discontent submit to the stern law of necessity, and imposed a hard sacrifice on their pride, because their pampered vanity was capable of nothing better. Too thrifty and too discreet, to wish to extort from the justice or the fear of their sovereign the certain good which they already possessed from his voluntary generosity, or to resign a real happiness, in order to preserve the shadow of another, they rather employed the propitious moment, to drive a traffic with their constancy, which, from the general defection of the nobility, had now risen in value. Caring little for true glory, they allowed their ambition to decide which party they should take; for the ambition of base minds prefers to bow beneath the hard yoke of compulsion, rather than submit to the gentle sway of a superior intellect. Small would have been the value of the favor conferred, had they bestowed themselves on the Prince of Orange; but their connection with royalty made them so much the more formidable as opponents. There their names would have been lost among his numerous adherents, and in the splendor of their rival; on the almost deserted side of the court their insignificant merit acquired lustre.

The families of Nassau and Croi, (to the latter belonged the Duke of Arschot,) had for several reigns been competitors for influence and honor, and their rivalry had kept up an old feud between their families, which religious differences finally made irreconcilable. The house of Croi, from time immemorial, had been renowned for its devout and strict observance of papistic rites and ceremonies; the Counts of Nassau had gone over to the new sect—sufficient reasons why Philip of Croi, Duke of Arschot, should prefer a party which placed him the most decidedly in opposition to the Prince of Orange. The court did not fail to take advantage of this private feud, and to oppose so important an enemy to the increasing influence of the house of Nassau in the republic. The Counts Mansfeld and Megen had, till lately, been the confidential friends of Count Egmont. In common with him, they had raised their voice against the minister; had joined him in resisting the Inquisition and the edicts, and had hitherto held with him as far as honor and duty would permit. But at these limits the three friends now separated. Egmont's unsuspecting virtue incessantly hurried him forward on the road to ruin; Mansfeld and Megen, admonished of the danger, began in good time to think of a safe retreat. There still exist letters, which were interchanged between the Counts Egmont and Mansfeld, and which, although written at a later period, give us a true picture of their former friendship. "If," replied Count Mansfeld to his friend, who in an amicable manner had reproved him for his defection,

tion to the king, "if formerly I was of opinion that the general good made the abolition of the Inquisition, the mitigation of the edicts, and the removal of the Cardinal Granvella necessary, the king has now acquiesced in this wish, and removed the cause of complaint. We have already done too much against the majesty of the sovereign, and the authority of the church; it is high time for us to turn, if we would wish to meet the king, when he comes, with open brow, and without anxiety. As regards my own person, I do not dread his vengeance; with confident courage I would, at his first summons, present myself in Spain, and boldly abide my sentence from his justice and goodness. I do not say this, as if I doubted whether Count Egmont can assert the same, but he will act prudently in looking more to his own safety, and in removing suspicion from his actions." "If I hear," he says in conclusion, "that he has allowed my admonitions to have their due weight, our friendship continues; if not, I feel myself in that case strong enough to sacrifice all human ties to my duty and to honor."

The enlarged power of the nobility exposed the Republic to almost a greater evil than that which it had just escaped by the removal of the minister. Impoverished by long habits of luxury, which at the same time had relaxed their morals, and to which they were now too much addicted, to be able to renounce them, they yielded to the perilous opportunity of indulging their ruling inclination, and of again repairing the expiring lustre of their fortunes. Extravagance brought on the thirst for gain, and this introduced bribery. Secular and ecclesiastical offices were publicly put up for sale; posts of honor, privileges, and patents, were sold to the highest bidder; even justice was made a trade. Whom the Privy Council had condemned, was acquitted by the Council of State; and what the former refused to grant, was to be purchased from the latter. The Council of State, indeed, subsequently retorted the charge on the two other councils; but it forgot that it was its own example that corrupted them. The shrewdness of rapacity opened new sources of gain. Life, liberty, and religion were insured for a certain sum, like landed estates; for gold, murderers and malefactors were free, and the nation was plundered by a lottery. The servants and creatures of state, counselors and governors of provinces, were, without regard to rank or merit, pushed into the most important posts; whoever had a petition to present at court, had to make his way through the governors of provinces and their inferior servants. No artifice of seduction was spared to implicate in these excesses the private secretary of the duchess, Thomas Armenteros, a man up to this time of irreproachable character. Through pretended professions of attachment and friendship, they contrived to insinuate themselves into his confidence, and by luxurious entertainments to undermine his principles; the seductive example infected his morals, and new wants overcame his hitherto incorruptible integrity. He was now blind to abuses in which he was an accomplice, and drew a veil over the crimes of others, in order at the same time to cloak his own. In connection with him, they robbed the royal exchequer,

and defeated the objects of the government through a corrupt administration of its revenues. Meanwhile, the regent wandered on in a fond dream of power and activity, which the flattery of the nobles artfully knew how to foster. The ambition of the factious played with the foibles of a woman, and with empty signs and an humble show of submission purchased real power from her. She soon belonged entirely to the faction, and had imperceptibly changed her principles. Diametrically opposing all her former proceedings, even in direct violation of her duty, she now brought before the Council of State, which was swayed by the faction, not only questions which belonged to the other councils, but also the suggestions which Viglius had made to her in private, in the same way as formerly, under Granvella's administration, she had improperly neglected to consult it at all. Nearly all business and all influence were now diverted to the governors of provinces. All petitions were directed to them, by them all lucrative appointments were bestowed. Their usurpations were indeed carried so far, that law proceedings were withdrawn from the municipal authorities of the towns, and brought before their own tribunals. The respectability of the provincial courts decreased as theirs extended, and with the respectability of the municipal functionaries, the administration of justice and civil order declined. The smaller courts soon followed the example of the government of the country. The spirit which ruled the Council of State at Brussels, soon diffused itself through the provinces. Bribery, indulgences, robbery, venality of justice, were universal in the courts of judicature of the country; morals degenerated, and the new sects availed themselves of this all-pervading licentiousness to propagate their opinions. The religious indifference or toleration of the nobles, who either themselves inclined to the side of the innovators, or, at least, detested the Inquisition as an instrument of despotism, had mitigated the rigor of the religious edicts; and through the letters of indemnity, which were bestowed on many Protestants, the holy office was deprived of its best victims. In no way could the nobility more agreeably announce to the nation its present share in the government of the country, than by sacrificing to it the hated tribunal of the Inquisition—and to this, inclination induced them still more than the dictates of policy. The nation passed, in a moment, from the most oppressive constraint of intolerance into a state of freedom, to which, however, it had already become too unaccustomed to support it with moderation. The inquisitors, deprived of the support of the municipal authorities, found themselves an object of derision rather than of fear. In Bruges, the town council caused even some of their own servants to be placed in confinement, and kept on bread and water, for attempting to lay hands upon a supposed heretic. About this very time, the mob in Antwerp, having made a futile attempt to rescue a person charged with heresy from the holy office, there was placarded in the public market-place an inscription, written in blood, to the effect that a number of persons had bound themselves by oath to avenge the death of that innocent person.

From the corruption which pervaded the whole Council of the State, the Privy Council and the Chamber of Finance, in which Viglius and Barlaumont were presidents, had, as yet, for the most part kept themselves pure.

As the faction could not succeed in insinuating their adherents into those two councils, the only course open to them, was, if possible, to render both inefficient, and to transfer their business to the Council of State. To carry out this design, the Prince of Orange sought to secure the co-operation of the other state counselors. "They were called, indeed, senators," he frequently declared to his adherents, "but others possessed the power. If gold was wanted, to pay the troops; or when the question was, how the spreading heresy was to be repressed, or the people kept in order, then they were consulted; although in fact they were the guardians, neither of the treasury, nor of the laws, but only the organs, through which the other two councils operated on the state. And yet, alone, they were equal to the whole administration of the country, which had been uselessly portioned out amongst three separate chambers. If they would among themselves only agree to reunite to the Council of State these two important branches of government, which had been dissevered from it, one soul might animate the whole body." A plan was preliminarily and secretly agreed on, in accordance with which twelve new knights of the Fleece were to be added to the Council of State, the administration of justice restored to the tribunal at Malines, to which it originally belonged, the granting of letters of grace, patents, and so forth, assigned to the president Viglius, while the management of the finances should be committed to it. All the difficulties, indeed, which the distrust of the court, and its jealousy of the increasing power of the nobility would oppose to this innovation, were foreseen and provided against. In order to constrain the regent's assent, some of the principal officers of the army were put forward as a cloak, who were to annoy the court at Brussels with boisterous demands for their arrears of pay, and in case of a refusal to threaten a rebellion. It was also contrived to have the regent assailed with numerous petitions and memorials, complaining of the delays of justice, and exaggerating the danger, which was to be apprehended from the daily growth of heresy. Nothing was omitted to darken the picture of the disorganized state of society, of the abuse of justice, and of the deficiency in the finances, which was made so alarming that she awoke with terror from the delusion of prosperity in which she had hitherto cradled herself. She called the three councils together, to consult them on the means by which these disorders were to be remedied. The majority was in favor of sending an extraordinary ambassador to Spain, who, by a circumstantial and vivid delineation should make the king acquainted with the true position of affairs, and if possible prevail on him to adopt efficient measures of reform. This proposition was opposed by Viglius, who, however, had not the slightest suspicion of the secret designs of the faction. "The evil complained of," he said, "is undoubtedly great, and one which can no

longer be neglected with impunity, but it is not irremediable by ourselves. The administration of justice is certainly crippled, but the blame of this lies with the nobles themselves; by their contemptuous treatment they have thrown discredit on the municipal authorities, who, moreover, are very inadequately supported by the governors of provinces. If heresy is on the increase, it is because the secular arm has deserted the spiritual judges, and because the lower orders, following the example of the nobles, have thrown off all respect for those in authority. The provinces are undoubtedly oppressed by a heavy debt, but it has not been accumulated, as alleged, by any malversation of the revenues, but by the expenses of former wars and the king's present exigencies; still, wise and prudent measures of finance would, in a short time, remove the burden. If the Council of State would not be so profuse of its indulgences, its charters of immunity, and its exemptions; if it would commence the reformation of morals with itself, show greater respect to the laws, and do what lies in its power to restore to the municipal functionaries their former consideration; in short, if the councils and the governors of provinces would only fulfil their own duties, the present grounds of complaint would soon be removed. Why, then, send an ambassador to Spain, when as yet nothing has occurred to justify so extraordinary an expedient? If, however, the council thinks otherwise, he would not oppose the general voice; only he must make it a condition of his concurrence, that the principal instruction of the envoy should be, to intreat the king to make them a speedy visit."

There was but one voice as to the choice of an envoy. Of all the Flemish nobles, Count Egmont was the only one whose appointment would give equal satisfaction to both parties. His hatred of the inquisition, his patriotic and liberal sentiments, and the unblemished integrity of his character, gave to the republic sufficient surety for his conduct, while, for the reasons already mentioned, he could not fail to be welcome to the king. Moreover, Egmont's personal figure and demeanor were calculated, on his first appearance, to make that favorable impression which goes so far toward winning the hearts of princes; and his engaging carriage would come to the aid of his eloquence, and enforce his petition with those persuasive arts, which are indispensable to the success of even the most trifling suits to royalty. Egmont himself, too, wished for the embassy, as it would afford him the opportunity of adjusting, personally, matters with his sovereign.

About this time, the Council, or rather Synod, of Trent closed its sittings, and published its decrees to the whole of Christendom. But these canons, far from accomplishing the object for which the synod was originally convened, and satisfying the expectation of religious parties, had rather widened the breach between them, and made the schism irremediable and eternal.

The labors of the synod, instead of purifying the Romish Church from its corruptions, had only reduced the latter to greater definiteness and precision, and invested them with the sanction of authority. All the subtleties of its teaching, all

the arts and usurpations of the Roman See, which had hitherto rested more on arbitrary usage, were now passed into laws, and raised into a system. The uses and abuses which, during the barbarous times of ignorance and superstition, had crept into Christianity, were now declared essential parts of its worship, and anathemas were denounced upon all who should dare to contradict the dogmas, or neglect the observances of the Romish Communion. All were anathematized who should either presume to doubt the miraculous power of relics, and refuse to honor the bones of martyrs, or should be so bold as to doubt the availing efficacy of the intercession of saints. The power of granting indulgences, the first source of the defection from the See of Rome, was now propounded in an irrefragable article of faith; and the principle of monasticism sanctioned by an express decree of the synod, which allowed males to take the vows at sixteen, and females at twelve. And while all the opinions of the Protestants were, without exception, condemned, no indulgence was shown to their errors or weaknesses, nor a single step taken to win them back by mildness to the bosom of the mother church. Amongst the latter, the wearisome records of the subtle deliberations of the synod, and the absurdity of its decisions, increased, if possible, the hearty contempt which they had long entertained for Popery, and laid open to their controversialists new and hitherto unnoticed points of attack. It was an ill-judged step to bring the mysteries of the church too close to the glaring torch of reason, and to fight with syllogisms for the tenets of a blind relief.

Moreover, the decrees of the council of Trent were not satisfactory even to all the powers in communion with Rome. France rejected them entirely, both because she did not wish to displease the Huguenots, and also because she was offended by the supremacy which the pope arrogated to himself over the council; some of the Roman Catholic princes of Germany likewise declared against it. Little, however, as Philip II. was pleased with many of its articles, which trenched too closely upon his own rights, for no monarch was ever more jealous of his prerogative; highly as the pope's assumption of control over the council, and its arbitrary, precipitate dissolution, had offended him; just as was his indignation at the slight which the pope had put upon his ambassador; he nevertheless acknowledged the decrees of the synod, even in its present form, because it favored his darling object—the extirpation of heresy. Political considerations were all postponed to this one religious object, and he commanded the publication and enforcement of its canons, throughout his dominions.

The spirit of revolt, which was diffused through the Belgian provinces, scarcely required this new stimulus. There the minds of men were in a ferment, and the character of the Romish Church had sunk almost to the lowest point of contempt in the general opinion. Under such circumstances, the imperious, and frequently injudicious, decrees of the council, could not fail of being highly offensive; but Philip II. could not belie his religious character so far as to allow a different religion to

a portion of his subjects, even though they might live on a different soil, and under different laws from the rest. The regent was strictly enjoined to exact in the Netherlands the same obedience to the decrees of Trent, which was yielded to them in Spain and Italy.

They met, however, with the warmest opposition in the Council of State at Brussels. "The nation," William of Orange declared, "neither would nor could acknowledge them, since they were, for the most part, opposed to the fundamental principles of their constitution; and, for similar reasons, they had even been rejected by several Roman Catholic princes." The whole council, nearly, was on the side of Orange; a decided majority were for entreating the king either to recall the decrees entirely, or, at least, to publish them under certain limitations. This proposition was resisted by Viglius, who insisted on a strict and literal obedience to the royal commands. "The church," he said, "had in all ages maintained the purity of its doctrines, and the strictness of its discipline, by means of such general councils. No more efficacious remedy could be opposed to the errors of opinion which had so long distracted their country, than these very decrees, the rejection of which is now urged by the Council of State. Even if they are occasionally at variance with the constitutional rights of the citizens, this is an evil which can easily be met by a judicious and temperate application of them. For the rest, it redounds to the honor of our sovereign, the King of Spain, that he alone, of all the princes of his time, refuses to yield his better judgment to necessity, and will not, for any fear of consequences, reject measures which the welfare of the church demands, and which the happiness of his subjects makes a duty."

But the decrees also contained several matters which affected the rights of the crown itself. Occasion was therefore taken of this fact, to propose that these sections, at least, should be omitted from the proclamation. By this means, the king might, it was argued, be relieved from these obnoxious and degrading articles by a happy expedient; the national liberties of the Netherlands might be advanced as the pretext for the omission, and the name of the republic lent to cover this encroachment on the authority of the Synod. But the king had caused the decrees to be received and enforced in his other dominions unconditionally; and it was not to be expected that he would give the other Roman Catholic powers such an example of opposition, and himself undermine the edifice whose foundation he had been so assiduous in laying.

COUNT EGMONT IN SPAIN.

Count Egmont was dispatched to Spain, to make a forcible representation to the king on the subject of these decrees; to persuade him, if possible, to adopt a milder policy toward his Protestant subjects, and to propose to him the incorporation of the three councils, was the commission he received from the malcontents. By the

regent, he was charged to apprise the monarch of the refractory spirit of the people; to convince him of the impossibility of enforcing those edicts of religion in their full severity; and lastly, to acquaint him with the bad state of the military defences, and the exhausted condition of the exchequer.

The count's public instructions were drawn up by the President Viglius. They contained heavy complaints of the decay of justice, the growth of heresy, and the exhaustion of the treasury. He was also to press urgently a personal visit from the King to the Netherlands. The rest was left to the eloquence of the envoy, who received a hint from the regent, not to let so fair an opportunity escape of establishing himself in the favor of his sovereign.

The terms in which the count's instructions, and the representations which he was to make to the king, were drawn up, appeared to the Prince of Orange far too vague and general. "The president's statement," he said, "of our grievances comes very far short of the truth. How can the king apply the suitable remedies, if we conceal from him the full extent of the evil? Let us not represent the numbers of the heretics inferior to what it is in reality. Let us candidly acknowledge that they swarm in every province, and in every hamlet, however small. Neither let us disguise from him the truth, that they despise the penal statutes, and entertain but little reverence for the government. What good can come of this concealment? Let us rather openly avow to the king, that the republic cannot long continue in its present condition. The Privy Council, indeed, will perhaps pronounce differently, for to them the existing disorders are welcome. For what else is the source of the abuse of justice, and the universal corruption of the courts of law, but its insatiable rapacity? By what means can the pomp and scandalous luxury of its members, whom we have seen rise from the dust, be supported, if not by bribery? Do not the people daily complain that no other key but gold can open an access to them; and do not even their quarrels prove how little they are swayed by a care for the common weal? Are they likely to consult the public good, who are the slaves of their private passions? Do they think, forsooth, that we, the governors of the provinces, are with our soldiers to stand ready at the beck and call of an infamous lictor? Let them set bounds to their indulgences and free pardons, which they so lavishly bestow on the very persons to whom we think it just and expedient to deny them. No one can remit the punishment of a crime, without sinning against society, and contributing to the increase of the general evil. To my mind, and I have no hesitation to avow it, the distribution amongst so many councils of the state secrets, and the affairs of government, has always appeared highly objectionable. The Council of State is sufficient for all the duties of the administration; several patriots have already felt this in silence, and now I openly declare it. It is my decided conviction, that the only sufficient remedy for all the evils complained of, is to merge the other two chambers in the Council of State. This is the point which we must

endeavor to obtain from the king, or the present embassy, like all others, will be entirely useless and ineffectual." The prince now laid before the assembled senate the plan which we have already described. Viglius, against whom this new proposition was individually and mainly directed, and whose eyes were now suddenly opened, was overcome by the violence of his vexation. The agitation of his feelings was too much for his feeble body, and he was found, on the following morning, paralyzed by apoplexy, and in danger of his life.

His place was supplied by Jaachim Hopper, a member of the Privy Council, at Brussels, a man of old-fashioned morals and unblamable integrity, the president's most trusted and worthiest friend.* To meet the wishes of the Orange party, he made some additions to the instructions of the ambassador, relating chiefly to the abolition of the Inquisition, and the incorporation of the three councils, not so much with the consent of the regent, as in the absence of her prohibition. Upon Count Egmont taking leave of the president, who had recovered from his attack, the latter requested him to procure in Spain, permission to resign his appointment. His day, he declared, was past; like the example of his friend and predecessor Granvella, he wished to retire into the quiet of private life, and to anticipate the uncertainty of fortune. His genius warned him of impending storm, by which he could have no desire to be overtaken.

Count Egmont embarked on his journey to Spain, in January, 1565, and was received there with a kindness and respect which none of his rank had ever before experienced. The nobles of Castile, taught by the king's example to conquer their feelings, or rather, true to his policy, seemed to have laid aside their ancient grudge against the Flemish nobility, and vied with one another in winning his heart by their affability. All his private matters were immediately settled to his wishes by the king, nay, even his expectations exceeded; and during the whole period of his stay, he had ample cause to boast of the hospitality of the monarch. The latter assured him in the strongest terms of his love for his Belgian subjects, and held out hopes of his acceding eventually to the general wish, and remitting somewhat of the severity of the religious edicts. At the same time, however, he appointed in Madrid a commission of theologians, to whom he propounded the question: "Is it *necessary*, to grant to the provinces the religious toleration they demand?" As the majority of them were of opinion that the peculiar constitution of the Netherlands, and the fear of a rebellion, might well excuse a degree of forbearance in their case, the question was repeated more pointedly. "He did not seek to know," he said, "if he might do so, but if he must?" When the latter question was answered in the negative, he rose from his seat, and kneeling down before a crucifix, prayed

* Vita Vigl. §. 89. The person, from whose memoirs I have already drawn so many illustrations of the times of this epoch. His subsequent journey to Spain gave rise to the correspondence between him and the president, which is one of the most valuable documents for our history.

in these words: "Almighty Majesty, suffer me not at any time to fall so low as to consent to reign over those who reject thee!" In perfect accordance with the spirit of this prayer, were the measures which he resolved to adopt in the Netherlands. On the article of religion, this monarch had taken his resolution once forever; urgent necessity might, perhaps, have constrained him temporarily to suspend the execution of the penal statutes, but never, formally, to repeal them legally, or even to modify them. In vain did Egmont represent to him that the public execution of the heretics daily augmented the number of their followers, while the courage and even joy with which they met their death, filled the spectators with the deepest admiration, and awakened in them high opinions of a doctrine which could make such heroes of its disciples. This representation was not indeed lost upon the king, but it had a very different effect from what it was intended to produce. In order to prevent these seductive scenes, without, however, compromising the severity of the edicts, he fell upon an expedient, and determined in future that the executions should take place in private. The answer of the king on the subject of the embassy, was given to the count in writing, and addressed to the regent. The king, when he granted him an audience to take leave, did not omit to call him to account for his behavior to Granvella, and alluded particularly to the livery invented in derision of the cardinal. Egmont protested that the whole affair had originated in a convivial joke, and nothing was further from their meaning than to derogate in the least from the respect that was due to royalty. "If he knew," he said, "that any individual among them had entertained such disloyal thoughts, he himself would challenge him to answer for it with his life."

At his departure, the monarch made him a present of 50,000 florins, and engaged, moreover, to furnish a portion for his daughter, on her marriage. He also consigned to his care the young Farnese of Parma, whom, to gratify the regent his mother, he was sending to Brussels. The king's pretended mildness, and his professions of regard for the Belgian nation, deceived the openhearted Fleming. Happy in the idea of being the bearer of so much felicity to his native country, when, in fact, it was more remote than ever, he quitted Madrid, satisfied beyond measure to think of the joy with which the provinces would welcome the message of their good king; but the opening of the royal answer in the Council of State at Brussels, disappointed all these pleasing hopes. "Although in regard to the religious edicts," this was its tenor, "his resolve was firm and immovable, and he would rather lose a thousand lives than consent to alter a single letter of it; still, moved by the representations of Count Egmont, he was, on the other hand, equally determined not to leave any gentle means untried to guard the people against the delusions of heresy, and so to avert from them that punishment which must otherwise infallibly overtake them. As he had now learned from the Count, that the principal source of the existing errors in the faith was in the moral depravity of the clergy, the bad instruction and the

neglected education of the young, he hereby empowered the regent to appoint a special commission of three bishops, and a convenient number of learned theologians, whose business it should be to consult about the necessary reforms, in order that the people might no longer be led astray through scandal, nor plunge into error through ignorance. As, moreover, he had been informed that the public executions of the heretics did but afford them an opportunity of boastfully displaying a foolhardy courage, and of deluding the common herd by an affectation of the glory of martyrdom, the commission was to devise means for putting in force the final sentence of the Inquisition with greater secrecy, and thereby depriving condemned heretics of the honor of their obduracy." In order, however, to provide against the commission going beyond its prescribed limits, Philip expressly required that the Bishop of Ypres, a man whom he could rely on as a determined zealot for the Romish faith, should be one of the body. Their deliberations were to be conducted, if possible, in secrecy, while the object publicly assigned to them should be the introduction of the Tridentine decrees. For this, his motive seems to have been twofold; on the one hand, not to alarm the court of Rome by the assembling of a private council; nor, on the other, to afford any encouragement to the spirit of rebellion in the provinces. At its sessions the duchess was to preside, assisted by some of the more loyally disposed of her counselors, and regularly transmit to Philip a written account of its transactions. To meet her most pressing wants, he sent her a small supply in money. He also gave her hopes of a visit from himself; first, however, it was necessary that the war with the Turks, who were then expected in hostile force before Malta, should be terminated. As to the proposed augmentation of the Council of State, and its union with the Privy Council and Chamber of Finance, it was passed over in perfect silence: the Duke of Arschot, however, who is already known to us as a zealous royalist, obtained a voice and seat in the latter. Viglius, indeed, was allowed to retire from the Presidency of the Privy Council, but he was obliged, nevertheless, to continue to discharge its duties for four more years, because his successor, Carl Tyssenaque, of the Council for Netherlandish affairs in Madrid, could not sooner be spared.

SEVERER RELIGIOUS EDICTS.—UNIVERSAL OPPOSITION OF THE NATION.

Scarcely was Egmont returned, when severer edicts against heretics, which, as it were, pursued him from Spain, contradicted the joyful tidings which he had brought of a happy change in the sentiments of the monarch. They were at the same time accompanied with a transcript of the decrees of Trent, as they were acknowledged in Spain, and were now to be proclaimed in the Netherlands also; with it came likewise the death warrants of some Anabaptists and other kinds of heretics. "The count had been beguiled," William the Silent was now heard to say, "and de-

luded by Spanish cunning. Self-love and vanity have blinded his penetration ; for his own advantage he has forgotten the general welfare." The treachery of the Spanish ministry was now exposed, and this dishonest proceeding roused the indignation of the noblest in the land. But no one felt it more acutely than Count Egmont, who now perceived himself to have been the tool of Spanish duplicity, and to have become unwittingly the betrayer of his own country. "These specious favors then," he exclaimed loudly and bitterly, "were nothing but an artifice, to expose me to the ridicule of my fellow-citizens, and to destroy my good name. If this is the fashion after which the king purposes to keep the promises which he made to me in Spain, let who will take Flanders ; for my part, I will prove by my retirement from public business that I have no share in this breach of faith." In fact, the Spanish ministry could not have adopted a surer method of breaking the credit of so important a man, than by exhibiting him to his fellow-citizens, who adored him, as one whom they had succeeded in deluding.

Meanwhile the commission had been appointed, and had unanimously come to the following decision : "Whether for the moral reformation of the clergy, or for the religious instruction of the people, or for the education of youth, such abundant provision had already been made in the decrees of Trent, that nothing now was requisite but to put these decrees in force as speedily as possible. The imperial edicts against the heretics already, ought on no account to be recalled or modified ; the courts of justice, however, might be secretly instructed to punish with death none but obstinate heretics or preachers, to make a difference between the different sects, and to show consideration to the age, rank, sex, or disposition of the accused. If it were really the case, that public executions did but inflame fanaticism, then, perhaps, the unheroic, less observed, but still equally severe punishment of the galleys, would be well adapted to bring down all high notions of martyrdom. As to the delinquencies which might have arisen out of mere levity, curiosity, and thoughtlessness, it would perhaps be sufficient to punish them by fines, exile, or even corporal chastisement."

During these deliberations, which, moreover, it was requisite to submit to the king at Madrid, and to wait for the notification of his approval of them, the time passed away unprofitably, the proceedings against the sectaries being either suspended, or, at least, conducted very supinely. Since the recall of Granvella, the disunion which prevailed in the higher councils, and from thence had extended to the provincial courts of justice, combined with the mild feelings generally of the nobles on the subject of religion, had raised the courage of the sects, and allowed free scope to the proselyting mania of their apostles. The inquisitors, too, had fallen into contempt, in consequence of the secular arm withdrawing its support, and in many places even openly taking their victims under its protection. The Roman Catholic part of the nation had formed great expecta-

tions from the decrees of the Synod of Trent, as well as from Egmont's embassy to Spain ; but in the latter case, their hopes had scarcely been justified by the joyous tidings which the Count had brought back, and, in the integrity of his heart, left nothing undone to make known as widely as possible. The more disused the nation had become to severity in matters pertaining to religion, the more acutely was it likely to feel the sudden adoption of even still more rigorous measures. In this position of affairs, the royal rescript arrived from Spain, in answer to the proposition of the bishops and the last dispatches of the regent. "Whatever interpretation (such was its tenor) Count Egmont may have given to the king's verbal communications, it had never, in the remotest manner, entered his mind to think of altering in the slightest degree the penal statutes which the Emperor, his father, had five-and-thirty years ago published in the provinces. These edicts he therefore commanded should henceforth be carried rigidly into effect, the Inquisition should receive the most active support from the secular arm, and the decrees of the Council of Trent be irrevocably and unconditionally acknowledged in all the provinces of his Netherlands. He acquiesced fully in the opinion of the bishops and canonists, as to the sufficiency of the Tridentine decrees as guides in all points of reformation of the clergy or instruction of the people ; but he could not concur with them as to the mitigation of punishment which they proposed, in consideration either of the age, sex, or character of individuals, since he was of opinion that his edicts were in no degree wanting in moderation. To nothing, but want of zeal and disloyalty on the part of the judges, could he ascribe the progress which heresy had already made in the country. In future, therefore, whoever among them should be thus wanting in zeal, must be removed from his office, and make room for a more honest judge. The Inquisition ought to pursue its appointed path firmly, fearlessly, and dispassionately, without regard to or consideration of human feelings, and was to look neither before nor behind. He would always be ready to approve of all its measures, however extreme, if it only avoided public scandal."

This letter of the king, to which the Orange party have ascribed all the subsequent troubles of the Netherlands, caused the most violent excitement amongst the state counselors, and the expressions which in society they either accidentally or intentionally let fall from them with regard to it, spread terror and alarm amongst the people. The dread of the Spanish Inquisition returned with new force, and with it came fresh apprehensions of the subversion of their liberties. Already the people fancied they could hear prisons building, chains and fetters forging, and see piles of fagots collecting. Society was occupied with this one theme of conversation, and fear kept no longer within bounds. Writings were affixed to houses of the nobles, in which they were called upon, as formerly Rome called on her Brutus, to come forward and save expiring freedom. Biting pasquinades were published against

the new bishops—tormenters as they were called; the clergy were ridiculed in comedies, and abuse spared the throne as little as the Romish See.

Terrified by the rumors which were afloat, the regent called together all the counselors of state to consult them on the course she ought to adopt in this perilous crisis. Opinion varied and disputes were violent. Undecided between fear and duty, they hesitated to come to a conclusion, until, at last, the aged senator, Viglius, rose and surprised the whole assembly by his opinion. "It would," he said, "be the height of folly in us to think of promulgating the royal edict at the present moment: the king must be informed of the reception which, in all probability, it will now meet. In the mean time, the inquisitors must be enjoined to use their power with moderation, and to abstain from severity." But if these words of the aged president surprised the whole assembly, still greater was the astonishment when the Prince of Orange stood up and opposed his advice. "The royal will," he said, "is too clearly and too precisely stated; it is the result of too long and too mature deliberation for us to venture to delay its execution, without bringing on ourselves the reproach of the most culpable obstinacy." "That I take on myself," interrupted Viglius, "I oppose myself to his displeasure. If, by this delay, we purchase for him the peace of the Netherlands, our opposition will eventually secure for us the lasting gratitude of the king." The regent already began to incline to the advice of Viglius, when the prince vehemently interposing, "What," he demanded, "what have the many representations which we have already made effected? of what avail was the embassy we so lately dispatched? Nothing! And what then do we wait for more? Shall we, his state counselors, bring upon ourselves the whole weight of his displeasure, by determining, at our own peril, to render him a service for which he will never thank us?" Undecided and uncertain, the whole assembly remained silent: but no one had courage enough to assent to or reply to him. But the prince had appealed to the fears of the regent, and these left her no choice. The consequences of her unfortunate obedience to the king's command will soon appear. But, on the other hand, if by a wise disobedience she had avoided these fatal consequences, is it clear that the result would not have been the same? However, she had adopted the most fatal of the two counsels; happen what would, the royal ordinance was to be promulgated. This time, therefore, faction prevailed, and the advice of the only true friend of the government who, to serve his monarch, was ready to incur his displeasure, was disregarded. With this session terminated the peace of the regent; from this day the Netherlands dated all the trouble which uninterruptedly visited their country. As the counselors separated, the Prince of Orange said to one who stood nearest to him, "Now will soon be acted a great tragedy."*

* The conduct of the Prince of Orange in this meeting of the Council has been appealed to by historians of the Spanish party as a proof of his dishonesty, and they have availed themselves over and over again to blacken his character. "He," say they, "who had, invariably up to

An edict, therefore, was issued to all the governors of provinces, commanding them rigorously to enforce the mandates of the emperor against heretics, as well as those which had been passed under the present government, the decrees of the Council of Trent, and those of the episcopal commission, which had lately sat to give all the aid of the civil force to the Inquisition, and also to enjoin a similar line of conduct on the officers of government under them. More effectually to secure their object, every governor was to select from his own council an efficient officer who should frequently make the circuit of the province, and institute strict inquiries into the obedience shown by the inferior officers to these commands, and then transmit quarterly to the capital an exact report of their visitation. A copy of the Tridentine decrees, according to the Spanish original, was also sent to the archbishops and bishops, with an intimation, that in case of their needing the assistance of the secular power, the governors of their dioceses, with their troops, were placed at their disposal. Against these decrees no privilege was to avail; however, the king willed and commanded that the particular territo-

this period, both by word and deed, opposed the measures of the court, so long as he had any ground to fear that the king's measures could be successfully carried out, supported them now for the first time, when he was convinced that a scrupulous obedience to the royal orders would inevitably prejudice him. In order to convince the king of his folly in disregarding his warnings; in order to be able to boast, 'this I foresaw,' and 'I foretold that,' he was willing to risk the welfare of his nation, for which alone he had hitherto professed to struggle. The whole tenor of his previous conduct proved that he held the enforcement of the edicts to be an evil; nevertheless, he at once becomes false to his own convictions, and follows an opposite course; although, so far as the nation was concerned, the same grounds existed as had dictated his former measures; and he changed his conduct simply that the result might be different to the king." "It is clear, therefore," continue his adversaries, "that the welfare of the nation had less weight with him than his animosity to his sovereign. In order to gratify his hatred to the latter he does not hesitate to sacrifice the former." But is it then true, that by calling for the promulgation of these edicts, he sacrificed the nation? or, to speak more correctly, did he carry the edicts into effect by insisting on their promulgation? Can it not, on the contrary, be shown with far more probability, that this was really the only way effectually to frustrate them? The nation was in a ferment, and the indignant people would (there was reason to expect, and as Viglius himself seems to have apprehended) show so decided a spirit of opposition as must compel the king to yield. "Now," says Orange, "my country feels all the impulse necessary for it to contend successfully with tyranny! If I neglect the present moment, the tyrant will, by secret negotiation and intrigue, find means to obtain by stealth what by open force he could not. The same object will be steadily pursued, only with greater caution and forbearance; but extremity alone can combine the people to unity of purpose, and move them to bold measures." It is clear, therefore, that, with regard to the king, the prince did but change his language only; but that, as far as the people was concerned, his conduct was perfectly consistent. And what duties did he owe the king, apart from those he owed the republic? Was he to oppose an arbitrary act in the very moment when it was about to entail a just retribution on its author? Would he have done his duty to his country, if he had deterred its oppressor from a precipitate step, which alone could save it from its otherwise unavoidable misery?

rial rights of the provinces and towns should in no case be infringed.

These commands, which were publicly read in every town by an herald, produced an effect on the people, which in the fullest manner verified the fears of the President Viglius and the hopes of the Prince of Orange. Nearly all the governors of provinces refused compliances with them, and threatened to throw up their appointments, if the attempt should be made to compel their obedience. "The ordinance," they wrote back, "was based on a statement of the numbers of the sectaries, which was altogether false.* Justice was appalled at the prodigious crowd of victims which daily accumulated under its hands; to destroy by the flames fifty or sixty thousand persons from their districts was no commission for them." The inferior clergy too, in particular, were loud in their outcries against the decrees of Trent, which cruelly assailed their ignorance and corruption, and which moreover threatened them with a reform they so much detested. Sacrificing therefore the highest interests of their church to their own private advantage, they bitterly reviled the decrees and the whole Council, and with liberal hand, scattered the seeds of revolt in the minds of the people. The same outcry was now revived, which the monks had formerly raised against the new bishops. The archbishop of Cambray succeeded at last, but not without great opposition, in causing the decrees to be proclaimed. It cost more labor to effect this in Malines and Utrecht, where the archbishops were at strife with their clergy, who, as they were accused, preferred to involve the whole church in ruin, rather than submit to a reformation of morals.

Of all the provinces, Brabant raised its voice the loudest. The states of this province appealed to their great privilege which protected their members from being brought before a foreign court of justice. They spoke loudly of the oath by which the king had bound himself to observe all their statutes, and of the conditions under which they alone had sworn allegiance to him. Louvain, Antwerp, Brussels, and Herzogenbusch, solemnly protested against the decrees, and transmitted their protests in distinct memorials to the regent. The latter, always hesitating and wavering, too timid to obey the king, and far more afraid to disobey him, again summoned her council, again listened to the arguments for and against the question, and at last, again gave her assent to the opinion, which, of all others, was the most perilous for her to adopt. A new reference to the king in Spain was proposed at one moment; in the next, that the urgency of the

* The number of the heretics was very unequally computed by the two parties, according as the interests and passions of either made its increase or diminution desirable, and the same party often contradicted itself, when its interest changed. If the question related to new measures of oppression, to the introduction of the inquisitional tribunal, &c., the numbers of the Protestants were countless and interminable. If, on the other hand, the question was of lenity toward them, of ordinances to their advantage, they were now reduced to such an insignificant number, that it would not repay the trouble of making an innovation for this small body of ill-minded people.

crisis did not admit of so dilatory a remedy; it was necessary for the regent to act on her own responsibility, and either defy the threatening aspect of despair, or to yield to it by modifying or retracting the royal ordinance. She, finally, caused the annals of Brabant to be examined, in order to discover, if possible, a precedent for the present case, in the instructions of the first inquisitor, whom Charles V. had appointed to the province. These instructions, indeed, did not exactly correspond with those now given; but had not the king declared that he introduced no innovation? This was precedent enough, and it was declared that the new edicts must also be interpreted in accordance with old and existing statutes of the province. This explanation gave, indeed, no satisfaction to the states of Brabant, who had loudly demanded the entire abolition of the Inquisition, but it was an encouragement to the other provinces to make similar protests, and an equally bold opposition. Without giving the duchess time to decide upon their remonstrances, they, on their own authority, ceased to obey the Inquisition, and withdrew their aid from it. The inquisitors, who had so recently been expressly urged to a more rigid execution of their duties, now saw themselves suddenly deserted by the secular arm, and robbed of all authority; while, in answer to their application for assistance, the court could give them only empty promises. The regent, by thus endeavoring to satisfy all parties, had displeased all.

During these negotiations between the court, the councils, and the states, a universal spirit of revolt pervaded the whole nation. Men began to investigate the rights of the subject, and to scrutinize the prerogative of kings. "The Netherlanders were not so stupid," many were heard to say, with very little attempt at secrecy, "as not to know right well what was due from the subject to the sovereign, and from the king to the subject; and that, perhaps, means would yet be found to repel force with force, although at present there might be no appearance of it." In Antwerp, a placard was set up in several places, calling upon the town council to accuse the King of Spain before the supreme court, at Spire, of having broken his oath, and violated the liberties of the country, for Brabant, being a portion of the Burgundian circle, was included in the religious peace of Passau and Augsburg. About this time, too, the Calvinists published their confession of faith, and in a preamble, addressed to the king, declared that they, although a hundred thousand strong, kept themselves, nevertheless, quiet, and like the rest of his subjects, contributed to all the taxes of the country; from which it was evident, they added, that of themselves they entertained no ideas of insurrection. Bold and incendiary writings were publicly disseminated, which depicted the Spanish tyranny in the most odious colors, and reminded the nation of its privileges, and occasionally also of its powers.*

* The regent mentioned to the king a number (3,000) of these writings. Strada 117. It is remarkable how important a part printing, and publicity in general,

BOOK III.

CONSPIRACY OF THE NOBLES.

The warlike preparations of Philip against the Porte, as well as those which, for no intelligible reason, Eric, Duke of Brunswick, about this time made in the vicinity, contributed to strengthen the general suspicion that the Inquisition was to be forcibly imposed on the Netherlands. Many of the most eminent merchants already spoke of quitting their houses and business, to seek in some other part of the world the liberty of which they were here deprived; others looked about for a leader, and let fall hints of forcible resistance and of foreign aid.

That, in this distressing position of affairs, the regent might be left entirely without an adviser and without support, she was now deserted by the only person who was at the present moment indispensable to her, and who had contributed to plunge her into this embarrassment. "Without kindling a civil war," wrote to her William of Orange, "it was absolutely impossible to comply now with the orders of the king. If, however, obedience was to be insisted upon, he must beg that his place might be supplied by another, who would better answer the expectations of his majesty, and have more power than he had over the minds of the nation. The zeal which on every other occasion he had shown in the service of the crown, would, he hoped, secure his present proceeding from misconstruction; for, as the case now stood, he had no alternative between disobeying the king, and injuring his country and himself." From this time forth, William of Orange retired from the Council of State to his town of Breda, where, in observant but scarcely inactive repose, he watched the course of affairs. Count Horn followed his example. Egmont, ever vacillating between the republic and the throne, ever wearying himself in the vain attempt to unite the good citizen with the obedient subject—Egmont, who was less able than the rest to dispense with the favor of the monarch, and to whom, therefore, it was less an object of indifference, could not bring himself to abandon the bright prospects which were now opening for him at the court of the regent. The Prince of Orange had, by his superior intellect, gained an influence over the regent which great minds cannot fail to command from inferior spirits. His retirement had opened a void in her confidence, which Count Egmont was now to fill by virtue of that sympathy which so naturally subsists between timidity, weakness, and good nature. As she was as much afraid of exasperating the people by an exclusive confidence in the adherents of the crown, as she was fearful of displeasing the king by too close an understanding with the declared leaders of the faction, a better object for her confidence could now hardly be presented, than this very Count Egmont, of whom it could not be said that he belonged to either of the two conflicting parties.

(1565.) Up to this point the general peace had, it appears, been the sincere wish of the Prince of Orange, the Counts Egmont and Horn, and their friends. They had pursued the true interest of their sovereign as much as the general weal; at least their exertions and their actions had been as little at variance with the former as with the latter. Nothing had as yet occurred to make their motives suspected, or to manifest in them a rebellious spirit. What they had done, they had done in discharge of their bounden duty as members of a free state, as the representatives of the nation, as advisers of the king, as men of integrity and honor. The only weapons they had used to oppose the encroachments of the court had been remonstrances, modest complaints, petitions. They had never allowed themselves to be so far carried away by a just zeal for their good cause, as to transgress the limits of prudence and moderation, which, on many occasions, are so easily overstepped by party spirit. But all the nobles of the republic did not now listen to the voice of that prudence; all did not abide within the bounds of moderation.

While in the Council of State the great question was discussed, whether the nation was to be miserable or not, while its sworn deputies summoned to their assistance all the arguments of reason and of equity, and while the middle classes and the people contented themselves with empty complaints, menaces, and curses, that part of the nation which of all seemed least called upon, and on whose support least reliance had been placed, began to take more active measures. We have already described a class of the nobility whose services and wants Philip, at his accession, had not considered it necessary to remember. Of these, by far the greater number had asked for promotion from a much more urgent reason than a love of the mere honor. Many of them were deeply sunk in debt, from which, by their own resources, they could not hope to emancipate themselves. When then, in filling up appointments, Philip passed them over, he wounded them in a point far more sensitive than their pride. In these suitors he had, by his neglect, raised up so many idle spies and merciless judges of his actions, so many collectors and propagators of malicious rumor. As their pride did not quit them with their prosperity, so now, driven by necessity, they trafficked with the sole capital, which they could not alienate—their nobility, and the political influence of their names; and brought into circulation a coin, which only in such a period could have found currency—their protection. With a self-pride, to which they gave the more scope as it was all they could now call their own, they looked upon themselves as a strong intermediate power between the sovereign and the citizen, and believed themselves called upon to hasten to the rescue of the oppressed state, which looked imploringly to them for succor. This idea was ludicrous only so far as their self-conceit was concerned in it; the advantages which they con-

played in the rebellion of the Netherlands. Through this organ, one restless spirit spoke to millions. Beside the lampoons, which for the most part were composed with all the low scurrility and brutality, which was the distinguishing character of most of the Protestant polemical writings of the time, works were occasionally published which defended religious liberty in the fullest sense of the word.

trived to draw from it were substantial enough. The Protestant merchants, who held in their hands the chief part of the wealth of the Netherlands, and who believed they could not, at any price, purchase too dearly the undisturbed exercise of their religion, did not fail to make use of this class of people, who stood idle in the market and ready to be hired. These very men, whom, at any other time, the merchants, in the pride of riches, would most probably have looked down upon, now appeared likely to do them good service through their numbers, their courage, their credit with the populace, their enmity to the government, nay, through their beggarly pride itself and their despair. On these grounds, they zealously endeavored to form a close union with them, and diligently fostered the disposition for rebellion, while they also used every means to keep alive their high opinions of themselves, and what was most important, lured their poverty by well-applied pecuniary assistance and glittering promises. Few of them were so utterly insignificant as not to possess some influence, if not personally, yet at least by their relationship with higher and more powerful nobles; and if united, they would be able to raise a formidable voice against the crown. Many of them had either already joined the new sect, or were secretly inclined to it; and even those who were zealous Roman Catholics, had political or private grounds enough to set them against the decrees of Trent and the Inquisition. All, in fine, felt the call of vanity sufficiently powerful, not to allow the only moment to escape them in which they might possibly make some figure in the republic.

But much as might be expected from the co-operation of these men in a body, it would have been futile and ridiculous to build any hopes on any one of them singly; and the great difficulty was to effect a union among them. Even to bring them together, some unusual occurrence was necessary; and, fortunately, such an incident presented itself. The nuptials of Baron Montigny, one of the Belgian nobles, as also those of the Prince Alexander of Parma, which took place about this time in Brussels, assembled in that town a great number of the Belgian nobles. On this occasion, relations met relations; new friendships were formed, and old renewed; and while the distress of the country was the topic of conversation, wine and mirth unlocked lips and hearts, hints were dropped of union among themselves, and of an alliance with foreign powers. These accidental meetings soon led to concealed ones, and public discussions gave rise to secret consultations. Two German barons, moreover, a Count of Holle and of Schwarzenberg, who happened at this time to be on a visit to the Netherlands, omitted nothing to awaken expectations of assistance from their neighbors. Count Louis of Nassau, too, had also, a short time before, visited several German courts to ascertain their sentiments.* It has even been asserted, that secret

emissaries of the admiral Coligny were seen at this time in Brabant; but this, however, may be reasonably doubted.

If ever a political crisis was favorable to an attempt at revolution, it was the present. A woman at the helm of government; the governors of provinces disaffected themselves, and disposed to wink at insubordination in others; most of the state counselors quite inefficient; no army to fall back upon; the few troops there were long since discontented on account of the outstanding arrears of pay, and already too often deceived by false promises to be enticed by new; commanded, moreover, by officers who despised the Inquisition from their hearts, and would have blushed to draw a sword in its behalf; and lastly, no money in the treasury to enlist new troops or to hire foreigners. The court at Brussels, as well as the three councils, not only divided by internal dissensions, but in the highest degree venal and corrupt; the regent without full powers to act on the spot, and the king at a distance; his adherents in the provinces few, uncertain, and dispirited; the faction numerous and powerful; two-thirds of the people irritated against popery and desirous of a change—such was the unfortunate weakness of the government, and the more unfortunate still that this weakness was so well known to its enemies!

In order to unite so many minds in the prosecution of a common object, a leader was still wanting, and a few influential names, to give political weight to their enterprise. The two were supplied by Count Louis of Nassau, and Henry Count Brederode, both members of the most illustrious houses of the Belgian nobility, who voluntarily placed themselves at the head of the undertaking. Louis of Nassau, brother of the Prince of Orange, united many splendid qualities, which made him worthy of appearing on so noble and important a stage. In Geneva, where he had studied, he had imbibed at once a hatred to the hierarchy, and a love to the new religion; and on his return to his native country, had not failed to enlist proselytes to his opinions. The republican bias which his mind had received in that school, kindled in him a bitter hatred of all that bore the Spanish name, which animated his whole conduct, and only left him with his latest breath. Popery and Spanish rule were in his mind identical, as indeed they were in reality; and the abhorrence which he entertained for the one, helped to strengthen his dislike to the other. Closely as the brothers agreed in their inclinations and aversions, the ways by which each sought to gratify them were widely dissimilar. Youth and an ardent temperament did not allow the younger brother to follow the tortuous course through which the elder wound himself to his object. A cold, calm circumspection carried the latter slowly, but surely, to his aim; and with a pliable subtilty he made all things subserve his purpose; with a fool-hardy impetuosity, which overthrew all obstacles, the other at times compelled success, but often accelerated disaster. For this reason, William was a general, and Louis never more than an adventurer; a sure and powerful arm, if only it were directed by a wise head. Louis's pledge once given was good for ever; his alliances

* It was not without cause, that the Prince of Orange suddenly disappeared from Brussels in order to be present at the election of a king of Rome in Frankfort. An assembly of so many German princes must have greatly favored a negotiation.

survived every vicissitude, for they were mostly formed in the pressing moment of necessity, and misfortune binds more firmly than thoughtless joy. He loved his brother as dearly as he did his cause, and for the latter he died.

Henry of Brederode, Baron of Viane, and Burgrave of Utrecht, was descended from the old Dutch counts, who formerly ruled that province as sovereign princes. So ancient a title endeared him to the people, among whom the memory of their former lords still survived and was the more treasured, the less they felt they had gained by the change. This hereditary splendor increased the self-conceit of a man upon whose tongue the glory of his ancestors continually hung, and who dwelt the more on former greatness even amidst its ruins, the more unpromising the aspect of his own condition became. Excluded from the honors and employments to which, in his opinion, his own merits and his noble ancestry fully entitled him, (a squadron of light cavalry being all which was intrusted to him,) he hated the government, and did not scruple boldly to canvass and to rail at its measures. By these means, he won the hearts of the people. He also favored in secret the evangelical belief; less, however, as a conviction of his better reason, than as an opposition to the government. With more loquacity than eloquence, and more audacity than courage, he was brave rather from not believing in danger, than from being superior to it. Louis of Nassau burned for the cause which he defended, Brederode for the glory of being its defender; the former was satisfied in acting for his party; the latter discontented if he did not stand at its head. No one was more fit to lead off the dance in a rebellion, but it could hardly have a worse ballet-master. Contemptible as his threatened designs really were, the illusion of the multitude might have imparted to them weight and terror, if it had occurred to them to set up a pretender in his person. His claim to the possessions of his ancestors was an empty name; but even a name was now sufficient for the general disaffection to rally round. A pamphlet, which was at the time disseminated amongst the people, openly called him the heir of Holland, and his engraved portrait, which was publicly exhibited, bore the boastful inscription:—

*Sum Brederodus ego, Batavæ non infima gentis
Gloria, virtutem non unica pagina claudit.*

(1565.) Besides these two, there were others also from among the most illustrious of the Flemish nobles—the young Count Charles of Mansfeld, a son of that nobleman, whom we have found among the most zealous royalists, the Count Kuilemburg, two Counts of Bergen and of Battenburg, John of Marnix, Baron of Thoulouse, Philip of Marnix, Baron of St. Aldegonde, with several others, who joined the league, which about the middle of November, in the year 1565, was formed at the house of Von Hammes, king at arms of the Golden Fleece. Here it was that six men decided the destiny of their country, (as formerly a few confederates consummated the liberty of Switzerland,) kindled the torch of a forty years' war, and laid the basis of a freedom which they themselves were never to enjoy. The

objects of the league were set forth in the following declaration, to which Philip of Marnix was the first to subscribe his name. "Whereas certain ill-disposed persons, under the mask of a pious zeal, but in reality, under the impulse of avarice and ambition, have by their evil counsels persuaded our most gracious sovereign the king, to introduce into these countries the abominable tribunal of the Inquisition—a tribunal diametrically opposed to all laws human and divine, and in cruelty far surpassing the barbarous institutions of heathenism—which raises the inquisitors above every other power, and debases man to a perpetual bondage, and by its snares exposes the honest citizen to a constant fear of death, inasmuch as any one (priest, it may be, or a faithless friend, a Spaniard or a reprobate,) has it in his power, at any moment, to cause whom he will to be dragged before that tribunal, to be placed in confinement, condemned and executed, without the accused ever being allowed to face his accuser, or to adduce proof of his innocence—we, therefore, the undersigned, have bound ourselves to watch over the safety of our families, our estates, and our own persons. To this we hereby pledge ourselves, and to this end bind ourselves as a sacred fraternity, and vow with a solemn oath, to oppose to the best of our power the introduction of this tribunal into these countries, whether it be attempted openly or secretly, and under whatever name it may be disguised. We at the same time declare, that we are far from intending any thing unlawful against the king our sovereign; rather is it our unalterable purpose to support and defend the royal prerogative, and to maintain peace, and, as far as lies in our power, to put down all rebellion. In accordance with this purpose, we have sworn, and now again swear, to hold sacred the government, and to respect it both in word and deed, which witness Almighty God!

"Further, we vow and swear to protect and defend one another, in all times, and places, against all attacks whatsoever touching the articles which are set forth in this covenant. We hereby bind ourselves, that no accusation of any of our followers, in whatever name it may be clothed, whether rebellion, sedition, or otherwise, shall avail to annul our oath toward the accused, or absolve us from our obligation toward him. No act which is directed against the Inquisition, can deserve the name of a rebellion. Whoever, therefore, shall be placed in arrest on any such charge, we here pledge ourselves to assist him to the utmost of our ability, and to endeavor by every allowable means to effect his liberation. In this, however, as in all matters, but especially in the conduct of all measures against the tribunal of the Inquisition, we submit ourselves to the general regulations of the league, or to the decision of those whom we may unanimously appoint our counselors and leaders.

"In witness hereof, and in confirmation of this our common league and covenant, we call upon the holy name of the living God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all that are therein, who searches the hearts, the consciences, and the thoughts, and knows the purity of ours. We implore the aid of his Holy Spirit, that success and

honor may crown our undertaking to the glory of his name, and to the peace and blessing of our country!"

This covenant was immediately translated into several languages, and quickly disseminated through the provinces. To swell the league as speedily as possible, each of the confederates assembled all his friends, relations, adherents, and retainers. Great banquets were held, which lasted whole days—irresistible temptations for a sensual luxurious people, in whom the deepest wretchedness could not stifle the propensity for voluptuous living. Whoever repaired to these banquets, and every one was welcome, was plied with officious assurances of friendship, and when heated with wine, carried away by the example of numbers, and overcome by the fire of a wild eloquence. The hands of many were guided while they subscribed their signatures; the hesitating were derided, the pusillanimous threatened, the scruples of loyalty clamored down; some even were quite ignorant what they were signing, and were ashamed afterward to inquire. To many whom mere levity had brought to the entertainment, the general enthusiasm left no choice, while the splendor of the confederacy allured the mean, and its numbers encouraged the timorous. The abettors of the league had not scrupled at the artifice of counterfeiting the signature and seals of the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont, Horn, Megen, and others, a trick which won them hundreds of adherents. This was done especially with a view of influencing the officers of the army, in order to be safe in this quarter, if matters should come at last to violence. The device succeeded with many, especially with subalterns, and Count Brederode even drew his sword upon an ensign who wished time for consideration. Men of all classes and conditions signed it. Religion made no difference. Roman Catholic priests even were associates of the league. The motives were not the same with all, but the pretext was similar. The Roman Catholics desired simply the abolition of the Inquisition, and a mitigation of the edicts; the Protestants aimed at unlimited freedom of conscience. A few daring spirits only entertained so bold a project as the overthrow of the present government, while the needy and indigent based the vilest hopes on a general anarchy. A farewell entertainment, which about this very time was given to the Counts Schwarzenberg and Holle, in Breda, and another shortly afterwards in Hogstraten, drew many of the principal nobility to these two places, and of these several had already signed the covenant. The Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont, Horn, and Megen were present at the latter banquet, but without any concert or design, and without having themselves any share in the league, although one of Egmont's own secretaries, and some of the servants of the other three noblemen had openly joined it. At this entertainment, three hundred persons gave in their adhesion to the covenant, and the question was mooted whether the whole body should present themselves before the regent armed or unarmed, with a declaration, or with a petition? Horn and Orange (Egmont would not countenance the business in any way) were called in as arbiters

upon this point, and they decided in favor of the more moderate and submissive procedure. By taking this office upon them, they exposed themselves to the charge of having in no very covert manner lent their sanction to the enterprise of the confederates. In compliance, therefore, with their advice, it was determined to present their address unarmed, and in the form of a petition, and a day was appointed, on which they should assemble in Brussels.

The first intimation the regent received of this conspiracy of the nobles, was given by the Count of Megen soon after his return to the capital. "There was," he said, "an enterprise on foot; no less than three hundred of the nobles were implicated in it; it referred to religion; the members of it had bound themselves together by an oath; they reckoned much on foreign aid; she would soon know more about it." Though urgently pressed, he would give her no further information. "A nobleman," he said, "had confided it to him under the seal of secrecy, and he had pledged his word of honor to him." What really withheld him from giving her any further explanation, was in all probability, not so much any delicacy about his honor, as his hatred of the Inquisition, which he would not willingly do any thing to advance. Soon after him, Count Egmont delivered to the regent a copy of the covenant, and also gave her the names of the conspirators, with some few exceptions. Nearly about the same time, the Prince of Orange wrote to her: "There was, as he had heard, an army enlisted, four hundred officers were already named, and twenty thousand men would presently appear in arms." Thus the rumor was intentionally exaggerated, and the danger was multiplied in every mouth.

The regent, petrified with alarm at the first announcement of these tidings, and guided solely by her fears, hastily called together all the members of the Council of State who happened to be then in Brussels, and at the same time sent a pressing summons to the Prince of Orange and Count Horn, inviting them to resume their seats in the senate. Before the latter could arrive, she consulted with Egmont, Megen, and Barlaimont what course was to be adopted in the present dangerous posture of affairs. The question debated was, whether it would be better to have recourse to arms, or to yield to the emergency and grant the demands of the confederates; or whether they should be put off with promises, and an appearance of compliance, in order to gain time for procuring instructions from Spain, and obtaining money and troops? For the first plan the requisite supplies were wanting, and, what was equally requisite, confidence in the army, of which there seemed reason to doubt whether it had not been already gained by the conspirators. The second expedient would, it was quite clear, never be sanctioned by the king; besides, it would serve rather to raise than depress the courage of the confederates; while, on the other hand, a compliance with their reasonable demands, and a ready, unconditional pardon of the past, would, in all probability, stifle the rebellion in the cradle. The last opinion was supported by Megen and Egmont, but opposed by Barlaimont. "Rumor,"

said the latter, "had exaggerated the matter; it is impossible that so formidable an armament could have been prepared so secretly and so rapidly. It was but a band of a few outcasts and desperadoes, instigated by two or three enthusiasts, nothing more. All will be quiet after a few heads have been struck off." The regent determined to await the opinion of the Council of State, which was shortly to assemble; in the meanwhile, however, she was not inactive. The fortifications in the most important places were inspected, and the necessary repairs speedily executed; her ambassadors at foreign courts received orders to redouble their vigilance; expresses were sent off to Spain. At the same time, she caused the report to be revived of the near advent of the king, and in her external deportment put on a show of that imperturbable firmness, which awaits attack without intending easily to yield to it. At the end of March (four whole months consequently from the framing of the covenant), the whole State Council assembled in Brussels. There were present, the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Arschot, Counts Egmont, Bergen, Megen, Arenberg, Horn, Hogstraten, Barlaimont, and others; the Barons Montigny and Hachicourt, all the knights of the Golden Fleece, with the President Viglius, State Counselor Bruxelles, and the other assessors of the Privy Council. Several letters were produced, which gave a clearer insight into the nature and objects of the conspiracy. The extremity to which the regent was reduced, gave the disaffected a power which on the present occasion they did not neglect to use. Venting their long suppressed indignation, they indulged in bitter complaints against the court, and against the government. "But lately," said the Prince of Orange, "the king sent forty thousand gold florins to the Queen of Scotland, to support her in her undertakings against England, and he allows his Netherlands to be burdened with debt. Not to mention the unseasonableness of this subsidy, and its fruitless expenditure, why should he bring upon us the resentment of a queen, who is both so important to us as a friend, and as an enemy so much to be dreaded?" The prince did not even refrain on the present occasion from glancing at the concealed hatred which the king was suspected of cherishing against the family of Nassau, and against him in particular. "It is well known," he said, "that he has plotted with the hereditary enemies of my house to take away my life, and that he waits with impatience only for a suitable opportunity." His example opened the lips of Count Horn also, and of many others besides, who, with passionate vehemence, descanted on their own merits and the ingratitude of the king. With difficulty did the regent succeed in silencing the tumult, and in recalling attention to the proper subject of the debate. The question was, whether the confederates, of whom it was now known that they intended to appear at court with a petition, should be admitted or not? The Duke of Arschot, Counts Arenberg, Megen, and Barlaimont gave their negative to the proposition. "What need of five hundred persons," said the latter, "to deliver a small memorial? This paradox of humility

and defiance implies no good. Let them send to us one respectable man from among their number, without pomp, without assumption, and so submit their application to us. Otherwise, shut the gates upon them, or if some insist on their admission, let them be closely watched, and let the first act of insolence which any one of them shall be guilty of be punished with death." In this advice concurred Count Mansfield, whose own son was among the conspirators; he had even threatened to disinherit his son, if he did not quickly abandon the league.

Counts Megen, also, and Arenberg hesitated to receive the petition; the Prince of Orange, however, Counts Egmont, Horn, Hogstraten, and others voted emphatically for it. "The confederates," they declared, "were known to them as men of integrity and honor; a great part of them were connected with themselves by friendship and relationship, and they dared vouch for their behavior. Every subject was allowed to petition; a right which was enjoyed by the meanest individual in the state, could not, without injustice, be denied to so respectable a body of men." It was therefore resolved, by a majority of votes, to admit the confederates, on the condition that they should appear unarmed, and conduct themselves temperately. The squabbles of the members of Council had occupied the greater part of the sitting, so that it was necessary to adjourn the discussion to the following day. In order that the principal matter in debate might not again be lost sight of in useless complaints, the regent at once hastened to the point. "Brederode, we are informed," she said, "is coming to us, with an address in the name of the league, demanding the abolition of the Inquisition, and a mitigation of the edicts. The advice of my senate is to guide me in my answer to him; but before you give your opinions on this point, permit me to premise a few words. I am told that there are many, even amongst yourselves, who load the religious edicts of the Emperor, my father, with open reproaches, and describe them to the people as inhuman and barbarous. Now I ask you, lords and gentlemen, knights of the Fleece, counselors of his majesty and of the state, whether you did not yourselves vote for these edicts, whether the states of the realm have not recognized them as lawful? Why is that now blamed, which was formerly declared right? Is it because they have now become even more necessary than they then were? Since when is the Inquisition a new thing in the Netherlands? Is it not full sixteen years ago since the Emperor established it? And wherein is it more cruel than the edicts? If it be allowed that the latter were the work of wisdom, if the universal consent of the states has sanctioned them—why this opposition to the former, which is nevertheless far more humane than the edicts, if they are to be observed to the letter? Speak now freely; I am not desirous of fettering your decision; but it is your business to see that it is not misled by passion and prejudice." The Council of State was again, as it always had been, divided between two opinions; but the few who spoke for the Inquisition, and the literal execution of the edicts, were outvoted by the opposite party, with

the Prince of Orange at its head. "Would to heaven," he began, "that my representations had been then thought worthy of attention, when as yet the grounds of apprehension were remote; things would, in that case, never have been carried so far as to make recourse to extreme measures indispensable, nor would men have been plunged deeper in error by the very means which were intended to beguile them from their delusion. We are all unanimous on the one main point. We all wish to see the Catholic religion safe; if this end can be secured without the aid of the Inquisition, it is well, and we offer our wealth and our blood to its service; but on this very point it is that our opinions are divided.

"There are two kinds of Inquisition; the See of Rome lays claim to the one, the other has, from time immemorial, been exercised by the bishops. The force of prejudice and of custom, has made the latter light and supportable to us. It will find little opposition in the Netherlands, and the augmented numbers of the bishops will make it effective. To what purpose then insist on the former, the mere name of which is revolting to all the feelings of our minds? When so many nations exist without it, why should it be imposed on us? Before Luther appeared it was never heard of; but the troubles with Luther happened at a time when there was an inadequate number of spiritual overseers, and when the few bishops were moreover indolent, and the licentiousness of the clergy excluded them from the office of judges. Now all is changed; we now count as many bishops as there are provinces. Why should not the policy of the government adjust itself to the altered circumstances of the times? We want leniency, not severity. The repugnance of the people is manifest—this we must seek to appease, if we would not have it burst out into rebellion. With the death of Pius IV. the full powers of the Inquisitors have expired; the new Pope has as yet sent no ratification of their authority, without which no one formerly ventured to exercise his office. Now, therefore, is the time when it can be suspended without infringing the rights of any party.

"What I have stated with regard to the Inquisition, holds equally good in respect to the edicts also. The exigency of the times called them forth, but are not those times past? So long an experience of them ought at last to have taught us, that against heresy no means are less successful than the fagot and the sword. What incredible progress has not the new religion made during only the last few years in the provinces; and if we investigate the cause of this increase, we shall find it principally in the glorious constancy of those who have fallen sacrifices to the truth of their opinion. Carried away by sympathy and by admiration, to weigh in silence that what is maintained with such invincible courage might really be the truth. In France and in England, the same severities have been inflicted on the Protestants, but have they been attended with any better success there than here? The very early Christians boasted that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. The Emperor Julian, the most terrible enemy that

Christianity ever experienced was fully persuaded of this. Convinced that persecution did but kindle enthusiasm, he betook himself to ridicule and derision, and found these weapons far more effective than force. In the Greek empire, different teachers of heresy have arisen at different times. Arius under Constantine, Aetius under Constantius, Nestorius under Theodosius. But even against these arch heretics and their disciples, such cruel measures were never resorted to as are thought necessary against our unfortunate country—and yet where are all those sects now, which once a whole world, I had almost said, could not contain? This is the natural course of heresy. If it is treated with contempt, it crumbles into insignificance. It is as iron, which if it lies idle, corrodes, and only becomes sharp by use. Let no notice be paid to it, and it loses its most powerful attraction,—the magic of what is new and what is forbidden. Why will we not content ourselves with the measures which have been approved of by the wisdom of such great rulers? Example is ever the safest guide.

"But what need to go to pagan antiquity for guidance and example, when we have near at hand the glorious precedent of Charles V., the greatest of kings, who, taught at last by experience, abandoned the bloody path of persecution, and for many years before his abdication, adopted milder measures. And Philip himself, our most gracious sovereign, seemed at first strongly inclined to leniency, until the counsels of a Gravelle and of others like him changed these views; but with what right or wisdom, they may settle between themselves. To me, however, it has always appeared indispensable, that legislation, to be wise and successful, must adjust itself to the manners and maxims of the times. In conclusion, I would beg to remind you of the close understanding which subsists between the Huguenots and the Flemish Protestants. Let us beware of exasperating them any further. Let us not act the part of French Catholics towards them, lest they should play the Huguenots against us, and like the latter, plunge their country into the horrors of a civil war."*

It was, perhaps, not so much the irresistible truth of his arguments, which moreover were supported by a decisive majority in the senate, as rather the ruinous state of the military resources, and the exhaustion of the treasury, that prevented the adoption of the opposite opinion which recommended an appeal to the force of arms, that the Prince of Orange had chiefly to thank for the attention which now, at last, was paid to his representations. In order to avert at first the violence of the storm, and to gain time, which was so necessary, to place the government in a better state of preparation, it was agreed that a portion of the demands should be accorded to the confederates. It was also resolved to mitigate the penal statutes of the emperor, as he himself would certainly

* No one need wonder, says Burgundias, [a vehement stickler for the Roman Catholic religion and the Spanish party,] that the speech of this Prince evinced so much acquaintance with philosophy; he had acquired it in his intercourse with Balduin. 180. Barrg, 174-178. Hopper, 72. Strada, 123, 124.

mitigate them, were he again to appear among them at that day—and as, indeed, he had once shown, under circumstances very similar to the present, that he did not think it derogatory to his high dignity to do. The Inquisition was not to be introduced in any place where it did not already exist, and where it had been, it should adopt a milder system, or even be entirely suspended, especially since the inquisitors had not yet been confirmed in their office by the pope. The latter reason was put prominently forward, in order to deprive the Protestants of the gratification of ascribing the concessions to any fear of their own power, or to the justice of their demands. The Privy Council was commissioned to draw out this decree of the senate without delay. Thus prepared, the confederates were awaited.

THE GUEUX.

The members of the senate had not yet dispersed, when all Brussels resounded with the report, that the confederates were approaching the town. They consisted of no more than two hundred horse, but rumor greatly exaggerated their numbers. Filled with consternation, the regent consulted with her ministers whether it was best to close the gates on the approaching party, or to seek safety in flight? Both suggestions were rejected as dishonorable; and the peaceable entry of the nobles soon allayed all fears of violence. The first morning after their arrival, they assembled at Kuilemburg house, where Brederode administered to them a second oath, binding them, before all other duties, to stand by one another, and even with arms if necessary. At this meeting a letter from Spain was produced, in which it was stated, that a certain Protestant, whom they all knew and valued, had been burned alive in that country by a slow fire. After these, and similar preliminaries, he called on them one after another by name, to take the new oath, and renew the old one in their own names and in those of the absent. The next day, the 5th of April, 1566, was fixed for the presentation of the petition. Their numbers now amounted to between three and four hundred. Amongst them were many retainers of the high nobility, as also several servants of the king himself, and of the duchess.

With the Counts of Nassau and Brederode at their head, and formed in ranks of four by four, they advanced in procession to the palace; all Brussels attended the unwonted spectacle in silent astonishment. Here were to be seen a body of men, advancing with too much boldness and confidence to look like supplicants, and led by two men who were not wont to be petitioners; and on the other hand, with so much order and stillness, as do not usually accompany rebellion. The regent received the procession, surrounded by all her counselors and the Knights of the Fleece. "These noble Netherlanders," thus Brederode respectfully addressed her, "who here present themselves before your highness, wish in their own name, and of many others besides, who are shortly to arrive, to present to you a petition, of whose importance,

as well as of their own humility, this solemn procession must convince you. I, as speaker of this body, entreat you to receive our petition, which contains nothing but what is in unison with the laws of our country and the honor of the king."

"If this petition," replied Margaret, "really contains nothing which is at variance either with the good of the country, or with the authority of the king, there is no doubt, that it will be favorably considered." "They had learned," continued the spokesman, "with indignation and regret, that suspicious objects had been imputed to their association, and that interested parties had endeavored to prejudice her highness against him, they therefore crave that she would name the authors of so grave an accusation, and compel them to bring their charges publicly, and in due form, in order that he, who should be found guilty, might suffer the punishment of his demerits." "Undoubtedly," replied the regent, "she had received unfavorable rumors of their designs and alliance. She could not be blamed, if, in consequence, she had thought it requisite to call the attention of the governors of the provinces to the matter; but, as to giving up the names of her informants, to betray state secrets," she added, with an appearance of displeasure, "that could not in justice be required of her." She then appointed the next day for answering their petition; and, in the mean time, she proceeded to consult the members of her council upon it.

"Never," (so ran the petition, which, according to some, was drawn up by the celebrated Balduin,) "never had they failed in their loyalty to the king, and nothing now could be further from their hearts; but they would rather run the risk of incurring the displeasure of their sovereign, than allow him to remain longer in ignorance of the evils with which their native country was menaced, by the forcible introduction of the Inquisition, and the continued enforcement of the edicts. They had long remained consoling themselves with the expectation, that a general assembly of the states would be summoned to remedy these grievances; but now that even this hope was extinguished, they held it to be their duty to give timely warning to the regent. They, therefore, entreated her highness to send to Madrid an envoy, well disposed, and fully acquainted with the state and temper of the times, who should endeavor to persuade the king to comply with the demands of the whole nation, and abolish the Inquisition, to revoke the edicts, and in their stead cause new and more humane ones to be drawn up at a general assembly of the states. But, in the mean while, until they could learn the king's decision, they prayed that the edicts and the operations of the Inquisition be suspended." "If," they continued, "no attention should be paid to their humble request, they took God, the king, the regent, and all her counselors to witness, that they had done their part, and were not responsible for any unfortunate result that might happen."

The following day the confederates, marching in the same order of procession, but in still greater numbers, (Counts Bergen and Kuilemburg having, in the interim, joined them with their adherents,) appeared before the regent, in

order to receive her answer. It was written on the margin of the petition, and was to the effect, "that entirely to suspend the Inquisition and the Edicts, even temporarily, was beyond her powers; but in compliance with the wishes of the confederates, she was ready to dispatch one of the nobles to the king, in Spain, and also to support their petition with all her influence. In the mean time, she would recommend the inquisitors to administer their office with moderation; but in return, she should expect, on the part of the league, that they should abstain from all acts of violence, and undertake nothing to the prejudice of the Catholic faith." Little as these vague and general promises satisfied the confederates, they were, nevertheless, as much as they could have reasonably expected to gain at first. The granting or refusing of the petition had nothing to do with the primary object of the league. Enough for them at present, that it was once recognized; enough that it was now, as it were, an established body, which by its power and threats might, if necessary, overawe the government. The confederates, therefore, acted quite consistently with their designs, in contenting themselves with this answer, and referring the rest to the good pleasure of the king. As, indeed, the whole pantomime of petitioning had only been invented, to cover the more daring plan of the league, until it should have strength enough to show itself in its true light; they felt that much more depended on their being able to continue this mask, and on the favorable reception of their petition, than on its speedily being granted. In a new memorial, which they delivered three days after, they pressed for an express testimonial from the regent, that they had done no more than their duty, and been guided simply by their zeal for the service of the king. When the duchess evaded a declaration, they even sent a person to repeat this request in a private interview. "Time alone and their future behavior," she replied to this person, "would enable her to judge of their designs."

The league had its origin in banquets, and a banquet gave it form and perfection. On the very day that the second petition was presented, Brederode entertained the confederates in Kuilemburg house; about three hundred guests assembled; intoxication gave them courage, and their audacity rose with their numbers. During the conversation, one of their number happened to remark that he had overheard the Count of Barlaimont whisper in French to the regent, who was seen to turn pale on the delivery of the petitions, that "she need not be afraid of a band of beggars (*gueux*);" (in fact, the majority of them had by their bad management of their incomes only too well deserved this appellation.) Now, as the very name for their fraternity was the very thing which had most perplexed them, an expression was eagerly caught up, which, while it cloaked the presumption of their enterprise in humility, was at the same time appropriate to them as petitioners. Immediately they drank to one another under this name, and the cry "Long live the *Gueux*!" was accompanied with a general shout of applause. After the cloth had been removed, Brederode appeared with a wallet over his shoulder, similar to

that which the vagrant pilgrims and mendicant monks of the time used to carry; and after returning thanks to all for their accession to the league, and boldly assuring them that he was ready to venture life and limb for every individual present, he drank to the health of the whole company out of a wooden beaker. The cup went round, and every one uttered the same vow as he set it to his lips. Then one after the other they received the beggar's purse, and each hung it on a nail which he had appropriated to himself. The shouts and uproar attending this buffoonery attracted the Prince of Orange, and Counts Egmont and Horn, who, by chance, were passing the spot at the very moment, and on entering the house were boisterously pressed by Brederode, as host, to remain and drink a glass with them.*

The entrance of three such influential personages renewed the mirth of the guests, and their festivities soon passed the bounds of moderation. Many were intoxicated; guests and attendants mingled together without distinction, the serious and the ludicrous, drunken fancies and affairs of state were blended one with the other in a burlesque medley; and the discussions on the general distress of the country ended in the wild uproar of a bacchanalian revel. But it did not stop here; what they had resolved in the moment of intoxication, they attempted when sober to carry into execution. It was necessary to manifest to the people in some striking shape, the existence of their protectors, and likewise to fan the zeal of the faction by a visible emblem; for this end, nothing could be better than to adopt publicly this name of *Gueux*, and to borrow from it the tokens of the association. In a few days, the town of Brussels swarmed with ash-gray garments, such as were usually worn by mendicant friars and penitents. Every confederate put his whole family and domestics in this dress. Some carried wooden bowls thinly overlaid with plates of silver, cups of the same kind, and wooden knives; in short, the whole paraphernalia of the beggar tribe, which they either fixed around their hats or suspended from their girdles. Round their neck they wore a golden or silver coin, afterward called the *Geusen penny*, of which one side bore the effigy of the king, with the inscription, "True to the king;" on the other side were seen two hands folded together, holding a wallet, with the words, "as far as the beggar's scrip." Hence the origin of the name "*Gueux*," which was subsequently borne in the Netherlands by all who seceded from popery, and took up arms against the king.

Before the confederates separated and dispersed among the provinces, they presented themselves once more before the duchess, in order to remind her of the necessity of leniency toward the heretics, until the arrival of the king's answer from

* "But," Egmont asserted in his written defense, "we drank only one single, small glass, and thereupon they cried, 'long live the king and the *Gueux*!' This was the first time that I heard that appellation, and it certainly did not please me. But the times were so bad, that one was often compelled to share in much that was against one's inclination, and I knew not but I was doing an innocent thing." *Procès criminels des comtes d'Egmont, etc.* 7. 1. Egmont's defense, Hopper, 94. Strada, 127-130. Burgund, 185, 187.



Spain, if she did not wish to drive the people to extremities. "If, however," they added, "a contrary behaviour should give rise to any evils, they at least must be regarded as having done their duty."

To this the regent replied, "she hoped to be able to adopt such measures as would render it impossible for disorders to ensue; but if, nevertheless, they did occur, she could ascribe them to no one but the confederates. She, therefore, earnestly admonished them on their part to fulfill their engagements, but especially to receive no new members into the league, to hold no more private assemblies, and generally, not to attempt any novel and unconstitutional measures." And in order to tranquilize their minds, she commanded her private secretary, Berti, to show them the letters to the inquisitors and secular judges, wherein they were enjoined to observe moderation toward all those who had not aggravated their heretical offenses by any civil crime. Before their departure from Brussels, they named four presidents from among their number, who were to take care of the affairs of the league; and also, particular administrators for each province. A few were left behind in Brussels, to keep a watchful eye on all the movements of the court. Brederode, Kuilenburg, and Bergen, at last quitted the town, attended by 550 horsemen, saluted it once more beyond the walls with a discharge of musketry, and then the three leaders parted; Brederode taking the road to Antwerp, and the two others to Guelders. The regent had sent off an express to Antwerp, to warn the magistrate of that town against him; on his arrival, more than a thousand persons thronged to the hotel where he had taken up his abode. Showing himself at a window, with a full wine-glass in his hand, he thus addressed them: "Citizens of Antwerp! I am here at the hazard of my life and my property, to relieve you from the oppressive burden of the Inquisition. If you are ready to share this enterprise with me, and to acknowledge me as your leader, accept the health which I here drink to you, and hold up your hands in testimony of your approbation." Hereupon he drank to their health, and all hands were raised amidst clamorous shouts of exultation. After this heroic deed, he quitted Antwerp.

Immediately after the delivery of the "Petition of the Nobles," the regent had caused a new form of the edicts to be drawn up in the Privy Council, which should keep the mean between the commands of the king and the demands of the confederates. But the next question that arose was, to determine whether it would be advisable immediately to promulgate this mitigated form or moderation, as it was commonly called, or to submit it first to the king for his ratification. The Privy Council, who maintained that it would be presumptuous to take a step so important and so contrary to the declared sentiments of the monarch, without having first obtained his sanction, opposed the vote of the Prince of Orange, who supported the former proposition. Besides, they urged there was cause to fear that it would not even content the nation. A "Moderation," devised with the assent of the states; was what they particularly insisted on. In order, therefore, to

gain the consent of the states, or rather to obtain it from them by stealth, the regent artfully propounded the question to the provinces singly, and first of all to those which possessed the least freedom, such as Artois, Namur, and Luxemburg. Thus she not only prevented one province encouraging another in opposition, but also gained this advantage by it, that the freer provinces, such as Flanders and Brabant, which were prudently reserved to the last, allowed themselves to be carried away by the example of the others. By a very illegal procedure, the representatives of the towns were taken by surprise, and their consent exacted before they could confer with their constituents, while complete silence was imposed upon them with regard to the whole transaction. By these means the regent obtained the unconditional consent of some of the provinces to the "Moderation," and, with a few slight changes, that of other provinces. Luxemburg and Namur subscribed it without scruple. The states of Artois simply added the condition, that false informers should be subjected to a retributive penalty; those of Hainault demanded, that instead of confiscation of the estates, which directly militated against their privileges, another discretionary punishment should be introduced. Flanders called for the entire abolition of the Inquisition, and desired that the accused might be secured in right of appeal to their own province. The states of Brabant were outwitted by the intrigues of the court. Zealand, Holland, Utrecht, Guelders, and Friesland, as being provinces which enjoyed the most important privileges, and which, moreover, watched over them with the greatest jealousy, were never asked for their opinion. The provincial courts of judicature had also been required to make a report on the projected amendment of the law, but we may well suppose that it was unfavorable, as it never reached Spain. From the principal clause of this "Moderation," which, however really deserved its name, we may form a judgment of the general character of the edicts themselves. "Sectarian writers," it ran, "the heads and teachers of sects, as also those who conceal heretical meetings, or cause any other public scandal, shall be punished with the gallows, and their estates, where the law of the province permit it, confiscated; but if they abjure their errors, their punishment shall be commuted into decapitation with the sword, and their effects shall be preserved to their families." A cruel snare for parental affection! Less grievous heretics, it was further enacted, shall, if penitent, be pardoned; and if impenitent, shall be compelled to leave the country, without, however forfeiting their estates, unless by continuing to lead others astray, they deprive themselves of the benefit of this provision. The Anabaptists, however, were expressly excluded from benefiting by this clause; these, if they did not clear themselves by the most thorough repentance, were to forfeit their possessions; and if, on the other hand, they relapsed after penitence, that is, were blacksliding heretics, they were to be put to death without mercy. The greater regard for life and property, which is observable in this ordinance as compared with the edicts, and which we might be tempted

to ascribe to a change of intention in the Spanish ministry, was nothing more than a compulsory step, extorted by the determined opposition of the nobles. So little, too, were the people in the Netherlands satisfied by this "Moderation," which, fundamentally, did not remove a single abuse, that instead of "Moderation" (mitigation), they indignantly called it "Mooderation," that is, murdering.

After the consent of the states had, in this manner, been extorted from them, the "Moderation" was submitted to the Council of the State, and after receiving their signatures, forwarded to the king, in Spain, in order to receive from his ratification the force of law.

The embassy to Madrid, which had been agreed upon with the confederates, was at the outset intrusted to the Marquis of Bergen,* who, however, from a distrust of the present disposition of the king, which was only too well grounded, and from reluctance to engage alone in so delicate a business, begged for a coadjutor. He obtained one in the Baron of Montigny, who had previously been employed in a similar duty, and had discharged it with high credit. As, however, circumstances had since altered so much, that he had just anxiety as to his present reception in Madrid, for his greater safety, he stipulated with the duchess that she should write to the monarch previously; and that he, with his companion, should, in the mean while, travel slowly enough to give time for the king's answer reaching him en route. His good genius wished, it appeared, to save him from the terrible fate which awaited him in Madrid, for his departure was delayed by an unexpected obstacle, the Marquis of Bergen being disabled from setting out immediately, through a wound which he received from the blow of a tennis ball. At last, however, yielding to the pressing importunities of the regent, who was anxious to expedite the business, he set out alone, not as he hoped, to carry the cause of his nation, but to die for it.

In the mean time, the posture of affairs had changed so greatly in the Netherlands, the step which the nobles had recently taken, had so nearly brought on a complete rupture with the government, that it seemed impossible for the Prince of Orange and his friends to maintain any longer the intermediate and delicate position which they had hitherto held between the country and the court, or to reconcile the contradictory duties to which it gave rise. Great must have been the restraint, which, with their mode of thinking, they had to put on themselves not to take part in this contest; much, too, must their natural love of liberty, their patriotism, and their principles of toleration have suffered from the constraint which their official station imposed upon them. On the other hand, Philip's distrust, the little regard which now for a long time had been paid to their advice, and the marked slights which the duchess publicly put upon them, had greatly contributed to cool their zeal for the service, and to render irksome the longer continu-

ance of a part which they played with so much repugnance and with so little thanks. This feeling was strengthened by several intimations they received from Spain, which placed beyond doubt the great displeasure of the king at the petition of the nobles, and his little satisfaction with their own behavior on that occasion, while they were also led to expect that he was about to enter upon measures, to which, as favorable to the liberties of their country, and for the most part friends or blood relations of the confederates, they could never lend their countenance or support. On the name, which should be applied in Spain to the confederacy of the nobles, it principally depended what course they should follow for the future. If the petition should be called rebellion, no alternative would be left them, but either to come prematurely to a dangerous explanation with the court, or to aid it in treating as enemies, those with whom they had both a fellow feeling and a common interest. This perilous alternative could only be avoided by withdrawing entirely from public affairs; this plan they had once before practically adopted, and under present circumstances, it was something more than a simple expedient. The whole nation had their eyes upon them. An unlimited confidence in their integrity, and the universal veneration for their persons, which closely bordered on idolatry, would ennoble the cause which they might make their own, and ruin that which they should abandon. Their share in the administration of the state, though it were nothing more than nominal, kept the opposite party in check; while they attended the senate, violent measures were avoided, because their continued presence still favored some expectations of succeeding by gentle means. The withholding of their approbation, even if it did not proceed from their hearts, dispirited the faction, which, on the contrary, would exert its full strength so soon as it could reckon even distantly on obtaining so weighty a sanction. The very measures of the government, which, if they came through their hands, were certain of a favorable reception and issue, would without them prove suspected and futile; even the royal concessions, if they were not obtained by the mediation of these friends of the people, would fail of the chief part of their efficacy. Besides, their retirement from public affairs would deprive the regent of the benefit of their advice, at a time when counsel was most indispensable to her; it would, moreover, leave the preponderance with a party which, blindly dependent on the court, and ignorant of the peculiarities of republican character, would neglect nothing to aggravate the evil, and to drive to extremity the already exasperated mind of the public.

All these motives (and it is open to every one, according to his good or bad opinion of the prince, to say which was the most influential) tended alike to move him to desert the regent, and to divest himself of all share in public affairs. An opportunity for putting this resolve into execution soon presented itself. The prince had voted for the immediate promulgation of the newly revised edicts; but the regent, following the suggestion of her Privy Council, had determined to transmit

* This Marquis of Bergen is to be distinguished from Count William of Bergen, who was among the first who subscribed the covenant. Vigl. ad Hopper, Letter vii.

them first to the king. "I now see clearly," he broke out with well-acted vehemence, "that all the advice which I give is distrusted. The king requires no servants whose loyalty he is determined to doubt; and far be it from me to thrust my services upon a sovereign who is unwilling to receive them. Better, therefore, for him and me, that I withdraw from public affairs." Count Horn expressed himself nearly to the same effect. Egmont requested permission to visit the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, the use of which had been prescribed to him by his physician, although (as it is stated in his accusation) he appeared healthy himself. The regent, terrified at the consequences which must inevitably follow this step, spoke sharply to the prince. "If neither my representations, nor the general welfare can prevail upon you, so far as to induce you to relinquish this intention, let me advise you to be more careful, at least, of your own reputation. Louis of Nassau is your brother; he and Count Brederode, the heads of the confederacy, have publicly been your guests. The petition is in substance identical with your own representations in the Council of State. If you now suddenly desert the cause of your king, will it not be universally said that you favor the conspiracy?" We do not find it anywhere stated, whether the prince really withdrew at this time from the Council of State; at all events, if he did, he must soon have altered his mind, for shortly after, he appears again in public transactions. Egmont allowed himself to be overcome by the remonstrances of the regent; Horn alone actually withdrew himself to one of his estates,* with the resolution of never more serving either emperor or king. Meanwhile the Gueux had dispersed themselves through the provinces, and spread everywhere the most favorable reports of their success. According to their assertions, religious freedom was finally assured; and in order to confirm their statements, they helped themselves, where the truth failed, with falsehood. For example, they produced a forged letter of the Knights of the Fleece, in which the latter were made solemnly to declare that, for the future, no one need fear imprisonment, or banishment, or death, on account of religion, unless he also committed a political crime; and even in that case, the confederates alone were to be his judges; and this regulation was to be in force until the king, with the consent and advice of the states of the realm, should otherwise dispose. Earnestly as the knights applied themselves, upon the first information of the fraud, to rescue the nation from their delusion, still it had already, in this short interval, done good service to the faction. If there are truths whose effect is limited to a single instant, then inventions which last so long can easily assume their place. Besides, the report, however false, was calculated both to awaken distrust between the regent and the knights, and to support the courage of the Protestants by fresh hopes, while it also furnished those who were meditating innovation an appearance of right, which, however unsubstantial they themselves knew it to be, served as a colorable

pretext for their proceedings. Quickly as this delusion was dispelled, still, in the short space of time that it obtained belief, it had occasioned so many extravagances, had introduced so much of irregularity and license, that a return to the former state of things became impossible, and continuance in the course already commenced, was rendered necessary as well by habit as by despair. On the very first news of this happy result, the fugitive Protestants had returned to their homes, which they had so unwillingly abandoned; those who had been in concealment came forth from their hiding places; those who had hitherto paid homage to the new religion in their hearts alone, emboldened by these pretended acts of toleration, now gave in their adhesion to it publicly and decidedly. The name of the "Gueux" was extolled in all the provinces; they were called the pillars of religion and liberty: their party increased daily, and many of the merchants began to wear their insignia. The latter made an alteration in the "Geusen" penny, by introducing two travelers' staffs laid crosswise, to intimate that they stood prepared and ready, at any instant, to forsake house and hearth for the sake of religion. The Geusen League, in short, had now given to things an entirely different form. The murmurs of the people, hitherto impotent and despised, as being the cries of individuals, had now, that they were concentrated, become formidable; and had gained power, direction, and firmness, through union. Every one who was rebelliously disposed, now looked on himself as the member of a venerable and powerful body, and believed that by carrying his own complaints to the general stock of discontent, he secured the free expression of them. To be called an important acquisition to the league flattered the vain; to be lost, unnoticed, and irresponsible, in the crowd, was an inducement to the timid. The face which the confederacy showed to the nation, was very unlike that which it had turned to the court. But had its objects been the purest, had it really been as well disposed toward the throne as it wished to appear, still the multitude would have regarded only what was illegal in its proceedings, and upon them its better intentions would have been entirely lost.

PUBLIC PREACHING.

No moment could be more favorable to the Huguenots and the German Protestants than the present, to seek a market for their dangerous commodity in the Netherlands. Accordingly, every considerable town now swarmed with suspicious arrivals, masked spies, and the apostles of every description of heresy. Of the religious parties which had sprung up by secession from the ruling church, three chiefly had made considerable progress in the provinces. Friesland, and the adjoining districts, were overrun by the Anabaptists, who, however, as the most indigent, without organization and government, destitute of military resources, and moreover at strife amongst themselves, awakened the least apprehension. Of far more importance were the Calvinists, who

* Where he remained three months inactive.

prevailed in the southern provinces, and above all in Flanders, who were powerfully supported by their neighbors the Huguenots, the republic of Geneva, the Swiss Cantons, and part of Germany, and whose opinions, with the exception of a slight difference, were also held by the throne in England. They were also the most numerous party, especially among the merchants and common citizens. The Huguenots expelled from France had been the chief disseminators of the tenets of this party. The Lutherans were inferior both in numbers and wealth, but derived weight from having many adherents among the nobility. They occupied, for the most part, the eastern portion of the Netherlands, which borders on Germany, and were also to be found in some of the northern territories. Some of the most powerful princes of Germany were their allies; and the religious freedom of that empire, of which by the Burgundian treaty the Netherlands formed an integral part, was claimed by them with some appearance of right. These three religious denominations met together in Antwerp, where the crowded population concealed them, and the mingling of all nations favored liberty. They had nothing in common, except an equally inextinguishable hatred of Popery, of the Inquisition in particular, and of the Spanish government, whose instrument it was; while, on the other hand, they watched each other with a jealousy which kept their zeal in exercise, and prevented the glowing ardor of fanaticism from waxing dull.

The regent, in expectation that the projected "Moderation" would be sanctioned by the king, had, in the mean time, to gratify the "Gueux," recommended the governors and municipal officers of the provinces to be as moderate as possible in their proceedings against heretics; instructions which were eagerly followed, and interpreted in the widest sense by the majority, who had hitherto administered the painful duty of punishment with extreme repugnance. Most of the chief magistrates were in their hearts averse to the Inquisition and the Spanish tyranny, and many were even secretly attached to one or other of the religious parties; even the others were unwilling to inflict punishment on their countrymen, to gratify their sworn enemies, the Spaniards. All, therefore, purposely misunderstood the regent, and allowed the Inquisition and the edicts to fall almost entirely into disuse. This forbearance of the government, combined with the brilliant representations of the "Gueux," lured from their obscurity the Protestants, who, however, had now grown too powerful to be any longer concealed. Hitherto they had contented themselves with secret assemblies by night; now they thought themselves numerous and formidable enough to venture to these meetings openly and publicly. This license commenced somewhere between Oudenarde and Ghent, and soon spread through the rest of Flanders. A certain Hermann Stricker, born at Overijssel, formerly a monk, a daring enthusiast, of able mind, imposing figure, and ready tongue, was the first who collected the people for a sermon in the open air. The novelty of the thing gathered together a crowd of about seven thousand persons. A magistrate of the

neighborhood, more courageous than wise, rushed amongst the crowd with his drawn sword, and attempted to seize the preacher, but was so roughly handled by the multitude, who for want of other weapons took up stones, and felled him to the ground, that he was glad to beg for his life.*

This success of the first attempt inspired courage for a second. In the vicinity of Aalst, they assembled again in still greater numbers; but on this occasion they provided themselves with rapiers, firearms, and halberds, placed sentries at all the approaches, which they also barricaded with carts and carriages. All passers by were obliged, whether willing or otherwise, to take part in the religious service, and to enforce this object, look-out parties were posted at certain distances round the place of meeting. At the entrance, book-sellers stationed themselves, offering for sale Protestant catechisms, religious tracts, and pasquinades on the bishops. The preacher, Hermann Stricker, held forth from a pulpit, which was hastily constructed for the occasion out of carts and trunks of trees. A canvas awning drawn over it protected him from the sun and the rain; the preacher's position was in the quarter of the wind that the people might not lose any part of his sermon, which consisted principally of revilings against Popery. Here the sacraments were administered after the Calvinistic fashion and water was procured from the nearest river to baptize infants without further ceremony, after the practice, it was pretended, of the earliest times of Christianity. Couples were also united in wedlock, and the marriage ties dissolved between others. To be present at this meeting, half the population of Ghent had left its gates; their example was soon followed in other parts, and ere long spread over the whole of East Flanders. In like manner, Peter Dathen, another renegade monk, from Poperingen, stirred up West Flanders; as many as fifteen thousand persons at a time attended his preaching from the villages and hamlets; their number made them bold, and they broke into the prisons, where some Anabaptists were reserved for martyrdom. In Tournay, the Protestants were excited to a similar pitch of daring by Ambrosius Ville, a French Calvinist. They demanded the release of the prisoners of their sect, and repeatedly threatened, if their demands were not complied with, to deliver up the town to the French. It was entirely destitute of a garrison, for the commandant, for fear of treason, had withdrawn it into the castle, and the soldiers, moreover, refused to act against their fellow-citizens. The sectarians carried their audacity to such great lengths, as to require one of the churches within the town to be assigned to them; and when this was refused, they entered into a league with Valenciennes and Antwerp, to obtain a legal recognition of their worship, after

* The unheard-of foolhardiness of a single man rushing into the midst of a fanatical crowd of 7,000 people, to seize before their eyes one whom they adored, proves, more than all that can be said on the subject, the insolent contempt with which the Roman Catholics of the time looked down upon the so-called heretics as an inferior race of beings.

the example of the other towns, by open force. These three towns maintained a close connection with each other, and the Protestant party was equally powerful in all. While, however, no one would venture singly to commence the disturbance, they agreed simultaneously to make a beginning with public preaching. Brederode's appearance in Antwerp at last gave them courage. Six thousand persons, men and women, poured forth from the town on an appointed day, on which the same thing happened in Tournay and Valenciennes. The place of meeting was closed in with a line of vehicles, firmly fastened together, and behind them armed men were secretly posted, with a view to protect the service from any surprise. Of the preachers, most of whom were men of the very lowest class—some were Germans, some were Huguenots—and spoke in the Walloon dialect; some even of the citizens felt themselves called upon to take a part in this sacred work, now that no fears of the officers of justice alarmed them. Many were drawn to the spot by mere curiosity, to hear what kind of new and unheard-of doctrines these foreign teachers, whose arrival had caused so much talk, would set forth. Others were attracted by the melody of the psalms, which were sung in a French version, after the custom in Geneva. A great number came to hear these sermons as so many amusing comedies; such was the buffoonery with which the pope, the fathers of the ecclesiastical Council of Trent, purgatory, and other dogmas of the ruling church were abused in them. And, in fact, the more extravagant was this abuse and ridicule, the more it tickled the ears of the lower orders, and a universal clapping of hands, as in the theatre, rewarded the speaker who had surpassed others in the wildness of his jokes and denunciations. But the ridicule which was thus cast upon the ruling church was, nevertheless, not entirely lost on the minds of the hearers, as neither were the few grains of truth or reason, which occasionally slipped in among it; and many a one, who had sought from these sermons any thing but conviction, unconsciously carried away a little also of it.

These assemblies were several times repeated, and each day augmented the boldness of the sectarians; till at last they even ventured, after concluding the service, to conduct their preachers home in triumph, with an escort of armed horsemen, and ostentatiously to brave the law. The town council sent express after express to the duchess, entreating her to visit them in person, and if possible to reside for a short time in Antwerp, as the only expedient to curb the arrogance of the populace; and assuring her that the most eminent merchants, afraid of being plundered, were already preparing to quit it. Fear of staking the royal dignity on so hazardous a stroke of policy, forbade her compliance; but she dispatched in her stead Count Megen, in order to treat with the magistrate for the introduction of a garrison. The rebellious mob, who quickly got an inkling of the object of his visit, gathered around him with tumultuous cries, shouting—"He was known to them as a sworn enemy of the Gueux; that it was notorious he was bringing upon them prisons, and the Inquisition, and that

he should leave the town instantly." Nor was the tumult quieted till Megen was beyond the gates. The Calvinists now handed in to the magistrate a memorial, in which they showed that their great numbers made it impossible for them henceforward to assemble in secrecy; and requested a separate place of worship to be allowed them inside the town. The town council renewed its entreaties to the duchess to assist, by her personal presence, their perplexities, or at least to send to them the Prince of Orange, as the only person for whom the people still had any respect; and moreover, as specially bound to the town of Antwerp by his hereditary title of its Burgrave. In order to escape the greater evil, she was compelled to consent to the second demand, however much against her inclination to intrust Antwerp to the prince. After allowing himself to be long and fruitlessly entreated, for he had all at once resolved to take no farther share in public affairs, he yielded at last to the earnest persuasions of the regent, and the boisterous wishes of the people. Brederode, with a numerous retinue, came half a mile out of the town to meet him, and both parties saluted each other with a discharge of pistols. Antwerp appeared to have poured out all her inhabitants to welcome her deliverer. The high road swarmed with multitudes; the roofs were taken off the houses, in order that they might accommodate more spectators; behind fences, from churchyard walls, even out of graves started up men. The attachment of the people to the prince showed itself in childish effusions. "Long live the Gueux!" was the shout with which young and old received him. "Behold," cried others, "the man who shall give us liberty." "He brings us," cried others, "the Confession of Augsburg!" "We don't want the Gueux now!" exclaimed others; "we have no more need of the troublesome journey to Brussels. He alone is every thing to us!" Those who knew not what to say, vented their extravagant joy in psalms, which they vociferously chanted as they moved along. He, however, maintained his gravity, beckoned for silence, and at last, when no one would listen to him, exclaimed with indignation, half real and half affected—"By God, they ought to consider what they did, or they would one day repent what they had now done." The shouting increased even as he rode into the town. The first conference of the prince with the heads of the different religious sects, whom he sent for and separately interrogated, presently convinced him that the chief source of the evil, was the mutual distrust of the several parties, and the suspicions which the citizens entertained of the designs of the government; and that, therefore, it must be his first business to restore confidence among them all. First of all he attempted, both by persuasion and artifice, to induce the Calvinists, as the most numerous body, to lay down their weapons, and in this he at last, with much labor, succeeded. When, however, some wagons were soon after laden with ammunition in Malines, and the High Bailiff of Brabant showed himself frequently in the neighborhood of Antwerp with an armed force, the Calvinists fearing hostile interruption of their religious worship,

besought the prince to allot them a place within the walls for their sermons, which should be secure from a surprise. He succeeded once more in pacifying them, and his presence fortunately prevented an outbreak on the Assumption of the Virgin, which, as usual, had drawn a crowd to the town, and from whose sentiments there was but too much reason for alarm. The image of the Virgin was, with the usual pomp, carried round the town without interruption; a few words of abuse, and a suppressed murmur about idolatry, was all that the disapproving multitudes indulged in against the procession.

1566. While the regent received from one province after another the most melancholy accounts of the excesses of the Protestants, and while she trembled for Antwerp, which she was compelled to leave in the dangerous hands of the Prince of Orange, a new terror assailed her from another quarter. Upon the first authentic tidings of the public preaching, she immediately called upon the league to fulfill its promise, and to assist her in restoring order. Count Brederode used this pretext to summon a general meeting of the whole league, for which he could not have selected a more dangerous moment than the present. So ostentatious a display of the strength of the league, whose existence and protection had alone encouraged the Protestant mob to go the length it had already gone, would now raise the confidence of the sectarians, while, in the same degree, it depressed the courage of the regent. The convention took place in the town of Liege St. Truyen, into which Brederode and Louis of Nassau had thrown themselves at the head of 2,000 confederates. As the long delay of the royal answer from Madrid seemed to presage no good from that quarter, they considered it advisable, in any case, to extort from the regent a letter of indemnity for their persons.

Those among them who were conscious of a disloyal sympathy with the Protestant mob, looked on its licentiousness as a favorable circumstance for the league; the apparent success of those to whose degrading fellowship they had deigned to stoop, led them to alter their tone; their former laudable zeal began to degenerate into insolence and defiance. Many thought that they ought to avail themselves of the general confusion and the perplexity of the duchess, to assume a bolder tone and heap demand upon demand. The Roman Catholic members of the league, among whom many were, in their hearts, still strongly inclined to the royal cause, and who had been drawn into a connection with the league by occasion and example, rather than from feeling and conviction, now heard, to their astonishment, propositions for establishing universal freedom of religion, and were not a little shocked to discover in how perilous an enterprise they had hastily implicated themselves. On this discovery, the young Count Mansfeld withdrew immediately from it, and internal dissensions already began to undermine the work of precipitation and haste, and imperceptibly to loosen the joints of the league.

Count Egmont and William of Orange were empowered by the regent to treat with the confederates.

Twelve of the latter, among whom were Louis of Nassau, Brederode, and Kuilemburg, conferred with them in Duffle, a village near Malines. "Wherefore this new step?" demanded the regent by the mouth of these two noblemen. "I was required to dispatch ambassadors to Spain; and I sent them. The edicts and the Inquisition were complained of as too rigorous; I have rendered both more lenient. A general assembly of the states of the realm was proposed; I have submitted this request to the king, because I could not grant it from my own authority. What, then, have I unwittingly either omitted or done, that should render necessary this assembling in St. Truyen? Is it perhaps fear of the king's anger, and of its consequences, that disturbs the confederates? The provocation is certainly great, but his mercy is even greater. Where now is the promise of the league, to excite no disturbances amongst the people? Where those high-sounding professions, that they were ready to die at my feet, rather than offend against any of the prerogatives of the crown? The innovators already venture on things which border closely on rebellion, and threaten the state with destruction; and it is to the league that they appeal. If it continues silently to tolerate this, it will justly bring on itself the charge of participating in the guilt of their offenses; if it is honestly disposed toward the sovereign, it cannot remain longer inactive in this licentiousness of the mob. But, in truth, does it not itself outstrip the insane population by its dangerous example, concluding, as it is known to do, alliances with the enemies of the country, and confirming the evil report of its designs by the present illegal meeting?"

Against these reproaches the league formally justified itself, in a memorial which it deputed three of its members to deliver to the Council of State at Brussels.

"All," it commenced, "that your highness has done in respect to our petition we have felt with the most lively gratitude; and we cannot complain of any new measure subsequently adopted, inconsistent with your promise; but we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the orders of your highness are, by the judicial courts at least, very little regarded; for we are continually hearing—and our own eyes attest to the truth of the report—that in all quarters our fellow-citizens are, in spite of the orders of your highness, still mercilessly dragged before the courts of justice, and condemned to death for religion. What the league engaged on its part to do, it has honestly fulfilled; it has, too, to the utmost of its power, endeavored to prevent the public preachings; but it certainly is no wonder if the long delay of an answer from Madrid fills the mind of the people with distrust, and if the disappointed hopes of a general assembly of the states disposes them to put little faith in any further assurances. The league has never allied, nor ever felt any temptation to ally, itself with the enemies of the country. If the arms of France were to appear in the provinces, we, the confederates, would be the first to mount and drive them back again. The league, however, desires to be candid with your highness.

We thought we read marks of displeasure in your countenance; we see men in exclusive possession of your favor, who are notorious for their hatred against us. We daily hear that persons are warned from associating with us, as with those infected with the plague, while we are denounced with the arrival of the king, as with the opening of a day of judgment—what is more natural than that such distrust shown to us, should at last rouse our own? That the attempt to blacken our league with the reproach of treason, that the warlike preparations of the Duke of Savoy and other princes, which, according to common report, are directed against ourselves; the negotiations of the king with the French court, to obtain a passage through that kingdom for a Spanish army, which is destined, it is said, for the Netherlands—what wonder if these, and similar occurrences, should have stimulated us to think in time of the means of self-defense, and to strengthen ourselves by an alliance with our friends beyond the frontier? On a general, uncertain, and vague rumor, we are accused of a share in this licentiousness of the Protestant mob; but who is safe from general rumor? True it is, certainly, that of our numbers some are Protestants, to whom religious toleration would be a welcome boon; but even they have never forgotten what they owe to their sovereign. It is not fear of the king's anger which instigated us to hold this assembly. The king is good, and we still hope that he is also just. It cannot, therefore, be pardon that we seek from him, and just as little can it be oblivion, that we solicit for our actions, which are far from being the least considerable of the services we have at different times rendered his majesty. Again, it is true, that the delegates of the Lutherans and Calvinists are with us in St. Truyen; nay, more, they have delivered to us a petition which, annexed to this memorial, we here present to your highness. In it they offer to go unarmed to their preachings, if the league will tender its security to them, and be willing to engage for a general meeting of the states. We have thought it incumbent upon us to communicate both these matters to you, for our guarantee can have no force, unless it is at the same time confirmed by your highness and some of your principal counselors. Among these, no one can be so well acquainted with the circumstances of our cause, or be so upright in intention toward us, as the Prince of Orange, and Counts Horn and Egmont. We gladly accept these three as mediators, if the necessary powers are given to them, and assurance is afforded us, that no troops will be enlisted without their knowledge. This guarantee, however, we only require for a given period, before the expiration of which it will rest with the king, whether he will cancel or confirm it for the future. If the first should be his will, it will then be but fair that time should be allowed us to place our persons and our property in security; for this, three weeks will be sufficient. Finally, and in conclusion, we on our part also pledge ourselves to undertake nothing new, without the concurrence of those three persons, our mediators."

The league would not have ventured to hold

such bold language, if it had not reckoned on powerful support and protection; but the regent was as little in a condition to concede their demands, as she was incapable of vigorously opposing them. Deserted in Brussels by most of her counselors of state, who had either departed to their provinces, or under some pretext or other had altogether withdrawn from public affairs; destitute as well of advisers as of money, (the latter want had compelled her, in the first instance, to appeal to the liberality of the clergy, when this proved insufficient, to have recourse to a lottery,) dependent on orders from Spain, which were ever expected and never received, she was at last reduced to the degrading expedient of entering into a negotiation with the confederates in St. Truyen, that they should wait twenty-four days longer for the king's resolution, before they took any further steps. It was certainly surprising, that the king still continued to delay a decisive answer to the petition, although it was universally known that he had answered letters of a much later date, and that the regent earnestly importuned him on this head. She had also, on the commencement of the public preaching, immediately dispatched the Marquis of Bergen after the Baron of Montigny, who, as an eye witness of these new occurrences, could confirm her written statements, to move the king to an earlier decision.

1566. In the mean while, the Flemish Ambassador, Florence of Montigny, had arrived in Madrid, where he was received with a great show of consideration. His instructions were to press for the abolition of the Inquisition, and the mitigation of the edicts; the augmentation of the Council of State, and the incorporation with it of the two other councils; the calling of a general assembly of the states, and, lastly, to urge the solicitations of the regent for a personal visit from the king. As the latter, however, was only desirous of gaining time, Montigny was put off with fair words until the arrival of his coadjutor, without whom the king was not willing to come to any final determination. In the mean time, Montigny had, every day and at any hour that he desired, an audience with the king, who also commanded, that on all occasions the dispatches of the duchess and the answers to them should be communicated to himself. He was, too, frequently admitted to the council for Belgian affairs, where he never omitted to call the king's attention to the necessity of a general assembly of the states, as being the only means of successfully meeting the troubles which had arisen, and as likely to supersede the necessity of any other measure. He moreover impressed upon him, that a general and unreserved indemnity for the past would alone eradicate the distrust, which was the source of all existing complaints, and would always counteract the good effects of every measure, however well advised. He ventured, from a thorough acquaintance with circumstances and accurate knowledge of the character of his countrymen, to pledge himself to the king for their inviolable loyalty, as soon as they should be convinced of the honesty of his intentions by the straightforwardness of his proceedings; while, on the con-

trary, he assured him that there would be no hopes of it, as long as they were not relieved of the fear of being made the victims of the oppression, and sacrificed to the envy, of the Spanish nobles. At last, Montigny's coadjutor made his appearance, and the objects of their embassy were made the subject of repeated deliberations.

1566. The king was at that time at his palace at Segovia, where also he assembled his State Council. The members were: the Duke of Alva; Don Gomez de Figueroa; the Count of Feria; Don Antonio of Toledo, Grand Commander of St John; Don John Manriquez of Lara, Lord Steward to the Queen; Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli and Count of Melito; Louis of Quixada, Master of the Horse to the Prince; Charles Tyssenacque, President of the Council for the Netherlands; Hopper, State Counselor and Keeper of the Seal; and State Counselor Corteville. The sitting of the council was protracted for several days; both ambassadors were in attendance, but the king was not himself present. Here, then, the conduct of the Belgian nobles was examined by Spanish eyes; step by step it was traced back to the most distant source; circumstances were brought into relation with others, which, in reality, never had any connection; and what had been the offspring of the moment, was made out to be a well-matured and far-sighted plan. All the different transactions and attempts of the nobles which had been governed solely by chance, and to which the natural order of events alone assigned their particular shape and succession, were said to be the result of a preconcerted scheme for introducing universal liberty in religion, and for placing all the power of the state in the hands of the nobles. The first step to this end was, it was said, the violent expulsion of the minister Granvella, against whom nothing could be charged, except that he was in possession of an authority which they preferred to exercise themselves. The second step was sending Count Egmont to Spain, to urge the abolition of the Inquisition, and the mitigation of the penal statutes, and to prevail on the king to consent to an augmentation of the Council of State. As, however, this could not be surreptitiously obtained in so quiet a manner, the attempt was made to extort it from the court by a third and more daring step—by a formal conspiracy, the League of the Gueux. The fourth step to the same end was the present embassy, which at length boldly cast aside the mask, and by the insane proposals which they were not ashamed to make to their king, clearly brought to light the object to which all the preceding steps had tended. Could the abolition of the Inquisition, they exclaimed, lead to any thing less than a complete freedom of belief? Would not the guiding helm of conscience be lost with it? Did not the proposed "moderation" introduce an absolute impunity for all heresies? What was the project of augmenting the Council of State and of suppressing the two other councils, but a complete remodeling of the government of the country in favor of the nobles?—a general government for all the provinces of the Netherlands? Again, what was this compact of the ecclesiastics in

their public preaching, but a third conspiracy, entered into with the very same objects which the league of the nobles in the Council of State, and that of the Gueux, had failed to effect?

However, it was confessed, that whatever might be the source of the evil, it was not on that account the less important and imminent. The immediate personal presence of the king in Brussels was indubitably, the most efficacious means, speedily and thoroughly to remedy it. As, however, it was already so late in the year, and the preparations alone for the journey would occupy the short time which was to elapse before the winter set in; as the stormy season of the year, as well as the danger from French and English ships, which rendered the sea unsafe, did not allow of the king's taking the northern route, which was the shorter of the two; as the rebels themselves meanwhile might become possessed of the island of Walcheren, and oppose the landing of the king; for all these reasons, the journey was not to be thought of before the spring, and in absence of the only complete remedy it was necessary to rest satisfied with a partial expedient. The council, therefore, agreed to propose to the king, in the first place, that he should recall the Papal Inquisition from the provinces and rest satisfied with that of the bishops; in the second place, that a new plan for the mitigation of the edicts should be projected, by which the honor of religion and the king would be better preserved than it had been in the transmitted "moderation;" thirdly, that in order to reassure the minds of the people, and to leave no means untried, the king should impart to the regent full powers to extend free grace and pardon to all those who had not already committed any heinous crime, or who had not as yet been condemned by any judicial process; but from the benefit of this indemnity, the preachers, and all who harbored them, were to be excepted. On the other hand, all leagues, associations, public assemblies, and preachings, were to be henceforth prohibited under heavy penalties; if, however, this prohibition should be infringed, the regent was to be at liberty to employ the regular troops and garrisons for the forcible reduction of the refractory, and also, in case of necessity, to enlist new troops, and to name the commanders over them, according as should be deemed advisable. Finally, it would have a good effect, if his majesty would write to the most eminent towns, prelates, and leaders of the nobility, to some in his own hand, and to all in a gracious tone, in order to stimulate their zeal in his service.

When this resolution of the Council of State was submitted to the king, his first measure was to command public processions and prayers in all the most considerable places of the kingdom, and also of the Netherlands, imploring the divine guidance in his decision. He appeared in his own person in the Council of State in order to approve this resolution, and render it effective. He declared the General Assembly of the States to be useless, and entirely abolished it. He, however, bound himself to retain some German regiments in his pay, and that they might serve with the more zeal, to pay them their long-standing arrears.

He commanded the regent, in a private letter, to prepare secretly for war; three thousand horse and ten thousand infantry were to be assembled by her in Germany, to which end he furnished her with the necessary letters, and transmitted to her a sum of three hundred thousand gold florins. He also accompanied this resolution with several autograph letters to some private individuals and towns, in which he thanked them in the most gracious terms for the zeal which they had already displayed in his service, and called upon them to manifest the same for the future. Notwithstanding that he was inexorable on the most important point, and the very one on which the nation most particularly insisted—the convocation of the states; notwithstanding that his limited and ambiguous pardon was as good as none, and depended too much on arbitrary will to calm the public mind; notwithstanding, in fine, that he rejected, as too lenient, the proposed “moderation,” but which, on the part of the people, was complained of as too severe; still he had at this time made an unwonted step in the favor of the nation; he had sacrificed to it the Papal Inquisition and left only the Episcopal, to which it was accustomed. The nation had found more equitable judges in the Spanish council than they could reasonably have hoped for. Whether, at another time, and under other circumstances, this wise concession would have had the desired effect, we will not pretend to say. It came too late: when (1566) the royal letters reached Brussels, the attack on images had already commenced.

BOOK IV.

THE ICONOCLASTS.

THE springs of this extraordinary occurrence are plainly not to be sought for so far back as many historians affect to trace them. It is certainly possible, and very probable that the French Protestants did industriously exert themselves to raise in the Netherlands a nursery for their religion, and to prevent, by all means in their power, an amicable adjustment of differences between their brethren in the faith in that quarter and the King of Spain, in order to give that implacable foe of their party enough to do in his own country. It is natural, therefore, to suppose that their agents in the provinces left nothing undone to encourage their oppressed brethren with daring hopes, to nourish their animosity against the ruling church, and by exaggerating the oppression under which they sighed, to hurry them imperceptibly into illegal courses. It is possible, too, that there were many among the confederates who thought to help out their own lost cause by increasing the number of their partners in guilt; who thought they could not otherwise maintain the legal character of their league, unless the unfortunate results, against which they had warned the king, really came to pass; and who hoped in the general guilt of all to conceal their own individual criminality. It is, however, incredible that the outbreak of the Iconoclasts was the fruit of a de-

liberate plan, preconcerted, as it is alleged, at the convent of St. Truyen. It does not seem likely, that in a solemn assembly of so many nobles and warriors, of whom the greater part were the adherents of Popery, an individual should be found insane enough to propose an act of positive infamy, which did not so much injure any religious party in particular, as rather tread under foot all respect for religion in general, and even all morality too, and which could have been conceived only in the mind of the vilest reprobate. Besides, this outrage was too sudden in its outbreak, too vehement in its execution altogether, too monstrous to have been any thing more than the offspring of the moment in which it saw the light, it seemed to flow so naturally from the circumstances which preceded it, that it does not require to be traced far back to remount to its origin.

A rude mob, consisting of the very dregs of the populace, rendered brutal by harsh treatment, by sanguinary decrees which dogged them in every town, scared from place to place, and driven almost to despair, were compelled to worship their God, and to hide, like a work of darkness, the universal sacred privilege of humanity. Before their eyes proudly rose the temples of the dominant church, in which their haughty brethren indulged in ease their magnificent devotion, while they themselves were driven from the walls, expelled, too, by the weaker number perhaps, and forced, here in the wild woods, under the burning heat of noon, in disgraceful secrecy to worship the same God—cast out from civil society into a state of nature, and reminded, in one dread moment, of the rights of that state! The greater their superiority of numbers, the more unnatural did their lot appear—with wonder they perceive the truth. The free heaven, the arms lying ready, the frenzy in their brains and fury in their hearts combine to aid the suggestions of some preaching fanatic; the occasion calls, no premeditation is necessary, where all eyes at once declare consent; the resolution is formed ere yet the word is scarcely uttered; ready for any unlawful act, no one yet clearly knows what, the furious band rushes onward. The smiling prosperity of the hostile religion insults the poverty of their own; the pomp of the authorized temples casts contempt on their proscribed belief; every cross set up upon the highway, every image of the saints that they meet, is a trophy erected over their humiliation, and they all must be removed by their avenging hands. Fanaticism suggests these detestable proceedings, but base passions carry them into execution.

1566. The commencement of the attack on images took place in West Flanders and Artois, in the districts between Lys and the sea. A frantic herd of artisans, boatmen, and peasants, mixed with prostitutes, beggars, vagabonds, and thieves, about three hundred in number, furnished with clubs, axes, hammers, ladders, and cords, (a few only were provided with swords or fire-arms,) cast themselves, with fanatical fury, into the villages and hamlets near St. Omer, and breaking open the gates of such churches and cloisters as they find locked, overthrow everywhere the altars, break to pieces the images of the saints, and

trample them under foot. With their excitement increased by its indulgence, and reinforced by new comers, they press on, by the direct road, to Ypres, where they can count on the support of a strong body of Calvinists. Unopposed, they break into the cathedral, and mounting on ladders, they hammer to pieces the pictures, hew down with axes the pulpits and pews, despoil the altars of their ornaments, and steal the holy vessels. This example was quickly followed in Menin, Comines, Verrich, Lille, and Oudenard; in a few days, the same fury spreads through the whole of Flanders. At the very time when the first tidings of this occurrence arrived, Antwerp was swarming with a crowd of houseless people, which the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin had brought together in that city. Even the presence of the Prince of Orange was hardly sufficient to restrain the licentious mob, who burned to imitate the doings of their brethren in St. Omer; but an order from the court, which summoned him to Brussels, where the regent was just assembling her Council of State, in order to lay before them the royal letters, obliged him to abandon Antwerp to the outrages of this band. His departure was the signal for tumult. Apprehensive of the lawless violence, of which, on the very first day of the festival, the mob had given indications in derisory allusions, the priests, after carrying about the image of the Virgin for a short time, brought it for safety to the choir, without, as formerly, setting it up in the middle of the church. This incited some mischievous boys from among the people, to pay it a visit there, and jokingly inquire, why she had so soon absented herself from among them? Others, mounting the pulpit, mimicked the preacher, and challenged the Papists to a dispute. A Roman Catholic waterman, indignant at this jest, attempted to pull them down, and blows were exchanged in the preacher's seat. Similar scenes occurred on the following evening. The numbers increased, and many came already provided with suspicious implements and secret weapons. At last it came into the head of one of them to cry, "Long live the Gueux!" immediately the whole band took up the cry, and the image of the Virgin was called upon to do the same. The few Roman Catholics who were present, and who had given up the hope of effecting any thing against these desperadoes, left the church, after locking all the doors except one. So soon as they found themselves alone, it was proposed to sing one of the psalms in the new version, which was prohibited by the government. While they were yet singing, they all, as at a given signal, rushed furiously upon the image of the Virgin, piercing it with swords and daggers, and striking off its head; thieves and prostitutes tore the great wax-lights from the altar, and lighted them to the work. The beautiful organ of the church, a masterpiece of the art of that period, was broken to pieces, all the paintings were effaced, and the statues smashed to atoms. A crucifix, the size of life, which was set up between the two thieves opposite the high altar, an ancient and highly valued piece of workmanship, was pulled to the ground with cords, and cut to pieces with axes, while the two malefactors at its side were respect-

fully spared. The holy wafers were strewed on the ground and trodden under foot; in the wine used for the Lord's Supper, which was accidentally found there, the health of the Gueux was drunk, while with the holy oil they rubbed their shoes. The very tombs were opened, and the half-decayed corpses torn up and trampled on. All this was done with as much wonderful regularity, as if each had previously had his part assigned to him; every one worked into his neighbor's hands; no one, dangerous as the work was, met with injury; in the midst of thick darkness, which the tapers only served to render more sensible, with heavy masses falling on all sides, and though on the very topmost steps of the ladders, they scuffled with each other for the honors of demolition—yet no one suffered the least injury. In spite of the many tapers which lighted them below in their villainous work, not a single individual was recognized. With incredible rapidity was the dark deed accomplished; a number of men, at most a hundred, despoiled in a few hours a temple of seventy altars—after St. Peter's at Rome, perhaps, the largest and most magnificent in Christendom.

The devastation of the cathedral did not content them: with torches and tapers purloined from it, they set out at midnight to perform a similar work of havoc on the remaining churches, cloisters, and chapels. The destructive hordes increased with every fresh exploit of infamy, and thieves were allured by the opportunity. They carried away whatever they found of value, the consecrated vessels, altar-cloths, money, and vestments; in the cellars of the cloisters they drank to intoxication; to escape greater indignities, the monks and nuns abandoned every thing to them. The confused noises of these riotous acts had startled the citizens from their first sleep; but night made the danger appear more alarming than it really was, and instead of hastening to defend their churches, the citizens fortified themselves in their houses, and in terror and anxiety awaited the dawn of morning. The rising sun at length revealed the devastation which had been going on during the night; but the havoc did not terminate with the darkness. Some churches and cloisters still remained uninjured; the same fate soon overtook them also. The work of destruction lasted three whole days. Alarmed at last, lest the frantic mob, when it could no longer find any thing sacred to destroy, should make a similar attack on lay property, and plunder their warehouses; and encouraged too, by discovering how small was the number of the depredators, the wealthier citizens ventured to show themselves in arms at the doors of their houses. All the gates of the town were locked but one, through which the Iconoclasts broke forth to renew the same atrocities in the rural districts. On one occasion only, during all this time, did the municipal officers venture to exert their authority; so strongly were they held in awe by the superior power of the Calvinists, by whom, as it was believed, this mob of miscreants was hired. The injury inflicted by this work of devastation was incalculable. In the church of the Virgin, it was estimated at not less than four hundred thousand

gold florins. Many precious works of art were destroyed; many valuable manuscripts; many monuments of importance to history and to diplomacy were thereby lost. The city magistrate ordered the plundered articles to be restored on pain of death; in enforcing this restitution, he was effectually assisted by the preachers of the Reformers, who blushed for their followers. Much was in this manner recovered, and the ringleaders of the mob, less animated, perhaps, by the desire of plunder, than by fanaticism and revenge, or perhaps being ruled by some unseen head, resolved, for the future, to guard against these excesses, and to make their attacks in regular bands and in better order.

The town of Ghent, meanwhile, trembled for a like destiny. Immediately on the first news of the outbreak of the Iconoclasts in Antwerp, the magistrate of the latter town, with the most eminent citizens, had bound themselves to repel by force the church-spoilers; when this oath was proposed to the commonalty also, the voices were divided, and many declared openly, that they were by no means disposed to hinder so devout a work. In this state of affairs, the Roman Catholic clergy found it advisable to deposit in the citadel the most precious movables of their churches, and private families were permitted, in like manner, to provide for the safety of offerings which had been made by their ancestors. Meanwhile, all the services were discontinued, the courts of justice were closed; and like a town in momentary danger of being stormed by the enemy, men trembled in expectation of what was to come. At last, an insane band of rioters ventured to send delegates to the governor with this impudent message: "They were ordered," they said, "by their chiefs, to take the images out of the churches, as had been done in the other towns. If they were not opposed, it should be done quietly, and with as little injury as possible, but otherwise they would storm the churches;" nay, they went so far in their audacity as to ask the aid of the officers of justice therein. At first, the magistrate was astounded at this demand; upon reflection, however, and in the hope that the presence of the officers of law would perhaps restrain their excesses, he did not scruple to grant their request.

In Tournay, the churches were despoiled of their ornaments within sight of the garrison, who could not be induced to march against the Iconoclasts. As the latter had been told that the gold and silver vessels, and other ornaments of the church, were buried underground, they turned up the whole floor, and exposed, among others, the body of the Duke Adolph of Gueldres, who fell in battle at the head of the rebellious burghers of Ghent, and had been buried here in Tournay. This Adolph had waged war against his father, and had dragged the vanquished old man some miles barefoot to prison—an indignity which Charles the Bold afterward retaliated on him. And now, again, after more than half a century, fate avenged a crime against nature by another against religion; fanaticism was to desecrate that which was holy, in order to expose once more to execration the bones of a parricide. Other Iconoclasts from Valen-

ciennes united themselves with those of Tournay, to despoil all the cloisters of the surrounding district, during which a valuable library, the accumulation of centuries, was destroyed by fire. The evil soon penetrated into Brabant, also Malines, Herzogenbusch, Breda, and Bergen-op-Zoom experienced the same fate. The provinces Namur and Luxemburg, with a part of Artois and of Hainault, had alone the good fortune to escape the contagion of these outrages. In the short period of four or five days, four hundred cloisters were plundered in Brabant and Flanders alone. The northern Netherlands were soon seized with the same mania which had raged so violently through the southern. The Dutch towns, Amsterdam, Leyden, and Gravenhaag, had the alternative of either voluntarily stripping their churches of their ornaments, or of seeing them violently torn from them; the determination of their magistrates saved Delft, Haarlem, Gouda, and Rotterdam from the devastation. The same acts of violence were practiced also in the islands of Zealand; the town of Utrecht, and many places in Overijssel and Gröningen suffered the same storms. Friesland was protected by the Count of Aremberg, and Gueldres by the Count of Megen from a like fate.

An exaggerated report of these disturbances which came in from the provinces, spread the alarm to Brussels, where the regent had just made preparations for an extraordinary session of the Council of State. Swarms of Iconoclasts already penetrated into Brabant; and the metropolis, where they were certain of powerful support, was threatened by them with a renewal of the same atrocities then under the very eyes of majesty. The regent, in fear for her personal safety, which even in the heart of the country, surrounded by provincial governors and knights of the Fleece, she fancied insecure, was already meditating a flight to Mons, in Hainault, which town the Duke of Arschot held for her as a place of refuge, that she might not be driven to any undignified concession by falling into the power of the Iconoclasts. In vain did the knights pledge life and blood for her safety, and urgently beseech her not to expose them to disgrace by so dishonorable a flight, as though they were wanting in courage or zeal to protect their princess; to no purpose did the town of Brussels itself supplicate her not to abandon them in this extremity, and vainly did the Council of State make the most impressive representations that so pusillanimous a step would not fail to encourage still more the insolence of the rebels; she remained immovable in this desperate condition. As messenger after messenger arrived to warn her that the Iconoclasts were advancing against the metropolis, she issued orders to hold every thing in readiness for her flight, which was to take place quietly with the first approach of morning. At break of day, the aged Viglius presented himself before her, whom, with the view of gratifying the nobles, she had been long accustomed to neglect. He demanded to know the meaning of the preparations he observed, upon which she at last confessed that she intended to make her escape, and assured him that he would himself do well to secure his own

safety by accompanying her. "It is now two years," said the old man to her, "that you might have anticipated these results. Because I have spoken more freely than your courtiers, you have closed your princely ear to me, which has been open only to pernicious suggestions." The regent allowed that she had been in fault, and had been blinded by an appearance of probity; but that she was now driven by necessity. "Are you resolved, answered Viglius, "resolutely to insist upon obedience to the royal commands?" "I am," answered the duchess. "Then have recourse to the great secret of the art of government, to dissimulation, and pretend to join the princes, until, with their assistance, you have repelled this storm. Show them a confidence which you are far from feeling in your heart. Make them take an oath to you, that they will make common cause in resisting these disorders. Trust those as your friends who show themselves willing to do it; but be careful to avoid frightening away the others by contemptuous treatment." Viglius kept the regent engaged in conversation until the princes arrived, who he was quite certain would in nowise consent to her flight. When they appeared, he quietly withdrew, in order to issue commands to the town council to close the gates of the city, and prohibit egress to every one connected with the court. This last measure effected more than all the representations had done. The regent, who saw herself a prisoner in her own capital, now yielded to the persuasions of the nobles, who pledged themselves to stand by her to the last drop of blood. She made Count Mansfeld commandant of the town, who hastily increased the garrison, and armed her whole court.

The State Council was now held, who finally came to a resolution, that it was expedient to yield to the emergency; to permit the preachings in those places where they had already commenced; to make known the abolition of the Papal Inquisition; to declare the old edicts against the heretics repealed, and before all things, to grant the required indemnity to the confederate nobles, without limitation or condition. At the same time, the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, with some others, were appointed to confer on this head with the deputies of the league. Solemnly and in the most unequivocal terms, the members of the league were declared free from all responsibility, by reason of the petition which had been presented, and all royal officers and authorities were enjoined to act in conformity with this assurance, and neither now, nor for the future, to inflict any injury upon any of the confederates on account of the said petition. In return, the confederates bound themselves to be true and loyal servants of his majesty, to contribute to the utmost of their power to the re-establishment of order and the punishment of the Iconoclasts, to prevail on the people to lay down their arms, and to afford active assistance to the king against internal and foreign enemies. Securities, formally drawn up and subscribed by the plenipotentiaries of both sides, were exchanged between them; the letter of indemnity, in particular, was signed by the duchess with her own hand, and attested by her seal. It was only after a se-

vere struggle, and with tears in her eyes, that the regent, as she tremblingly confessed to the king, was at last induced to consent to this painful step. She threw the whole blame upon the nobles, who had kept her a prisoner in Brussels and compelled her to it by force. Above all, she complained bitterly of the Prince of Orange.

This business accomplished, all the governors hastened to their provinces; Egmont to Flanders, Orange to Antwerp. In the latter city, the Protestants had seized the despoiled and plundered churches, and, as if by the rights of war, had taken possession of them. The prince restored them to their lawful owners, gave orders for their repair, and re-established in them the Roman Catholic form of worship. Three of the Iconoclasts, who had been convicted, paid the penalty of their sacrilege on the gallows; some of the rioters were banished, and many others underwent punishment. Afterward he assembled four deputies of each dialect, or nations, as they were termed, and agreed with them, that as the approaching winter made preaching in the open air impossible, three places within the town should be granted them, where they might either erect new churches, or convert private houses to that purpose. That they should there perform their service every Sunday and holiday, and always at the same hour, but on no other days. If, however, no holiday happened in the week, Wednesday should be kept by them instead. No religious party should maintain more than two clergymen, and these must be native Netherlanders, or at least have received naturalization from some considerable town of the provinces. All should take an oath to submit in civil matters to the municipal authorities and the Prince of Orange. They should be liable, like the other citizens, to all imposts. No one should attend sermons armed; a sword, however, should be allowed to each. No preacher should assail the ruling religion from the pulpit, nor enter upon controverted points, beyond what the doctrine itself rendered unavoidable, or what might refer to morals. No psalm should be sung by them out of their appointed district. At the election of their preachers, churchwardens, and deacons, as also at all their other consistorial meetings, a person from the government should on each occasion be present, to report their proceedings to the prince and the magistrate. As to all other points, they should enjoy the same protection as the ruling religion. This arrangement was to hold good until the king, with the consent of the states, should determine otherwise; but then it should be free to every one to quit the country with his family and his property. From Antwerp the prince hastened to Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, in order to make there similar arrangements for the restoration of peace; Antwerp, however, was, during his absence, intrusted to the superintendence of Count Hogstraten, who was a mild man, and although an adherent of the League, had never failed in loyalty to the king. It is evident that in this agreement the prince had far overstepped the powers intrusted to him, and though in the service of the king, had acted exactly like a sovereign lord. But he alleged in excuse, that

it would be far easier to the magistrate to watch these numerous and powerful sects, if he himself interfered in their worship, and if this took place under his eyes, than if he were to leave the sectarians to themselves in the open air.

In Gueldres, Count Megen showed more severity, and entirely suppressed the Protestant sects and banished all their preachers. In Brussels, the regent availed herself of the advantage derived from her personal presence, to put a stop to the public preaching, even outside the town. When, in reference to this, Count Nassau reminded her, in the name of the confederates, of the compact which had been entered into, and demanded if the town of Brussels had inferior rights to the other towns? she answered, if there were public preachings in Brussels before the treaty, it was not her work if they were now discontinued. At the same time, however, she secretly gave the citizens to understand, that the first who should venture to attend a public sermon should certainly be hung. Thus she kept the capital at least faithful to her.

It was more difficult to quiet Tournay, which office was committed to Count Horn, in the place of Montigny, to whose government the town properly belonged. Horn commanded the Protestants to vacate the churches immediately, and to content themselves with a house of worship outside the walls. To this their preachers objected, that the churches were erected for the use of the people, by which term, they said, not the heads but the majority were meant. If they were expelled from the Roman Catholic churches, it was at least fair that they should be furnished with money for erecting churches of their own. To this the magistrate replied, even if the Catholic party was the weaker, it was indisputably the better. The erection of churches should not be forbidden them; they could not, however, after the injury which the town had already suffered from their brethren, the Iconoclasts, very well expect that it should be further burdened by the erection of their churches. After long quarreling on both sides, the Protestants contrived to retain possession of some churches, which, for greater security, they occupied with guards. In Valenciennes, too, the Protestants refused submission to the conditions which were offered to them through Philip St. Aldegonde, Baron of Noircarmes, to whom, in the absence of the Marquis of Bergen, the government of that place was intrusted. A reformed preacher, La Grange, a Frenchman by birth, who by his eloquence had gained complete command over them, urged them to insist upon having churches of their own, within the town, and to threaten in case of refusal to deliver it up to the Huguenots. A sense of the superior numbers of the Calvinists, and of their understanding with the Huguenots, prevented the governor adopting forcible measures against them.

Count Egmont also, to manifest his zeal for the king's service, did violence to his natural kindheartedness. Introducing a garrison into the town of Ghent, he caused some of the most refractory rebels to be put to death. The churches were reopened, the Roman Catholic worship renewed,

and all foreigners, without exception, ordered to quit the province. To the Calvinists, but to them alone, a site was granted outside the town for the erection of a church. In return, they were compelled to pledge themselves to the most rigid obedience to the municipal authorities, and to active co-operation in the proceedings against the Iconoclasts. He pursued similar measures through all Flanders and Artois. One of his noblemen, John Cassembrot, Baron of Beckerzeel, and a Leaguer, pursuing the Iconoclasts at the head of some horsemen of the League, surprised a band of them, just as they were about to break into the town of Hainault, near Grammont, in Flanders, and took thirty of them prisoner, of whom twenty-two were hung upon the spot, and the rest whipped out of the province.

Services of such importance, one would have thought, scarcely deserved to be rewarded with the displeasure of the king: what Orange, Egmont, and Horn performed on this occasion, evinced at least as much zeal, and had as beneficial a result, as any thing that was accomplished by Noircarmes, Megen, and Aremberg, to whom the king vouchsafed to show his gratitude both by words and deeds. But their zeal, their services, came too late. They had spoken too loudly against his edicts, had been too vehement in their opposition to his measures, had insulted him too grossly in the person of his minister Granvella, to leave room for forgiveness. No time, no repentance, no atonement, however great, could efface this one offense from the memory of their sovereign.

Philip lay sick at Segovia, when the news of the outbreak of the Iconoclasts, and the uncatholic agreement entered into with the Reformers, reached him. At the same time, the regent renewed her urgent entreaty for his personal visit, of which also all the letters treated, which the President Viglius exchanged with his friend Hopper. Many also of the Belgian nobles addressed special letters to the king, as, for instance, Egmont, Mansfeld, Megen, Aremberg, Noircarmes, and Barlaimont, in which they reported the state of their provinces, and at once explained and justified the arrangements they had made with the disaffected. Just at this period a letter arrived from the German Emperor, in which he recommended Philip to act with clemency toward his Belgian subjects, and offered his mediation in the matter. He had also written direct to the regent herself in Brussels, and added letters to the several leaders of the nobility, which, however, were never delivered. Having conquered the first anger which this hateful occurrence had excited, the king referred the whole matter to his council.

The party of Granvella, which had the preponderance in the council, was diligent in tracing a close connection between the behaviour of the Flemish nobles and the excesses of the church desecrators, which showed itself in the similarity of the demands of both parties, and especially the time which the latter chose for their outbreak. In the same month, they observed, in which the nobles had sent in their three articles of pacification, the Iconoclasts had commenced their work; on the evening of the very day that Orange quit-

ted Antwerp, the churches, too, were plundered. During the whole tumult, not a finger was lifted to take up arms; all the expedients employed were invariably such as turned to the advantage of the sects, while, on the contrary, all others were neglected which tended to the maintenance of the pure faith. Many of the Iconoclasts, it was further said, had confessed that all that they had done was with the knowledge and consent of the princes; though surely nothing was more natural than for such worthless wretches to seek to screen with great names a crime which they had undertaken solely on their own account. A writing also was produced, in which the high nobility were made to promise their services to the "Gueux," to procure the assembly of the States General, the genuineness of which, however, the former strenuously denied. Four different seditious parties were, they said, to be noticed in the Netherlands, which were all more or less connected with one another, and all worked toward a common end. One of these, was those bands of reprobates who desecrated the churches; a second consisted of the various sects who had hired the former to perform their infamous acts; the "Gueux," who had raised themselves to be the defenders of the sects, were the third; and the leading nobles, who were inclined to the "Gueux" by feudal connections, relationship, and friendship, composed the fourth. All, consequently, were alike fatally infected, and all equally guilty. The government had not merely to guard against a few isolated members; it had to contend with the whole body. Since, then, it was ascertained that the people were the seduced party, and the encouragement to rebellion came from higher quarters, it would be wise and expedient to alter the plan hitherto adopted, which now appeared defective in several respects. Inasmuch as all classes had been oppressed without distinction, and as much of severity shown to the lower orders as of contempt to the nobles, both had been compelled to lend support to one another; a party had been given to the latter, and leaders to the former. Unequal treatment seemed an infallible expedient to separate them; the mob, always timid and indolent when not goaded by the extremity of distress, would very soon desert its adored protectors, and quickly learn to see in their fate well-merited retribution, if only it was not driven to share it with them. It was therefore proposed to the king to treat the great multitude for the future with more leniency, and to direct all measures of severity against the leaders of the faction. In order, however, to avoid the appearance of a disgraceful concession, it was considered advisable to accept the mediation of the Emperor, and to impute to it alone, and not to the justness of their demands, that the king, out of pure generosity, had granted to his Belgian subjects as much as they asked.

The question of the king's personal visit to the provinces was now again mooted, and all the difficulties which had formerly been raised on this head, appeared to vanish before the present emergency. "Now," said Tyssenacque and Hopper, "the juncture has really arrived at which the king, according to his own declaration, formerly made to Count Egmont, will be ready to risk a

thousand lives. To restore quiet to Ghent, Charles V. had undertaken a troublesome and dangerous journey through an enemy's country. This was done for the sake of one single town; and now the peace, perhaps even the possession, of all the United Provinces was at stake." This was the opinion of the majority; and the journey of the king was looked upon as a matter from which he could not possibly any longer escape.

The question now was, whether he should enter upon it with a numerous body of attendants, or with a few; and here the Prince of Eboli and Count Figueroa were at issue with the Duke of Alva, as their private interests clashed. If the king journeyed at the head of an army, the presence of the Duke of Alva would be indispensable, who, on the other hand, if matters were peaceably adjusted, would be less required, and must make room for his rivals. "An army," said Figueroa, who spoke first, "would alarm the princes, through whose territories it must march, and perhaps even be opposed by them; it would, moreover, unnecessarily burden the provinces for whose tranquilization it was intended, and add a new grievance to the many which had already driven the people to such lengths. It would press indiscriminately upon all of the king's subjects, whereas a court of justice, peaceably administering its office, would observe a marked distinction between the innocent and the guilty. The unwonted violence of the former course would tempt the leaders of the faction to take a more alarming view of their behavior, in which wantonness and levity had the chief share, and consequently induce them to proceed with deliberation and union; the thought of having forced the king to such lengths would plunge them into despair, in which they would be ready to undertake any thing. If the king placed himself in arms against the rebels, he would forfeit the most important advantage which he possessed over them, namely, his authority as sovereign of the country, which would prove the more powerful in proportion as he showed his reliance upon that alone. He would place himself thereby, as it were, on a level with the rebels, who, on their side, would not be at a loss to raise an army, as the universal hatred of the Spanish forces would operate in their favor with the nation. By this procedure, the king would exchange the certain advantage which his position as sovereign of the country conferred upon him, for the uncertain result of military operations, which, result as they might, would of necessity destroy a portion of his own subjects. The rumor of his hostile approach would outrun him time enough to allow all who were conscious of a bad cause to place themselves in a posture of defense, and to combine and render availing both their foreign and domestic resources. Here, again, the general alarm would do them important service; the uncertainty who would be the first object of this warlike approach, would drive even the less guilty to the general mass of the rebels, and force those to become enemies to the king, who otherwise would never have been so. If, however, he was coming among them without such a formidable accompaniment; if his appearance was less that of a sanguinary judge than of

an angry parent, the courage of all good men would rise, and the bad would perish in their own security. They would persuade themselves what had happened was unimportant, that it did not appear to the king of sufficient moment to call for strong measures. They wished, if they could, to avoid the chance of ruining, by acts of open violence, a cause which might perhaps yet be saved; consequently, by this quiet, peaceable method, every thing would be gained, which by the other would be irretrievably lost; the loyal subject would in no degree be involved in the same punishment with the culpable rebel; on the latter alone would the whole weight of the royal indignation descend. Lastly, the enormous expenses would be avoided, which the transport of a Spanish army to those distant regions would occasion."

"But," began the Duke of Alva, "ought the injury of some few citizens to be considered, when danger impends over the whole? Because a few of the loyally disposed may suffer wrong, are the rebels therefore not to be chastised? The offense has been universal, why then should not the punishment be the same? What the rebels have incurred by their actions, the rest have incurred equally by their supineness. Whose fault is it but theirs, that the former have so far succeeded? Why did they not promptly oppose their first attempts? It is said, that circumstances were not so desperate as to justify this violent remedy; but who will insure us that they will not be so by the time the king arrives, especially when, according to every fresh dispatch of the regent, all is hastening with rapid strides to a ruinous consummation? Is it a hazard we ought to run, to leave the king to discover on his entrance into the provinces the necessity of his having brought with him a military force? It is a fact only too well established, that the rebels have secured foreign succors which stand ready at their command on the first signal; will it then be time to think of preparing for war, when the enemy pass the frontiers? Is it a wise risk to rely for aid upon the nearest Belgian troops, when their loyalty is so little to be depended upon? And is not the regent perpetually reverting in her dispatches to the fact, that nothing but the want of a suitable military force has hitherto hindered her from enforcing the edicts, and stopping the progress of the rebels? A well-disciplined and formidable army alone will disappoint all their hopes of maintaining themselves in opposition to their lawful sovereign, and nothing but the certain prospect of destruction will make them lower their demands. Besides, without an adequate force, the king cannot venture his person in hostile countries; he cannot enter into any treaties with his rebellious subjects which would not be derogatory to his honor."

The authority of the speaker gave preponderance to his arguments, and the next question was, when the king should commence his journey, and what road he should take. As the voyage by sea was on every account extremely hazardous, he had no other alternative but either to proceed thither through the passes near Trent across Germany, or to penetrate from Savoy over the Apen-

nine Alps. The first route would expose him to the danger of the attack of the German Protestants, who were not likely to view with indifference the objects of his journey, and a passage over the Apennines was at this late season of the year not to be attempted. Moreover, it would be necessary to send for the requisite galleys from Italy, and repair them, which would take several months. Finally, as the assembly of the Cortes of Castile, from which he could not well be absent, was already appointed for December, the journey could not be undertaken before the spring. Meanwhile, the regent pressed for explicit instructions how she was to extricate herself from her present embarrassment, without compromising the royal dignity too far; and it was necessary to do something in the interval, till the king could undertake to appease the troubles by his personal presence. Two separate letters were therefore dispatched to the duchess; one public, which she could lay before the states and the council chambers, and one private, which was intended for herself alone. In the first, the king announced to her his restoration to health and the fortunate birth of the Infanta, Clara Isabella Eugenia, afterward wife of the Archduke Albert of Austria, and Princess of the Netherlands. He declared to her his present firm intention to visit the Netherlands in person, for which he was already making the necessary preparations. The assembling of the states he refused, as he had previously done. No mention was made in this letter of the agreement which she had entered into with the Protestants and with the league, because he did not deem it advisable at present absolutely to reject it, and he was still less disposed to acknowledge its validity. On the other hand, he ordered her to reinforce the army, to draw together new regiments from Germany, and to meet the refractory with force. For the rest, he concluded, he relied upon the loyalty of the leading nobility, among whom he knew many who were sincere in their attachment both to their religion and their king. In the secret letter, she was again enjoined to do all in her power to prevent the assembling of the states; but if the general voice should become irresistible, and she was compelled to yield, she was at least to manage so cautiously, that the royal dignity should not suffer, and no one learn the king's consent to their assembly.

While these consultations were held in Spain, the Protestants in the Netherlands made the most extensive use of the privileges which had been compulsorily granted to them. The erection of churches, wherever it was permitted, was completed with incredible rapidity; young and old, gentle and simple, assisted in carrying stones; women sacrificed even their ornaments in order to accelerate the work. The two religious parties established in several towns consistories, and a church council of their own, the first move of the kind being made in Antwerp, and placed their form of worship on a well regulated footing. It was also proposed, to raise a common fund by subscription, to meet any sudden emergency of the Protestant Church in general. In Antwerp, a memorial was presented by the Calvinists of that town to the Count of Hogstraten, in which

they offered to pay three millions of dollars to secure the free exercise of their religion. Many copies of this writing were circulated in the Netherlands; and in order to stimulate others, many had ostentatiously subscribed their names to large sums. Various interpretations of this extravagant offer were made by the enemies of the reformers, and all had some appearance of reason. For instance, it was urged that under the pretext of collecting the requisite sum for fulfilling this engagement, they hoped, without suspicion, to raise funds for military purposes; for whether they should be called upon to contribute *for* or *against*, they would, it was thought, be more ready to burden themselves with a view of preserving peace, than for an oppressive and devastating war. Others saw in this offer nothing more than a temporary stratagem of the Protestants, by which they hoped to bind the court and keep it irresolute, until they should have gained sufficient strength to confront it. Others again declared it to be a downright bravado in order to alarm the regent, and to raise the courage of their own party by the display of such rich resources. But whatever was the true motive of this proposition, its originators gained little by it; the contributions flowed in scantily and slowly, and the court answered the proposal with silent contempt. The excesses, too, of the Iconoclasts, far from promoting the cause of the League and advancing the Protestant interests, had done irreparable injury to both. The sight of their ruined churches, which, in the language of Viglius, resembled stables more than houses of God, enraged the Roman Catholics, and above all the clergy. All of that religion, who had hitherto been members of the League, now forsook it, alleging that even if it had not intentionally excited and encouraged the excesses of the Iconoclasts, it had beyond question remotely led to them. The intolerance of the Calvinists, who, wherever they were the ruling party, cruelly oppressed the Roman Catholics, completely expelled the delusion in which the latter had long indulged, and they withdrew their support from a party, from which, if they obtained the upper hand, their own religion had so much cause to fear. Thus the League lost many of its best members; the friends and patrons, too, which it had hitherto found amongst the well-disposed citizens now deserted it, and its character began perceptibly to decline. The severity with which some of its members had acted against the Iconoclasts, in order to prove their good disposition toward the regent, and to remove the suspicion of any connection with the malcontents, had also injured them with the people, who favored the latter, and thus the League was in danger of ruining itself with both parties at the same time.

The regent had no sooner become acquainted with this change in the public mind, than she devised a plan by which she hoped gradually to dissolve the whole League, or at least to enfeeble it through internal dissensions. For this end, she availed herself of the private letters, which the king had addressed to some of the nobles, and inclosed to her, with full liberty to use them at her discretion. These letters, which overflowed with

kind expressions, were presented to those for whom they were intended with an attempt at secrecy, which designedly miscarried, so that on each occasion, some one or other of those who had received nothing of the sort got a hint of them. In order to spread suspicion the more widely, numerous copies of the letters were circulated. This artifice attained its object. Many members of the League began to doubt the honesty of those to whom such brilliant promises were made; through fear of being deserted by their principal members and supporters, they eagerly accepted the conditions which were offered them by the regent, and evinced great anxiety for a speedy reconciliation with the court. The general rumor of the impending visit of the king, which the regent took care to have widely circulated, was also of great service to her in this matter; many who could not augur much good to themselves from the royal presence, did not hesitate to accept a pardon, which, perhaps, for what they could tell, was offered them for the last time. Among those who thus received private letters, were Egmont and the Prince of Orange. Both had complained to the king of the evil reports with which designing persons in Spain had labored to brand their names, and to throw suspicion on their motives and intentions; Egmont, in particular, with the honest simplicity which was peculiar to his character, had asked the monarch, only to point out to him what he most desired, to determine the particular action by which his favor could be best obtained, and zeal in his service evinced, and it should, he assured him, be done. The king, in reply, caused the President Von Tyssenacque, to tell him that he could do nothing better to refute his traducers than to show perfect submission to the royal orders, which were so clearly and precisely drawn up, that no further exposition of them was required, nor any particular instruction. It was the sovereign's part to deliberate, to examine, and to decide; unconditionally to obey was the duty of the subject; the honor of the latter consisted in his obedience. It did not become a member to hold itself wiser than the head. He was assuredly to be blamed for not having done his utmost to curb the unruliness of his sectarians; but it was even yet in his power to make up for past negligence, by at least maintaining peace and order until the actual arrival of the king. In thus punishing Count Egmont with reproofs like a disobedient child, the king treated him in accordance with what he knew of his character; with his friend he found it necessary to call in the aid of artifice and deceit. Orange, too, in his letter, had alluded to the suspicions which the king entertained of his loyalty and attachment; but not like Egmont, in the vain hope of removing them; for this he had long given up; but in order to pass from these complaints to a request for permission to resign his offices. He had already frequently made this request to the regent, but had always received from her a refusal, accompanied with the strongest assurance of her regard. The king also, to whom he now at last addressed a direct application, returned him the same answer, graced with similar strong assurances of his satisfaction and grati-

tude. In particular, he expressed the high satisfaction he entertained of the services which he had lately rendered the crown in Antwerp, and lamented deeply, that the private affairs of the prince (which the latter had made his chief plea for demanding his dismissal) should have fallen into such disorder; but ended with the declaration that it was impossible for him to dispense with his valuable services, at a crisis which demanded the increase, rather than diminution, of his good and honest servants. He had thought, he added, that the prince entertained a better opinion of him, than to suppose him capable of giving credit to the idle talk of certain persons, who were friends neither to the prince nor to himself. But, at the same time, to give him a proof of his sincerity, he complained to him in confidence of his brother, the Count of Nassau, pretended to ask his advice in the matter, and finally expressed a wish to have the count removed for a period from the Netherlands.

But Philip had here to do with a head which, in cunning, was superior to his own. The Prince of Orange had, for a long time, held watch over him and his Privy Council in Madrid and Segovia, through a host of spies, who reported to him every thing of importance that was transacted there. The court of this most secret of all despots had become accessible to his intriguing spirit and his money; in this manner, he had gained possession of several autograph letters of the regent, which she had secretly written to Madrid, and had caused copies to be circulated in triumph in Brussels, and in a measure under her own eyes, insomuch that she saw with astonishment in every body's hands what she thought was preserved with so much care, and entreated the king for the future to destroy her dispatches immediately they were read. William's vigilance did not confine itself simply to the court of Spain, he had spies in France, and even at more distant courts. He is also charged with not being over scrupulous as to the means by which he acquired his intelligence. But the most important disclosure was made by an intercepted letter of the Spanish ambassador in France, Francis Von Alava, to the duchess, in which the former descanted on the fair opportunity which was now afforded to the king through the guilt of the Netherlandish people, of establishing an arbitrary power in that country. He therefore advised her, to deceive the nobles by the very arts which they had hitherto employed against herself, and to secure them through smooth words, and an obliging behavior. The king, he concluded, who knew the nobles to be the hidden springs of all the previous troubles, would take good care to lay hands upon them at the first favorable opportunity, as well as the two, whom he had already in Spain; and did not mean to let them go again, having sworn to make an example in them, which should horrify the whole of Christendom, even if it should cost him his hereditary dominions. This piece of evil news was strongly corroborated by the letters which Bergen and Montigny wrote from Spain, and in which they bitterly complained of the contemptuous behavior of the Grandees, and the altered deportment of

the monarch toward them, and the Prince of Orange was now fully sensible what he had to expect from the fair promises of the king.

The letter of the minister Alava, together with some others from Spain, which gave a circumstantial account of the approaching warlike visit of the king, and of his evil intentions against the nobles, was laid by the prince before his brother Count Louis of Nassau, Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hogstraten, at a meeting at Dendermonde in Flanders, whither these five knights had repaired to confer on the measures necessary for their security. Count Louis, who listened only to his feelings of indignation, foolhardily maintained, that they ought without loss of time, to take up arms and seize some strongholds. That they ought at all risks to prevent the king's armed entrance into the provinces. That they should endeavor to prevail on the Swiss, the Protestant princes of Germany, and the Huguenots to arm and obstruct his passage through their territories; and if, notwithstanding, he should force his way through these impediments, that the Flemings should meet him with an army on the frontiers. He would take upon himself to negotiate a defensive alliance in France, in Switzerland, and in Germany, and to raise in the latter empire four thousand horse, together with a proportionate body of infantry; pretexts would not be wanting for collecting the requisite supplies of money, and the merchants of the reformed sect would, he felt assured, not fail them. But William, more cautious and more wise, declared himself against this proposal, which, in the execution, would be exposed to numberless difficulties, and had as yet nothing to justify it. The Inquisition, he represented, was in fact abolished, the edicts were nearly sunk into oblivion, and a fair degree of religious liberty accorded. Hitherto, therefore, there existed no valid or adequate excuse for adopting this hostile method; he did not doubt, however, that one would be presented to them before long, and in good time for preparation. His own opinion, consequently, was that they should await this opportunity with patience, and in the mean while still keep a watchful eye upon every thing, and contrive to give the people a hint of the threatened danger, that they might be ready to act if circumstances should call for their co-operation. If all present had assented to the opinion of the Prince of Orange, there is no doubt but so powerful a league, formidable both by the influence and the high character of its members, would have opposed obstacles to the designs of the king which would have compelled him to abandon them entirely. But the determination of the assembled knights was much shaken by the declaration with which Count Egmont surprised them. "Rather," said he, "may all that is evil befall me, than that I should tempt fortune so rashly. The idle talk of the Spanish Alava does not move me; how should such a person be able to read the mind of a sovereign so reserved as Philip, and to decipher his secrets?" The intelligence which Montigny gives us, goes to prove nothing more than that the king has a very doubtful opinion of our zeal for his service, and believes he has cause to distrust our loyalty; and for this,

I, for my part, must confess that we have given him only too much cause. And it is my serious purpose, by redoubling my zeal, to regain his good opinion, and by my future behavior to remove, if possible, the distrust which my actions have hitherto excited. How could I tear myself from the arms of my numerous and dependant family, to wander as an exile at foreign courts, a burden to every one who received me, the slave of every one who condescended to assist me—a servant of foreigners in order to escape a slight degree of constraint at home? Never can the monarch act unkindly toward a servant who was once beloved and dear to him, and who has established a well grounded claim to his gratitude. Never shall I be persuaded, that he, who has expressed such favorable, such gracious sentiments toward his Belgian subjects, and with his own mouth gave me such emphatic, such solemn assurances, can be now devising, as it is pretended, such tyrannical schemes against them. If we do but restore to the country its former repose, chastise the rebels, and re-establish the Roman Catholic form of worship wherever it has been violently suppressed, then, believe me, we shall hear no more of Spanish troops. This is the course to which I now invite you all by my counsel and my example, and to which also most of our brethren already incline. I, for my part, fear nothing from the anger of the king. My conscience acquits me. I trust my fate and fortunes to his justice and clemency.” In vain did Nassau, Horn, and Orange labor to shake his resolution, and to open his eyes to the near and inevitable danger. Egmont was really attached to the king; the royal favors, and the condescension with which they were conferred were still fresh in his remembrance. The attentions with which the monarch had distinguished him above all his friends, had not failed of their effect. It was more from false shame than from party spirit that he had defended the cause of his countrymen against him; more from temperament and natural kindness of heart, than from tried principles, that he had opposed the severe measures of the government. The love of the nation, which worshiped him as its idol, carried him away. Too vain to renounce a title which sounded so agreeable, he had been compelled to do something to deserve it; but a single look at his family—a harsher designation applied to his conduct—a dangerous inference drawn from it—the mere sound of crime terrified him from his self-delusion, and scared him back in haste and alarm to his duty.

Orange’s whole plan was frustrated by Egmont’s withdrawal. The latter possessed the hearts of the people and the confidence of the army, without which it was utterly impossible to undertake any thing effective. The rest had reckoned with so much certainty upon him, that his unexpected defection rendered the whole meeting nugatory. They therefore separated without coming to a determination. All who had met in Dendermonde were expected in the Council of State in Brussels; but Egmont alone repaired thither. The regent wished to sift him on the subject of this conference, but she could extract nothing further from him, than the produc-

tion of the letter of Alava, of which he had purposely taken a copy, and which with the bitterest reproofs he laid before her. At first she changed color at sight of it, but quickly recovering herself, she boldly declared that it was a forgery. “How can this letter,” she said, “really come from Alava, when I miss none; and would he, who pretends to have intercepted it, have spared the other letters? Nay, how can it be true, when not a single packet has miscarried, nor a single dispatch failed to come to hand? How, too, can it be thought likely that the king would have made Alava master of a secret which he has not communicated even to me?”

CIVIL WAR.

1566. Meanwhile the regent hastened to take advantage of the schism amongst the nobles to complete the ruin of the League, which was already tottering under the weight of internal dissensions. Without loss of time, she drew from Germany the troops which Duke Eric of Brunswick was holding in readiness, augmented the cavalry, and raised five regiments of Walloons, the command of which she gave to Counts Mansfeld, Megen, Aremberg, and others. To the prince, likewise, she felt it necessary to confide troops, both because she did not wish, by withholding them, pointedly to insult him, and also because the provinces of which he was governor were in urgent need of them; but she took the precaution of joining with him a Colonel Waldenfinger, who should watch all his steps, and thwart his measures if they appeared dangerous. To Count Egmont, the clergy in Flanders paid a contribution of forty thousand gold florins for the maintenance of fifteen hundred men, whom he distributed among the places where danger was most apprehended. Every governor was ordered to increase his military force, and to provide himself with ammunition. These energetic preparations which were making in all places, left no doubt as to the measures which the regent would adopt in future. Conscious of her superior force, and certain of this important support, she now ventured to change her tone, and to employ quite another language with the rebels. She began to put the most arbitrary interpretation on the concessions which, through fear and necessity, she had made to the Protestants, and to restrict all the liberties which she had tacitly granted them to the mere permission of their preaching. All other religious exercises and rites, which yet appeared to be involved in the former privilege, were, by new edicts, expressly forbidden, and all offenders in such matters were to be proceeded against as traitors. The Protestants were permitted to think differently from the ruling church upon the sacrament, but to receive it differently was a crime; baptism, marriage, burial, after their fashion, were prohibited under pain of death. It was a cruel mockery to allow them their religion, and forbid the exercise of it; but this mean artifice of the regent to escape from the obligation of her pledged word, was worthy of the pusillanimity with which she had submitted to its

being extorted from her. She took advantage of the most trifling innovations, and the smallest excesses, to interrupt the preachings; and some of the preachers, under the charge of having performed their office in places not appointed to them, were brought to trial, condemned and executed. On more than one occasion, the regent publicly declared that the confederates had taken unfair advantage of her fears, and that she did not feel herself bound by an engagement which had been extorted from her by threats.

Of all the Belgian towns which had participated in the insurrection of the Iconolasts, none had caused the regent so much alarm as the town of Valenciennes in Hainault. In no other was the party of the Calvinists so powerful, and the spirit of rebellion for which the province of Hainault had always made itself conspicuous, seemed to dwell here as in its native place. The propinquity of France, to which, as well by language as by manners, this town appeared to belong, rather than to the Netherlands, had from the first led to its being governed with great mildness and forbearance, which, however, only taught it to feel its own importance. At the last outbreak of the church desecrators it had been on the point of surrendering to the Huguenots, with whom it maintained the closest understanding. The slightest excitement might renew this danger. On this account Valenciennes was the first town to which the regent proposed, as soon as it should be in her power, to send a strong garrison. Philip of Noircarmes, Baron of St. Aldegonde, Governor of Hainault in the place of the absent Marquis of Bergen, had received this charge, and now appeared at the head of an army before its walls. Deputies came to meet him on the part of the magistrates from the town, to petition against the garrison, because the Protestant citizens, who were the superior number, had declared against it. Noircarmes acquainted them with the will of the regent, and gave them the choice between the garrison or a siege. He assured them that not more than four squadrons of horse and six companies of foot should be imposed upon the town; and for this he would give them his son as a hostage. These terms were laid before the magistrate, who, for his part, was much inclined to accept them. But Peregrine Le Grange, the preacher, and the idol of the populace, to whom it was of vital importance to prevent a submission of which he would inevitably become the victim, appeared at the head of his followers, and by his powerful eloquence excited the people to reject the conditions. When their answer was brought to Noircarmes, contrary to all law of nations, he caused the messengers to be placed in irons, and carried them away with him as prisoners; he was, however, by express command of the regent compelled to set them free again. The regent, instructed by secret orders from Madrid to exercise as much forbearance as possible, caused the town to be repeatedly summoned to receive the garrison; when, however, it obstinately persisted in its refusal, it was declared by public edict to be in rebellion, and Noircarmes was authorized to commence the siege in form. The other provinces were forbidden to assist this re-

bellious town with advice, money, or arms. All the property contained in it was confiscated. In order to let it see the war, before it began in earnest, and to give it time for rational reflection, Noircarmes drew together troops from all Hainault and Cambray (1566), took possession of St. Amant, and placed garrisons in all adjacent places.

The line of conduct adopted toward Valenciennes, allowed the other towns which were similarly situated, to infer the fate which was intended for them also, and at once put the whole League in motion. An army of the Gueux between three and four thousand strong, which was hastily collected from the rabble of fugitives, and the remaining bands of Iconoclasts, appeared in the territories of Tournay and Lille, in order to secure these two towns, and to annoy the enemy at Valenciennes. The commandant of Lille was fortunate enough to maintain that place by routing a detachment of this army, which, in concert with the Protestant inhabitants, had made an attempt to get possession of it. At the same time, the army of the Gueux, which was uselessly wasting its time at Lannoy, was surprised by Noircarmes and almost entirely annihilated. The few, who with desperate courage forced their way through the enemy, threw themselves into the town of Tournay, which was immediately summoned by the victor to open its gates and admit a garrison. Its prompt obedience obtained for it a milder fate. Noircarmes contented himself with abolishing the Protestant consistory, banishing the preachers, punishing the leaders of the rebels, and again re-establishing the Roman Catholic worship, which he found almost entirely suppressed. After giving it a steadfast Roman Catholic as governor, and leaving it a sufficient garrison, he again returned with his victorious army to Valenciennes to press the siege.

This town, confident in its strength, actively prepared for defense, firmly resolved to allow things to come to extremes before it surrendered. The inhabitants had not neglected to furnish themselves with ammunition and provisions for a long siege; all who could carry arms, (the very artisans not excepted,) became soldiers; the houses before the town, and especially the cloisters, were pulled down, that the besiegers might not avail themselves of them to cover their attack. The few adherents of the crown, awed by the multitude, were silent; no Roman Catholic ventured to stir himself. Anarchy and rebellion had taken the place of good order, and the fanaticism of a foolhardy priest gave laws, instead of the legal dispensers of justice. The male population was numerous, their courage confirmed by despair, their confidence unbounded that the siege would be raised, while their hatred against the Roman Catholic religion was excited to the highest pitch. Many had no mercy to expect, all abhorred the general thralldom of an imperious garrison. Noircarmes, whose army had become formidable through the reinforcements which streamed to it from all quarters, and was abundantly furnished with all the requisites for a long blockade, once more attempted to prevail on the town by gentle means, but in vain. At last he caused the

trenches to be opened, and prepared to invest the place.

In the mean while, the position of the Protestants had grown as much worse as that of the regent had improved. The league of the nobles had gradually melted away to a third of its original number. Some of its most important defenders, Count Egmont, for instance, had gone over to the king; the pecuniary contributions which had been so confidently reckoned upon came in but slowly and scantily; the zeal of the party began perceptibly to cool, and the close of the fine season made it necessary to discontinue the public preachings, which, up to this time, had been continued. These and other reasons combined, induced the declining party to moderate its demands, and to try every legal expedient before it proceeded to extremities. In a general synod of the Protestants, which was held for this object in Antwerp, and which was also attended by some of the confederates, it was resolved to send deputies to the regent, to remonstrate with her upon this breach of faith, and to remind her of her compact. Brederode undertook this office, but was obliged to submit to a harsh and disgraceful rebuff, and was shut out of Brussels. He had now recourse to a written memorial, in which, in the name of the whole league, he complained that the duchess had, by violating her word, falsified in sight of all the Protestants the security given by the league, in reliance on which all of them had laid down their arms; that by her insincerity she had undone all the good which the confederates had labored to effect; that she had sought to degrade the league in the eyes of the people, had excited discord among its members, and had even caused many of them to be persecuted as criminals. He called upon her to recall her late ordinances, which deprived the Protestants of the free exercise of their religion, but above all to raise the siege of Valenciennes, to disband the troops newly enlisted, and ended by assuring her that on these conditions, and these alone, the league would be responsible for the general tranquillity.

To this the regent replied in a tone very different from her previous moderation. "Who these confederates are, who address me in this memorial, is, indeed, a mystery to me. The confederates with whom I had formerly to do, for aught I know to the contrary, have dispersed. All at least cannot participate in this statement of grievances, for I myself know of many, who, satisfied in all their demands, have returned to their duty. But still, whoever he may be, who without authority and right, and without name, addresses me, he has at least given a very false interpretation to my word, if he asserts that I guaranteed to the Protestants complete religious liberty. No one can be ignorant how reluctantly I was induced to permit the preachings in the places where they had sprung up unauthorized, and this surely cannot be counted for a concession of freedom in religion. Is it likely that I should have entertained the idea of protecting these illegal consistories, of tolerating this state within a state? Could I forget myself so far as to grant the sanction of law to an objectionable sect; to overturn all order in the church and in the state, and

abominably to blaspheme my holy religion? Look to him who has given you such permission, but you must not argue with me. You accuse me of having violated the agreement, which gave you impunity and security. The past I am willing to look over, but not what may be done in future. No advantage was to be taken of you on account of the petition of last April, and to best of my knowledge, nothing of the kind has as yet been done; but whoever again offends in the same way, against the majesty of the king, must be ready to bear the consequences of his crime. In fine, how can you presume to remind me of an agreement which you have been the first to break? At whose instigation were the churches plundered, the images of the saints thrown down, and the towns hurried into rebellion? Who formed alliances with foreign powers, set on foot illegal enlistments, and collected unlawful taxes from the subjects of the king? These are the reasons which have impelled me to draw together my troops, and to increase the severity of the edicts. Whoever now asks me to lay down my arms, cannot mean well to his country or his king, and if ye value your own lives, look to it that your own actions acquit you, instead of judging mine."

All the hopes which the confederates might have entertained of an amicable adjustment sank with this high-toned declaration. Without being confident of possessing powerful support, the regent would not, they argued, employ such language. An army was in the field, the enemy was before Valenciennes, the members who were the heart of the league had abandoned it, and the regent required unconditional submission. Their cause was now so bad, that open resistance could not make it worse. If they gave themselves up defenseless into the hands of their exasperated sovereign, their fate was certain; an appeal to arms could at least make it a matter of doubt; they, therefore, chose the latter, and began seriously to take steps for their defense. In order to insure the assistance of the German Protestants, Louis of Nassau attempted to persuade the towns of Amsterdam, Antwerp, Tournay, and Valenciennes, to adopt the confession of Augsburg, and in this manner to seal their alliance with a religious union. But the proposition was not successful, because the hatred of the Calvinists to the Lutherans exceeded, if possible, that which they bore to Popery. Nassau also began in earnest to negotiate for supplies from France, the Palatinate, and Saxony. The Count of Bergen fortified his castles; Brederode threw himself with a small force into his strong town of Viane on the Leck, over which he claimed the rights of sovereignty, and which he hastily placed in a state of defense, and there awaited a reinforcement from the league, and the issue of Nassau's negotiations. The flag of war was now unfurled, everywhere the drum was heard to beat; in all parts troops were seen on the march, contributions collected, and soldiers enlisted. The agents of each party often met in the same place, and hardly had the collectors and recruiting officers of the regent quitted a town, when it had to endure a similar visit from the agents of the league.

From Valenciennes the regent directed her at

tention to Herzogenbusch, where the Iconoclasts had lately committed fresh excesses, and the party of the Protestants had gained a great accession of strength. In order to prevail on the citizens peaceably to receive a garrison, she sent thither, as ambassador, the chancellor Scheiff from Brabant, with Counselor Merode of Petersheim, whom she appointed governor of the town; they were instructed to secure the place by judicious means, and to exact from the citizens a new oath of allegiance. At the same time, the Count of Megen, who was in the neighborhood with a body of troops, was ordered to support the two envoys in effecting their commission, and to afford the means of throwing in a garrison immediately. But Brederode, who obtained information of these movements in Viane, had already sent thither one of his creatures, a certain Anton von Bomberg, a hot Calvinist, but also a brave soldier, in order to raise the courage of his party, and to frustrate the designs of the regent. This Bomberg succeeded in getting possession of the letters which the chancellor brought with him from the duchess, and contrived to substitute in their place counterfeit ones, which, by their harsh and imperious language, were calculated to exasperate the minds of the citizens. At the same time, he attempted to throw suspicion on both the ambassadors of the duchess, as having evil designs upon the town. In this he succeeded so well with the mob, that in their mad fury they even laid hands on the ambassadors, and placed them in confinement. He himself at the head of 800 men, who had adopted him as their leader, advanced against the Count of Megen, who was moving in order of battle, and gave him so warm a reception with some heavy artillery, that he was compelled to retire without accomplishing his object. The regent now sent an officer of justice to demand the release of her ambassadors, and in case of refusal to threaten the place with siege; but Bomberg with his party surrounded the town hall, and forced the magistrate to deliver to him the key of the town. The messenger of the regent was ridiculed and dismissed, and an answer sent through him, that the treatment of the prisoners would depend upon Brederode's orders. The herald, who was remaining outside before the town, now appeared to declare war against her, which however the chancellor prevented.

After this futile attempt on Herzogenbusch, the Count of Megen threw himself into Utrecht, in order to prevent the execution of a design, which Count Brederode had formed against the town. As it had suffered much from the army of the confederates, which was encamped in its immediate neighborhood, near Viane, it received Megen with open arms as its protector, and conformed to all the alterations which he made in its religious worship. Upon this, he immediately caused a redoubt to be thrown up on the bank of the Leck, which would command Viane. Brederode, not disposed to await his attack, quitted that rendezvous with the best part of his army and hastened to Amsterdam.

However unprofitably the Prince of Orange appeared to be losing his time in Antwerp during these operations, he was, nevertheless, busily em-

ployed. At his instigation the league had commenced recruiting, and Brederode had fortified his castles, for which purpose he himself presented him with three cannons, which he had had cast at Utrecht. His eye watched all the movements of the court, and he kept the league warned of the towns which were next menaced with attack. But his chief object appeared to be to get possession of the principal places in the districts under his own government, to which end he, with all his power, secretly assisted Brederode's plans against Utrecht and Amsterdam. The most important place was the Island of Walcheren, where the king was expected to land; and he now planned a scheme for the surprise of this place, the conduct of which was intrusted to one of the confederate nobles, an intimate friend of the Prince of Orange, John of Marnix, Baron of Thoulouse, and brother of Philip of Aldegonde.

1567. Thoulouse maintained a secret understanding with the late mayor of Middleburg, Peter Haak, by which he expected to gain an opportunity of throwing a garrison into Middleburg and Flushing. The recruiting, however, for this undertaking, which was set on foot in Antwerp, could not be carried on so quietly as not to attract the notice of the magistrate. In order, therefore, to lull the suspicions of the latter, and at the same time to promote the success of the scheme, the prince caused the herald, by public proclamation, to order all foreign soldiers and strangers who were in the service of the state or employed in other business, forthwith to quit the town. He might, say his adversaries, by closing the gates, have easily made himself master of all these suspected recruits; but he expelled them from the town, in order to drive them the more quickly to the place of their destination. They immediately embarked on the Scheldt, and sailed down to Rammekens; as, however, a market-vessel of Antwerp, which ran into Flushing a little before them, had given warning of their design, they were forbidden to enter the port. They found the same difficulty at Arne-muiden, near Middleburg, although the Protestants in that place exerted themselves to raise an insurrection in their favor. Thoulouse, therefore, without having accomplished any thing, put about his ships, and sailed back down the Scheldt as far as Osterweel, a quarter of a mile from Antwerp, where he disembarked his people and encamped on the shore, with the hope of getting men from Antwerp; and also in order to revive by his presence the courage of his party, which had been cast down by the proceedings of the magistrate. By the aid of the Calvinistic clergy, who recruited for him, his little army increased daily, so that at last he began to be formidable to the Antwerpians, whose whole territory he laid waste. The magistrate was for attacking him here with the militia, which, however, the Prince of Orange successfully opposed, by the pretext that it would not be prudent to strip the town of soldiers.

Meanwhile, the regent had hastily brought together a small army, under the command of Philip of Launoy, which moved from Brussels to Antwerp by forced marches. At the same time, Count Megen managed to keep the army of the Gueux

shut up and employed at Viane, so that it could neither hear of these movements, nor hasten to the assistance of its confederates. Launoy, on his arrival, attacked by surprise the dispersed crowds, who, little expecting an enemy, had gone out to plunder, and destroyed them in one terrible carnage. Thoulouse threw himself with the small remnant of his troops, into a country house, which had served him as his head-quarters, and for a long time defended himself with the courage of despair, until Launoy, finding it impossible to dislodge him, set fire to the house. The few who escaped the flames, fell on the swords of the enemy, or were drowned in the Scheldt. Thoulouse himself preferred to perish in the flames, rather than to fall into the hands of the enemy. This victory, which swept off more than a thousand of the enemy, was purchased by the conqueror cheaply enough, for he did not lose more than two men. Three hundred of the leaguers who surrendered, were cut down without mercy on the spot, as a sally from Antwerp was momentarily dreaded.

Before the battle actually commenced, no anticipation of such an event had been entertained in Antwerp. The Prince of Orange, who got early information of it, had taken the precaution, the day before, of causing the bridge which unites the town with Osterweel, to be destroyed, in order, as he gave out, to prevent the Calvinists within the town going out to join the army of Thoulouse. A more probable motive seems to have been a fear lest the Catholics should attack the army of the Gueux general in the rear, or lest Launoy should prove victorious, and try to force his way into the town. On the same pretext, the gates of the city were also shut by his orders, and the inhabitants, who did not comprehend the meaning of all these movements, fluctuated between curiosity and alarm, until the sound of artillery from Osterweel announced to them what there was going on. In clamorous crowds they all ran to the walls and ramparts, from which, as the wind drove the smoke from the contending armies, they commanded a full view of the whole battle. Both armies were so near to the town that they could discern their banners, and clearly distinguish the voices of the victors and the vanquished. More terrible even than the battle itself was the spectacle which this town now presented. Each of the conflicting armies had its friends and its enemies on the wall. All that went on in the plain, roused on the ramparts exultation or dismay; on the issue of the conflict the fate of each spectator seemed to depend. Every movement on the field could be read in the faces of the townsmen; defeat and triumph, the terror of the conquered, and the fury of the conqueror. Here a painful but idle wish to support those who are giving way, to rally those to fly; there an equally futile desire to overtake them, to slay them, to extirpate them. Now the Gueux fly, and ten thousand men rejoice; Thoulouse's last place and refuge is in flames, and the hopes of twenty thousand citizens are consumed with him.

But the first bewilderment of alarm soon gave place to a frantic desire of revenge. Shrieking aloud, wringing her hands, and with disheveled hair, the widow of the slain general rushed amidst

the crowds to implore their pity and help. Excited by their favorite preacher, Hermann, the Calvinists fly to arms, determined to avenge their brethren, or to perish with them; without reflection, without plan or leader, guided by nothing but their anguish, their delirium, they rush to the Red Gate of the city, which leads to the field of battle; but there is no egress, the gate is shut, and the foremost of the crowd recoil on those that follow. Thousands and thousands collect together, a dreadful rush is made to the Meer bridge. We are betrayed! we are prisoners! is the general cry. Destruction to the Papists, death to him who has betrayed us!—a sullen murmur, portentous of a revolt, runs through the multitude. They begin to suspect, that all that has taken place has been set on foot by the Roman Catholics, to destroy the Calvinists. They had slain their defenders, and they would now fall upon the defenseless. With fatal speed this suspicion spreads through the whole of Antwerp. Now they can, they think, understand the past, and they fear something still worse in the background; a frightful distrust gains possession of every mind. Each party dreads the other; every one sees an enemy in his neighbor; the mystery deepens the alarm and horror; a fearful condition for a populous town, in which every accidental concourse instantly becomes tumult, every rumor started amongst them becomes a fact, every small spark a blazing flame, and by the force of numbers and collision all passions are furiously inflamed. All who bore the name of Calvinists were roused by this report. Fifteen thousand of them take possession of the Meer bridge, and plant heavy artillery upon it, which they had taken by force from the arsenal; the same thing also happens at another bridge; their number makes them formidable, the town is in their hands; to escape an imaginary danger, they bring all Antwerp to the brink of ruin.

Immediately on the commencement of the tumult, the Prince of Orange hastened to the Meer Bridge, where, boldly forcing his way through the raging crowd, he commanded peace, and entreated to be heard. At the other bridge, Count Hogstraten, accompanied by the Burgomaster Strahlen, made the same attempt; but not possessing a sufficient share either of eloquence or of popularity to command attention, he referred the tumultuous crowd to the prince, around whom all Antwerp now furiously thronged. The gate, he endeavored to explain to them, was shut simply to keep off the victor, whoever he might be, from the city, which would otherwise become the prey of an infuriated soldiery. In vain! the frantic people would not listen, and one more daring than the rest presented his musket at him, calling him a traitor. With tumultuous shouts, they demanded the key of the Red Gate, which he was ultimately forced to deliver into the hands of the preacher Hermann. But, he added with happy presence of mind, they must take heed what they were doing; in the suburbs, six hundred of the enemy's horse were waiting to receive them. This invention, suggested by the emergency, was not so far removed from the truth as its author perhaps imagined; for no sooner had the victorious





general perceived the commotion in Antwerp, than he ordered his whole cavalry to mount, in the hope of being able, under favor of the disturbance, to break into the town. I, at least, continued the Prince of Orange, shall secure my own safety in time, and he who follows my example will save himself much future regret. These words, opportunely spoken and immediately acted upon, had their effect. Those who stood nearest, followed him, and were again followed by the next, so that at last the few who had already hastened out of the city, when they saw no one coming after them, lost the desire of coping alone with the six hundred horse. All accordingly returned to the Meer Bridge, where they posted watches and videttes, and the night was passed tumultuously under arms.

The town of Antwerp was now threatened with fearful bloodshed and pillage. In this pressing emergency, Orange assembled an extraordinary senate, to which were summoned all the best disposed citizens of the four nations. If they wished, said he, to repress the violence of the Calvinists, they must oppose them with an army strong enough and prepared to meet them. It was therefore resolved to arm with speed the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the town, whether natives, Italians, or Spaniards, and, if possible, to induce the Lutherans also to join them. The haughtiness of the Calvinists, who, proud of their wealth and confident in their numbers, treated every other religious party with contempt, had long made the Lutherans their enemies, and the mutual exasperation of these two Protestant churches was even more implacable than their common hatred of the dominant church. This jealousy the magistrate had turned to advantage, by making use of one party to curb the other, and had thus contrived to keep the Calvinists in check, who, from their numbers and insolence, were most to be feared. With this view, he had tacitly taken into his protection the Lutherans, as the weaker and more peaceable party, having moreover invited for them from Germany, spiritual teachers, who, by controversial sermons, might keep up the mutual hatred of the two bodies. He encouraged the Lutherans in the vain idea that the king thought more of their religious creed than of that of the Calvinists, and exhorted them to be careful how they damaged their good cause, by any understanding with the latter. It was not, therefore, difficult to bring about, for the moment, a union with the Roman Catholics and the Lutherans, as its object was to keep down their detested rivals. At dawn of day, an army was opposed to the Calvinists, which was far superior in force to their own. At the head of this army, the eloquence of Orange had far greater effect, and found far more attention than on the preceding evening, unbacked by such strong persuasion. The Calvinists, though in possession of arms and artillery, yet alarmed at the superior numbers arrayed against them, were the first to send envoys, and to treat for an amicable adjustment of differences, which by the tact and good temper of the Prince of Orange, he concluded to the satisfaction of all parties. On the proclamation of this treaty, the Spaniards and Italians immediately

laid down their arms. They were followed by the Calvinists, and these again by the Roman Catholics; last of all, the Lutherans disarmed.

Two days and two nights Antwerp had continued in this alarming state. During the tumult, the Roman Catholics had succeeded in placing barrels of gunpowder under the Meer Bridge, and threatened to blow into the air the whole army of the Calvinists, who had done the same in other places to destroy their adversaries. The destruction of the town hung on the issue of a moment, and nothing but the prince's presence of mind saved it.

Noircarmes with his army of Walloons still lay before Valenciennes, which, in firm reliance on being relieved by the Gueux, obstinately refused to listen to all the representations of the regent, and rejected every idea of surrender. An order of the court had expressly forbidden the royalist general to press the siege, until he should receive reinforcements from Germany. Whether from forbearance or fear, the king regarded with abhorrence the violent measure of storming the place, as necessarily involving the innocent in the fate of the guilty, and exposing the loyal subject to the same ill treatment as the rebel. As, however, the confidence of the besieged augmented daily, and emboldened by the inactivity of the besiegers, they annoyed him by frequent sallies, and after burning the cloisters before the town, retired with the plunder—as the time uselessly lost before this town was put to good use by the rebels and their allies, Noircarmes besought the duchess to obtain immediate permission from the king to take it by storm. The answer arrived more quickly than Philip was ever before wont to reply. As yet they must be content, simply to make the necessary preparations, and then to wait awhile to allow terror to have its effect; but if, upon this, they did not appear ready to capitulate, the storming might take place, but, at the same time, with the greatest possible regard for the lives of the inhabitants. Before the regent allowed Noircarmes to proceed to this extremity, she empowered Count Egmont, with the Duke of Arschot, to treat once more with the rebels amicably. Both conferred with the deputies of the town, and omitted no argument calculated to dispel their delusion. They acquainted them with the defeat of Thoulouse, their sole support, and with the fact that the Count of Megen had cut off the army of the Gueux from the town, and assured them that if they had held out so long, they owed it entirely to the king's forbearance. They offered them full pardon for the past; every one was to be free to prove his innocence before whatever tribunal he should choose; such as did not wish to avail themselves of this privilege were to be allowed fourteen days to quit the town with all their effects. Nothing was required of the townspeople but the admission of the garrison. To give time to deliberate on these terms, an armistice of three days was granted. When the deputies returned, they found their fellow-citizens less disposed than ever to an accommodation, reports of new levies by the Gueux having, in the mean time, gained currency. Thoulouse, it was pretended, had conquered, and was advan-

cing with a powerful army to relieve the place. Their confidence went so far, that they even ventured to break the armistice, and to fire upon the besiegers. At last, the burgomaster with difficulty succeeded in bringing matter so far toward a peaceful settlement, that twelve of the town counselors were sent into the camp with the following conditions. The edict, by which Valenciennes had been charged with treason, and declared an enemy to the country, was required to be recalled, the confiscation of their goods revoked, and the prisoners on both sides restored to liberty, the garrison was not to enter the town before every one, who thought good to do so, had placed himself and his property in security; and a pledge to be given that the inhabitants should not be molested in any manner, and that their expenses should be paid by the king.

Noircarmes was so indignant with these conditions, that he was almost on the point of ill treating the deputies. If they had not come, he told them, to give up the place, they might return forthwith, lest he should send them home with their hands tied behind their backs. Upon this, the deputies threw the blame on the obstinacy of the Calvinists, and entreated him with tears in their eyes to keep them in the camp, as they did not, they said, wish to have any thing more to do with their rebellious townsmen, or to be joined in their fate. They even knelt to beseech the intercession of Egmont, but Noircarmes remained deaf to all their entreaties, and the sight of the chains which he ordered to be brought out, drove them reluctantly enough back to Valenciennes. Necessity, not severity, imposed this harsh procedure upon the general. The detention of ambassadors had, on a former occasion, drawn upon him the reprimand of the duchess; the people in the town would not have failed to have ascribed the non-appearance of their present deputies to the same cause as in the former case had detained them. Besides, he was loathe to deprive the town of any out of the small residue of well disposed citizens, or to leave it a prey to a blind, foolhardy mob. Egmont was so mortified at the bad result of this embassy, that he, the night following, rode round to reconnoitre its fortifications, and returned well satisfied to have convinced himself that it was no longer tenable.

Valenciennes stretches down a gentle acclivity into the level plain, being built on a site as strong as it is delightful. On one side inclosed by the Scheldt and another smaller river, and on the other protected by deep ditches, thick walls, and towers, it appears capable of defying every attack. But Noircarmes had discovered a few points where neglect had allowed the fosse to be filled almost up to the level of the natural surface, and of these he determined to avail himself in storming. He drew together all the scattered corps, by which he had invested the town, and during a tempestuous night carried the suburb of Berg, without the loss of a single man. He then assigned separate points of attack to the Count of Bossu, the young Charles of Mansfeld, and the younger Barlaimont, and under a terrible fire, which drove the enemy from his walls, his troops were moved up with all possible speed. Close before the town, and opposite

the gate, under the eyes of the besiegers, and with very little loss, a battery was thrown up to an equal height with the fortifications. From this point, the town was bombarded with an unceasing fire for four hours. The Nicolaus tower, on which the besieged had planted some artillery, was among the first that fell, and many perished under its ruins. The guns were directed against all the most conspicuous buildings, and a terrible slaughter was made amongst the inhabitants. In a few hours their principal works were destroyed, and in the gate itself so extensive a breach was made, that the besieged, despairing of any longer defending themselves, sent in haste two trumpeters to entreat a parley. This was granted, but the storm was continued without intermission. The ambassador entreated Noircarmes to grant them the same terms, which only two days before they had rejected. But circumstances had now changed, and the victor would hear no more of conditions. The unceasing fire left the inhabitants no time to repair the ramparts, which filled the fosse with their débris, and opened many a breach for the enemy to enter by. Certain of utter destruction, they surrendered next morning at discretion, after a bombardment of six-and-thirty hours without intermission, and three thousand bombs had been thrown into the city. Noircarmes marched into the town with his victorious army under the strictest discipline, and was received by a crowd of women and children, who went to meet him, carrying green boughs, and beseeching his pity. All the citizens were immediately disarmed, the commandant and his son beheaded; thirty-six of the most guilty of the rebels, among whom were La Grange and another Calvinistic preacher, Guido de Bresse, atoned for their obstinacy at the gallows; all the municipal functionaries were deprived of their offices, and the town of all its privileges. The Roman Catholic worship was immediately restored in full dignity, and the Protestant abolished. The Bishop of Arras was obliged to quit his residence in the town, and a strong garrison placed in it to insure its future obedience.

The fate of Valenciennes, toward which all eyes had been turned, was a warning to the other towns which had similarly offended. Noircarmes followed up his victory, and marched immediately against Maestricht, which surrendered without a blow, and received a garrison. From thence he marched to Tornhut, to awe, by his presence, the people of Herzogenbusch and Antwerp. The Gueux in this place, who, under the command of Bomberg, had carried all things before them, were now so terrified at his approach that they quitted the town in haste. Noircarmes was received without opposition. The ambassadors of the duchess were immediately set at liberty. A strong garrison was thrown into Tornhut; Cambray also opened its gates, and joyfully recalled its archbishop, whom the Calvinists had driven from his see, and who deserved this triumph, as he did not stain his entrance with blood. Ghent, Ypres, and Oudenarde submitted and received garrisons. Gueldres was now almost entirely cleared of the rebels, and reduced to obedience by the Count of Megen. In Friesland and

Gröningen, the Count of Aremberg had eventually the same success; but it was not obtained here so rapidly or so easily, since the count wanted consistency and firmness, and these warlike republicans maintained more pertinaciously their privileges, and were greatly supported by the strength of their position. With the exception of Holland, all the provinces had yielded before the victorious arms of the duchess. The courage of the disaffected sunk entirely, and nothing was left to them but flight or submission.

RESIGNATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Ever since the establishment of the Geusen League, but more perceptibly since the outbreak of the Iconoclasts, the spirit of rebellion and disaffection had spread so rapidly among all classes, parties had become so blended and confused, that the regent had difficulty in distinguishing her own adherents, and at last hardly knew on whom to rely. The lines of demarkation between the loyal and the disaffected had grown gradually fainter, until at last they almost entirely vanished. The frequent alterations, too, which she had been obliged to make in the laws, and which were at most the expedients and suggestions of the moment, had taken from them their precision and binding force, and had given full scope to the arbitrary will of every individual whose office it was to interpret them. And at last, amidst the number and variety of the interpretations, the spirit was lost, and the intention of the lawgiver baffled. The close connection which in many cases subsisted between Protestants and Roman Catholics, between Gueux and Royalists, and which not unfrequently gave them a common interest, led the latter to avail themselves of the loophole which the vagueness of the laws left open, and in favor of their Protestant friends and associates, evaded, by subtle distinctions, all severity in the discharge of their duties. In their minds, it was enough not to be a declared rebel, not one of the Gueux, or at least not a heretic, to be authorized to mould their duties to their inclinations, and to set the most arbitrary limits to their obedience to the king. Feeling themselves irresponsible, the governors of the provinces, the civil functionaries, both high and low, the municipal officers, and the military commanders had all become extremely remiss in their duty, and presuming upon this impunity, showed a pernicious indulgence to the rebels and their adherents, which rendered abortive all the regent's measures of coercion. This general indifference and corruption of so many servants of the state, had further this injurious result, that it led the turbulent to reckon on far stronger support than in reality they had cause for, and to count on their own side all who were but lukewarm adherents of the court. This way of thinking, erroneous as it was, gave them greater courage and confidence, it had the same effect as if it had been well founded; and the uncertain vassals of the king became in consequence almost as injurious to him as his declared enemies, without at the same time being liable to the same measures of severity.

This was especially the case with the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont, Bergen, Hogstraten, Horn, and several others of the higher nobility. The regent felt the necessity of bringing these doubtful subjects to an explanation, in order either to deprive the rebels of a fancied support, or to unmask the enemies of the king. And the latter reason was of the more urgent moment, when, being obliged to send an army into the field, it was of the utmost importance to intrust the command of the troops to none but those of whose fidelity she was fully assured. She caused, therefore, an oath to be drawn up, which bound all who took it to advance the Roman Catholic faith, to pursue and punish the Iconoclasts, and to help by every means in their power in extirpating all kinds of heresy. It also pledged them to treat the king's enemies as their own, and to serve, without distinction, against all whom the regent, in the king's name, should point out. By this oath, she did not hope so much to test their sincerity, and still less to secure them, as rather to gain a pretext for removing the suspected parties if they declined to take it, and for wresting from their hands a power which they abused, or a legitimate ground for punishing them, if they took it and broke it. This oath was exacted by the court from all Knights of the Fleece, all civil functionaries and magistrates, all officers of the army—from every one, in short, who held any appointment in the state. Count Mansfeld was the first who publicly took it in the Council of State, at Brussels; his example was followed by the Duke of Arschot, Counts Egmont, Megen, and Barlaimont. Hogstraten and Horn endeavored to evade the necessity. The former was offended at a proof of distrust which shortly before the regent had given him. Under the pretext that Malines could not safely be left any longer without its governor, but that the presence of the count was no less necessary in Antwerp, she had taken from him that province, and given it to another, whose fidelity she could better reckon upon. Hogstraten expressed his thanks that she had been pleased to release him from one of his burdens, adding that she would complete the obligation, if she would relieve him of the other also. True to his determination, Count Horn was living on one of his estates in the strong town of Weerdt, having retired altogether from public affairs. Having quitted the service of the state, he owed, he thought, nothing more either to the republic or to the king, and declined the oath, which in his case appears at last to have been waived.

The Count of Brederode was left the choice of either taking the prescribed oath, or resigning the command of his squadron of cavalry. After many fruitless attempts to evade the alternative, on the plea that he did not hold office in the state, he at last resolved upon the latter course, and thereby escaped all risk of perjurying himself.

Vain were all the attempts to prevail on the Prince of Orange to take the oath, who, from the suspicion which had long attached to him, required more than any other this purification; and from whom the great power, which it had been necessary to place in his hands, fully justified the regent in exacting it. It was not, however, ad-

visible to proceed against him with the laconic brevity adopted toward Brederode and the like; on the other hand, the voluntary resignation of all his offices, which he tendered, did not meet the object of the regent, who foresaw clearly enough how really dangerous he would become, as soon as he should feel himself independent, and be no longer checked by any external considerations of character or duty, in the prosecution of his secret designs. But ever since the consultation in Dendermonde, the Prince of Orange had made up his mind to quit the service of the King of Spain on the first favorable opportunity, and till better days to leave the country itself. A very disheartening experience had taught him how uncertain are hopes built on the multitude, and how quickly their zeal is cooled by the necessity of fulfilling its lofty promises. An army was already in the field, and a far stronger one was, he knew, on its road, under the command of the Duke of Alva. The time for remonstrances was past, it was only at the head of an army that an advantageous treaty could now be concluded with the regent, and by preventing the entrance of the Spanish general. But now where was he to raise this army, in want as he was of money, the sinews of warfare, since the Protestants had retracted their boastful promises, and deserted him in this pressing emergency?* Religious jealousy and hatred, moreover, separated the two Protestant churches, and stood in the way of every salutary combination against the common enemy of their faith. The rejection of the confession of Augsburg by the Calvinists had exasperated all the Protestant princes of Germany, so that no support was to be looked for from the empire. With Count Egmont, the excellent army of Walloons was also lost to the cause—for they followed with blind devotion the fortunes of their general, who had taught them at St. Quentin and Gravelines to be invincible. And again, the outrages which the Iconoclasts had perpetrated on the churches and convents, had estranged from the league the numerous, wealthy, and powerful class of the established clergy, who, before this unlucky episode, were already more than half gained over to it; while, by her intrigues, the regent daily contrived to deprive the league itself of some one or other of its most influential members.

All these considerations combined, induced the prince to postpone to a more favorable season a project for which the present juncture was little suited, and to leave a country where his longer stay could not effect any advantage for it, but must bring certain destruction on himself. After

* How valiant the wish, and how sorry the deed was, is proved by the following instance amongst others. Some friends of the national liberty, Roman Catholics as well as Protestant, had solemnly engaged in Amsterdam to subscribe to a common fund the hundredth penny of their estates, until a sum of 11,000 florins should be collected, which was to be devoted to the common cause and interests. An alms box, protected by three locks, was prepared for the reception of these contributions. After the expiration of the prescribed period it was opened; and a sum was found amounting to 700 florins, which was given to the hostess of the Count of Brederode, in part payment of his unliquidated score. Univ. Hist. of the N., vol. iii.

intelligence gleaned from so many quarters, after so many proofs of distrust, so many warnings from Madrid, he could be no longer doubtful of the sentiments of Philip toward him. If even he had any doubt, his uncertainty would soon have been dispelled by the formidable armament which was preparing in Spain, and which was to have for its leader, not the king, as was falsely given out, but, as he was better informed, the Duke of Alva, his personal enemy, and the very man he had most cause to fear. The prince had seen too deeply into Philip's heart to believe in the sincerity of his reconciliation, after having once awakened his fears. He judged his own conduct too justly to reckon, like his friend Egmont, on reaping a gratitude from the king to which he had not sown. He could, therefore, expect nothing but hostility from him, and prudence counseled him to screen himself by a timely flight from its actual outbreak. He had hitherto obstinately refused to take the new oath; and all the written exhortations of the regent had been fruitless. At last she sent to him at Antwerp her private secretary Berti, who was to put the matter emphatically to his conscience, and forcibly remind him of all the evil consequences which so sudden a retirement from the royal service would draw upon the country, as well as the irreparable injury it would do to his own fair fame. Already, she informed him by her ambassador, his declining the required oath had cast a shade upon his honor, and imparted to the general voice, which accused him of an understanding with the rebels, an appearance of truth which this unconditional resignation would convert to absolute certainty. It was for the sovereign to discharge his servants, but it did not become the servant to abandon his sovereign. The envoy of the regent found the prince in his palace at Antwerp, already as it appeared, withdrawn from the public service, and entirely devoted to his private concerns. The prince told him, in the presence of Hogstraten, that he had refused to take the required oath, because he could not find that such a proposition had ever before been made to a governor of a province; because he had already bound himself, once for all, to the king, and therefore, by taking this new oath, he would tacitly acknowledge that he had broken the first. He had also refused, because the old oath enjoined him to protect the rights and privileges of the country, but he could not tell whether this new one might not impose upon him duties which would contravene the first; because, too, the clause which bound him to serve, if required, against all without distinction, did not except even the Emperor, his feudal lord, against whom, however, he, as his vassal, could not conscientiously make war. He had refused to take this oath, because it might impose upon him the necessity of surrendering his friends, relations, his children, nay even his wife, who was a Lutheran, to butchery. According to it, moreover, he must lend himself to every thing which it should occur to the king's fancy or passion to demand; but the king might thus exact from him things which he shuddered even to think of; and even the severities which were now, and had been all along exercised upon the Pro-

testants, were the most revolting to his heart. This oath, in short, was repugnant to his feelings as a man, and he could not take it. In conclusion, the name of the Duke of Alva dropped from his lips, in a tone of bitterness, and he became immediately silent.

All these objections were answered, point by point, by Berti. Certainly such an oath had never been required from a governor before him, because the provinces had never been similarly circumstanced. It was not exacted because the governors had broken the first, but in order to remind them vividly of their former vows, and to freshen their activity in the present emergency. This oath would not impose upon him any thing which offended against the rights and privileges of the country, for the king had sworn to observe these, as well as the Prince of Orange. The oath did not, it was true, contain any reference to a war with the Emperor, or any other sovereign to whom the prince might be related; and if he really had scruples on this point, a distinct clause could easily be inserted, expressly providing against such a contingency. Care would be taken to spare him any duties which were repugnant to his feelings as a man, and no power on earth would compel him to act against his wife or against his children. Berti was then passing to the last point, which related to the Duke of Alva, but the prince, who did not wish to have this part of his discourse canvassed, interrupted him. "The king was coming to the Netherlands," he said, "and he knew the king. The king would not endure that one of his servants should have wedded a Lutheran, and he had, therefore, resolved to go with his whole family into voluntary banishment, before he was obliged to submit to the same by compulsion. But," he concluded, "wherever he might be, he would always conduct himself as a subject of the king." Thus far-fetched were the motives which the prince adduced, to avoid touching upon the single one which really decided him.

Berti had still a hope of obtaining, through Egmont's eloquence, what by his own he despaired of effecting. He therefore proposed a meeting with the latter (1567), which the prince assented to the more willingly, as he himself felt a desire to embrace his friend once more before his departure, and if possible, to snatch the deluded man from certain destruction. This remarkable meeting, at which the private secretary Berti, and the young Count Mansfeld, were also present, was the last that the two friends ever held, and took place in Villebroeck, a village on the Rupel, between Brussels and Antwerp. The Calvinists, whose last hope rested on the issue of this conference, found means to acquaint themselves of its import by a spy, who concealed himself in the chimney of the apartment where it was held. All three attempted to shake the determination of the prince, but their united eloquence was unable to move him from his purpose. "It will cost you your estates, Orange, if you persist in this intention," said the Prince of Gaure, as he took him aside to a window. "And you your life, Egmont, if you change not yours," replied the former. "To me it will at least be a conso-

lation in my misfortunes, that I desired, in deed as well as in word, to help my country and my friends in the hour of need; but you, my friend, you are dragging friends and country with you to destruction." And saying these words, he once again exhorted him, still more urgently than ever, to return to the cause of his country, which his arm alone was yet able to preserve; if not, at least, for his own sake, to avoid the tempest which was gathering against him from Spain.

But all the arguments, however lucid, with which a far-discerning prudence supplied him, and however urgently enforced, with all the ardor and animation which the tender anxiety of friendship could alone inspire, did not avail to destroy the fatal confidence which still fettered Egmont's better reason. The warning of Orange seemed to come from a sad and dispirited heart; but for Egmont the world still smiled. To abandon the pomp and affluence in which he had grown up to youth and manhood; to part with all the thousand conveniences of life which alone made it valuable to him, and all this to escape an evil which his buoyant spirit regarded as remote, if not imaginary; no, that was not a sacrifice which could be asked from Egmont. But had he even been less given to indulgence than he was, with what heart could he have consigned a princess accustomed by uninterrupted prosperity to ease and comfort, a wife who loved him as dearly as she was beloved, the children on whom his soul hung in hope and fondness, to privations at the prospect of which his own courage sank, and which a sublime philosophy alone can enable sensuality to undergo. "You will never persuade me, Orange," said Egmont, "to see things in the gloomy light in which they appear to thy mournful prudence. When I have succeeded in abolishing the public preachings, and chastising the Iconoclasts, in crushing the rebels, and restoring peace and order in the provinces, what can the king lay to my charge? The king is good and just; I have claims upon his gratitude, and I must not forget what I owe to myself." "Well, then," cried Orange indignantly, and with bitter anguish, "trust, if you will, to his royal gratitude! but a mournful presentiment tells me—and may Heaven grant that I am deceived!—that you, Egmont, will be the bridge by which the Spaniards will pass into our country to destroy it." After these words, he drew him to his bosom, ardently clasping him in his arms. Long, as though the sight was to serve for the remainder of his life, did he keep his eyes fixed upon him; the tears fell; they saw each other no more.

The very next day, the Prince of Orange wrote his letter of resignation to the regent, in which he assured her of his perpetual esteem, and once again entreated her to put the best interpretation on his present step. He then set off, with his three brothers, and his whole family, for his own town of Breda, where he remained only as long as was requisite to arrange some private affairs. His eldest son, Prince Philip William, was left behind at the University of Louvain, where he thought him sufficiently secure under the protection of the privileges of Brabant, and the immunities of the academy; an imprudence which, if it was really

not designed, can hardly be reconciled with the just estimate which, in so many other cases, he had taken of the character of his adversary. In Breda, the heads of the Calvinists once more consulted him whether there was still hope for them, or whether all was irretrievably lost. "He had before advised them," replied the prince, "and must now do so again, to accede to the Confession of Augsburg; then they might rely upon aid from Germany. If they would still not consent to this, they must raise six hundred thousand florins, or more, if they could." "The first," they answered, "was at variance with their conviction and their conscience; but means might perhaps be found to raise the money, if he would only let them know for what purpose he would use it." "No!" cried he, with the utmost displeasure, "if I must tell you that, it is all over with the use of it." With these words he immediately broke off the conference, and dismissed the deputies.

The Prince of Orange was reproached with having squandered his fortune, and with favoring the innovations on account of his debts; but he asserted that he still enjoyed sixty thousand florins yearly rental. Before his departure, he borrowed twenty thousand florins from the states of Holland, on the mortgage of some manors. Men could hardly persuade themselves that he would have succumbed to necessity so entirely, and without an effort at resistance, given up all his hopes and schemes. But what he secretly meditated no one knew, no one had read in his heart. Being asked how he intended to conduct himself toward the King of Spain, "Quietly," was his answer, "unless he touched my honor or my estates." He left the Netherlands soon afterward, and betook himself in retirement to the town of Dillenburg in Nassau, at which place he was born. He was accompanied to Germany by many hundreds, either as his servants or as volunteers, and was soon followed by Counts Hogstraten, Kuilemberg, and Bergen, who preferred to share a voluntary exile with him, rather than recklessly involve themselves in an uncertain destiny. In his departure the nation saw the flight of its guardian angel; many had adored, all had honored him. With him the last stay of the Protestants gave way; they, however, had greater hopes from this man in exile, than from all the others together who remained behind. Even the Roman Catholics could not witness his departure without regret. Them also he had shielded from tyranny; he had not unfrequently protected them against the oppression of their own church, and he had rescued many of them from the sanguinary jealousy of their religious opponents. A few fanatics among the Calvinists, who were offended with his proposal of an alliance with their brethren, who avowed the Confession of Augsburg, solemnized with secret thanksgivings the day on which the enemy left them. 1567.

DECAY AND DISPERSION OF THE GEUSEN LEAGUE.

Immediately after taking leave of his friend, the Prince of Gaure hastened back to Brussels,

to receive from the regent the reward of his firmness, and there in the excitement of the court, and in the sunshine of his good fortune, to dispel the light cloud which the earnest warnings of the Prince of Orange had cast over his natural gayety. The flight of the latter now left him in possession of the stage. He had now no longer any rival in the republic to dim his glory. With redoubled zeal he wooed the transient favor of the court, above which he ought to have felt himself far exalted. All Brussels must participate in his joy. He gave splendid banquets and public entertainments, at which, the better to eradicate all suspicion from his mind, the regent herself frequently attended. Not content with having taken the required oath, he outstripped the most devout in devotion; outran the most zealous in zeal to extirpate the Protestant faith, and to reduce by force of arms the refractory towns of Flanders. He declared to his old friend, Count Hogstraten, as also to the rest of the Gueux, that he would withdraw from them his friendship for ever, if they hesitated any longer to return into the bosom of the church, and reconcile themselves with their king. All the confidential letters which had been exchanged between him and them were returned, and by this last step, the breach between them was made public and irreparable. Egmont's secession, and the flight of the Prince of Orange, destroyed the last hope of the Protestants and dissolved the whole league of the Gueux. Its members vied with each other in readiness—nay, they could not soon enough abjure the covenant and take the new oath proposed to them by the government. In vain did the Protestant merchants exclaim at this breach of faith on the part of the nobles; their weak voice was no longer listened to, and all the sums were lost with which they had supplied the league.

The most important places were quickly reduced and garrisoned; the rebels had fled, or perished by the hand of the executioner; in the provinces no protector was left. All yielded to the fortune of the regent, and her victorious army was advancing against Antwerp. After a long and obstinate contest, this town had been cleared of the worst rebels; Hermann and his adherents took to flight; the internal storms had spent their rage. The minds of the people became gradually composed, and, no longer excited at will by every furious fanatic, began to listen to better counsels. The wealthier citizens earnestly longed for peace, to revive commerce and trade, which had suffered severely from the long reign of anarchy. The dread of Alva's approach worked wonders; in order to prevent the miseries, which a Spanish army would inflict upon the country, the people hastened to throw themselves on the gentler mercies of the regent. Of their own accord they dispatched plenipotentiaries to Brussels, to negotiate for a treaty and to hear her terms. Agreeably as the regent was surprised by this voluntary step, she did not allow herself to be hurried away by her joy. She declared that she neither could nor would listen to any overtures or representations until the town had received a garrison. Even this was no longer opposed, and Count Mansfeld marched in, the day after, with sixteen squadrons

in battle array. A solemn treaty was now made between the town and duchess, by which the former bound itself to prohibit the Calvinistic form of worship, to banish all preachers of that persuasion, to restore the Roman Catholic religion to its former dignity, to decorate the despoiled churches with their former ornaments, to administer the old edicts as before, to take the same oath which the other towns had sworn to, and lastly to deliver into the hands of justice all who had been guilty of treason, in bearing arms, or taking part in the desecration of the churches. On the other hand, the regent pledged herself to forget all that had passed, and even to intercede for the offenders with the king. All those, who being dubious of obtaining pardon preferred banishment, were to be allowed a month to change their property into money, and place themselves in safety. From this grace, none were to be excluded but such as had been guilty of a capital offense, and who were excepted by the previous article. Immediately upon the conclusion of this treaty, all Calvinist and Lutheran preachers in Antwerp, and the adjoining territory, were warned by the herald to quit the country in twenty-four hours. All the streets and gates were now thronged with fugitives, who for the honor of their God abandoned what was dearest to them, and sought a more peaceful home for their persecuted faith. Here husbands were taking an eternal farewell of their wives, fathers of their children; there whole families were preparing to depart. All Antwerp resembled a house of mourning; wherever the eye turned, some affecting spectacle of painful separation presented itself. A seal was set on the doors of the Protestant churches; the whole worship seemed to be extinct. The tenth of April (1567) was the day appointed for the departure of the preachers. In the town hall, where they appeared for the last time to take leave of the magistrate, they could not command their grief; but broke forth into bitter reproaches. They had been sacrificed, they exclaimed, they had been shamefully betrayed. But a time would come when Antwerp would pay dearly enough for this baseness. Still more bitter were the complaints of the Lutheran clergy, whom the magistrate himself had invited into the country, to preach against the Calvinists. Under the delusive representation that the king was not unfavorable to their religion, they had been seduced into a combination against the Calvinists, but as soon as the latter had been, by their co-operation, brought under subjection, and their own services were no longer required, they were left to bewail their folly, which had involved themselves and their enemies in common ruin.

A few days afterward, the regent entered Antwerp in triumph, accompanied by a thousand Walloon horse, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, all the governors and counselors, a number of municipal officers, and her whole court. Her first visit was to the cathedral, which still bore lamentable traces of the violence of the Inconclasts, and drew from her many and bitter tears. Immediately afterward four of the rebels, who had been overtaken in their flight, were brought in and executed in the public market-place. All

the children who had been baptized after the Protestant rites were re-baptized by Roman Catholic priests; all the schools of heretics were closed, and their churches leveled to the ground. Nearly all the towns in the Netherlands followed the example of Antwerp, and banished the Protestant preachers. By the end of April, the Roman Catholic churches were repaired and embellished more splendidly than ever, while all the Protestant places of worship were pulled down, and every vestige of the proscribed belief obliterated in the seventeen provinces. The populace, whose sympathies are generally with the successful party, was now as active in accelerating the ruin of the unfortunate, as a short time before it had been furiously zealous in its cause; in Ghent, a large and beautiful church which the Calvinists had erected was attacked, and in less than an hour had wholly disappeared. From the beams of the roofless churches, gibbets were erected for those who had profaned the sanctuaries of the Roman Catholics. The places of execution were filled with corpses, the prisons with condemned victims, the high roads with fugitives. Innumerable were the victims of this year of murder; in the smallest towns, fifty, at least; in several of the larger, as many as three hundred, were put to death, while no account was kept of the numbers in the open country, who fell into the hands of the provost-marshal, and were immediately strung up as miscreants, without trial and without mercy.

The regent was still in Antwerp, when ambassadors presented themselves from the Electors of Brandenburg, Saxony, Hesse, Wurtemberg, and Baden to intercede for their fugitive brethren in the faith. The expelled preachers of the Augsburg Confession had claimed the rights assured to them by the religious peace of the Germans, in which Brabant, as part of the empire, participated, and had thrown themselves on the protection of those princes. The arrival of the foreign ministers alarmed the regent, and she vainly endeavored to prevent their entrance into Antwerp; under the guise, however, of showing them marks of honor, she continued to keep them closely watched, lest they should encourage the malcontents in any attempt against the peace of the town. From the high tone which they most unseasonably adopted toward the regent, it might almost be inferred that they were little in earnest in their demand. "It was but reasonable," they said, "that the Confession of Augsburg, as the only one which met the spirit of the gospel, should be the ruling faith in the Netherlands; but to persecute it by such cruel edicts as were in force was positively unnatural, and could not be allowed. They therefore required of the regent, in the name of religion, not to treat the people intrusted to her rule, with such severity. She replied through the Count of Staremborg, her minister for German affairs, that such an exordium deserved no answer at all. From the sympathy which the German princes had shown for the Belgian fugitives, it was clear that they gave less credit to the letters of the king, in explanation of his measures, than to the reports of a few worthless wretches who, in the desecrated churches, had left behind them a worthier memorial of their acts

and characters. It would far more become them to leave to the King of Spain the care of his own subjects, and abandon the attempt to foster a spirit of rebellion in foreign countries, from which they would reap neither honor nor profit. The ambassadors left Antwerp in a few days, without having effected any thing. The Saxon minister, indeed, in a private interview with the regent, even assured her that his master had most reluctantly taken this step.

The German ambassadors had not quitted Antwerp, when intelligence from Holland completed the triumph of the regent. From fear of Count Megen, Count Brederode had deserted his town of Viane, and with the aid of the Protestant inhabitants had succeeded in throwing himself into Amsterdam, where his arrival caused great alarm to the city magistrate, who had previously found difficulty in preventing a revolt, while it revived the courage of the Protestants. Here Brederode's adherents increased daily, and many noblemen flocked to him from Utrecht, Friesland, and Gröningen, whence the victorious arms of Megen and Aremberg had driven them. Under various disguises, they found means to steal into the city, where they gathered round Brederode, and served him as a strong body-guard. The regent, apprehensive of a new outbreak, sent one of her private secretaries, Jacob de la Torre, to the Council of Amsterdam, and ordered them to get rid of Count Brederode on any terms, and at any risk. Neither the magistrate nor De la Torre himself, who visited Brederode in person to acquaint him with the will of the duchess, could prevail upon him to depart. The secretary was even surprised in his own chamber by a party of Brederode's followers, and deprived of all his papers, and would, perhaps, have lost his life also, if he had not contrived to make his escape. Brederode remained in Amsterdam a full month after this occurrence, a powerless idol of the Protestants, and an oppressive burden to the Roman Catholics; while his fine army, which he had left in Viane, reinforced by many fugitives from the southern provinces, gave Count Megen enough to do without attempting to harass the Protestants in their flight. At last Brederode resolved to follow the example of Orange, and yielding to necessity, abandon a desperate cause. He informed the town council that he was willing to leave Amsterdam, if they would enable him to do so by furnishing him with the pecuniary means. Glad to get quit of him, they hastened to borrow the money on the security of the town council. Brederode quitted Amsterdam the same night, and was conveyed in a gun-boat as far as Vlie, from whence he fortunately escaped to Embden. Fate treated him more mildly than the majority of those he had implicated in his foolhardy enterprise: he died the year after, 1568, at one of his castles in Germany, from the effects of drinking, by which he sought ultimately to drown his grief and disappointments. His widow, Countess of Moers, in her own right, was remarried to the Prince Palatine, Frederick III. The Protestant cause lost but little by his demise; the work which he had commenced, as it had not been kept alive by him, so it did not die with him.

The little army, which in his disgraceful flight

he had deserted, was bold and valiant, and had a few resolute leaders. It disbanded, indeed, as soon as he, to whom it looked for pay, had fled; but hunger and courage kept its parts together some time longer. One body, under the command of Dietrich of Battenburgh, marched to Amsterdam, in the hope of carrying that town; but Count Megen hastened with thirteen companies of excellent troops to its relief, and compelled the rebels to give up the attempt. Contenting themselves with plundering the neighboring cloisters, among which the abbey of Egmont in particular was hardly dealt with, they turned off toward Waaterland, where they hoped the numerous swamps would protect them from pursuit. But thither Count Megen followed them, and compelled them, in all haste, to seek safety in the Zuyderzee. The brothers Van Battenburg, and two Friesan nobles, Beima and Galama, with a hundred and twenty men and the booty they had taken from the monasteries, embarked near the town of Hoorne, intending to cross to Friesland, but, through the treachery of the steersman, who ran the vessel on a sandbank near Harlingen, they fell into the hands of one of Aremberg's captains, who took them all prisoners. The Count of Aremberg immediately pronounced sentence upon all the captives of plebian rank, but sent his noble prisoners to the regent, who caused seven of them to be beheaded. Seven others of the most noble, including the brothers Van Battenburg and some Frieslanders, all in the bloom of youth, were reserved for the Duke of Alva, to enable him to signalize the commencement of his administration by a deed which was in every way worthy of him. The troops, in four other vessels which set sail from Medemblick, and were pursued by Count Megen in small boats, were more successful. A contrary wind had forced them out of their course, and driven them ashore on the coast of Gueldres, where they all got safe to land; crossing the Rhine near Heusen, they fortunately escaped into Cleves, where they tore their flags in pieces, and dispersed. In North Holland Count Megen overtook some squadrons who had lingered too long in plundering the cloisters, and completely overpowered them. He afterward formed a junction with Noircarmes, and garrisoned Amsterdam. The Duke Erich of Brunswick also surprised three companies, the last remains of the army of the Gueux, near Viane, where they were endeavoring to take a battery, routed them and captured their leader, Renesse, who was shortly afterward beheaded at the castle of Freudenburg, in Utrecht. Subsequently, when Duke Erich entered Viane, he found nothing but deserted streets, the inhabitants having left it with the garrison on the first alarm. He immediately razed the fortifications, and reduced this arsenal of the Gueux to an open town without defenses. All the originators of the league were now dispersed; Brederode and Louis of Nassau had fled to Germany, and Counts Hogstraten, Bergen, and Knilemberg had followed their example, Mansfeld had seceded, the brothers Van Battenburg awaited in prison an ignominious fate, while Thoulouse alone had found an honorable death on the field of battle. Those of the confederates who had escaped the sword of

the enemy, and the ax of the executioner, had saved nothing but their lives, and thus the title which they had assumed for show, became at last a terrible reality.

Such was the inglorious end of the noble league, which in its beginning awakened such fair hopes, and promised to become a powerful protection against oppression. Unanimity was its strength; distrust and internal dissension its ruin. It brought to light and developed many rare and beautiful virtues; but it wanted the most indispensable of all, prudence and moderation, without which any undertaking must miscarry, and all the fruits of the most laborious industry perish. If its objects had been as pure as it pretended, or even had they remained as pure as they really were at its first establishment, it might have defied the unfortunate combination of circumstances which prematurely overwhelmed it; and even if unsuccessful, it would still have deserved an honorable mention in history. But it is too evident that the confederate nobles, whether directly or indirectly, took a greater share in the frantic excesses of the Iconoclasts than comported with the dignity and blamelessness of their confederation; and many among them openly exchanged their own good cause for the mad enterprise of these worthless vagabonds. The restriction of the Inquisition, and a mitigation of the cruel inhumanity of the edicts, must be laid to the credit of the league; but this transient relief was dearly purchased, at the cost of so many of the best and bravest citizens, who either lost their lives in the field, or in exile carried their wealth and industry to another quarter of the world; and of the presence of Alva and the Spanish arms. Many, too, of its peaceable citizens, who, without its dangerous temptations, would never have been seduced from the ranks of peace and order, were beguiled by the hope of success into the most culpable enterprises, and by their failure plunged into ruin and misery. But it cannot be denied, that the league atoned in some measure for these wrongs by positive benefits. It brought together and emboldened many whom a selfish pusillanimity kept asunder and inactive; it diffused a salutary public spirit amongst the Belgian people, which the oppression of the government had almost entirely extinguished, and gave unanimity and a common voice to the scattered members of the nation, the absence of which alone makes despots bold. The attempt, indeed, failed, and the knots, too carelessly tied, were quickly unloosed; but it was through such failures that the nation was eventually to attain to a firm and lasting union, which should bid defiance to change.

The total destruction of the Geusen army quickly brought the Dutch towns also back to their obedience, and in the provinces there remained not a single place which had not submitted to the regent; but the increasing emigration, both of the natives and the foreign residents, threatened the country with depopulation. In Amsterdam the crowd of fugitives was so great, that vessels were wanting to convey them across the North Sea and the Zuyderzee, and that flourishing emporium beheld with dismay the approach-

ing downfall of its prosperity. Alarmed at this general flight, the regent hastened to write letters to all the towns, to encourage the citizens to remain, and by fair promises to revive a hope of better and milder measures. In the king's name, she promised to all who would freely swear to obey the state and the church complete indemnity, and by public proclamation invited the fugitives to trust to the royal clemency, and return to their homes. She engaged also to relieve the nation from the dreaded presence of a Spanish army, even if it were already on the frontiers; nay, she went so far as to drop hints that, if necessary, means might be found to prevent it by force from entering the provinces, as she was fully determined not to relinquish to another the glory of a peace which it had cost her so much labor to effect. Few, however, returned in reliance upon her word, and these few had cause to repent it in the sequel; many thousands had already quitted the country, and several thousands more quickly followed them. Germany and England were filled with Flemish emigrants, who, wherever they settled, retained their usages and manners, and even their costume, unwilling to come to the painful conclusion that they should never again see their native land, and to give up all hopes of return. Few carried with them any remains of their former affluence; the greater portion had to beg their way, and bestowed on their adopted country nothing but industrious skill and honest citizens.

And now the regent hastened to report to the king, tidings such as during her whole administration she had never before been able to gratify him with. She announced to him that she had succeeded in restoring quiet throughout the provinces, and that she thought herself strong enough to maintain it. The sects were extirpated, and the Roman Catholic worship re-established in all its former splendor; the rebels had either already met with, or were awaiting in prison, the punishment they deserved; the towns were secured by adequate garrisons. There was, therefore, no necessity for sending Spanish troops into the Netherlands, and nothing to justify their entrance. Their arrival would tend to destroy the existing repose, which it had cost so much to establish, would check the much-desired revival of commerce and trade, and while it would involve the country in new expenses, would, at the same time, deprive them of the only means of supporting them. The mere rumor of the approach of a Spanish army had stripped the country of many thousands of its most valuable citizens; its actual appearance would reduce it to a desert. As there was no longer any enemy to subdue, or rebellion to suppress, the people would see no motive for the march of this army but punishment and revenge; and, under this supposition, its arrival would neither be welcomed nor honored. No longer excused by necessity, this violent expedient would assume the odious aspect of oppression, would exasperate the national mind afresh, drive the Protestants to desperation, and arm their brethren in other countries in their defense. The regent, she said, had, in the king's name, promised the nation it should be relieved from this foreign army, and to this stipulation

she was principally indebted for the present peace; she could not, therefore, guarantee its long continuance if her pledge was not faithfully fulfilled. The Netherlands would receive him as their sovereign the king, with every mark of attachment and veneration: but he must come as a father to bless, not as a despot to chastise them. Let him come to enjoy the peace which she had bestowed on the country, but not to destroy it afresh.

ALVA'S ARMAMENT AND EXPEDITION TO THE NETHERLANDS.

But it was otherwise determined in the council at Madrid. The Minister Granvella, who, even while absent himself, ruled the Spanish cabinet by his adherents; the Cardinal Grand Inquisitor Spinosa, and the Duke of Alva, swayed respectively by hatred, a spirit of persecution, or private interest, had outvoted the milder councils of the Prince Ruy Gomes of Eboli, the Count of Feria, and the king's confessor Fresneda. The insurrection, it was urged by the former, was indeed quelled for the present, but only because the rebels were awed by the rumor of the king's armed approach; it was to fear of punishment alone, and not to sorrow for their crime, that the present calm was to be ascribed, and it would soon again be broken if that feeling were allowed to subside. In fact, the offenses of the people fairly afforded the king the opportunity he had so long desired, of carrying out his despotic views with an appearance of justice. The peaceable settlement for which the regent took credit to herself, was very far from according with his wishes, which sought rather for a legitimate pretext to deprive the provinces of their privileges, which were so obnoxious to his despotic temper.

With an impenetrable dissimulation, Philip had hitherto fostered the general delusion that he was about to visit the provinces in person, while, all along, nothing could have been more remote from his real intentions. Traveling at any time ill suited the methodical regularity of his life, which moved with the precision of clockwork; and his narrow and sluggish intellect was oppressed by the variety and multitude of objects with which new scenes crowded it. The difficulties and dangers which would attend a journey to the Netherlands must, therefore, have been peculiarly alarming to his natural timidity and love of ease. Why should he, who, in all that he did, was accustomed to consider himself alone, and to make men accommodate themselves to his principles, not his principles to men, undertake so perilous an expedition, when he could see neither the advantage or necessity of it. Moreover, as it had ever been to him an utter impossibility to separate, even for a moment, his person from his royal dignity, which no prince ever guarded so tenaciously and pedantically as himself, so the magnificence and ceremony, which in his mind were inseparably connected with such a journey, and the expenses which, on this account, it would necessarily occasion, were of themselves sufficient motives to account for his indisposition to it,

without its being at all requisite to call in the aid of the influence of his favorite, Ruy Gomes, who is said to have desired to separate his rival, the Duke of Alva, from the king. Little, however, as he seriously intended this journey, he still deemed it advisable to keep up the expectation of it, as well with a view of sustaining the courage of the loyal, as of preventing a dangerous combination of the disaffected, and stopping the further progress of the rebels.

In order to carry on the deception as long as possible. Philip made extensive preparations for his departure, and neglected nothing which could be required for such an event. He ordered ships to be fitted out, appointed the officers and others to attend him. To allay the suspicion such warlike preparations might excite in all foreign courts, they were informed through his ambassadors of his real design. He applied to the King of France for a passage for himself and attendants through that kingdom, and consulted the Duke of Savoy as to the preferable route. He caused a list to be drawn up of all the towns and fortified places that lay in his march, and directed all the intermediate distances to be accurately laid down. Orders were issued for taking a map and survey of the whole extent of country between Savoy and Burgundy, the duke being requested to furnish the requisite surveyors and scientific officers. To such lengths was the deception carried, that the regent was commanded to hold eight vessels, at least, in readiness, off Zealand, and to dispatch them to meet the king the instant she heard of his having sailed from Spain; and these ships she actually got ready, and caused prayers to be offered up in all the churches for the king's safety during the voyage, though, in secret, many persons did not scruple to remark that, in his chamber at Madrid, his majesty would not have much cause to dread the storms at sea. Philip played his part with such masterly skill that the Belgian ambassadors in Madrid, Lords Bergen and Montigny, who at first had disbelieved in the sincerity of his pretended journey, began at last to be alarmed, and infected their friends in Brussels with similar apprehensions. An attack of tertian ague, which about this time the king suffered, or perhaps feigned, in Segovia, afforded a plausible pretense for postponing his journey, while, meantime, the preparations for it were carried on with the utmost activity. At last, when the urgent and repeated solicitations of his sister compelled him to make a definite explanation of his plans, he gave orders that the Duke of Alva should set out forthwith with an army, both to clear the way before him of rebels, and to enhance the splendor of his own royal arrival. He did not yet venture to throw off the mask, and announce the duke as his substitute. He had but too much reason to fear, that the submission which his Flemish nobles would cheerfully yield to their sovereign, would be refused to one of his servants, whose cruel character was well known, and who, moreover, was detested as a foreigner, and the enemy of their constitution. And, in fact, the universal belief that the king was soon to follow, which long survived Alva's entrance into the country, restrained the outbreak of dis-

turbances which otherwise would assuredly have been caused by the cruelties which marked the very opening of the duke's government.

The clergy of Spain, and especially the Inquisition, contributed richly toward the expenses of this expedition, as to a holy war. Throughout Spain, the enlisting was carried on with the utmost zeal. The viceroys and governors of Sardinia, Sicily, Naples, and Milan, received orders to select the best of their Italian and Spanish troops in the garrisons, and dispatch them to the general rendezvous in the Genoese territory, where the Duke of Alva would exchange them for the Spanish recruits which he should bring with him. At the same time, the regent was commanded to hold in readiness a few more regiments of German infantry in Luxembourg, under the command of the Counts Eberstein, Schaumburg, and Lodrona, and also some squadrons of light cavalry in the duchy of Burgundy, to reinforce the Spanish general immediately on his entrance into the provinces. The Count of Barlaumont was commissioned to furnish the necessary provision for the armament, and a sum of 200,000 gold florins was remitted to the regent, to enable her to meet these expenses, and to maintain her own troops.

The French court, however, under pretence of the danger to be apprehended from the Huguenots, had refused to allow the Spanish army to pass through France. Philip applied to the Dukes of Savoy and Lorraine, who were too dependent upon him to refuse his request. The former merely stipulated that he should be allowed to maintain 2,000 infantry and a squadron of horse at the king's expense, in order to protect his country from the injuries to which it might otherwise be exposed from the passage of the Spanish army. At the same time, he undertook to provide the necessary supplies for its maintenance during the transit.

The rumor of this arrangement aroused the Huguenots, the Genevese, the Swiss, and the Grisons. The Prince of Condé and the Admiral Coligny entreated Charles IX. not to neglect so favorable a moment of inflicting a deadly blow on the hereditary foe of France. With the aid of the Swiss, the Genevese, and his own Protestant subjects, it would, they alleged, be an easy matter to destroy the flower of the Spanish troops in the narrow passes of the Alpine mountains; and they promised to support him in this undertaking with an army of 50,000 Huguenots. This advice, however, whose dangerous object was not easily to be mistaken, was plausibly declined by Charles IX., who assured them that he was both able and anxious to provide for the security of his kingdom. He hastily dispatched troops to cover the French frontiers; and the republics of Geneva, Bern, Zurich, and the Grisons, followed his example, all ready to offer a determined opposition to the dreaded enemy of their religion and their liberty.

On the 5th of May, 1567, the Duke of Alva set sail from Carthage with thirty galleys, which had been furnished by Andrew Doria and the Duke Cosmo of Florence, and within eight days landed at Genoa, where the four regiments were waiting to join him. But a tertian ague, with

which he was seized shortly after his arrival, compelled him to remain for some days inactive in Lombardy—a delay of which the neighboring powers availed themselves to prepare for defense. As soon as the duke recovered, he held at Asti, in Montferrat, a review of all his troops, who were more formidable by their valor than by their numbers, since cavalry and infantry together did not amount to much above 10,000 men. In his long and perilous march, he did not wish to encumber himself with useless supernumeraries, which would only impede his progress and increase the difficulty of supporting his army. These 10,000 veterans were to form the nucleus of a greater army, which, according as circumstances and occasion might require, he could easily assemble in the Netherlands themselves.

This army, however, was as select as it was small. It consisted of the remains of those victorious legions, at whose head Charles V. had made Europe tremble; sanguinary, indomitable bands, in whose battalions the firmness of the old Macedonian phalanx lived again; rapid in their evolutions from long practice, hardy and enduring, proud of their leader's success, and confident from past victories, formidable by their licentiousness, but still more so by their discipline; let loose with all the passions of a warmer climate upon a rich and peaceful country, and inexorable toward an enemy whom the church had cursed. Their fanatical and sanguinary spirit, their thirst for glory and innate courage was aided by a rude sensuality, the instrument by which the Spanish general firmly and surely ruled his otherwise intractable troops. With a prudent indulgence, he allowed riot and voluptuousness to reign throughout the camp. Under his tacit connivance, Italian courtezans followed the standards; even in the march across the Apennines, where the high price of the necessaries of life compelled him to reduce his force to the smallest possible number, he preferred to have a few regiments less, rather than to leave behind these instruments of voluptuousness.*

But industriously as Alva strove to relax the morals of his soldiers, he enforced the more rigidly a strict military discipline, which was interrupted only by a victory, or rendered less severe by a battle. For all this he had, he said, the authority of the Athenian General Iphicrates, who awarded the prize of valor to the pleasure-loving and rapacious soldier. The more irksome the restraint by which the passions of the soldiers were kept in check, the greater must have been the vehemence with which they broke forth at the sole outlet which was left open to them.

The duke divided his infantry, which was about 9,000 strong, and chiefly Spaniards, into four bri-

* The bacchanalian procession of this army, contrasted strangely enough with the gloomy seriousness and pretended sanctity of its aim. The number of these women was so great that, to restrain the disorders and quarreling among themselves, they hit upon the expedient of establishing a discipline of their own. They ranged themselves under particular flags, marched in ranks and sections, and in admirable military order, after each battalion, and classed themselves with strict etiquette according to their rank and pay.

gades, and gave the command of them to four Spanish officers. Alphonso of Ulloa led the Neapolitan brigade of nine companies, amounting to 3,230 men; Sancho of Lodogno commanded the Milan brigade, 3,200 men, in ten companies; the Sicilian brigade with the same number of companies, and consisting of 1,600 men, was under Julian Romero, an experienced warrior, who had already fought on Belgian ground;* while Gonsalo of Braccamonte headed that of Sardinia, which was raised by three companies of recruits, to the full complement of the former. To every company, moreover, were added fifteen Spanish musketeers. The horse, in all 1,200 strong, consisted of three Italian, two Albanian, and seven Spanish squadrons, light and heavy cavalry, and the chief command was held by Ferdinand and Frederick of Toledo, the two sons of Alva. Chiappin Vitelli, Marquis of Cetona, was field-marshal; a celebrated general whose services had been made over to the King of Spain by Cosmo of Florence, and Gabriel Serbellon was general of artillery. The Duke of Savoy lent Alva an experienced engineer, Francis Pacotto, of Urbino, who was to be employed in the erection of new fortifications. His standard was likewise followed by a number of volunteers, and the flower of the Spanish nobility, of whom the greater part had fought under Charles V. in Germany, Italy, and before Tunis. Among these were Christopher Mondragone, one of the ten Spanish heroes who, near Mühlberg swam across the Elbe with their swords between their teeth, and under a shower of bullets from the enemy, brought over from the opposite shore the boats which the emperor required for the construction of a bridge. Sancho of Avila, who had been trained to war under Alva himself, Camillo of Monte, Francis Ferdugo, Karl Davila, Nicolaus Basta, and Count Martinego, all fired with a noble ardor, either to commence their military career under so eminent a leader, or by another glorious campaign under his command, to crown the fame they had already won. After the review, the army marched in three divisions across Mount Cenis, by the very route which, sixteen centuries before, Hannibal is said to have taken. The duke himself led the van; Ferdinand of Toledo, with whom was associated Lodogno as colonel, the centre; and the Marquis of Cetona the rear. The Commissary General, Francis of Ibarra, was sent before with General Serbellon to open the road for the main body, and get ready the supplies at the several quarters for the night. The places which the van left in the morning were entered in the evening by the centre, which in its turn made room on the following day for the rear. Thus the army crossed the Alps of Savoy by regular stages, and with the fourteenth day completed that dangerous passage. A French army of observation accompanied it side by side along the frontiers of Dauphiné and the course of the Rhone, and the allied army of the Genevese followed it on the right, and was passed by it at a distance of seven miles. Both these armies of observation carefully abstained

* The same officer, who commanded one of the Spanish regiments, about which so much complaint had formerly been made in the States-General.

from any act of hostility, and were merely intended to cover their own frontiers. As the Spanish legions ascended and descended the steep mountain crags, or while they crossed the rapid Iser, or file by file wound through the narrow passes of the rocks, a handful of men would have been sufficient to have put an entire stop to their march, and to drive them back into the mountains, where they would have been irretrievably lost, since at each place of encampment supplies were provided for no more than a single day, and for a third part only of the whole force. But a supernatural awe and dread of the Spanish name appeared to have blinded the eyes of the enemy, so that they did not perceive their advantage, or at least did not venture to profit by it. In order to give them as little opportunity as possible of remembering it, the Spanish general hastened through this dangerous pass. Convinced, too, that if his troops gave the slightest umbrage he was lost, the strictest discipline was maintained during the march, not a single peasant's hut, not a single field was injured;* and never, perhaps, in the memory of man, was so numerous an army led so far in such excellent order. Destined as this army was for vengeance and murder, a malignant and baleful star seemed to conduct it safe through all dangers; and it would be difficult to decide whether the prudence of its general, or the blindness of its enemies is most to be wondered at.

In Franche Comté, four squadrons of Burgundian cavalry newly raised joined the main army, which, at Luxembourg, was also reinforced by three regiments of German infantry, under the command of Counts Eberstein, Schaumburg, and Lodrona. From Thionville, where he halted a few days, Alva sent his salutations to the regent by Francis of Ibarra, who was, at the same time, directed to consult her on the quartering of the troops. On her part, Noircarmes and Barlaimont were dispatched to the Spanish camp to congratulate the duke on his arrival, and to show him the customary marks of honor. At the same time they were directed to ask him to produce the powers intrusted to him by the king, of which, however, he only showed a part. The envoys of the regent were followed by swarms of the Flemish nobility, who thought they could not hasten soon enough to conciliate the favor of the new viceroy, or, by a timely submission, avert the vengeance which was preparing. Among them was Count Egmont. As he came forward, the duke pointed him out to the bystanders. "Here comes an arch-heretic," he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by Egmont himself, who, surprised at these words, stopped and changed color. But when the duke, in order to repair his imprudence, went up to him with a serene countenance, and greeted him with a friendly embrace, the Fleming was ashamed of

* Once only on entering Lorraine, three horsemen ventured to drive away a few sheep from a flock, of which circumstance the duke was no sooner informed, than he sent back to the owner what had been taken from him, and sentenced the offenders to be hung. This sentence was, at the intercession of the Lorraine general, who had come to the frontiers to pay his respects to the duke, executed on only one of the three, upon whom the lot fell at the drum-head.

his fears, and made light of this warning, by putting some frivolous interpretation upon it. Egmont sealed this new friendship with a present of two valuable chargers, which Alva accepted with a grave condescension.

Upon the assurance of the regent that the provinces were in the enjoyment of perfect peace, and that no opposition was to be apprehended from any quarter, the duke discharged some German regiments, which had hitherto drawn their pay from the Netherlands. Three thousand six hundred men, under the command of Lodrona, were quartered in Antwerp, from which town the Walloon garrison, in which full reliance could not be placed, was withdrawn; garrisons proportionably stronger were thrown into Ghent and other important places; Alva himself marched with the Milan brigade toward Brussels, whither he was accompanied by a splendid cortège of the noblest in the land.

Here, as in all the other towns of the Netherlands, fear and terror had preceded him, and all who were conscious of any offenses, and even those who were sensible of none, alike awaited his approach with a dread similar to that with which criminals see the coming of their day of trial. All who could tear themselves from the ties of family, property, and country, had already fled, or now at last took to flight. The advance of the Spanish army had already, according to the report of the regent, diminished the population of the provinces by the loss of one hundred thousand citizens, and this general flight still continued. But the arrival of the Spanish general could not be more hateful to the people of the Netherlands, than it was distressing and dispiriting to the regent. At last, after so many years of anxiety, she had begun to taste the sweets of repose, and that absolute authority, which had been the long cherished object of eight years of a troubled and difficult administration. This late fruit of so much anxious industry, of so many cares and nightly vigils, was now to be wrested from her by a stranger, who was to be placed at once in possession of all the advantages which she had been forced to extract from adverse circumstances by a long and tedious course of intrigue and patient endurance. Another was lightly to bear away the prize of promptitude, and to triumph by more rapid success over her superior but less glittering merits. Since the departure of the minister Granvella, she had tasted to the full the pleasures of independence. The flattering homage of the nobility, which allowed her more fully to enjoy the shadow of power, the more they deprived her of its substance, had, by degrees, fostered her vanity to such an extent, that she at last estranged by her coldness even the most upright of all her servants, the state counselor Viglius, who always addressed her in the language of truth. All at once, a censor of her actions was placed at her side, a partner of her power was associated with her, if indeed it was not rather a master who was forced upon her, whose proud, stubborn, and imperious spirit, which no courtesy could soften, threatened the deadliest wounds to her self-love and vanity. To prevent his arrival, she had, in her representations to the king, vainly exhausted

every political argument. To no purpose had she urged, that the utter ruin of the commerce of the Netherlands would be the inevitable consequence of this introduction of the Spanish troops; in vain had she assured the king that peace was universally restored, and reminded him of her own services in procuring it, which deserved, she thought, a better guerdon than to see all the fruits of her labors snatched from her and given to a foreigner, and more than all, to behold all the good which she had effected, destroyed by a new and different line of conduct. Even when the duke had already crossed Mount Cenis, she made one more attempt, entreating him at least to diminish his army; but in that also failed, for the duke insisted upon acting up to the powers intrusted to him. In poignant grief she now awaited his approach, and with the tears she shed for her country, were mingled those of offended self-love.

On the 22d of August, 1567, the Duke of Alva appeared before the gates of Brussels. His army immediately took up their quarters in the suburbs, and he himself made it his first duty to pay his respects to the sister of his king. She gave him a private audience, on the plea of suffering from sickness. Either the mortification she had undergone had in reality a serious effect upon her health, or, what is not improbable, she had recourse to this expedient to pain his haughty spirit, and in some degree to lessen his triumph. He delivered to her letters from the king, and laid before her a copy of his own appointment, by which the supreme command of the whole military force of the Netherlands was committed to him, and from which, therefore, it would appear that the administration of civil affairs remained, as heretofore, in the hands of the regent. But as soon as he was alone with her, he produced a new commission, which was totally different from the former. According to this, the power was delegated to him of making war at his discretion, of erecting fortifications, of appointing and dismissing at pleasure the governors of provinces, the commandants of towns, and other officers of the king, of instituting inquiries into the past troubles, of punishing those who originated them, and of rewarding the loyal. Powers of this extent, which placed him almost on a level with a sovereign prince, and far surpassed those of the regent herself, caused her the greatest consternation, and it was with difficulty that she could conceal her emotion. She asked the duke whether he had not even a third commission, or some special orders in reserve which went still further, and were drawn up still more precisely, to which he replied distinctly enough in the affirmative, but at the same time gave her to understand, that this commission might be too full to suit the present occasion, and would be better brought into play hereafter, with due regard to time and circumstances. A few days after his arrival, he caused a copy of the first instructions to be laid before the several councils and the states, and had them printed to insure their rapid circulation. As the regent resided in the palace, he took up his quarters temporarily in Kuilemberg house, the same in which the association of the Gueux had received its name, and before which,

through a wonderful vicissitude, Spanish tyranny now planted its flag.

A dead silence reigned in Brussels, broken only at times by the unwonted clang of arms. The duke had entered the town but a few hours, when his attendants, like blood-hounds that have been slipped, dispersed themselves in all directions. Everywhere foreign faces were to be seen; the streets were empty, all the houses carefully closed, all amusements suspended, all public places deserted. The whole metropolis resembled a place visited by the plague. Acquaintances hurried on without stopping for their usual greeting; all hastened on the moment a Spaniard showed himself in the streets. Every sound startled them, as if it were the knock of the officials of justice at their doors; the nobility, in trembling anxiety, kept to their houses; they shunned appearing in public, lest their presence should remind the new viceroy of some past offense. The two nations now seemed to have exchanged characters. The Spaniard had become the talkative man, and the Brabanter taciturn; distrust and fear had scared away the spirit of cheerfulness and mirth, a constrained gravity fettered even the play of the features. Every moment the impending blow was looked for with dread.

This general straining of expectation, warned the duke to hasten the accomplishment of his plans before they should be anticipated by the timely flight of his victims. His first object was to secure the suspected nobles, in order at once and for ever to deprive the faction of its leaders, and the nation, whose freedom was to be crushed, of all its supporters. By a pretended affability, he had succeeded in lulling their first alarm, and in restoring Count Egmont, in particular, to his former perfect confidence, for which purpose he artfully employed his sons, Ferdinand and Frederick of Toledo, whose companionableness and youth assimilated more easily with the Flemish character. By this skillful device, he succeeded also in enticing Count Horn to Brussels, who had hitherto thought it advisable to watch the first measures of the duke from a distance, but now suffered himself to be seduced by the good fortune of his friend. Some of the nobility, and Count Egmont at the head of them, even resumed their former gay style of living. But they themselves did not do so with their whole hearts, and they had not many imitators. Kuilemberg house was incessantly besieged by a numerous crowd, who thronged around the person of the new viceroy, and exhibited an affected gayety on their countenances, while their hearts were wrung with distress and fear. Egmont, in particular, assumed the appearance of a light heart, entertaining the duke's son, and being fêted by them in return. Meanwhile, the duke was fearful lest so fair an opportunity for the accomplishment of his plans might not last long, and lest some act of imprudence might destroy the feeling of security which had tempted both his victims voluntarily to put themselves into his power; he only waited for a third; Hogstraten also was to be taken in the same net. Under a plausible pretext of business, he therefore summoned him to the metropolis. At the same time that he purposed to secure the

three counts in Brussels, Colonel Lodrona was to arrest the burgomaster Strahlen in Antwerp, an intimate friend of the Prince of Orange, and suspected of having favored the Calvinists; another officer was to seize the private secretary of Count Egmont, whose name was John Casembrot von Beckerzeel, as also some secretaries of Count Horn, and was to possess themselves of their papers.

When the day arrived which had been fixed upon for the execution of his plan, the duke summoned all the counselors and knights before him, to confer with them upon matters of state. On this occasion, the Duke of Arschot, the Counts Mansfeld, Barlaimont, and Aremberg, attended on the part of the Netherlanders, and on the part of the Spaniards, besides the duke's sons, Vitelli, Serbellon, and Ibarra. The young Count Mansfeld, who likewise appeared at the meeting, received a sign from his father to withdraw with all speed, and by a hasty flight avoid the fate which was impending over him, as a former member of the Geusen league. The duke purposely prolonged the consultation, to give time before he acted for the arrival of the courtiers from Antwerp, who were to bring him the tidings of the arrest of the other parties. To avoid exciting any suspicion, the engineer Paciotto was required to attend the meeting, to lay before it the plans for some fortifications. At last, intelligence was brought him that Lodrona had successfully executed his commission. Upon this the duke dexterously broke off the debate, and dismissed the council. And now, as Count Egmont was about to repair to the apartment of Don Ferdinand, to finish a game that he had commenced with him, the captain of the duke's body guard, Sancho D'Avila, stopped him, and demanded his sword in the king's name. At the same time, he was surrounded by a number of Spanish soldiers, who, as had been preconcerted, suddenly advanced from their concealment. So unexpected a blow deprived Egmont, for some moments, of all powers of utterance and recollection; after a while, however, he collected himself, and taking his sword from his side with dignified composure, said, as he delivered it into the hands of the Spaniard, "This sword has before this, on more than one occasion, successfully defended the king's cause." Another Spanish officer arrested Count Horn, as he was returning to his house, without the least suspicion of danger. Horn's first inquiry was after Egmont. On being told that the same fate had just happened to his friend, he surrendered himself without resistance. "I have suffered myself to be guided by him," he exclaimed, "it is fair that I should share his destiny." The two counts were placed in confinement, in separate apartments. While this was going on in the interior of Kuilemberg house, the whole garrison was drawn out under arms in front of it. No one knew what had taken place inside, a mysterious terror diffused itself throughout Brussels, until rumor spread the news of this fatal event. Each felt as if he himself were the sufferer; with many, indignation at Egmont's blind infatuation, preponderated over sympathy for his fate; all rejoiced that Orange had escaped. The

first question of the Cardinal Granvella, too, when these tidings reached him in Rome, is said to have been, whether they had taken the Silent One also. On being answered in the negative, he shook his head: "Then as they have let him escape they have got nothing." Fate ordained better for the Count of Hogstraten. Compelled by ill health to travel slowly, he was met by the report of this event, while he was yet on his way. He hastily turned back, and fortunately escaped destruction. Immediately after Egmont's seizure, a writing was extorted from him, addressed to the commandant of the citadel of Ghent, ordering that officer to deliver the fortress to the Spanish Colonel, Alphonso d'Ulloa. Upon this, the two counts were then (after they had been for some weeks confined in Brussels) conveyed under a guard of 3,000 Spaniards to Ghent, where they remained imprisoned till late in the following year. In the mean time, all their papers had been seized. Many of the first nobility, who, by the pretended kindness of the Duke of Alva, had allowed themselves to be cajoled into remaining, experienced the same fate. Capital punishment was also, without delay, inflicted on all who, before the duke's arrival, had been taken with arms in their hands. Upon the news of Egmont's arrest a second body of about 20,000 inhabitants took up the wanderer's staff, besides the 100,000 who, prudently declining to await the arrival of the Spanish general, had already placed themselves in safety.* After so noble a life had been assailed, no one counted himself safe any longer; but many found cause to repent that they had so long deferred this salutary step; for every day flight was rendered more difficult, for the duke ordered all the ports to be closed, and punished the attempt at emigration with death. The beggars were now esteemed fortunate, who had abandoned country and property, in order to preserve at least their liberty and their lives.

ALVA'S FIRST MEASURES, AND DEPARTURE OF THE DUCHESS OF PARMA.

Alva's first step, after securing the most suspected of the nobles, was to restore the Inquisition to its former authority; to put the decrees of Trent again in force, abolish the "*Moderation*," and promulgate anew the edicts against

* A great part of these fugitives helped to strengthen the army of the Huguenots, who had taken occasion, from the passage of the Spanish army through Lorraine, to assemble their forces, and now pressed Charles IX. hard. On these grounds, the French thought they had a right to demand aid from the regent of the Netherlands. They asserted that the Huguenots had looked upon the march of the Spanish army as the result of a preconcerted plan, which had been formed against them by the two courts at Bayonne, and that this had roused them from their slumber. That consequently it behooved the Spanish court to assist in extricating the French king from difficulties, into which the latter had been brought, simply by the march of the Spanish troops. Alva actually sent the Count of Aremberg with a considerable force, to join the army of the Queen Mother in France, and even offered to command these subsidiaries in person, which, however, was declined. Strada, 206, Thuan, 541.

heretics in all their original severity. The Court of Inquisition in Spain had pronounced the whole nation of the Netherlands guilty of treason in the highest degree; Catholics and heterodox, loyalists and rebels, without distinction; the latter as having offended by overt acts, the former as having incurred equal guilt by their supineness. From this sweeping condemnation a very few were excepted, whose names, however, were purposely reserved, while the general sentence was publicly confirmed by the king. Philip declared himself absolved from all his promises, and released from all engagements, which the regent, in his name, had entered into with the people of the Netherlands; and all the justice which they had in future to expect from him must depend on his own good-will and pleasure. All who had aided in the expulsion of the minister Granvella, who had taken part in the petition of the confederate nobles, or had but even spoken in favor of it; all who had presented a petition against the decrees of Trent, against the edicts relating to religion, or against the installation of the bishops; all who had permitted the public preachings, or had only feebly resisted them; all who had worn the insignia of the Gueux, had sung Geusen songs, or who in any way whatsoever had manifested their joy at the establishment of the league; all who had sheltered or concealed the reforming preachers, attended Calvinistic funerals, or had even merely known of their secret meetings, and not given information of them; all who had appealed to the national privileges; all in fine, who had expressed an opinion that they ought to obey God rather than man; all these, indiscriminately, were declared liable to the penalties which the law imposed upon any violation of the royal prerogative, and upon high treason, and these penalties were, according to the instruction which Alva had received, to be executed on the guilty persons, without forbearance or favor—without regard to rank, sex, or age, as an example to posterity, and for a terror to all future times. According to this declaration, there was no longer an innocent person to be found in the whole Netherlands, and the new viceroy had it in his power to make a fearful choice of victims. Property and life were alike at his command, and whoever should have the good fortune to preserve one or both, must receive them as the gift of his generosity and humanity. By this stroke of policy, as refined as it was detestable, the nation was disarmed, and unanimity rendered impossible. As it absolutely depended on the duke's arbitrary will, upon whom the sentence should be carried in force, which had been passed without exception upon all, each individual kept himself quiet, in order to escape, if possible, the notice of the viceroy, and to avoid drawing the fatal choice upon himself. Every one, on the other hand, in whose favor he was pleased to make an exception, stood in a degree indebted to him, and was personally under an obligation, which must be measured by the value he set upon his life and property. As, however, this penalty could only be executed on the smaller portion of the nation, the duke naturally secured the greater by the strongest ties of fear and gratitude, and for one whom he

sought out as a victim, he gained ten others whom he passed over. As long as he continued true to this policy, he remained in quiet possession of his rule, even amid the streams of blood which he caused to flow, and did not forfeit this advantage, till the want of money compelled him to impose a burden upon the nation, which oppressed all indiscriminately.

In order to be equal to this bloody occupation, the details of which were fast accumulating, and to be certain of not losing a single victim through the want of instruments; and on the other hand to render his proceedings independent of the states, with whose privileges they were so much at variance, and who, indeed, were far too humane for him, he instituted an extraordinary court of justice.

This court consisted of twelve criminal judges, who according to their instructions, to the very letter of which they must adhere, were to try and pronounce sentence upon those implicated in the past disturbances. The mere institution of such a board, was a violation of the liberties of the country, which expressly stipulated, that no citizen should be tried out of his own province; but the duke filled up the measure of his injustice, when, contrary to the most sacred privileges of the nation, he proceeded to give seats and votes in that court to Spaniards, the open and avowed enemies of Belgian liberty. He himself was the president of this court, and after him a certain Licentiate Vargas, a Spaniard by birth, of whose iniquitous character the historians of both parties are unanimous; cast out like a plague spot from his own country, where he had violated one of his wards, he was a shameless, hardened villain, in whose mind avarice, lust, and the thirst for blood, struggled for ascendancy. The principal members were Count Aremberg, Philip of Noircarmes, and Charles of Barlaimont, who, however, never sat in it; Hadrian Nicolai, Chancellor of Gueldres; Jacob Mertens, and Peter Asset, Presidents of Artois and Flanders; Jacob Hesselts, and John de la Porte, Counselors of Ghent; Louis del Roi, Doctor of Theology, and by birth a Spaniard; John du Bois, King's Advocate; and De la Torre, Secretary of the Court. In compliance with the representations of Viglius, the Privy Council was spared any part in this tribunal; nor was any one introduced into it from the great council at Malines. The votes of the members were only recommendatory, not conclusive; the final sentence being reserved by the duke to himself. No particular time was fixed for the sitting of the court; the members, however, assembled at noon, as often as the duke thought good. But after the expiration of the third month, Alva began to be less frequent in his attendance, and at last resigned his place entirely to his favorite Vargas, who filled it with such odious fitness, that in a short time all the members, with the exception merely of the Spanish Doctor Del Rio, and the Secretary De la Torre,* weary of the atrocities of which they

* The sentences passed upon the most eminent persons (for example, the sentence of death passed upon Strahlen, the burgomaster of Antwerp) were signed only by Vargas, Del Rio, and De la Torre.

were compelled to be both eyewitnesses and accomplices, remained away from the assembly. It is revolting to the feelings to think how the lives of the noblest and the best were thus placed at the mercy of Spanish vagabonds, and how even the sanctuaries of the nation, its deeds and charters, were unscrupulously ransacked, the seals broken, and the most secret contracts between the sovereign and the state profaned and exposed.*

From the Council of Twelve, (which, from the object of its institution was called the Council of Disturbances, but, on account of its proceedings, is more generally known under the appellation of the Council of Blood, a name which the nation in their exasperation bestowed upon it,) no appeal was allowed. Its proceedings could not be revised. Its verdicts were irrevocable, and independent of all other authority. No other tribunal in the country could take cognizance of cases which related to the late insurrection, so that in all the other courts, justice was nearly at a stand-still. The great council at Malines was as good as abolished; the authority of the Council of State entirely ceased, inasmuch that its sittings were discontinued. On some rare occasions, the duke conferred with a few members of the late assembly, but even when this did occur, the conference was held in his cabinet, and was no more than a private consultation, without any of the proper forms being observed. No privilege, no charter of immunity, however carefully protected, had any weight with the Council for Disturbances.† It compelled all deeds and contracts to be laid before it, and often forced upon them the most strained interpretations and alterations. If the duke caused a sentence to be drawn out, which there was reason to fear might be opposed by the states of Brabant, it was legalized without the Brabant seal. The most sacred rights of individuals were assailed, and a tyranny without example forced its arbitrary will even into the circle of domestic life. As the Protestants and rebels had hitherto contrived to strengthen their party so much by marriages with the first families in the country, the duke issued an edict, forbidding all Netherlanders, whatever might be their rank or office, under pain of death and confiscation of property, to conclude a marriage without previously obtaining his permission.

All, whom the Council for Disturbances thought proper to summon before it, were compelled to

* For an example of the unfeeling levity with which the most important matters, even decisions in cases of life and death, were treated in this sanguinary council, it may serve to relate what is told of the Counselor Hesselts. He was generally asleep during the meeting, and when his turn came to vote on a sentence of death, he used to cry out, still half asleep: "Ad patibulum! Ad patibulum!" so glibly did his tongue utter this word. It is further to be remarked of this Hesselts, that his wife, a daughter of the President Viglius, had expressly stipulated in the marriage contract, that he should resign the dismal office of attorney for the king, which made him detested by the whole nation. *Vigl. ad Hopp. lxxvii. l.*

† Vargas, in a few words of barbarous Latin, demolished at once the boasted liberties of the Netherlands. "Non curamus vestros privilegios," he replied to one who wished to plead the immunities of the University of Louvain.

appear, clergy as well as laity, the most venerable heads of the senate, as well as the reprobate rabble of the Iconoclasts. Whoever did not present himself, as indeed scarcely any body did, was declared an outlaw, and his property was confiscated; but those who were rash or foolish enough to appear, or who were so unfortunate as to be seized, were lost without redemption. Twenty, forty, often fifty, were summoned at the same time and from the same town, and the richest were always the first on whom the thunderbolt descended. The meaner citizens, who possessed nothing that could render their country and their homes dear to them, were taken unawares, and arrested without any previous citation. Many eminent merchants, who had at their disposal fortunes of from 60,000 to 100,000 florins, were seen with their hands tied behind their backs, dragged like common vagabonds at the horse's tail to execution, and in Valenciennes, fifty-five persons were decapitated at one time. All the prisons, and the duke immediately on commencing his administration had built a great number of them, were crammed full with the accused; hanging, beheading, quartering, burning, were the prevailing and ordinary occupations of the day; the punishment of the galleys and banishment were more rarely heard of, for there was scarcely any offense, which was reckoned too trivial to be punished with death. Immense sums were thus brought into the treasury, which, however, served rather to stimulate the new viceroy's and his colleagues' thirst for gold, than to quench it. It seemed to be his insane purpose to make beggars of the whole people, and to throw all their riches into the hands of the king and his servants. The yearly income derived from these confiscations was computed to equal the revenues of the first kingdoms of Europe; it is said to have been estimated, in a report furnished to the king, at the incredible sum of 20,000,000 of dollars. But these proceedings were the more inhuman, as they often bore hardest precisely upon the very persons who were the most peaceful subjects, and most orthodox Roman Catholics, whom they could not want to injure. Wherever an estate was confiscated, all the creditors who had claims upon it were defrauded. The hospitals, too, and public institutions, which such properties had contributed to support were now ruined, and the poor, who had formerly drawn a pittance from this source, were compelled to see their only spring of comfort dried up. Whoever ventured to urge their well-grounded claims on the forfeited property, before the Council of Twelve, (for no other tribunal dared to interfere with these inquiries,) consumed their substance in tedious and expensive proceedings, and were reduced to beggary before they saw the end of them. The histories of civilized states, furnish but one instance of a similar perversion of justice, of such violation of the rights of property, and of such waste of human life; but Cinna, Sylla, and Marius entered vanquished Rome as incensed victors, and practiced without disguise, what the viceroy of the Netherlands performed under the venerable vail of the laws.

Up to the end of the year 1567, the king's arri-

val had been confidently expected, and the well-disposed of the people had placed all their last hopes on this event. The vessels, which Philip had caused to be equipped expressly for the purpose of meeting him, still lay in the harbor of Flushing, ready to sail at the first signal; and the town of Brussels had consented to receive a Spanish garrison, simply because the king, it was pretended, was to reside within its walls. But this hope gradually vanished, as he put off the journey from one season to the next, and the new viceroy very soon began to exhibit powers, which announced him less as a precursor of royalty, than as an absolute minister, whose presence made that of the monarch entirely superfluous. To complete the distress of the provinces, their last good angel was now to leave them in the person of the regent.

From the moment, when the production of the duke's extensive powers left no doubt remaining, as to the practical termination of her own rule, Margaret had formed the resolution of relinquishing the name also of regent. To see a successor in the actual possession of a dignity, which a nine year's enjoyment had made indispensable to her; to see the authority, the glory, the splendor, the adoration, and all the marks of respect, which are the usual concomitants of supreme power, pass over to another; and to feel that she had lost that, which she could never forget she had once held, was more than a woman's mind could endure; moreover, the Duke of Alva was of all men the least calculated to make her privation the less painful, by a forbearing use of his newly acquired dignity. The tranquillity of the country, too, which was put in jeopardy by this divided rule, seemed to impose upon the duchess the necessity of abdicating. Many governors of provinces refused, without an express order from the court, to receive commands from the duke, and to recognize him as co-regent.

The rapid change of their point of attraction, could not be met by the courtiers so composedly and imperturbably, but that the duchess observed the alteration, and bitterly felt it. Even the few who, like State Counselor Viglius, still firmly adhered to her, did so less from attachment to her person, than from vexation at being displaced by novices and foreigners, and from being too proud to serve a fresh apprenticeship under a new viceroy. But far the greater number, with all their endeavors to keep an exact mean, could not help making a difference between the homage they paid to the rising sun, and that which they bestowed on the setting luminary. The royal palace in Brussels became more and more deserted, while the throng at Kuilemborg House daily increased. But what wounded the sensitiveness of the duchess most acutely, was the arrest of Horn and Egmont, which was planned and executed by the duke, without her knowledge or consent, just as if there had been no such person as herself in existence. Alva did, indeed, after the act was done, endeavor to appease her, by declaring that the design had been purposely kept secret from her, in order to spare her name from being mixed up in so odious a transaction; but no such considerations of delicacy could close the

wound which had been inflicted on her pride. In order at once, to escape all risk of similar insults, of which the present was probably only a forerunner, she dispatched her private secretary Macchiavelli to the court of her brother, there to solicit earnestly for permission to resign the regency. The request was granted without difficulty by the king, who accompanied his consent with every mark of his highest esteem. He would put aside (so the king expressed himself) his own advantage and that of the provinces, in order to oblige his sister. He sent her a present of thirty thousand dollars, and allotted to her a yearly pension of twenty thousand.* At the same time, a diploma was forwarded to the Duke of Alva, constituting him in her stead, viceroy of all the Netherlands, with unlimited powers.

Gladly would Margaret have learned that she was permitted to resign the regency before a solemn assembly of the states, a wish which she had not very obscurely hinted to the king. But she was not gratified. She was particularly fond of solemnity, and the example of the Emperor her father, who had exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of his abdication of the crown in this very city, seemed to have great attractions for her. As she was compelled to part with supreme power, she could scarcely be blamed for wishing to do so with as much splendor as possible. Moreover, she had not failed to observe how much the general hatred of the duke had effected in her own favor, and she looked, therefore, the more wistfully forward to a scene, which promised at once to be so flattering to her and so affecting. She would have been glad to mingle her own tears with those which she hoped to see shed by the Netherlanders for their good regent. Thus the bitterness of her descent from the throne, would have been alleviated by the expression of general sympathy. Little as she had done to merit the general esteem, during the nine years of her administration, while fortune smiled upon her, and the approbation of her sovereign was the limit to all her wishes, yet now the sympathy of the nation had acquired a value in her eyes, as the only thing which could in some degree compensate her for the disappointment of all her other hopes. Fain would she have persuaded herself that she had become a voluntary sacrifice to her goodness of heart, and her too humane feelings toward the Netherlanders. As, however, the king was very far from being disposed to incur any danger by calling a general assembly of the states, in order to gratify a mere caprice of his sister, she was obliged to content herself with a farewell letter to them. In this

document, she went over her whole administration, recounted, not without ostentation, the difficulties with which she had had to struggle, the evils which, by her dexterity, she had prevented, and wound up at last, by saying that she left a finished work, and had to transfer to her successor nothing but the punishment of offenders. The king, too, was repeatedly compelled to hear the same statement, and she left nothing undone to arrogate to herself the glory of any future advantages, which it might be the good fortune of the duke to realize. Her own merits, as something which did not admit of a doubt, but was at the same time a burden oppressive to her modesty, she laid at the feet of the king.

Dispassionate posterity may, nevertheless, hesitate to subscribe unreservedly to this favorable opinion. Even though the united voice of her contemporaries, and the testimony of the Netherlands themselves vouch for it, a third party will not be denied the right to examine her claims with stricter scrutiny. The popular mind, easily affected, is but too ready to count the absence of a vice as an additional virtue, and, under the pressure of existing evil, to give excess of praise for past benefits. The Netherlander seems to have concentrated all his hatred upon the Spanish name. To lay the blame of the national evils on the regent, would tend to remove from the king and his minister the curses, which he would rather shower upon them alone and undividedly; and the Duke of Alva's government of the Netherlands was, perhaps, not the proper point of view from which to test the merits of his predecessor. It was undoubtedly no light task to meet the king's expectations, without infringing the rights of the people and the duties of humanity; but in struggling to effect these two contradictory objects, Margaret had accomplished neither. She had deeply injured the nation, while comparatively she had done little service to the king. It is true that she at last crushed the Protestant faction, but the accidental outbreak of the Iconoclasts assisted her in this, more than all her dexterity. She certainly succeeded by her intrigues in dissolving the league of the nobles, but not until the first blow had been struck at its roots by internal dissensions. The object, to secure which, she had for many years vainly exhausted her whole policy, was effected at last by a single enlistment of troops, for which, however, the orders were issued from Madrid. She delivered to the duke, no doubt, a tranquilized country; but it cannot be denied that the dread of his approach had the chief share in tranquilizing it. By her reports, she led the Council in Spain astray; because she never informed it of the disease, but only of the occasional symptoms; never of the universal feeling and voice of the nation, but only of the misconduct of factions. Her faulty administration, moreover, drew the people into the crime, because she exasperated without sufficiently awing them. She it was that brought the murderous Alva into the country, by leading the king to believe that the disturbances in the provinces were to be ascribed, not so much to the severity of the royal ordinances, as to the unworthiness of those who were charged with their

* Which, however, does not appear to have been very punctually paid, if a pamphlet may be trusted which was printed during her lifetime. (It bears the title; *Discours sur la Blessure de Monseigneur Prince d'Orange*, 1582, without notice of the place where it was printed, and is to be found in the Elector's library at Dresden.) She languished, it is there stated, at Namur in poverty, and so ill supported by her son, (the then governor of the Netherlands,) that her own secretary Aldrobandin called her sojourn there an exile. But the writer goes on to ask what better treatment could she expect from a son, who, when still very young, being on a visit to her at Brussels, snapped his fingers at her, behind her back.

execution. Margaret possessed natural capacity and intellect; and an acquired political tact enabled her to meet any ordinary case; but she wanted that creative genius which, for new and extraordinary emergencies, invents new maxims, or wisely oversteps old ones. In a country where honesty was the best policy, she adopted the unfortunate plan of practicing her insidious Italian policy, and thereby sowed the seeds of a fatal distrust in the minds of the people. The indulgence which has been so liberally imputed to her as a merit, was, in truth, extorted from her weakness and timidity by the courageous opposition of the nation; she had never departed from the strict letter of the royal commands, by her own spontaneous resolution; never did the gentle feelings of innate humanity lead her to misinterpret the cruel purport of her instructions. Even the few concessions, to which necessity compelled her, were granted with an uncertain and shrinking hand, as if fearing to give too much; and she lost the fruit of her benefactions, because she mutilated them by a sordid closeness. What, in all the other relations of her life, she was too

little, she was on the throne too much—a woman! She had it in her power, after Granvella's expulsion, to become the benefactress of the Belgian nation, but she did not. Her supreme good was the approbation of her king, her greatest misfortune his displeasure; with all the eminent qualities of her mind, she remained an ordinary character, because her heart was destitute of native nobility. She used a melancholy power with much moderation, and stained her government with no deed of arbitrary cruelty; nay, if it had depended on her, she would have always acted humanely. Years afterward, when her idol, Philip II., had long forgotten her, the Netherlanders still honored her memory; but she was far from deserving the glory which her successor's inhumanity reflected upon her.

She left Brussels about the end of December, 1567. The duke escorted her as far as the frontiers of Brabant, and there left her under the protection of Count Mansfeld, in order to hasten back to the metropolis, and show himself to the Netherlanders as sole regent.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF COUNTS EGMONT AND HORN.

THE two counts were, a few weeks after their arrest, conveyed to Ghent, under an escort of three thousand Spaniards, where they were confined in the citadel for more than eight months. Their trial commenced in due form, before the Council of Twelve; and the Solicitor-General, John du Bois, conducted the proceedings. The indictment against Egmont consisted of ninety counts, and that against Horn of sixty. It would occupy too much space to introduce them here. Every action however innocent, every omission of duty, was interpreted on the principle which had been laid down in the opening of the indictment, "that the two counts, in conjunction with the Prince of Orange, had planned the overthrow of the royal authority in the Netherlands, and the usurpation of the government of the country;" the expulsion of Granvella; the embassy of Egmont to Madrid; the confederacy of the Gueux; the concessions which they made to the Protestants in the provinces under their government; all were made to have a connection with, and a reference to, this deliberate design. Thus importance was attached to the most insignificant occurrences, and one action made to darken and discolor another. By taking care to treat each of the charges as in itself a treasonable offense, it was the more easy to justify a sentence of high treason by the whole.

The accusations were sent to each of the prisoners, who were required to reply to them within

five days. After doing so, they were allowed to employ solicitors and advocates, who were permitted free access to them; but as they were accused of treason, their friends were prohibited from visiting them. Count Egmont employed for his solicitor Von Landas, and made choice of a few eminent advocates from Brussels.

Their first step was to demur against the tribunal which was to try them, since, by the privilege of their Order, they, as Knights of the Golden Fleece, were amenable only to the king himself, the Grand Master. But this demurrer was overruled, and they were required to produce their witnesses, in default of which they were to be proceeded against *in contumaciam*. Egmont had satisfactorily answered to eighty-two counts, while Count Horn had refuted the charges against him, article by article. The accusation and the defense are still extant; on that defense, every impartial tribunal would have acquitted them both. The Procurator Fiscal pressed for the production of their evidence, and the Duke of Alva issued his repeated commands to use dispatch. They delayed, however, from week to week, while they renewed their protests against the illegality of the court. At last, the duke assigned them nine days to produce their proofs; on the lapse of that period, they were to be declared guilty, and as having forfeited all right of defense.

During the progress of the trial, the relations and friends of the two counts were not idle.

Egmont's wife, by birth a duchess of Bavaria, addressed petitions to the princes of the German empire, to the emperor, and to the King of Spain. The Countess Horn, mother of the imprisoned count, who was connected by the ties of friendship or of blood with the principal royal families of Germany, did the same. All alike protested loudly against this illegal proceeding, and appealed to the liberty of the German empire, on which Horn, as a count of the empire, had special claims; the liberty of the Netherlands, and the privileges of the Order of the Golden Fleece were likewise insisted upon. The Countess Egmont succeeded in obtaining the intercession of almost every German court in behalf of her husband. The King of Spain and his viceroy were besieged by applications in behalf of the accused, which were referred from one to the other, and made light of by both. Countess Horn collected certificates from all the Knights of the Golden Fleece in Spain, Germany, and Italy, to prove the privileges of the order. Alva rejected them, with a declaration that they had no force in such a case as the present. "The crimes of which the counts are accused, relate to the affairs of the Belgian provinces, and he, the duke, was appointed by the king sole judge of all matters connected with those countries."

Four months had been allowed to the Solicitor-General to draw up the indictment, and five were granted to the two counts to prepare for their defense. But instead of losing their time and trouble in adducing their evidence, which, perhaps, would have profited them but little, they preferred wasting it in protests against the judges, which availed them still less. By the former course, they would probably have delayed the final sentence, and in the time thus gained, the powerful intercession of their friends might perhaps have not been ineffectual. By obstinately persisting in denying the competency of the tribunal which was to try them, they furnished the duke with an excuse for cutting short the proceedings. After the last assigned period had expired, on the 1st of June, 1568, the Council of Twelve declared them guilty, and on the 4th of that month, sentence of death was pronounced against them.

The execution of twenty-five noble Netherlanders, who were beheaded in three successive days, in the market place at Brussels, was the terrible prelude to the fate of the two counts. John Casembrot von Beckerzeel, Secretary to Count Egmont, was one of the unfortunates, who was thus rewarded for his fidelity to his master, which he steadfastly maintained even upon the rack, and for his zeal in the service of the king, which he had manifested against the Iconoclasts. The others had either been taken prisoners, with arms in their hands, in the insurrection of the "Gueux," or apprehended and condemned as traitors, on account of having taken a part in the petition of the nobles.

The duke had reason to hasten the execution of the sentence. Count Louis of Nassau had given battle to the Count of Aremberg, near the monastery of Heiligerlee in Gröningen, and had the good fortune to defeat him. Immediately after his victory, he had advanced against Grö-

ningen, and laid siege to it. The success of his arms had raised the courage of his faction, and the Prince of Orange, his brother, was close at hand with an army to support him. These circumstances made the duke's presence necessary in those distant provinces; but he could not venture to leave Brussels, before the fate of two such important prisoners was decided. The whole nation loved them, which was not a little increased by their unhappy fate. Even the strict Papists disapproved of the execution of these eminent nobles. The slightest advantage which the arms of the rebels might gain over the duke, or even the report of a defeat, would cause a revolution in Brussels, which would immediately set the two counts at liberty. Moreover, the petitions and intercessions which came to the viceroy, as well as to the King of Spain, from the German princes, increased daily; nay, the Emperor Maximilian II. himself caused the countess to be assured "that she had nothing to fear for the life of her spouse." These powerful applications might at last turn the king's heart in favor of the prisoners. The king might, perhaps, in reliance on his viceroy's usual dispatch, put on the appearance of yielding to the representations of so many sovereigns, and rescind the sentence of death, under the conviction that his mercy would come too late. These considerations moved the duke not to delay the execution of the sentence, as soon as it was pronounced.

On the day after the sentence was passed, the two counts were brought, under an escort of 3,000 Spaniards, from Ghent to Brussels, and placed in confinement in the *Brodhause*, in the great market place. The next morning the Council of Twelve were assembled; the duke, contrary to his custom, attended in person, and both the sentences, in sealed envelopes, were opened, and publicly read by Secretary Pranz. The two counts were declared guilty of treason, as having favored and promoted the abominable conspiracy of the Prince of Orange, protected the confederated nobles, and been convicted of various misdemeanors against their king, and the church, in their governments and other appointments. Both were sentenced to be publicly beheaded, and their heads were to be fixed upon pikes, and not taken down without the duke's express command. All their possessions, fiefs, and rights escheated to the royal treasury. The sentence was signed only by the Duke and the Secretary Pranz, without asking or caring for the consent of the other members of the council.

During the night between the 4th and 5th of June, the sentences were brought to the prisoners, after they had already gone to rest. The duke gave them to the Bishop of Ypres, Martin Rithov, whom he had expressly summoned to Brussels, to prepare the prisoners for death. When the bishop received this commission he threw himself at the feet of the duke, and supplicated him with tears in his eyes for mercy—at least for respite for the prisoners; but he was answered in a rough and angry voice, that he had been sent for from Ypres, not to oppose the sentence, but by his spiritual consolation to reconcile the unhappy noblemen to it.

Egmont was the first to whom the bishop communicated the sentence of death. "That is, indeed, a severe sentence!" exclaimed the count, turning pale, and with a faltering voice. "I did not think that I had offended his majesty so deeply as to deserve such treatment. If, however, it must be so, I submit to my fate with resignation. May this death atone for my offense, and save my wife and children from suffering! This, at least, I think I may claim for my past services. As for death, I will meet it with composure, since it so pleases God and my king." He then pressed the bishop to tell him seriously and candidly if there was no hope of pardon. Being answered in the negative, he confessed and received the sacrament from the priest, repeating after him the mass with great devoutness. He asked what prayer was the best and most effective to recommend him to God in his last hour. On being told that no prayer could be more effectual than the one which Christ himself had taught, he prepared immediately to repeat the Lord's prayer. The thoughts of his family interrupted him; he called for pen and ink, and wrote two letters, one to his wife, the other to the king; the latter was as follows:

"Sire,—This morning I have heard the sentence which your majesty has been pleased to pass upon me. Far as I have ever been from attempting any thing against the person or the service of your majesty, or against the only true, old, and Catholic religion; I yet submit myself with patience to the fate which it has pleased God to ordain I should suffer. If, during the past disturbances, I have omitted, advised, or done any thing that seems at variance with my duty, it was most assuredly performed with the best intentions, or was forced upon me by the pressure of circumstances. I therefore pray your majesty to forgive me, and in consideration of my past services, show mercy to my unhappy wife, my poor children, and servants. In a firm hope of this, I commend myself to the infinite mercy of God.

"Your Majesty's most faithful vassal and servant,

"LAMORAL COUNT EGMONT.

"Brussels, June 5th, 1568, near my last moments."

This letter he placed in the hands of the bishop, with the strongest injunctions for its safe delivery; and for greater security, he sent a duplicate in his own handwriting to State Counselor Viglius, the most upright man in the senate, by whom, there is no doubt, it was actually delivered to the king. The family of the count were subsequently reinstated in all his property, fiefs, and rights, which, by virtue of the sentence, had escheated to the royal treasury.

Meanwhile, a scaffold had been erected in the market-place, before the town-hall, on which two poles were fixed with iron spikes, and the whole covered with black cloth. Two-and-twenty companies of the Spanish garrison surrounded the scaffold, a precaution which was by no means superfluous. Between ten and eleven o'clock, the Spanish guard appeared in the apartment of the count; they were provided with cords to tie his

hands according to custom. He begged that this might be spared him, and declared that he was willing and ready to die. He himself cut off the collar from his doublet to facilitate the executioner's duty. He wore a robe of red damask, and over that a black Spanish cloak, trimmed with gold lace. In this dress he appeared on the scaffold, and was attended by Don Julian Romero, Maitre de Camp; Salinas, a Spanish captain; and the Bishop of Ypres. The Grand Provost of the court, with a red wand in his hand, sat on horseback at the foot of the scaffold; the executioner was concealed beneath.

Egmont had at first shown a desire to address the people from the scaffold. He desisted, however, on the bishop's representing to him that, either he would not be heard, or that if he were, he might, such at present was the dangerous disposition of the people, excite them to acts of violence, which would only plunge his friends into destruction. For a few moments he paced the scaffold with noble dignity, and lamented that it had not been permitted him to die a more honorable death for his king and his country. Up to the last he seemed unable to persuade himself that the king was in earnest, and that his severity would be carried any further than the mere terror of execution. When the decisive period approached, and he was to receive the extreme unction, he looked wistfully round, and when there still appeared no prospect of a reprieve, he turned to Julian Romero, and asked him once more if there was no hope of pardon for him. Julian Romero shrugged his shoulders, looked on the ground, and was silent.

He then closely clenched his teeth, threw off his mantle and robe, knelt upon the cushion, and prepared himself for the last prayer. The bishop presented him the crucifix to kiss, and administered to him extreme unction, upon which the count made him a sign to leave him. He drew a silk cap over his eyes, and awaited the stroke. Over the corpse and the streaming blood, a black cloth was immediately thrown.

All Brussels thronged around the scaffold, and the fatal blow seemed to fall on every heart. Loud sobs alone broke the appalling silence. The duke himself, who watched the execution from a window of the town house, wiped his eyes as his victim died.

Shortly afterward, Count Horn advanced on the scaffold. Of a more violent temperament than his friend, and stimulated by stronger reasons for hatred against the king, he had received the sentence with less composure, although in his case, perhaps, it was less unjust. He burst forth in bitter reproaches against the king, and the bishop with difficulty prevailed upon him to make a better use of his last moments, than to abuse them in imprecations on his enemies. At last, however, he became more collected, and made his confession to the bishop, which at first he was disposed to refuse.

He mounted the scaffold with the same attendants as his friend. In passing, he saluted many of his acquaintances; his hands were, like Egmont's free, and he was dressed in a black doublet and cloak, with a Milan cap of the same color

upon his head. When he had ascended, he cast his eyes upon the corpse, which lay under the cloth, and asked one of the bystanders if it was the body of his friend. On being answered in the affirmative, he said some words in Spanish, threw his cloak from him, and knelt upon the cushion. All shrieked aloud as he received the fatal blow.

The heads of both were fixed upon the poles which were set up on the scaffold, where they re-

mained until past three in the afternoon, when they were taken down, and, with the two bodies, placed in leaden coffins and deposited in a vault.

In spite of the number of spies and executioners who surrounded the scaffold, the citizens of Brussels would not be prevented from dipping their handkerchiefs in the streaming blood, and carrying home with them these precious memorials.

SIEGE OF ANTWERP BY THE PRINCE OF PARMA.

IN THE YEARS 1584 AND 1585.

It is an interesting spectacle to observe the struggle of man's inventive genius in conflict with powerful opposing elements, and to see the difficulties, which are insurmountable to ordinary capacities, overcome by prudence, resolution, and a determined will. Less attractive, but only the more instructive, perhaps, is the contrary spectacle, where the absence of those qualities renders all efforts of genius vain, throws away all the favors of fortune, and where inability to improve such advantages renders hopeless a success which otherwise seemed sure and inevitable. Examples of both kinds are afforded by the celebrated siege of Antwerp, by the Spaniards, toward the close of the sixteenth century, by which that flourishing city was forever deprived of its commercial prosperity, but which, on the other hand, conferred immortal fame on the general who undertook and accomplished it.

Twelve years had the war continued, which the northern provinces of Belgium had commenced at first in vindication simply of their religious freedom, and the privileges of their states, from the encroachments of the Spanish viceroy, but maintained latterly in the hope of establishing their independence of the Spanish crown. Never completely victors, but never entirely vanquished, they wearied out the Spanish valor by tedious operations on an unfavorable soil, and exhausted the wealth of the sovereign of both of the Indies, while they themselves were called beggars, and in a degree actually were so. The League of Ghent, which had united the whole Netherlands, Roman Catholic and Protestant, in a common and (could such a confederation have lasted) invincible body, was indeed dissolved; but in place of this uncertain and unnatural combination, the northern provinces had, in the year 1579, formed among themselves the closer Union of Utrecht, which promised to be more lasting, inasmuch as it was linked and held together by common political and religious interests. What the new republic had lost in extent, through this separation from the Roman Catholic provinces, it was fully compen-

sated for by the closeness of alliance, the unity of enterprise, and energy of execution; and, perhaps, it was fortunate in thus timely losing what no exertion, probably, would ever have enabled it to retain.

The greater part of the Walloon provinces had, in the year 1584, partly by voluntary submission, and partly by force of arms, been again reduced under the Spanish yoke. The northern districts alone had been able at all successfully to oppose it. A considerable portion of Brabant and Flanders still obstinately held out against the arms of the Duke Alexander of Parma, who at that time administered the civil government of the provinces, and the supreme command of the army, with equal energy and prudence, and, by a series of splendid victories, had revived the military reputation of Spain. The peculiar formation of the country, which, by its numerous rivers and canals, facilitated the connection of the towns with one another and with the sea, baffled all attempts effectually to subdue it, and the possession of one place could only be maintained by the occupation of another. So long as this communication was kept up, Holland and Zealand could with little difficulty assist their allies, and supply them abundantly by water as well as by land with all necessaries, so that valor was of no use, and the strength of the king's troops was fruitlessly wasted on tedious sieges.

Of all the towns in Brabant, Antwerp was the most important, as well from its wealth, its population, and its military force, as by its position on the mouth of the Scheldt. This great and populous town, which at this date contained more than eighty thousand inhabitants, was one of the most active members of the national league, and had in the course of the war distinguished itself above all the towns of Belgium, by an untamable spirit of liberty. As it fostered within its bosom all the three Christian churches, and owed much of its prosperity to this unrestricted religious liberty, it had the more cause to dread the Spanish rule, which threatened to abolish this toleration, and

by the terror of the Inquisition to drive all the Protestant merchants from its markets. Moreover, it had had but too terrible experience of the brutality of the Spanish garrisons, and it was quite evident that if it once more suffered this insupportable yoke to be imposed upon it, it would never again, during the whole course of the war, be able to throw it off.

But powerful as were the motives which stimulated Antwerp to resistance, equally strong were the reasons which determined the Spanish general to make himself master of the place at any cost. On the possession of this town depended, in a great measure, that of the whole province of Brabant, which by this channel chiefly derived its supplies of corn from Zealand, while the capture of this place would secure to the victor the command of the Scheldt. It would also deprive the League of Brabant, which held its meetings in the town, of its principal support; the whole faction of its dangerous influence, of its example, its counsels, and its money, while the treasures of its inhabitants would open plentiful supplies for the military exigencies of the king. Its fall would, sooner or later, necessarily draw after it that of all Brabant, and the preponderance of power in that quarter would decide the whole dispute in favor of the king. Determined by these grave considerations, the Duke of Parma drew his forces together in July, 1584, and advanced from his position at Dornick to the neighborhood of Antwerp, with the intention of investing it.

But both the natural position and fortifications of the town appeared to defy attacks. Surrounded on the side of Brabant with insurmountable works and moats, and towards Flanders covered by the broad and rapid stream of the Scheldt, it could not be carried by storm; and to blockade a town of such extent, seemed to require a land force three times larger than that which the duke had, and moreover a fleet, of which he was utterly destitute. Not only did the river yield the town all necessary supplies from Ghent, it also opened an easy communication with the bordering province of Zealand. For, as the tide of the North Sea extends far up the Scheldt, and ebbs and flows regularly, Antwerp enjoys the peculiar advantage, that the same tide flows past it at different times in two opposite directions. Besides, the adjacent towns of Brussels, Malines, Ghent, Dendermonde, and others, were all at this time in the hands of the league, and could aid the place from the land side also. To blockade, therefore, the town by land, and to cut off its communication with Flanders and Brabant, required two different armies, one on each bank of the river. A sufficient fleet was likewise needed to guard the passage of the Scheldt, and to prevent all attempts at relief, which would most certainly be made from Zealand. But by the war which he had still to carry on in other quarters, and by the numerous garrisons which he was obliged to leave in the towns and fortified places, the army of the duke was reduced to 10,000 infantry and 1,700 horse, a force very inadequate for an undertaking of such magnitude. Moreover, these troops were deficient in the most necessary supplies, and the long arrears of pay had excited them to subdued murmurs, which

hourly threatened to break out into open mutiny. If, notwithstanding these difficulties, he should still attempt the siege, there would be much occasion to fear from the strongholds of the enemy, which were left in the rear, and from which it would be easy, by vigorous sallies, to annoy an army distributed over so many places, and to expose it to want by cutting off its supplies.

All these considerations were brought forward by the council of war, before which the Duke of Parma now laid his scheme. However great the confidence which they placed in themselves, and in the proved abilities of such a leader, nevertheless, the most experienced generals did not disguise their despair of a fortunate result. Two only were exceptions, Capizucchi and Mondragone, whose ardent courage placed them above all apprehensions, the rest concurred in dissuading the duke from attempting so hazardous an enterprise, by which they ran the risk of forfeiting the fruit of all their former victories, and tarnishing the glory they had already earned.

But objections, which he had already made to himself and refuted, could not shake the Duke of Parma in his purpose. Not in ignorance of its inseparable dangers, not from thoughtlessly overvaluing his forces, had he taken this bold resolve. But that instinctive genius which leads great men by paths which inferior minds either never enter upon or never finish, raised him above the influence of the doubts which a cold and narrow prudence would oppose to his views, and without being able to convince his generals, he felt the correctness of his calculations in a conviction indistinct, indeed, but not on that account less indubitable. A succession of fortunate results had raised his confidence, and the sight of his army, unequaled in Europe for discipline, experience, and valor, and commanded by a chosen body of the most distinguished officers, did not permit him to entertain fear for a moment. To those who objected to the small number of his troops, he answered, that however long the pike, it is only the point that kills; and that in military enterprise, the moving power was of more importance than the mass to be moved. He was aware, indeed, of the discontent of his troops, but he knew also their obedience; and he thought, moreover, that the best means to stifle their murmurs was by keeping them employed in some important undertaking, by stimulating their desire of glory by the splendor of the enterprise, and their rapacity, by the hopes of the rich booty which the capture of so wealthy a town would hold out.

In the plan which he now formed for the conduct of the siege, he endeavored to meet all these difficulties. Famine was the only instrument by which he could hope to subdue the town; but effectually to use this formidable weapon, it would be expedient to cut off all its land and water communications. With this view, the first object was to stop, or at least to impede, the arrival of supplies from Zealand. It was therefore requisite not only to carry all the outworks which the people of Antwerp had built on both shores of the Scheldt for the protection of their shipping, but also, wherever feasible, to throw up new batteries, which should command the whole course of the

river; and, to prevent the place from drawing supplies from the land side while efforts were being made to intercept their transmission by sea, all the adjacent towns of Brabant and Flanders were comprehended in the plan of the siege, and the fall of Antwerp was based on the destruction of all those places. A bold, and, considering the duke's scanty force, an almost extravagant project, which was, however, justified by the genius of its author, and crowned by fortune with a brilliant result.

As, however, time was required to accomplish a plan of this magnitude, the Prince of Parma was content, for the present, with the erection of numerous forts on the canals and rivers which connected Antwerp with Dendermohde, Ghent, Malines, Brussels, and other places. Spanish garrisons were quartered in the vicinity, and almost at the very gates of those towns, which laid waste the open country, and, by their incursions, kept the surrounding territory in alarm. Thus, round Ghent alone, were encamped about three thousand men, and proportionate numbers round the other towns. In this way, and by means of the secret understandings which he maintained with the Roman Catholic inhabitants of those towns, the duke hoped, without weakening his own forces, gradually to exhaust their strength, and by the harassing operations of a petty but incessant warfare, even without any formal siege, to reduce them at last to capitulate.

In the mean time, the main force was directed against Antwerp, which he now closely invested. He fixed his head-quarters at Bevern in Flanders, a few miles from Antwerp, where he found a fortified camp. The protection of the Flemish bank of the Scheldt was intrusted to the Margrave of Rysburg, general of cavalry, the Brabant bank to the Count Peter Ernest Von Eansfeld, who was joined by another Spanish leader, Mondragone. Both the latter succeeded in crossing the Scheldt upon pontoons, notwithstanding the Flemish admiral's ship was sent to oppose them, and passing Antwerp, took up their position at Stabroek, in Bergen. Detached corps dispersed themselves along the whole Brabant side, partly to secure the dykes and the roads.

Some miles below Antwerp, the Scheldt was guarded by two strong forts, of which one was situated at Liefkenshoek, on the island Doel, in Flanders, the other at Lillo, exactly opposite the coast of Brabant. The last had been erected by Mondragone himself, by order of the duke of Alva, when the latter was still master of Antwerp, and for this very reason the Duke of Parma now intrusted to him the attack upon it. On the possession of these two forts the success of the siege seemed wholly to depend, since all the vessels sailing from Zealand to Antwerp must pass under their guns. Both forts had, a short time before, been strengthened by the besieged, and the former was scarcely finished when the Margrave of Rysburg attacked it. The celerity with which he went to work, surprised the enemy before they were sufficiently prepared for defense; and a brisk assault quickly placed Liefkenshoek in the hands of the Spaniards. The confederates sustained this loss on the same fatal day that the

Prince of Orange fell at Delft, by the hands of an assassin. The other batteries, erected on the island of Doel, were partly abandoned by their defenders, partly taken by surprise, so that in a short time the whole Flemish side was cleared of the enemy. But the fort at Lillo, on the Brabant shore, offered a more vigorous resistance, since the people of Antwerp had had time to strengthen its fortifications, and to provide it with a strong garrison. Furious sallies of the besieged, led by Odets von Teligny, supported by the cannon of the fort, destroyed all the works of the Spaniards, and an inundation, which was effected by opening the sluices, finally drove them away from the place, after a three weeks' siege, and with the loss of nearly two thousand killed. They now retired into their fortified camp at Stabroek, and contented themselves with taking possession of the dams which run across the lowlands of Bergen, and oppose a breastwork to the encroachments of the East Scheldt.

The failure of his attempt upon the fort of Lillo compelled the Prince of Parma to change his measures. As he could not succeed in stopping the passage of the Scheldt by his original plan, on which the success of the siege entirely depended, he determined to effect his purpose by throwing a bridge across the whole breadth of the river. The thought was bold, and there were many who held it to be rash. Both the breadth of the stream, which at this part exceeds 1,200 paces, as well as its violence, which is still further augmented by the tides of the neighboring sea, appeared to render every attempt of this kind impracticable. Moreover, he had to contend with a deficiency of timber, vessels, and workmen, as well as with the dangerous position between the fleets of Antwerp and of Zealand, to which it would necessarily be an easy task, in combination with a boisterous element, to interrupt so tedious a work. But the Prince of Parma knew his power, and his settled resolution would yield to nothing short of absolute impossibility. After he had caused the breadth as well as the depth of the river to be measured, and had consulted with two of his most skillful engineers, Barocci and Plato, it was settled that the bridge should be constructed between Calloo in Flanders, and Ordham in Brabant. This spot was selected, because the river is here narrowest, and bends a little to the right, and so detains vessels a while by compelling them to tack. To cover the bridge, strong bastions were erected at both ends, of which the one on the Flanders shore was named fort St. Maria, the other on the Brabant side fort St. Philip, in honor of the king.

While active preparations were making in the Spanish camp for the execution of this scheme, and the whole attention of the enemy was directed to it, the duke made an unexpected attack upon Dendermonde, a strong town between Ghent and Antwerp, at the confluence of the Dender and Scheldt. As long as this important place was in the hands of the enemy, the towns of Ghent and Antwerp could mutually support each other, and by the facility of their communication, frustrate all the efforts of the besiegers. Its capture would leave the prince free to act against both

towns, and might decide the fate of his undertaking. The rapidity of his attack, left the besieged no time to open their sluices, and lay the country under water. A hot cannonade was opened upon the chief bastion of the town, before the Brussels gate; but was answered by the fire of the besieged, which made great havoc amongst the Spaniards. It increased, however, rather than discouraged their ardor; and the insults of the garrison, who mutilated the statue of a saint before their eyes, and after treating it with the most contumelious indignity, hurled it down from the rampart, raised their fury to the highest pitch. Glamorously they demanded to be led against the bastion, before their fire had made a sufficient breach in it, and the prince, to avail himself of the first ardor of their impetuosity, gave the signal for the assault. After a sanguinary contest of two hours, the rampart was mounted, and those, who were not sacrificed to the first fury of the Spaniards, threw themselves into the town. The latter was, indeed, now more exposed, a fire being directed upon it from the works which had been carried; but its strong walls, and the broad moat which surrounded it, gave reason to expect a protracted resistance. The inventive resources of the Prince of Parma soon overcame this obstacle also. While the bombardment was carried on night and day, the troops were incessantly employed in diverting the course of the Dender, which supplied the foss with water, and the besieged were seized with despair as they saw the water of the trenches, the last defense of the town, gradually disappear. They hastened to capitulate, and in August, 1584, received a Spanish garrison. Thus, in the short space of eleven days, the Prince of Parma accomplished an undertaking which, in the opinion of competent judges, would require as many weeks.

The town of Ghent, now cut off from Antwerp and the sea, and hard pressed by the troops of the king, which were encamped in its vicinity, and without hope of immediate succor, began to despair, as famine, with all its dreadful train, advanced upon them with ready steps. The inhabitants therefore dispatched deputies to the Spanish camp at Bevern to tender its submission to the king, upon the same terms as the prince had a short time previously offered. The deputies were informed that the time for treaties were past, and that an unconditional submission alone could appease the just anger of the monarch whom they had offended by their rebellion. Nay, they were even given to understand, that it would be only through his great mercy if the same humiliation were not exacted from them, as their rebellious ancestors were forced to undergo under Charles V., namely, to implore pardon half-naked, and with a cord round their necks. The deputies returned to Ghent in despair, but three days afterward a new deputation was sent to the Spanish camp, which at last, by the intercession of one of the prince's friends, who was a prisoner in Ghent, obtained peace upon moderate terms. The town was to pay a fine of 200,000 florins, recall the banished Papists, and expel its Protestant inhabitants, who, however, were to be allowed two years for the settlement of their affairs. All the

inhabitants, except six, who were reserved for capital punishment, (but afterward pardoned,) were included in a general amnesty, and the garrison, which amounted to 2,000 men, were allowed to evacuate the place with the honors of war. This treaty was concluded in September of the same year, at the head quarters of Bevern, and immediately 3,000 Spaniards marched into the town as a garrison.

It was more by the terror of his name, and the dread of famine, than by the force of arms, that the Prince of Parma had succeeded in reducing this city to submission, the largest and strongest in the Netherlands, which was little inferior to Paris within the barriers of its inner town, consisted of 37,000 houses, and was built on twenty islands, connected by ninety-eight stone bridges. The important privileges which, in the course of several centuries, this city had contrived to extort from its rulers, fostered in its inhabitants a spirit of independence, which not unfrequently degenerated into riot and license, and naturally brought it into collision with the Austrian-Spanish government. And it was exactly this bold spirit of liberty, which procured for the reformation the rapid and extensive success it met with in this town, and the combined incentives of civil and religious freedom produced all those scenes of violence, by which, during the rebellion, it had unfortunately distinguished itself. Besides the fine levied, the prince found within the walls a large store of artillery, carriages, ships, and building materials of all kinds, with numerous workmen and sailors, who materially aided him in his plans against Antwerp.

Before Ghent surrendered to the king, Vilvorden and Herentals had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, and the capture of the block-houses near the village of Willebroeck had cut off Antwerp from Brussels and Malines. The loss of these places, within so short a period, deprived Antwerp of all hope of succor from Brabant and Flanders, and limited all their expectations to the assistance which might be looked for from Zealand. But to deprive them also of this, the Prince of Parma was now making the most energetic preparations.

The citizens of Antwerp had beheld the first operations of the enemy against their town with the proud security with which the sight of their invincible river inspired them. This confidence was also in a degree justified by the opinion of the Prince of Orange, who, upon the first intelligence of the design, had said, that the Spanish army would inevitably perish before the walls of Antwerp. That nothing, however, might be neglected, he sent, a short time before his assassination, for the Burgomaster of Antwerp, Philip Marnix of St. Aldegonde, his intimate friend, to Delft, where he consulted with him as to the means of maintaining defensive operations. It was agreed between them that it would be advisable to demolish forthwith the great dam between Sanvliet and Lillo, called the Blaaugarendyk, so as to allow the waters of the East Scheldt to inundate, if necessary, the lowlands of Bergen, and thus, in the event of the Scheldt being closed, to open a passage for the Zealand vessels to the

town across the inundated country. Aldegonde had, after his return, actually persuaded the magistrate and the majority of the citizens to agree to this proposal, when it was resisted by the guild of butchers, who complained that they would be ruined by such a measure; for the plain, which it was wished to lay under water, was a vast tract of pasture land, upon which about twelve thousand oxen were annually put to graze. The objection of the butchers was successful, and they managed to prevent the execution of this salutary scheme, until the enemy had got possession of the dams as well as the pasture land.

At the suggestion of the burgomaster, St. Aldegonde, who, himself a member of the states of Brabant was possessed of great authority in that council, the fortifications on both sides of the Scheldt had, a short time before the arrival of the Spaniards, been placed in repair, and many new redoubts erected around the town. The dams had been cut through at Saftingen, and the water of the West Scheldt let out over nearly the whole country of Waes. In the adjacent Marquisate of Bergen, troops had been enlisted by the Count of Hohenlohe, and a Scotch regiment, under the command of Colonel Morgan, was already in the pay of the republic, while fresh reinforcements were daily expected from England and France. Above all, the states of Holland and Zealand were called upon to hasten their supplies. But after the enemy had taken strong positions on both sides of the river, and the fire of their batteries made the navigation dangerous, when place after place in Brabant fell into their hands, and their cavalry had cut off all communication on the land side, the inhabitants of Antwerp began at last to entertain serious apprehensions for the future. The town then contained eighty-five thousand souls, and according to calculation three hundred thousand quarters of corn were annually required for their support. At the beginning of the siege neither the supply nor the money was wanting for the laying in of such a store; for in spite of the enemy's fire, the Zealand victualing ships, taking advantage of the rising tide, contrived to make their way to the town. All that was requisite, was to prevent any of the richer citizens from buying up these supplies, and, in case of scarcity, raising the price. To secure his object, one Gianibelli, from Mantua, who had rendered important services in the course of the siege, proposed a property tax of one penny in every hundred, and the appointment of a board of respectable persons to purchase corn with this money, and distribute it weekly. And until the returns of this tax should be available, the richer classes should advance the required sum, holding the corn purchased, as a deposit, in their own magazines; and were also to share in the profit. But this plan was unwelcome to the wealthier citizens, who had resolved to profit by the general distress. They recommended that every individual should be required to provide himself with a sufficient supply for two years; a proposition which, however it might suit their own circumstances, was very unreasonable in regard to the poorer inhabitants, who, even before the siege, could scarcely find means to supply themselves

for so many months. They obtained, indeed, their object, which was to reduce the poor to the necessity of either quitting the place, or becoming entirely their dependents. But when they afterward reflected, that in the time of need the rights of property would not be respected, they found it advisable not to be over hasty in making their own purchases.

The magistrate, in order to avert an evil which would have pressed upon individuals only, had recourse to an expedient which endangered the safety of all. Some enterprising persons in Zealand had freighted a large fleet with provisions, which succeeded in passing the guns of the enemy, and discharged its cargo at Antwerp. The hope of a large profit had tempted the merchants to enter upon this hazardous speculation; in this, however, they were disappointed, as the magistrate of Antwerp had, just before their arrival, issued an edict, regulating the price of all the necessaries of life. At the same time, to prevent individuals from buying up the whole cargo, and storing it in their magazines, with a view of disposing of it afterward at a dearer rate, he ordered that the whole should be publicly sold in any quantities from the vessels. The speculators, cheated of their hopes of profit by these precautions, set sail again, and left Antwerp with the greater part of their cargo, which would have sufficed for the support of the town for several months.

This neglect of the most essential and natural means of preservation can only be explained by the supposition, that the inhabitants considered it absolutely impossible ever to close the Scheldt completely, and consequently had not the least apprehension that things would come to extremity. When the intelligence arrived in Antwerp that the prince intended to throw a bridge over the Scheldt, the idea was universally ridiculed as chimerical. An arrogant comparison was drawn between the republic and the stream, and it was said, that the one would bear the Spanish yoke as little as the other. "A river which is 2400 feet broad, and, with its own waters alone, above sixty feet deep, but which with the tide rose twelve feet more—would such a stream," it was asked, "submit to be spanned by a miserable piece of paling? Where were beams to be found high enough to reach to the bottom and project above the surface? and how was a work of this kind to stand in winter, when whole islands and mountains of ice, which stone walls could hardly resist, would be driven by the flood against its weak timbers, and splinter them to pieces like glass? Or, perhaps, the prince purposed to construct a bridge of boats: if so, where would he procure the latter, and how bring them into his entrenchments? They must necessarily be brought past Antwerp, where a fleet was ready to capture or sink them."

But while they were trying to prove the absurdity of the Prince of Parma's undertaking, he had already completed it. As soon as the forts St. Maria and St. Philip were erected, and protected the workmen and the work by their fire, a pier was built out into the stream from both banks, for which purpose the masts of the largest vessels were employed; by a skillful arrangement

of the timbers, they contrived to give the whole such solidity, that, as the result proved, it was able to resist the violent pressure of the ice. These timbers, which rested firmly and securely on the bottom of the river, and projected a considerable height above it, being covered with planks, afforded a commodious roadway. It was wide enough to allow eight men to cross abreast, and a balustrade that ran along it on both sides, protected them from the fire of small arms from the enemy's vessels. This "Stacade," as it was called, ran from the two opposite shores as far as the increasing depth and force of the stream allowed. It reduced the breadth of the river to about 1100 feet; as, however, the middle and proper current would not admit of such a barrier, there remained, therefore, between the two stacades, a space of more than six hundred paces, through which a whole fleet of transports could sail with ease. This intervening space the prince designed to close by a bridge of boats, for which purpose the craft must be procured from Dunkirk. But besides that they could not be obtained in any number at that place, it would be difficult to bring them past Antwerp without great loss. He was, therefore, obliged to content himself for the time with having narrowed the stream one-half, and rendered the passage of the enemy's vessels so much the more difficult. Where the stacades terminated in the middle of the stream, they spread out into parallelograms, which were mounted with heavy guns, and served as a kind of battery on the water. From these, a heavy fire was opened on every vessel that attempted to pass through this narrow channel. Whole fleets, however, and single vessels still attempted and succeeded in passing this dangerous strait.

Meanwhile Ghent surrendered, and this unexpected success at once rescued the prince from his dilemma. He found in this town every thing necessary to complete his bridge of boats; and the only difficulty now was its safe transport, which was furnished by the enemy themselves. By cutting the dams at Saftingen, a great part of the country of Waes, as far as the village of Borcht, had been laid under water, so that it was not difficult to cross it with flat-bottomed boats. The prince, therefore, ordered his vessels to run out from Ghent, and after passing Dendermonde and Rupelmonde, to pass through the left dyke of the Scheldt, leaving Antwerp to the right, and sail over the inundated fields in the direction of Borcht. To protect this passage, a fort was erected at the latter village, which would keep the enemy in check. All succeeded to his wishes, though not without a sharp action with the enemy's flotilla, which was sent out to intercept this convoy. After breaking through a few more dams on their route, they reached the Spanish quarters at Calloo, and successfully entered the Scheldt again. The exultation of the army was the greater, when they discovered the extent of danger the vessels had so narrowly escaped. Scarcely had they got quit of the enemy's vessels, when a strong reinforcement from Antwerp got under weigh, commanded by the valiant defender of Lillo, Odets von Teligny. When this officer

saw that the affair was over, and that the enemy had escaped, he took possession of the dam through which their fleet had passed, and threw up a fort on the spot, in order to stop the passage of any vessels from Ghent, which might attempt to follow them.

By this step, the prince was again thrown into embarrassment. He was far from having, as yet, a sufficient number of vessels, either for the construction of the bridge, or for its defense, and the passage by which the former convoy had arrived, was now closed by the fort erected by Teligny. While he was reconnoitring the country to discover a new way for his fleets, an idea occurred to him, which not only put an end to his present dilemma, but greatly accelerated the success of his whole plan. Not far from the village of Stecken, in Waes, which is within some five thousand paces of the commencement of the inundation, flows a small stream called the Moer, which falls into the Scheldt near Ghent. From this river, he caused a canal to be dug to the spot where the inundations began, and as the water of these was not everywhere deep enough for the transit of his boats, the canal between Bevern and Verebroek was continued to Calloo, where it was met by the Scheldt. At this work five hundred pioneers labored without intermission, and in order to cheer the toil of the soldiers, the Prince himself took part in it. In this way did he imitate the example of two celebrated Romans, Drusus and Corbulo, who, by similar works, had united the Rhine with the Zuyderzee, and the Maes with the Rhine.

The canal, which the army in honor of its projector, called the canal of Parma, was fourteen thousand paces in length, and was of proportionable depth and breadth, so as to be navigable for ships of a considerable burden. It afforded to the vessels from Ghent, not only a more secure, but also a much shorter course to the Spanish quarters, because it was no longer necessary to follow the many windings of the Scheldt, but entering the Moer at once near Ghent, and from thence passing close to Stecken, they could proceed through the canal, and across the inundated country as far as Calloo. As the produce of all Flanders was brought to the town of Ghent, this canal placed the Spanish camp in communication with the whole province. Abundance poured into the camp from all quarters, so that during the whole course of the siege the Spaniards suffered no scarcity of any kind. But the greatest benefit which the prince derived from this work, was an adequate supply of flat-bottomed vessels to complete his bridge.

These preparations were overtaken by the arrival of winter, which, as the Scheldt was filled with drift ice, occasioned a considerable delay in the building of the bridge. The prince had contemplated with anxiety the approach of this season, lest it should prove highly destructive to the work he had undertaken, and afford the enemy a favorable opportunity for making a serious attack upon it. But the skill of his engineers saved him from the one danger, and the strange inaction of the enemy freed him from the other. It frequently happened, indeed, that at flood time large pieces of ice were entangled in

the timbers, and shook them violently, but they stood the assault of the furious element, which only served to prove their stability.

In Antwerp, meanwhile, important moments had been wasted in futile deliberations; and in a struggle of factions, the general welfare was neglected. The government of the town was divided among too many heads, and much too great a share in it was held by the riotous mob, to allow room for calmness of deliberation, or firmness of action. Besides the municipal magistracy itself, in which the burgomaster had only a single voice, there were in the city a number of guilds, to whom were consigned the charge of the internal and external defense, the provisioning of the town, its fortifications, the marine, commerce, &c.; some of whom must be consulted in every business of importance. By means of this crowd of speakers, who intruded at pleasure into the council, and managed to carry by clamor and the number of their adherents, what they could not effect by their arguments, the people obtained a dangerous influence in the public debates, and the natural struggle of such discordant interests retarded the execution of every salutary measure. A government, so vacillating and impotent, could not command the respect of unruly sailors and a lawless soldiery. The orders of the state consequently were but imperfectly obeyed, and the decisive moment was more than once lost by the negligence, not to say the open mutiny, both of the land and sea forces.

The little harmony in the selection of the means by which the enemy was to be opposed, would not, however, have proved so injurious, had there but existed unanimity as to the end. But on this very point the wealthy citizens and poorer classes were divided, for the former, having every thing to apprehend from allowing matters to be carried to extremity, were strongly inclined to treat with the Prince of Parma. This disposition they did not even attempt to conceal, after the fort of Liefkenshoek had fallen into the enemy's hands, and serious fears were entertained for the navigation of the Scheldt. Some of them, indeed, withdrew entirely from the danger, and left to its fate the town whose prosperity they had been ready enough to share, but in whose adversity they were unwilling to bear a part. From sixty to seventy of those who remained memorialized the council, advising that terms should be made with the king. No sooner, however, had the populace got intelligence of it, than their indignation broke out in a violent uproar, which was with difficulty appeased by the imprisonment and flogging of the petitioners. Tranquillity could only be fully restored by the publication of an edict, which imposed the penalty of death on all who either publicly or privately should countenance proposals for peace.

The Prince of Parma did not fail to take advantage of these disturbances: for nothing that transpired within the city escaped his notice, being well served by the agents with whom he maintained a secret understanding with Antwerp, as well as the other towns of Brabant and Flanders. Although he had already made considerable progress in his measures for distressing the town,

still he had many steps to take before he could actually make himself master of it; and one unlucky moment might destroy the work of many months. Without, therefore, neglecting any of his warlike preparations, he determined to make one more serious attempt to get possession by fair means. With this object, he dispatched a letter in November to the great Council of Antwerp, in which he skillfully made use of every topic likely to induce the citizens to come to terms, or at least to increase their existing dissensions. He treated them in this letter in the light of persons who had been led astray, and threw the whole blame of their revolt and refractory conduct hitherto upon the intriguing spirit of the Prince of Orange, from whose artifices the retributive justice of Heaven had so lately liberated them. "It was," he said, "now in their power to awake from their long infatuation, and return to their allegiance to a monarch, who was ready and anxious to be reconciled to his subjects. For this end, he gladly offered himself as mediator, as he had never ceased to love a country in which he had been born, and where he had spent the happiest days of his youth. He therefore exhorted them to send plenipotentiaries with whom he could arrange the conditions of peace, and gave them hopes of obtaining reasonable terms if they made a timely submission, but also threatened them with the severest treatment if they pushed matters to extremity."

This letter, in which we are glad to recognize a language very different from that which the Duke of Alva held ten years before on a similar occasion, was answered by the townspeople in a respectful and dignified tone. While they did full justice to the personal character of the prince, and acknowledged his favorable intentions toward them with gratitude, they lamented the hardness of the times, which placed it out of his power to treat them in accordance with his character and disposition. They declared that they would gladly place their fate in his hands, if he were absolute master of his actions, instead of being obliged to obey the will of another, whose proceedings his own candor would not allow him to approve of. The unalterable resolution of the King of Spain, as well as the vow which he had made to the Pope, were only too well known for them to have any hopes in that quarter. They at the same time defended with a noble warmth the memory of the Prince of Orange, their benefactor and preserver, while they enumerated the true causes which had produced this unhappy war, and had caused the provinces to revolt from the Spanish crown. At the same time, they did not disguise from him that they had hopes of finding a new and a milder master in the King of France, and that, if only for this reason, they could not enter into any treaty with the Spanish king, without incurring the charge of the most culpable fickleness and ingratitude.

The united provinces, in fact, dispirited by a succession of reverses, had at last come to the determination of placing themselves under the protection and sovereignty of France, and of preserving their existence and their ancient privileges

by the sacrifice of their independence. With this view, an embassy had some time before been dispatched to Paris, and it was the prospect of this powerful assistance which principally supported the courage of the people of Antwerp. Henry III., King of France, was personally disposed to accept this offer; but the troubles which the intrigues of the Spaniards contrived to excite within his own kingdom, compelled him against his will to abandon it. The provinces now turned for assistance to Queen Elizabeth of England, who sent them some supplies, which, however, came too late to save Antwerp. While the people of this city were awaiting the issue of these negotiations, and expecting aid from foreign powers, they neglected, unfortunately, the most natural and immediate means of defense; the whole winter was lost, and while the enemy turned it to greater advantage, the more complete was their indecision and inactivity.

The burgomaster of Antwerp, St. Aldegonde, had, indeed, repeatedly urged the fleet of Zealand to attack the enemy's works, which should be supported on the other side from Antwerp. The long and frequently stormy nights would favor this attempt; and if at the same time a sally were made by the garrison at Lillo, it seemed scarcely possible for the enemy to resist this triple assault. But unfortunately misunderstandings had arisen between the commander of the fleet, William von Blois von Treslong, and the Admiralty of Zealand, which caused the equipment of the fleet to be most unaccountably delayed. In order to quicken their movements, Teligny at last resolved to go himself to Middleburg, where the states of Zealand were assembled; but as the enemy were in possession of all the roads, the attempt cost him his freedom, and the republic its most valiant defender. However, there was no want of enterprising vessels, which, under the favor of the night and the flood tide, passing through the still open bridge, in spite of the enemy's fire, threw provisions into the town, and returned with the ebb. But, as many of these vessels fell into the hands of the enemy, the council gave orders that they should never risk the passage, unless they amounted to a certain number; and the result unfortunately was, that none attempted it, because the required number could not be collected at one time. Several attacks were also made from Antwerp on the ships of the Spaniards, which were not entirely unsuccessful; some of the latter were captured, others sunk, and all that was required was to execute similar attempts on a grand scale. But however zealously St. Aldegonde urged this, still not a captain was to be found who would command a vessel for that purpose.

Amid these delays the winter expired, and scarcely had the ice begun to disappear, when the construction of the bridge of boats was actively resumed by the besiegers. Between the two piers, a space of more than six hundred paces still remained to be filled up, which was effected in the following manner. Thirty-two flat-bottomed vessels, each sixty-six feet long, and twenty broad, were fastened together with strong cables and iron chains, but at a distance from each other of about twenty feet, to allow a free passage to the

stream. Each boat, moreover, was moored with two cables, both up and down the stream, but which, as the water rose with the tide, or sunk with the ebb, could be slackened or tightened. Upon the boats great masts were laid, which reached from one to another, and being covered with planks, formed a regular road, which, like that along the piers, was protected with a balustrade. This bridge of boats, of which the two piers formed a continuation, had, including the latter, a length of twenty-four thousand paces. This formidable work was so ingeniously constructed, and so richly furnished with the instruments of destruction, that it seemed almost capable, like a living creature, of defending itself at the word of command, scattering death among all who approached. Besides the two forts of St. Maria and St. Philip, which terminated the bridge on either shore, and the two wooden bastions on the bridge itself, which were filled with soldiers and mounted with guns on all sides, each of the two-and-thirty vessels was manned with thirty soldiers and four sailors, who showed the cannon's mouth to the enemy, whether he came up from Zealand or down from Antwerp. There were in all ninety-seven cannon, which were distributed beneath and above the bridge, and more than fifteen hundred men, who were posted partly in the forts, partly in the vessels, and in case of necessity, could maintain a terrible fire of small arms upon the enemy.

But with all this, the prince did not consider his work sufficiently secure. It was to be expected that the enemy would leave nothing unattempted to burst, by the force of his machines, the middle and weakest part. To guard against this, he erected in a line with the bridge of boats, but at some distance from it, another distinct defense, intended to break the force of any attack that might be directed against the bridge itself. This work consisted of thirty-three vessels of considerable magnitude, which were moored in a row athwart the stream, and fastened in threes by masts, so that they formed eleven different groups. Each of these, like a file of pikemen, presented fourteen long wooden poles, with iron heads, to the approaching enemy. These vessels were loaded merely with ballast, and were anchored each by a double but slack cable, so as to be able to give to the rise and fall of the tide. As they were in constant motion, they got from the soldiers the name of "swimmers." The whole bridge of boats, and also a part of the piers was covered by these swimmers, which were stationed above as well as below the bridge. To all these defensive preparations, was added a fleet of forty men of war, which were stationed on both coasts, and served as a protection to the whole.

This astonishing work was finished in March, 1585, the seventh month of the siege, and the day on which it was completed was kept as a jubilee by the troops. The great event was announced to the besieged by a grand feu de joie, and the army, as if to enjoy ocular demonstration of its triumph, extended itself along the whole platform to gaze upon the proud stream, peacefully and obediently flowing under the yoke, which had been imposed upon it. All the toil they had under-

gone was forgotten in this delightful spectacle, and every man who had had a hand in it, however insignificant he might be, assumed to himself a portion of the honor, which the successful execution of so gigantic an enterprise conferred on its illustrious projector. On the other hand, nothing could equal the consternation which seized the citizens of Antwerp, when intelligence was brought them, that the Scheldt was now actually closed, and all access from Zealand cut off. To increase their dismay, they learned the fall of Brussels also, which had at last been compelled by famine to capitulate. An attempt, made by the Count of Hohenlohe about the same time, on Herzogenbusch, with a view to recapture the town, or at least form a diversion, was equally unsuccessful; and thus the unfortunate city lost all hope of assistance, both by sea and land.

These evil tidings were brought them by some fugitives, who had succeeded in passing the Spanish videttes, and had made their way into the town; and a spy, whom the Burgomaster had sent out to reconnoitre the enemy's works, increased the general alarm by his report. He had been seized and carried before the Prince of Parma, who commanded him to be conducted over all the works, and all the defenses of the bridge to be pointed out to him. After this had been done, he was again brought before the general, who dismissed him with these words. "Go," said he, "and report what you have seen, to those who sent you. And tell them, too, that it is my firm resolve to bury myself under the ruins of this bridge, or by means of it to pass into your town."

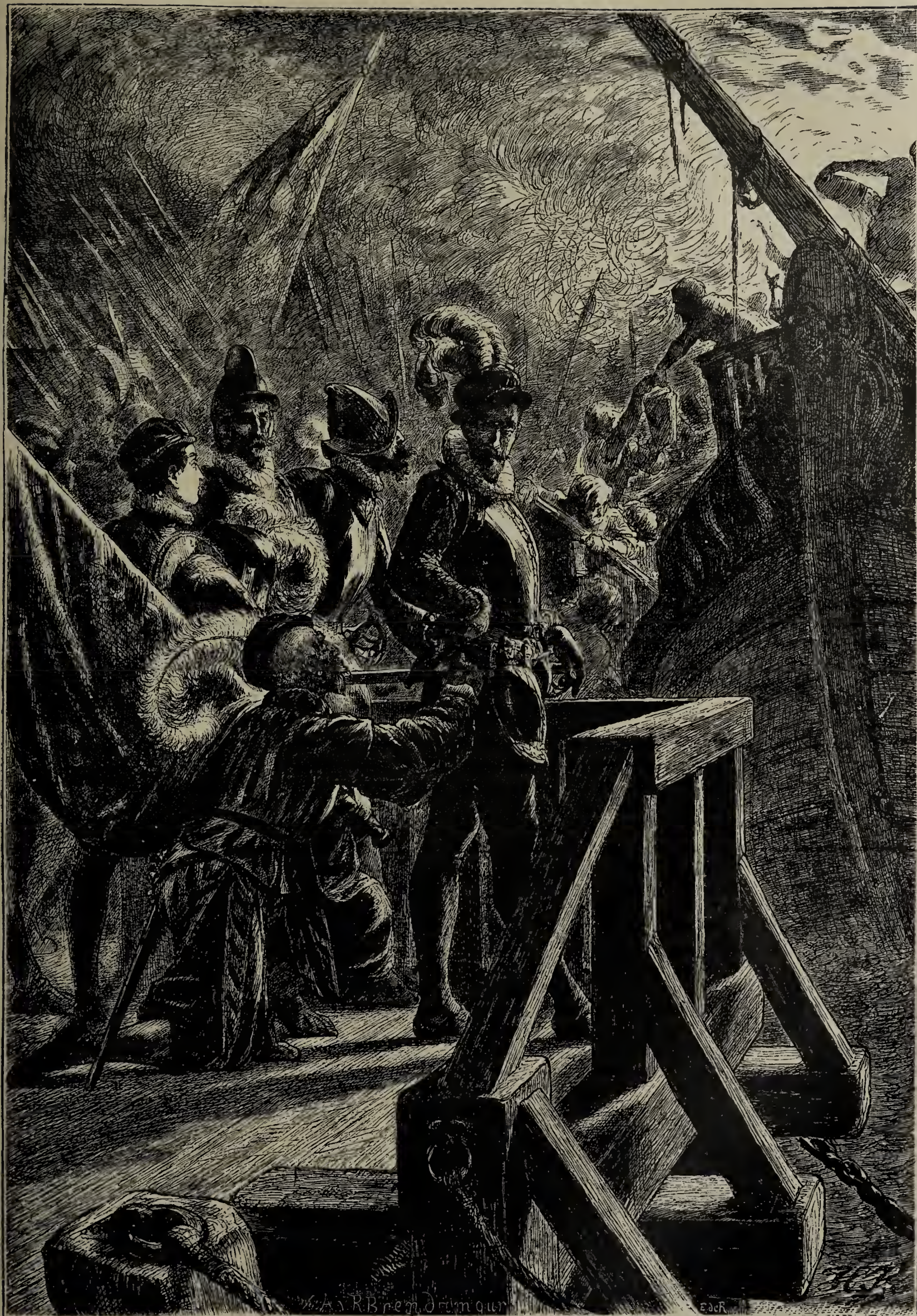
But the certainty of danger now at last awakened the zeal of the confederates, and it was no fault of theirs, if the former half of the prince's vow was not fulfilled. The latter had long viewed with apprehension the preparations which were making in Zealand for the relief of the town. He saw clearly that it was from this quarter, that he had to fear the most dangerous blow, and that with all his works, he could not make head against the combined fleets of Zealand and Antwerp, if they were to fall upon him at the same time, and at the proper moment. For a while, the delays of the Admiral of Zealand, which he had labored by all the means in his power to prolong, had been his security; but now the urgent necessity accelerated the expedition, and without waiting for the admiral, the states at Middleburg dispatched the Count Justin of Nassau, with as many ships as they could muster, to the assistance of the besieged. This fleet took up a position before Liefkenshoek, which was in possession of the Spaniards, and supported by a few vessels from the opposite fort of Lillo, cannonaded it with such success, that the walls were in a short time demolished, and the place carried by storm. The Walloons, who formed the garrison, did not display the firmness which might have been expected from soldiers of the Duke of Parma; they shamefully surrendered the fort to the enemy, who in a short time were in possession of the whole Island of Doel, with all the redoubts situated upon it. The loss of these places, which were, however, soon retaken, incensed the Duke of Parma

so much, that he tried the officers by court-martial, and caused the most culpable among them to be beheaded. Meanwhile, this important conquest opened to the Zealanders a free passage as far as the bridge; and after concerting with the people of Antwerp, the time was fixed for a combined attack on this work. It was arranged that, while the bridge of boats was blown up by machines already prepared in Antwerp, the Zealand fleet, with a sufficient supply of provisions, should be in the vicinity, ready to sail to the town through the opening.

While the Duke of Parma was engaged in constructing his bridge, an engineer, within the walls, was already preparing the materials for its destruction. Frederick Gianibelli, was the name of the man whom fate had destined to be the Archimedes of Antwerp, and to exhaust in its defense, the same ingenuity with the same want of success. He was born in Mantua, and had formerly visited Madrid, for the purpose, it was said, of offering his services to King Philip in the Belgian war. But wearied with waiting, the offended engineer left the court, with the intention of making the King of Spain sensibly feel the value of talents which he had so little known how to appreciate. He next sought the service of Queen Elizabeth of England, the declared enemy of Spain, who, after witnessing a few specimens of his skill, sent him to Antwerp. He took up his residence in that town, and, in the present extremity, devoted to its defense, his knowledge, his energy, and his zeal.

As soon as this artist perceived that the project of erecting the bridge was seriously intended, and that the work was fast approaching to completion, he applied to the magistracy for three large vessels, from a hundred and fifty to five hundred tons, in which he proposed to place mines. He also demanded sixty boats, which, fastened together with cables and chains, furnished with projecting grappling irons, and put in motion with the ebbing of the tide, were intended to second the operation of the mine-ships, by being directed in a wedgelike form against the bridge. But he had to deal with men who were quite incapable of comprehending an idea out of the common way, and even where the salvation of their country was at stake, could not forget the calculating habits of trade.

His scheme was rejected as too expensive, and with difficulty he at last obtained the grant of two smaller vessels, from seventy to eighty tons, with a number of flat-bottomed boats. With these two vessels, one of which he called the "Fortune," and the other the "Hope," he proceeded in the following manner: In the hold of each, he built a hollow chamber of freestone, five feet broad, three and a half high, and forty long. This magazine he filled with sixty hundred-weight of the finest priming powder, of his own compounding, and covered it with as heavy a weight of large slabs and millstones, as the vessels could carry. Over these he further added a roof of similar stones, which ran up to a point, and projected six feet above the ship's side. The deck itself was crammed with iron chains and hooks, knives, nails and other destructive missiles; the



remaining space, which was not occupied by the magazine, was likewise filled up with planks. Several small apertures were left in the chamber for the matches, which were to set fire to the mine. For greater certainty, he had also contrived a piece of mechanism, which, after the lapse of a given time, would strike out sparks, and even if the matches failed, would set the ship on fire. To delude the enemy into a belief that these machines were only intended to set the bridge on fire, a composition of brimstone and pitch was placed in the top, which could burn a whole hour. And still further to divert the enemy's attention from the proper seat of danger, he also prepared thirty-two small flat-bottomed boats, upon which there were only fireworks burning, and whose sole object was to deceive the enemy. These fire-ships were to be sent down upon the bridge, in four separate squadrons, at intervals of half an hour, and keep the enemy incessantly engaged for two whole hours, so that, tired of firing, and wearied by vain expectation, they might at last relax their vigilance, before the real fireships came. In addition to all this, he also dispatched a few vessels in which powder was concealed, in order to blow up the floating work before the bridge, and to clear a passage for the two principal ships. At the same time, he hoped by this preliminary attack to engage the enemy's attention, to draw them out, and expose them to the full deadly effect of the volcano.

The night between the 4th and 5th of April was fixed for the execution of this great undertaking. An obscure rumor of it had already diffused itself through the Spanish camp, and particularly from the circumstance of many divers from Antwerp having been detected, endeavoring to cut the cables of the vessels. They were prepared, therefore, for a serious attack; they only mistook the real nature of it, and counted on having to fight rather with man than the elements. In this expectation, the duke caused the guards along the whole bank to be doubled, and drew up the chief part of his troops in the vicinity of the bridge, where he was present in person; thus meeting the danger while endeavoring to avoid it. No sooner was it dark, than three burning vessels were seen to float down from the city toward the bridge, then three more, and directly after, the same number. They beat to arms throughout the Spanish camp, and the whole length of the bridge was crowded with soldiers. Meantime, the number of the fireships increased, and they came in regular order down the stream, sometimes two, and sometimes three abreast, being at first steered by sailors on board them. The Admiral of the Antwerp fleet, Jacob Jacobson, (whether designedly, or through carelessness, was not known,) had committed the error of sending off the four squadrons of fireships too quickly one after another, and caused the two large mine-ships also to follow them too soon, and thus disturbed the intended order of attack.

The array of vessels kept approaching, and the darkness of night still further heightened the extraordinary spectacle. As far as the eye could follow the course of the stream, all was fire; the fireships burning as brilliantly as if they were

themselves in the flames; the surface of the water glittered with light; the dykes and the batteries along the shore, the flags, arms, and accoutrements of the soldiers, who lined the rivers as well as the bridge, were clearly distinguishable in the glare. With a mingled sensation of awe and pleasure, the soldiers watched the unusual sight, which rather resembled a fête than a hostile preparation, but from the very strangeness of the contrast filled the mind with a mysterious awe. When the burning fleet had come within two thousand paces of the bridge, those who had the charge of it lighted the matches, impelled the two mine-vessels into the middle of the stream, and leaving the others to the guidance of the current of the waves, they hastily made their escape in boats, which had been kept in readiness.

Their course, however, was irregular, and, destitute of steersmen, they arrived singly and separately at the floating works, where they either continued hanging, or were dashed off sideways on the shore. The foremost powder-ships, which were intended to set fire to the floating works, were cast by the force of a squall, which arose at that instant, on the Flemish coast; one of the two, the "Fortune," grounded in its passage before it reached the bridge, and killed by its explosion some Spanish soldiers, who were at work in a neighboring battery. The other and larger fire-ship, called the "Hope," narrowly escaped a similar fate. The current drove her against the floating defenses toward the Flemish bank, where it remained hanging; and had it taken fire at that moment the greatest part of its effect would have been lost. Deceived by the flames, which this machine, like the other vessels, emitted, the Spaniards took it for a common fireship, intended to burn the bridge of boats. And as they had seen them extinguished one after the other without further effect, all fears were dispelled, and the Spaniards began to ridicule the preparations of the enemy, which had been ushered in with so much display, and now had so absurd an end. Some of the boldest threw themselves into the stream, in order to get a close view of the fireship, and extinguish it, when, by its weight, it suddenly broke through, burst the floating work which had detained it, and drove with terrible force on the bridge of boats. All was now in commotion on the bridge, and the prince called to the sailors to keep the vessel off with poles and to extinguish the flames before they caught the timbers.

At this critical moment he was standing at the furthest end of the left pier, where it formed a bastion in the water, and joined the bridge of boats. By his side stood the Margrave of Rysburg, general of cavalry, and governor of the province of Artois, who had formerly served the states, but from a protector of the republic had become its worst enemy; the Baron of Billy, Governor of Friesland, and commander of the German regiments; the Generals Cajetan and Guasto, with several of the principal officers; all forgetful of their own danger, and entirely occupied with averting the general calamity. At this moment a Spanish ensign approached the Prince of Parma, and conjured him to remove from a place, where his life was in manifest and immi-

nent peril. No attention being paid to his entreaty, he repeated it still more urgently, and at last fell at his feet, and implored him in this one instance to take advice from his servant. While he said this, he had laid hold of the duke's coat, as though he wished forcibly to draw him away from the spot, and the latter, surprised rather at the man's boldness, than persuaded by his arguments, retired at last to the shore attended by Cajetan and Guasto. He had scarcely time to reach the fort St. Maria, at the end of the bridge, when an explosion took place behind him, just as if the earth had burst, or the vault of heaven given way. The duke and his whole army fell to the ground as dead, and several minutes elapsed before they recovered their consciousness.

But then what a sight presented itself! The waters of the Scheldt had been divided to its lowest depth, and driven with a surge, which rose like a wall above the dam that confined it; so that all the fortifications on the banks were several feet under water. The earth shook for three miles round. Nearly the whole left pier, on which the fireship had been driven, with a part of the bridge of boats, had been burst and shattered to atoms, with all that was upon it; spars, cannon, and men, blown into the air. Even the enormous blocks of stone which had covered the mine, had, by the force of the explosion, been hurled into the neighboring fields, so that many of them were afterwards dug out of the ground at the distance of a thousand paces from the bridge. Six vessels were buried, several had gone to pieces. But still more terrible was the carnage, which the murderous machine had dealt amongst the soldiers. Five hundred, according to other reports even eight hundred, were sacrificed to its fury, without reckoning those who escaped with mutilated or injured bodies. The most opposite kinds of death were combined in this frightful moment. Some were consumed by the flames of the explosion, others scalded to death by the boiling water of the river, others stifled by the poisonous vapor of the brimstone; some were drowned in the stream, some buried under the hail of falling masses of rock, many cut to pieces by the knives and hooks, or shattered by the balls which were poured from the bowels of the machine. Some were found lifeless without any visible injury, having in all probability been killed by the mere concussion of the air. The spectacle, which presented itself directly after the firing of the mine, was fearful. Men were seen wedged between the palisades of the bridge, or struggling to free themselves from beneath ponderous masses of rock, or hanging in the rigging of the ships; and from all places and quarters the most heart-rending cries for help arose, but as each was absorbed in his own safety, these could only be answered by helpless wailings.

Many had escaped in the most wonderful manner. An officer named Tucci, was carried by the whirlwind, high into the air, where he was for a moment suspended, and then dropped into the river, where he saved himself by swimming. Another, was taken up by the force of the blast from the Flanders shore, and deposited on that of Brabant, incurring merely a slight contusion on the shoulder;

he felt, as he afterward said, during this rapid aerial transit, just as if he had been fired out of a cannon. The Prince of Parma himself had never been so near death as at that moment, when half a minute saved his life. He had scarcely set foot in the fort of St. Maria, when he was lifted off his feet, as if by a hurricane; and a beam, which struck him on the head and shoulders, stretched him senseless on the earth. For a long time he was believed to be actually killed, many remembering to have seen him on the bridge only a few minutes before the fatal explosion. He was found at last between his attendants, Cajetan and Guasto, raising himself up with his hand on his sword; and the intelligence stirred the spirits of the whole army. But vain would be the attempt to depict his feelings, when he surveyed the devastation, which a single moment had caused in the work of so many months. The bridge of boats, upon which all his hopes rested, was rent asunder; a great part of his army was destroyed; another portion maimed and rendered ineffective for many days; many of his best officers were killed; and as if the present calamity were not sufficient, he had now to learn the painful intelligence, that the Margrave of Rysburg, whom of all his officers he prized the highest, was missing. And yet the worst was still to come, for every moment the fleets of the enemy were to be expected from Antwerp and Lillo, to which this fearful position of the army would disable him from offering any effectual resistance. The bridge was entirely destroyed, and nothing could prevent the fleet from Zealand passing through in full sail; while the confusion of the troops in this first moment was so great and general, that it would have been impossible to give or obey orders as many corps had lost their commanding officers, and many commanders their corps; and even the places where they had been stationed were no longer to be recognized amid the general ruin. Add to this, that all the batteries on shore were under water, that several cannon were sunk, that the matches were wet, and the ammunition damaged. What a moment for the enemy, if they had known how to avail themselves of it!

It will scarcely be believed, however, that this success, which surpassed all expectation, was lost to Antwerp, simply because nothing was known of it. St. Aldegonde, indeed, as soon as the explosion of the mine was heard in the town, had sent out several galleys in the direction of the bridge, with orders to send up fireballs and rockets the moment they had passed it, and then to sail with the intelligence straight on to Lillo, in order to bring up, without delay, the Zealand fleet, which had orders to co-operate. At the same time, the Admiral of Antwerp was ordered, as soon as the signal was given, to sail out with his vessels, and attack the enemy in their first consternation. But although a considerable reward was promised to the boatmen sent to reconnoitre, they did not venture near the enemy, but returned without effecting their purpose, and reported that the bridge of boats was uninjured, and the fire-ship had had no effect. Even on the following day, also, no better measures were taken to learn the true state of the bridge; and as the

fleet at Lillo, in spite of the favorable wind, was seen to remain inactive, the belief that the fire-ships had accomplished nothing was confirmed. It did not seem to occur to any one, that this very inactivity of the confederates, which misled the people of Antwerp, might also keep back the Zealanders at Lillo, as in fact it did. So signal an instance of neglect could only have occurred in a government, which, without dignity or independence, was guided by the tumultuous multitude it ought to have governed. The more supine, however, they were themselves in opposing the enemy, the more violently did their rage boil against Gianibelli, whom the frantic mob would have torn in pieces, if they could have caught him. For two days, the engineer was in the most imminent danger, until at last, on the third morning, a courier from Lillo, who had swum under the bridge, brought authentic intelligence of its having been destroyed, but at the same time announced that it had been repaired.

This rapid restoration of the bridge was really a miraculous effort of the Prince of Parma. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock, which seemed to have overthrown all his plans, when he contrived, with wonderful presence of mind, to prevent all its evil consequences. The absence of the enemy's fleet at this decisive moment, revived his hopes. The ruinous state of the bridge appeared to be a secret to them, and though it was impossible to repair, in a few hours, the work of so many months, yet a great point would be gained if it could be done even in appearance. All his men were immediately set to work to remove the ruins, to raise the timbers which had been thrown down, to replace those which were demolished, and to fill up the chasms with ships. The duke himself did not refuse to share in the toil, and his example was followed by all his officers. Stimulated by this popular behavior, the common soldiers exerted themselves to the utmost; the work was carried on during the whole night under the constant sounding of drums and trumpets, which were distributed along the bridge to drown the noise of the work-people. With dawn of day, few traces remained of the night's havoc; and although the bridge was restored only in appearance, it nevertheless deceived the spy, and consequently no attack was made upon it. In the mean time, the prince contrived to make the repairs solid, nay, even to introduce some essential alterations in the structure. In order to guard against similar accidents for the future, a part of the bridge of boats was made movable, so that, in case of necessity, it could be taken away, and a passage opened to the fire-ships. His loss of men was supplied from the garrisons of the adjoining places, and by a German regiment which arrived very opportunely from Gueldres. He filled up the vacancies of the officers who were killed, and in doing this, he did not forget the Spanish ensign who had saved his life.

The people of Antwerp, after learning the success of their mine-ship, now did homage to the inventor with as much extravagance, as they had a short time before mistrusted him, and they encouraged his genius to new attempts. Gianibelli now actually obtained the number of flat-bot-

tomed vessels which he had at first demanded in vain, and these he equipped in such a manner, that they struck with irresistible force on the bridge, and a second time also burst and separated it. But this time, the wind was contrary to the Zealand fleet, so that they could not put out, and thus the prince obtained once more the necessary respite to repair the damage. The Archimedes of Antwerp was not deterred by any of these disappointments. Anew he fitted out two large vessels, which were armed with iron hooks and similar instruments, in order to tear asunder the bridge. But when the moment came for these vessels to get under weigh, no one was found ready to embark in them. The engineer was therefore obliged to think of a plan for giving to these machines such a self-impulse, that, without being guided by a steersman, they would keep the middle of the stream, and not, like the former ones, be driven on the bank by the wind. One of his workmen, a German, here hit upon a strange invention, if Strada's description of it is to be credited. He affixed a sail under the vessel, which was to be acted upon by the water, just as an ordinary sail is by the wind, and could thus impel the ship with the whole force of the current. The result proved the correctness of his calculation; for this vessel, with the position of its sails reversed, not only kept the centre of the stream, but also ran against the bridge with such impetuosity that the enemy had not time to open it, and it was actually burst asunder. But all these results were of no service to the town, because the attempts were made at random, and were supported by no adequate force. A new fire-ship, equipped like the former, which had succeeded so well, and which Gianibelli had filled with four thousand pounds of the finest powder, was not even used; for a new mode of attempting their deliverance had now occurred to the people of Antwerp.

Terrified, by so many futile attempts, from endeavoring to clear a passage for vessels on the river by force, they at last came to the determination of doing without the stream entirely. They remembered the example of the town of Leyden, which, when besieged by the Spaniards ten years before, had saved itself by opportunely inundating the surrounding country, and it was resolved to imitate this example. Between Lillo and Stabroek, in the district of Bergen, a wide and somewhat sloping plain extends as far as Antwerp, being protected by numerous embankments and counter-embankments against the irruptions of the East Scheldt. Nothing more was requisite than to break these dams, when the whole plain would become a sea, navigable by flat-bottomed vessels almost to the very walls of Antwerp. If this attempt should succeed, the Duke of Parma might keep the Scheldt guarded with his bridge of boats as long as he pleased; a new river would be formed, which, in case of necessity, would be equally serviceable for the time. This was the very plan which the Prince of Orange had, at the commencement of the siege, recommended, and in which he had been strenuously, but unsuccessfully, seconded by St. Aldegonde, because some of the citizens could not be

persuaded to sacrifice their own fields. In the present emergency they reverted to this last resource, but circumstances in the mean time had greatly changed.

The plain in question is intersected by a broad and high dam, which takes its name from the adjacent Castle of Cowenstein, and extends for three miles from the village of Stabroek, in Bergen, as far as the Scheldt, with the great dam of which it unites near Ordam. Beyond this dam no vessels can proceed, however high the tide, and the sea would be vainly turned into the fields as long as such an embankment remained in the way, which would prevent the Zealand vessels from descending into the plain before Antwerp. The fate of the town would therefore depend upon the demolition of this Cowenstein dam; but, foreseeing this, the Prince of Parma had, immediately on commencing the blockade, taken possession of it, and spared no pains to render it tenable to the last. At the village of Stabroek, Count Mansfeld was encamped with the greatest part of his army, and by means of this very Cowenstein dam kept open the communication with the bridge, the head quarters, and the Spanish magazines at Calloo. Thus the army formed an uninterrupted line from Stabroek in Brabant, as far as Bevern in Flanders, intersected indeed, but not broken, by the Scheldt, and which could not be cut off without a sanguinary conflict. On the dam itself, within proper distances, five different batteries had been erected, the command of which was given to the most valiant officers in the army. Nay, as the Prince of Parma could not doubt that now the whole fury of the war would be turned to this point, he intrusted the defense of the bridge to Count Mansfeld, and resolved to defend this important post himself. The war, therefore, now assumed a different aspect, and the theatre of it was entirely changed.

Both above and below Lillo, the Netherlands had in several places cut through the dam, which follows the Brabant shore of the Scheldt; and where a short time before had been green fields, a new element now presented itself, studded with masts and boats. A Zealand fleet, commanded by Count Hohenlohe, navigated the inundated fields, and made repeated movements against the Cowenstein dam, without, however, attempting a serious attack on it, while another fleet showed itself in the Scheldt, threatening the two coasts alternately with a landing, and occasionally the bridge of boats with an attack. For several days, this manœuvre was practiced on the enemy, who, uncertain of the quarter whence an attack was to be expected, would, it was hoped, be exhausted by continual watching, and by degrees lulled into security by so many false alarms. Antwerp had promised Count Hohenlohe to support the attack on the dam by a flotilla from the town; three beacons on the principal tower were to be the signal that this was on the way. When, therefore, on a dark night, the expected columns of fire really ascended above Antwerp, Count Hohenlohe immediately caused 500 of his troops to scale the dam between two of the enemy's redoubts, who surprised part of the Spanish garrison asleep, and cut down the others, who attempted to defend them-

selves. In a short time, they had gained a firm footing upon the dam, and were just on the point of disembarking the remainder of their force, 2000 in number, when the Spaniards in the adjoining redoubts marched out, and favored by the narrowness of the ground, made a desperate attack on the crowded Zealanders. The guns from the neighboring batteries opened upon the approaching fleet, and thus rendered the landing of the remaining troops impossible; and as there were no signs of co-operation on the part of the city, the Zealanders were overpowered after a short conflict, and again driven down from the dam. The victorious Spaniards pursued them through the water as far as their boats, sunk many of the latter, and compelled the rest to retreat with heavy loss. Count Hohenlohe threw the blame of this defeat upon the inhabitants of Antwerp, who had deceived him by a false signal, and it certainly must be attributed to the bad arrangement of both parties, that the attempt failed of better success.

But at last the allies determined to make a systematic assault on the enemy with their combined force, and to put an end to the siege by a grand attack, as well on the dam as on the bridge. The 16th of May, 1585, was fixed upon for the execution of this design, and both armies used their utmost endeavors to make this day decisive. The force of the Hollanders and Zealanders, united to that of Antwerp, exceeded 200 ships, to man which they had stripped their towns and citadels, and with this force they purposed to attack the Cowenstein dam on both sides. The bridge over the Scheldt was to be assailed with new machines of Gianibelli's invention, and the Duke of Parma thereby hindered from assisting the defense of the dam.

Alexander, apprised of the danger which threatened him, spared nothing on his side to meet it with energy. Immediately after getting possession of the dam, he had caused redoubts to be erected at five different places, and had given the command of them to the most experienced officers of the army. The first of these, which was called the Cross Battery, was erected on the spot where the Cowenstein dam enters the great embankment of the Scheldt, and makes with the latter the form of a cross; the Spaniard, Mondragone, was appointed to the command of this battery. A thousand paces further on, near the Castle of Cowenstein, was posted the battery of St. James, which was intrusted to the command of Camillo de Monte. At an equal distance from this, lay the battery of St. George, and at a thousand paces from the latter, the Pile Battery, under the command of Gamboa, so called from the pile work on which it rested; at the furthest end of the dam, near Stabroek, was the fifth redoubt, where Count Mansfeld, with Capizucchi, an Italian, commanded. All these forts the prince now strengthened with artillery and men; on both sides of the dam, and along its whole extent, he caused piles to be driven, as well to render the main embankment firmer, as to impede the labor of the pioneers who were to dig through it.

Early on the morning of the 16th of May, the enemy's forces were in motion. With the dusk of dawn, there came floating down from Lillo, over

the inundated country, four burning vessels, which so alarmed the guards upon the dams, who recollected the former terrible explosion, that they hastily retreated to the next battery. This was exactly what the enemy desired. In these vessels, which had merely the appearance of fire-ships, soldiers were concealed, who now suddenly jumped ashore, and succeeded in mounting the dam at the undefended spot, between the St. George and Pile batteries. Immediately afterward, the whole Zealand fleet showed itself, consisting of numerous ships of war, transports, and a crowd of smaller craft, which were laden with great sacks of earth, wool, fascines, gabions, and the like, for throwing up breastworks, wherever necessary. The ships of war were furnished with powerful artillery, and numerous and bravely manned, and a whole army of pioneers accompanied it, in order to dig through the dam as soon as it should be in their possession.

The Zealanders had scarcely begun on their side to ascend the dam, when the fleet of Antwerp advanced from Osterweel, and attacked it on the other. A high breastwork was hastily thrown up between the two nearest hostile batteries, so as at once to divide the two garrisons and to cover the pioneers. The latter, several hundreds in number, now fell to work with their spades on both sides of the dam, and dug with such energy, that hopes were entertained of soon seeing the two seas united. But, meanwhile, the Spaniards also had gained time to hasten to the spot from the two nearest redoubts, and make a spirited assault, while the guns from the battery of St. George played incessantly upon the enemy's fleet.

A furious battle now raged in the quarter where they were cutting through the dike, and throwing up the breastwork. The Zealanders had drawn a strong line of troops round the pioneers, to keep the enemy from interrupting their work; and in this confusion of battle, in the midst of a storm of bullets from the enemy, often up to the breast in water, among the dead and dying, the pioneers pursued their work, under the incessant exhortations of the merchants, who impatiently waited to see the dam opened and their vessels in safety. The importance of the result, which it might be said depended entirely upon their spades, appeared to animate even the common laborers with heroic courage. Solely intent upon their task, they neither saw nor heard the work of death which was going on around them, and as fast as the foremost ranks fell, those behind them pressed into their places. Their operations were greatly impeded by the piles which had been driven in, but still more by the attacks of the Spaniards, who burst with desperate courage through the thickest of the enemy, stabbed the pioneers in the pits where they were digging, and filled up again with dead bodies, the cavities which the living had made. At last, however, when most of their officers were killed or wounded, and the number of the enemy constantly increasing, while fresh laborers were supplying the place of those who had been slain, the courage of these valiant troops began to give way, and they thought it advisable to retreat to their batteries. Now, therefore, the confeder-

ates saw themselves masters of the whole extent of the dam, from fort St. George as far as the Pile Battery. As, however, it seemed too long to wait for the thorough demolition of the dam, they hastily unloaded a Zealand transport, and brought the cargo over the dam to a vessel of Antwerp, with which Count Hohenlohe sailed in triumph to the city. The sight of the provisions at once filled the inhabitants with joy, and as if the victory was already won, they gave themselves up to the wildest exultation. The bells were rung, the cannon discharged, and the inhabitants transported at their unexpected success, hurried to the Osterweel gate, to await the store ships, which were supposed to be at hand.

In fact, fortune had never smiled so favorably on the besieged as at that moment. The enemy, exhausted and dispirited, had thrown themselves into their batteries, and far from being able to struggle with the victors for the post they had conquered, they found themselves rather besieged in the places where they had taken refuge. Some companies of Scots, led by their brave colonel, Balfour, attacked the battery of St. George, which, however, was relieved, but not without severe loss, by Camillo de Monte, who hastened thither from the St. James's battery. The Pile battery was in a much worse condition, it being hotly cannonaded by the ships, and threatened every moment to crumble to pieces; Gamboa, who commanded it, lay wounded, and it was unfortunately deficient in artillery to keep the enemy at a distance. The breastwork, too, which the Zealanders had thrown up between this battery and that of St. George, cut off all hope of assistance from the Scheldt. If, therefore, the Belgians had only taken advantage of this weakness and inactivity of the enemy, to proceed with zeal and perseverance in cutting through the dam, there is no doubt that a passage might have been made and thus put an end to the whole siege. But here, also, the same want of consistent energy showed itself, which had marked the conduct of the people of Antwerp during the whole course of the siege. The zeal with which the work had been commenced, cooled in proportion to the success which attended it. It was soon found too tedious to dig through the dyke; it seemed far easier to transfer the cargoes from the large store-ships into smaller ones, and carry these to the town with the flood tide. St. Aldegonde and Hohenlohe, instead of remaining to animate the industry of the workmen by their personal presence, left the scene of action in the decisive moment, in order by sailing to the town with a corn vessel, to win encomiums on their wisdom and valor.

While both parties were fighting on the dam with the most obstinate fury, the bridge over the Scheldt had been attacked from Antwerp, with new machines, in order to give employment to the prince in that quarter. But the sound of the firing soon apprised him of what was going on at the dyke, and as soon as he saw the bridge clear, he hastened to support the defense of the dyke. Followed by two hundred Spanish pikemen, he flew to the place of attack, and arrived just in time to prevent the complete defeat of his troops.

He hastily posted some guns, which he had brought with him, in the two nearest redoubts, and maintained from thence a heavy fire upon the enemy's ships. He placed himself at the head of his men, and with his sword in one hand and shield in the other, led them against the enemy. The news of his arrival, which quickly spread from one end of the dyke to the other, revived the drooping spirits of his troops, and the conflict recommenced with renewed violence, made still more murderous by the nature of the ground where it was fought. Upon the narrow ridge of the dam, which in many places was not more than nine paces broad, about five thousand combatants were fighting; so confined was the spot upon which the strength of both armies was assembled, and which was to decide the whole issue of the siege. With the Antwerpers the last bulwark of their city was at stake; with the Spaniards it was to determine the whole success of their undertaking. Both parties fought with a courage, which despair alone could inspire. From both the extremities of the dam, the tide of war rolled itself toward the centre, where the Zealanders and Antwerpers had the advantage, and where they had collected their whole strength. The Italians and Spaniards, inflamed by a noble emulation, pressed on from Stabroek; and from the Scheldt, the Walloons and Spaniards advanced with their general at their head. While the former endeavored to relieve the pile battery, which was hotly pressed by the enemy both by sea and land, the latter threw themselves on the breastwork, between the St. George and the Pile batteries, with a fury which carried every thing before it. Here the flower of the Belgian troops fought behind a well-fortified rampart, and the guns of the two fleets covered this important post. The prince was already pressing forward to attack this formidable defense with his small army, when he received intelligence that the Italians and Spaniards, under Capizucchi and Aquila, had forced their way, sword in hand, into the Pile battery, had got possession of it, and were now likewise advancing from the other side against the enemy's breastwork. Before this entrenchment, therefore, the whole force of both armies was now collected, and both sides used their utmost efforts to carry and to defend this position. The Netherlands on board the fleet, loath to remain idle spectators of the conflict, sprang ashore from their vessels. Alexander attacked the breastwork on one side, Count Mansfeld on the other; five assaults were made, and five times they were repulsed. The Netherlands, in this decisive moment, surpassed themselves; never in the whole course of the war had they fought with such determination. But it was the Scotch and English in particular, who baffled the attempts of the enemy by their valiant resistance. As no one would advance to the attack in the quarter where the Scotch fought, the duke himself led on the troops, with a javelin in his hand, and up to his breast in water. At last, after a protracted struggle, the forces of Count Mansfeld succeeded with their halberts and pikes, in making a breach in the breastwork, and by raising themselves on one another's shoulders, scaled the parapet. Bar-

thelemy Toralva, a Spanish captain, was the first who showed himself on the top; and almost at the same instant, the Italian Capizucchi appeared upon the edge of it; and thus the contest of valor was decided with equal glory for both nations. It is worth while to notice here, the manner in which the Prince of Parma, who was made arbiter of this emulous strife, encouraged this delicate sense of honor among his warriors. He embraced the Italian Capizucchi in presence of the troops, and acknowledged aloud that it was principally to the courage of this officer that he owed the capture of the breastwork. He caused the Spanish captain, Toralva, who was dangerously wounded, to be conveyed to his own quarters at Stabroek, laid on his own bed, and covered with the cloak which he himself had worn the day before the battle.

After the capture of the breastwork, the victory no longer remained doubtful. The Dutch and Zealand troops, who had disembarked to come to close action with the enemy, at once lost their courage, when they looked about them and saw the vessels, which were their last refuge, putting off from the shore.

For the tide had begun to ebb, and the commanders of the fleet, from fear of being stranded with their heavy transports, and, in case of an unfortunate issue to the engagement, becoming the prey of the enemy, retired from the dam, and made for deep water. No sooner did Alexander perceive this, than he pointed out to his troops the flying vessels, and encouraged them to finish the action with an enemy, who already despaired of their safety. The Dutch auxiliaries were the first that gave way, and their example was soon followed by the Zealanders. Hastily leaping from the dam, they endeavored to reach the vessels by wading or swimming; but from their disorderly flight, they impeded one another, and fell in heaps under the swords of the pursuers. Many perished even in the boats, as each strove to get on board before the other, and several vessels sank under the weight of the numbers who rushed into them. The Antwerpers, who fought for their liberty, their hearths, their faith, were the last who retreated, but this very circumstance augmented their disaster. Many of their vessels were outstripped by the ebb tide, and grounded within reach of the enemy's cannon, and were consequently destroyed with all on board. Crowds of fugitives endeavored by swimming to gain the other transports, which had got into deep water; but such was the rage and boldness of the Spaniards, that they swam after them with their swords between their teeth, and dragged many even from the ships. The victory of the king's troops was complete, but bloody; for of the Spaniards about 800, of the Netherlands some thousands, (without reckoning those who were drowned,) were left on the field, and on both sides many of the principal nobility perished. More than thirty vessels, with a large supply of provisions for Antwerp, fell into the hands of the victors, with 150 cannon and other military stores. The dam, the possession of which had been so dearly maintained, was pierced in thirteen different places, and the bodies of those who had cut through it were now used to stop up the openings.

The next day, a transport of immense size and singular construction, fell into the hands of the royalists. It formed a floating castle, and had been destined for the attack on the Cowenstein dam. The people of Antwerp had built it at an immense expense, at the very time when the engineer Gianibelli's useful proposals had been rejected, on account of the cost they entailed, and this ridiculous monster was called by the proud title of "End of the War." which appellation was afterwards changed for the more appropriate sobriquet of "Money lost!" When this vessel was launched, it turned out, as every sensible person had foretold, that on account of its unwieldy size it was utterly impossible to steer it, and it could hardly be floated by the highest tide. With great difficulty it was worked as far as Ordam, where, deserted by the tide, it went aground, and fell a prey to the enemy.

The attack upon the Cowenstein dam was the last attempt which was made to relieve Antwerp. From this time, the courage of the besieged sank, and the magistracy of the town vainly labored to inspire with distant hopes the lower orders, on whom the present distress weighed heaviest. Hitherto the price of bread had been kept down to a tolerable rate, although the quality of it con-

tinued to deteriorate; by degrees, however, provisions became so scarce, that a famine was evidently near at hand. Still, hopes were entertained of being able to hold out, at least, until the corn between the town and the furthest batteries, which was already in full ear, could be reaped; but before that could be done, the enemy had carried the last outwork, and had appropriated the whole harvest to their use. At last, the neighboring and confederate town of Malines fell into the enemy's hands, and with its fall vanished the only remaining hope of getting supplies from Brabant. As there was, therefore, no longer any means of increasing the stock of provisions, nothing was left but to diminish the consumers. All useless persons, all strangers, nay even the women and children, were to be sent away out of the town; but this proposal was too revolting to humanity to be carried into execution. Another plan, that of expelling the Catholic inhabitants, exasperated them so much, that it had almost ended in open mutiny. And thus St. Aldegonde at last saw himself compelled to yield to the riotous clamors of the populace, and on the 17th of August, 1585, to make overtures to the Duke of Parma for the surrender of the town.

H I S T O R Y

OF THE

THIRTY YEARS' WAR IN GERMANY.

BOOK I.

FROM the beginning of the religious wars in Germany, to the peace of Munster, scarcely any thing great or remarkable occurred in the political world of Europe in which the Reformation had not an important share. All the events of this period, if they did not originate in, soon became mixed up with, the question of religion, and no state was either too great or too little to feel directly or indirectly more or less of its influence.

Against the reformed doctrine and its adherents, the House of Austria directed, almost exclusively, the whole of its immense political power. In France, the Reformation had enkindled a civil war which, under four stormy reigns, shook the kingdom to its foundations, brought foreign armies into the heart of the country, and for half a century rendered it the scene of the most mournful disorders. It was the Reformation, too, that rendered the Spanish yoke intolerable to the Flemings, and awakened in them both the desire and the courage to throw off its fetters, while it also principally furnished them with the means of their emancipation. And as to England, all the evils with which Philip the Second threatened

Elizabeth, were mainly intended in revenge for her having taken his Protestant subjects under her protection, and placing herself at the head of a religious party which it was his aim and endeavor to extirpate. In Germany, the schisms in the church produced also a lasting political schism, which made that country for more than a century the theatre of confusion, but at the same time threw up a firm barrier against political oppression. It was, too, the Reformation principally that first drew the northern powers, Denmark and Sweden, into the political system of Europe; and while on the one hand the Protestant League was strengthened by their adhesion, it on the other was indispensable to their interests. States which hitherto scarcely concerned themselves with one another's existence, acquired through the Reformation an attractive centre of interest, and began to be united by new political sympathies. And as through its influence new relations sprang up between citizen and citizen, and between rulers and subjects, so also entire states were forced by it into new relative positions. Thus, by a strange course of events, religious disputes were the means of cementing a closer union among the nations of Europe.

Fearful indeed, and destructive, was the first movement in which this general political sympathy announced itself; a desolating war of thirty years, which, from the interior of Bohemia to the mouth of the Scheldt, and from the banks of the Po to the coasts of the Baltic, devastated whole countries, destroyed harvests, and reduced towns and villages to ashes; which opened a grave for many thousand combatants, and for half a century smothered the glimmering sparks of civilization in Germany, and threw back the improving manners of the country into their pristine barbarity and wildness. Yet out of this fearful war Europe came forth free and independent. In it she first learned to recognize herself as a community of nations; and this intercommunion of states, which originated in the thirty years' war, would alone be sufficient to reconcile the philosopher to its horrors. The hand of industry has slowly but gradually effaced the traces of its ravages, while its beneficent influence still survives; and this general sympathy among the states of Europe, which grew out of the troubles in Bohemia, is our guarantee for the continuance of that peace which was the result of the war. As the flames of destruction found their way from the interior of Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria, to kindle Germany, France, and the half of Europe, so also will the torch of civilization make a path for itself from the latter to enlighten the former countries.

All this was effected by religion. Religion alone could have rendered possible all that was accomplished, but it was far from being the sole motive of the war. Had not private advantages and state interests been closely connected with it, vain and powerless would have been the arguments of theologians; and the cry of the people would never have met with princes so willing to espouse their cause, nor the new doctrines have found such numerous, brave, and persevering champions. The Reformation is undoubtedly owing in a great measure to the invincible power of truth, or of opinions which were held as such. The abuses in the old church, the absurdity of many of its dogmas, the extravagance of its requisitions, necessarily revolted the tempers of men, already won with the promise of a better light, and favorably disposed them toward the new doctrines. The charm of independence, the rich plunder of monastic institutions, made the Reformation attractive in the eyes of princes, and tended not a little to strengthen their inward convictions. Nothing, however, but political considerations could have driven them to espouse it. Had not Charles the Fifth, in the intoxication of success, made an attempt on the independence of the German States, a Protestant league would scarcely have rushed to arms in defense of freedom of belief; but for the ambition of the Guises, the Calvinists in France would never have beheld a Condé or a Coligny at their head. Without the exaction of the tenth and the twentieth penny, the See of Rome had never lost the United Netherlands. Princes fought in self-defense or for aggrandizement, while religious enthusiasm recruited their armies, and opened to them the treasures of their subjects. Of the multitude who flocked to their standards, such as were not lured

by the hope of plunder, imagined they were fighting for the truth, while in fact they were shedding their blood for the personal objects of their princes.

And well was it for the people, that, on this occasion, their interests coincided with those of their princes. To this coincidence alone were they indebted for their deliverance from popery. Well was it also for the rulers, that the subject contended too for his own cause, while he was fighting their battles. Fortunately, at this date, no European sovereign was so absolute as to be able, in the pursuit of his political designs, to dispense with the good-will of his subjects. Yet how difficult was it to gain and to set to work this good-will! The most impressive arguments drawn from reasons of state, fall powerless on the ear of the subject, who seldom understands, and still more rarely is interested in them. In such circumstances, the only course open to a prudent prince is to connect the interests of the cabinet with some one that sits nearer to the people's heart, if such exists, or if not, to create it.

In such a position stood the greater part of those princes who embraced the cause of the Reformation. By a strange concatenation of events, the divisions of the Church were associated with two circumstances, without which, in all probability, they would have had a very different conclusion. These were, the increasing power of the House of Austria, which threatened the liberties of Europe, and its active zeal for the old religion. The first aroused the princes, while the second armed the people.

The abolition of a foreign jurisdiction within their own territories, the supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, the stopping of the treasure which had so long flowed to Rome, the rich plunder of religious foundations, were tempting advantages to every sovereign. Why, then, it may be asked, did they not operate with equal force upon the princes of the House of Austria? What prevented this house, particularly in its German branch, from yielding to the pressing demands of so many of its subjects, and, after the example of other princes, enriching itself at the expense of a defenseless clergy? It is difficult to credit that a belief in the infallibility of the Romish Church had any greater influence on the pious adherence of this house, than the opposite conviction had on the revolt of the Protestant princes. In fact, several circumstances combined to make the Austrian princes zealous supporters of popery. Spain and Italy, from which Austria derived its principal strength, were still devoted to the See of Rome with that blind obedience which, ever since the days of the Gothic dynasty, had been the peculiar characteristic of the Spaniard. The slightest approximation, in a Spanish prince, to the obnoxious tenets of Luther and Calvin, would have alienated for ever the affections of his subjects, and a defection from the Pope would have cost him the kingdom. A Spanish prince had no alternative but orthodoxy or abdication. The same restraint was imposed upon Austria by her Italian dominions, which she was obliged to treat, if possible, with even greater indulgence; impatient as they naturally were of

a foreign yoke, and possessing also readier means of shaking it off. In regard to the latter provinces, moreover, the rival pretensions of France, and the neighborhood of the Pope, were motives sufficient to prevent the Emperor from declaring in favor of a party which strove to annihilate the papal See, and also to induce him to show the most active zeal in behalf of the old religion. These general considerations, which must have been equally weighty with every Spanish monarch, were, in the particular case of Charles V., still further enforced by peculiar and personal motives. In Italy, this monarch had a formidable rival in the King of France, under whose protection that country might throw itself the instant that Charles should incur the slightest suspicion of heresy. Distrust on the part of the Roman Catholics, and a rupture with the church, would have been fatal also to many of his most cherished designs. Moreover, when Charles was first called upon to make his election between the two parties, the new doctrine had not yet attained to a full and commanding influence, and there still subsisted a prospect of its reconciliation with the old. In his son and successor, Philip the Second, a monastic education combined with a gloomy and despotic disposition to generate an unmitigated hostility to all innovations in religion; a feeling which the thought that his most formidable political opponents were also the enemies of his faith was not calculated to weaken. As his European possessions, scattered as they were over so many countries, were on all sides exposed to the seductions of foreign opinions, the progress of the Reformation in other quarters could not well be a matter of indifference to him. His immediate interests, therefore, urged him to attach himself devotedly to the old church, in order to close up the sources of the heretical contagion. Thus, circumstances naturally placed this prince at the head of the league which the Roman Catholics formed against the Reformers. The principles which had actuated the long and active reigns of Charles V. and Philip II., remained a law for their successors; and the more the breach in the church widened, the firmer became the attachment of the Spaniards to Roman Catholicism.

The German line of the House of Austria was apparently more unfettered; but, in reality, though free from many of these restraints, it was yet confined by others. The possession of the imperial throne—a dignity it was impossible for a Protestant to hold, (for with what consistency could an apostate from the Romish church wear the crown of a Roman emperor?) bound the successors of Ferdinand I. to the See of Rome. Ferdinand himself was, from conscientious motives, heartily attached to it. Besides, the German princes of the House of Austria were not powerful enough to dispense with the support of Spain, which, however, they would have forfeited by the least show of leaning towards the new doctrines. The imperial dignity, also, required them to preserve the existing political system of Germany, with which the maintenance of their own authority was closely bound up, but which it was the aim of the Protestant League to destroy. If to these grounds

we add the indifference of the Protestants to the Emperor's necessities and to the common dangers of the empire, their encroachments on the temporalities of the church, and their aggressive violence when they became conscious of their own power, we can easily conceive how so many concurring motives must have determined the emperors to the side of Popery, and how their own interests came to be intimately interwoven with those of the Roman church. As its fate seemed to depend altogether on the part taken by Austria, the princes of this house came to be regarded by all Europe as the pillars of Popery. The hatred, therefore, which the Protestants bore against the latter, was turned exclusively upon Austria; and the cause became gradually confounded with its protector.

But this irreconcilable enemy of the Reformation—the House of Austria—by its ambitious projects and the overwhelming force which it could bring to their support, endangered, in no small degree, the freedom of Europe, and more especially of the German States. This circumstance could not fail to rouse the latter from their security, and to render them vigilant in self-defense. Their ordinary resources were quite insufficient to resist so formidable a power. Extraordinary exertions were required from their subjects; and when even these proved far from adequate, they had recourse to foreign assistance; and, by means of a common league, they endeavored to oppose a power which, singly, they were unable to withstand.

But the strong political inducements which the German princes had to resist the pretensions of the House of Austria, naturally did not extend to their subjects. It is only immediate advantages or immediate evils that set the people in action, and for these a sound policy cannot wait. Ill then would it have fared with these princes, if by good fortune another effectual motive had not offered itself, which roused the passions of the people, and kindled in them an enthusiasm which might be directed against the political danger, as having with it a common cause of alarm.

This motive was their avowed hatred of the religion which Austria protected, and their enthusiastic attachment to a doctrine which that House was endeavoring to extirpate by fire and sword. Their attachment was ardent, their hatred invincible. Religious fanaticism anticipates even the remotest dangers. Enthusiasm never calculates its sacrifices. What the most pressing danger of the state could not effect with the citizens, was effected by religious zeal. For the state, or for the prince, few would have drawn the sword; but for religion, the merchant, the artist, the peasant, all cheerfully flew to arms. For the state, or for the prince, even the smallest additional impost would have been avoided; but for religion the people readily staked at once life, fortune, and all earthly hopes. It trebled the contributions which flowed into the exchequer of the princes, and the armies which marched to the field; and, in the ardent excitement produced in all minds by the peril to which their faith was exposed, the subject felt not the pressure of those burdens and privations under which, in cooler moments, he would have sunk exhausted. The terrors of the Spanish

Inquisition, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, procured for the Prince of Orange, the Admiral Coligny, the British Queen Elizabeth, and the Protestant princes of Germany, supplies of men and money from their subjects, to a degree which at present is inconceivable.

But, with all their exertions, they would have effected little against a power which was an overmatch for any single adversary, however powerful. At this period of imperfect policy, accidental circumstances alone could determine distant states to afford one another a mutual support. The differences of government, of laws, of language, of manners, and of character, which hitherto had kept whole nations and countries as it were insulated, and raised a lasting barrier between them, rendered one state insensible to the distresses of another, save where national jealousy could indulge a malicious joy at the reverses of a rival. This barrier the Reformation destroyed. An interest more intense and more immediate than national aggrandizement or patriotism, and entirely independent of private utility, began to animate whole states and individual citizens; an interest capable of uniting numerous and distant nations, even while it frequently lost its force among the subjects of the same government. With the inhabitants of Geneva, for instance, of England, of Germany, or of Holland, the French Calvinist possessed a common point of union which he had not with his own countrymen. Thus, in one important particular, he ceased to be the citizen of a single state, and to confine his views and sympathies to his own country alone. The sphere of his views became enlarged. He began to calculate his own fate from that of other nations of the same religious profession, and to make their cause his own. Now for the first time did princes venture to bring the affairs of other countries before their own councils; for the first time could they hope for a willing ear to their own necessities, and prompt assistance from others. Foreign affairs had now become a matter of domestic policy, and that aid was readily granted to the religious confederate which would have been denied to the mere neighbor, and still more to the distant stranger. The inhabitant of the Palatinate leaves his native fields to fight side by side with his religious associate of France, against the common enemy of their faith. The Huguenot draws his sword against the country which persecutes him, and sheds his blood in defense of the liberties of Holland. Swiss is arrayed against Swiss; German against German, to determine, on the banks of the Loire and the Seine, the succession of the French crown. The Dane crosses the Eider, and the Swede the Baltic, to break the chains which are forged for Germany.

It is difficult to say what would have been the fate of the Reformation, and the liberties of the Empire, had not the formidable power of Austria declared against them. This, however, appears certain, that nothing so completely damped the Austrian hopes of universal monarchy, as the obstinate war which they had to wage against the new religious opinions. Under no other circumstances could the weaker princes have roused their subjects to such extraordinary exertions against

the ambition of Austria, or the States themselves have united so closely against the common enemy.

The power of Austria never stood higher than after the victory which Charles V. gained over the Germans at Mühlberg. With the treaty of Smalcalde the freedom of Germany lay, as it seemed, prostrate forever; but it revived under Maurice of Saxony, once its most formidable enemy. All the fruits of the victory of Mühlberg were lost again in the congress of Passau, and the diet of Augsburg; and every scheme for civil and religious oppression terminated in the concessions of an equitable peace.

The diet of Augsburg divided Germany into two religious and two political parties, by recognizing the independent rights and existence of both. Hitherto the Protestants had been looked on as rebels; they were henceforth to be regarded as brethren—not indeed through affection, but necessity. By the Interim,* the Confession of Augsburg was allowed temporarily to take a sisterly place alongside of the olden religion, though only as a tolerated neighbor. To every secular state was conceded the right of establishing the religion it acknowledged as supreme and exclusive within its own territories, and of forbidding the open profession of its rival. Subjects were to be free to quit a country where their own religion was not tolerated. The doctrines of Luther for the first time received a positive sanction; and if they were trampled under foot in Bavaria and Austria, they predominated in Saxony and Thuringia. But the sovereigns alone were to determine what form of religion should prevail within their territories; the feelings of subjects who had no representatives in the diet were little attended to in the pacification. In the ecclesiastical territories, indeed, where the unreformed religion enjoyed an undisputed supremacy, the free exercise of their religion was obtained for all who had previously embraced the Protestant doctrine; but this indulgence rested only on the personal guarantee of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, by whose endeavors chiefly this peace was effected; a guarantee, which being rejected by the Roman Catholic members of the diet, and only inserted in the treaty under their protest, could not, of course, have the force of law.

If it had been opinions only that thus divided the minds of men, with what indifference would all have regarded the division! But on these opinions depended riches, dignities, and rights; and it was this which so deeply aggravated the evils of divisions. Of two brothers, as it were, who had hitherto enjoyed a paternal inheritance in common, one now remained while the other was compelled to leave his father's house, and hence arose the necessity of dividing the patrimony. For this separation, which he could not have foreseen, the father had made no provision. By the beneficent donations of pious ancestors the riches of the church had been accumulating

* A system of theology so called, prepared by order of the Emperor Charles V. for the use of Germany, to reconcile the differences between the Roman Catholics and the Lutherans, which, however, was rejected by both parties.—Ed.

through a thousand years, and these benefactors were as much the progenitors of the departing brother as of him who remained. Was the right of inheritance then to be limited to the paternal house, or to be extended to blood? The gifts had been made to the church in communion with Rome, because at that time no other existed,—to the first-born, as it were, because he was as yet the only son. Was then a right of primogeniture to be admitted in the church, as in noble families? Were the pretensions of one party to be favored by a prescription from times when the claims of the other could not have come into existence? Could the Lutherans be justly excluded from these possessions, to which the benevolence of their forefathers had contributed, merely on the ground that, at the date of their foundation, the differences between Lutheranism and Romanism were unknown? Both parties have disputed, and still dispute, with equal plausibility, on these points. Both alike have found it difficult to prove their right. Law can be applied only to conceivable cases, and perhaps spiritual foundations are not among the number of these, and still less where the conditions of the founders generally extended to a system of doctrines; for how is it conceivable that a permanent endowment should be made of opinions left open to change?

What law cannot decide, is usually determined by might, and such was the case here. The one party held firmly all that could no longer be wrested from it—the other defended what it still possessed. All the bishoprics and abbeys which had been secularized *before* the peace, remained with the Protestants; but, by an express clause, the unreformed Catholics provided that none should thereafter be secularized. Every impropiator of an ecclesiastical foundation, who held immediately of the Empire, whether elector, bishop, or abbot, forfeited his benefice and dignity the moment he embraced the Protestant belief; he was obliged in that event instantly to resign its emoluments, and the chapter was to proceed to a new election, exactly as if his place had been vacated by death. By this sacred anchor of the Ecclesiastical Reservation, (*Reservatum Ecclesiasticum*), which makes the temporal existence of a spiritual prince entirely dependent on his fidelity to the olden religion, the Roman Catholic Church in Germany is still held fast; and precarious, indeed, would be its situation were this anchor to give way. The principle of the Ecclesiastical Reservation was strongly opposed by the Protestants; and though it was at last adopted into the treaty of peace, its insertion was qualified with the declaration, that parties had come to no final determination on the point. Could it then be more binding on the Protestants than Ferdinand's guarantee in favor of Protestant subjects of ecclesiastical states was upon the Roman Catholics? Thus were two important subjects of dispute left unsettled in the treaty of peace, and by them the war was rekindled.

Such was the position of things with regard to religious toleration and ecclesiastical property; it was the same with regard to rights and dignities. The existing German system provided only for one church, because one only was in existence

when that system was framed. The church had now divided; the Diet had broken into two religious parties; was the whole system of the Empire still exclusively to follow the one? The emperors had hitherto been members of the Romish church, because till now that religion had no rival. But was it his connection with Rome which constituted a German emperor, or was it not rather Germany which was to be represented in its head? The Protestants were now spread over the whole Empire, and how justly could they still be represented by an unbroken line of Roman Catholic emperors? In the Imperial Chamber the German States judge themselves, for they elect the judges; it was the very end of its institution that they should do so, in order that equal justice should be dispensed to all; but would this be still possible, if the representatives of both professions were not equally admissible to a seat in the Chamber? That one religion only existed in Germany at the time of its establishment, was accidental; that no one estate should have the means of legally oppressing another, was the essential purpose of the institution. Now this object would be entirely frustrated if one religious party were to have the exclusive power of deciding for the other. Must, then, the design be sacrificed, because that which was merely accidental had changed? With great difficulty the Protestants, at last, obtained for the representatives of their religion a place in the Supreme Council, but still there was far from being a perfect equality of voices. To this day no Protestant prince has been raised to the imperial throne.

Whatever may be said of the equality which the peace of Augsburg was to have established between the two German churches, the Roman Catholic had unquestionably still the advantage. All that the Lutheran church gained by it was toleration; all that the Romish church conceded, was a sacrifice to necessity, not an offering to justice. Very far was it from being a peace between two equal powers, but a truce between a sovereign and unconquered rebels. From this principle all the proceedings of the Roman Catholics against the Protestants seemed to flow, and still continue to do so. To join the reformed faith was still a crime, since it was to be visited with so severe a penalty as that which the Ecclesiastical Reservation held suspended over the apostasy of the spiritual princes. Even to the last, the Romish church preferred to risk the loss of every thing by force, than voluntarily to yield the smallest matter to justice. The loss was accidental and might be repaired; but the abandonment of its pretensions, the concession of a single point to the Protestants, would shake foundations of the church itself. Even in the treaty of peace this principle was not lost sight of. Whatever in this peace was yielded to the Protestants was always under condition. It was expressly declared, that affairs were to remain on the stipulated footing only till the next general council, which was to be called with the view of effecting a union between the two confessions. Then only, when this last attempt should have failed, was the religious treaty to become valid and conclusive. However little hope there might be of such a re-

conciliation, however little perhaps the Romanists themselves were in earnest with it, still it was something to have clogged the peace with these stipulations.

Thus this religious treaty, which was to extinguish forever the flames of civil war, was, in fact, but a temporary truce, extorted by force and necessity; not dictated by justice, nor emanating from just notions either of religion or toleration. A religious treaty of this kind the Roman Catholics were as incapable of granting, to be candid, as in truth the Lutherans were unqualified to receive. Far from evincing a tolerant spirit toward the Roman Catholics, when it was in their power, they even oppressed the Calvinists; who indeed just as little deserved toleration, since they were unwilling to practice it. For such a peace the times were not yet ripe—the minds of men not yet sufficiently enlightened. How could one party expect from another what itself was incapable of performing? What each side saved or gained by the treaty of Augsburg, it owed to the imposing attitude of strength which it maintained at the time of its negotiation. What was won by force was to be maintained also by force; if the peace was to be permanent, the two parties to it must preserve the same relative positions. The boundaries of the two churches had been marked out with the sword; with the sword they must be preserved, or woe to that party which should be first disarmed! A sad and fearful prospect for the tranquillity of Germany, when peace itself bore so threatening an aspect.

A momentary lull now pervaded the empire; a transitory bond of concord appeared to unite its scattered limbs into one body, so that for a time a feeling also for the common weal returned. But the division had penetrated its inmost being, and to restore its original harmony was impossible. Carefully as the treaty of peace appeared to have defined the rights of both parties, its interpretation was nevertheless the subject of many disputes. In the heat of conflict it had produced a cessation of hostilities; it covered, not extinguished, the fire, and unsatisfied claims remained on either side. The Romanists imagined they had lost too much, the Protestants that they had gained too little; and the treaty which neither party could venture to violate, was interpreted by each in its own favor.

The seizure of the ecclesiastical benefices, the motive which had so strongly tempted the majority of the Protestant princes to embrace the doctrines of Luther, was not less powerful after than before the peace; of those whose founders did not hold their fiefs immediately of the empire, such as were not already in their possession would, it was evident, soon be so. The whole of Lower Germany was already secularized; and if it were otherwise in Upper Germany, it was owing to the vehement resistance of the Catholics, who had there the preponderance. Each party, where it was the most powerful, oppressed the adherents of the other; the ecclesiastical princes in particular, as the most defenseless members of the empire, were incessantly tormented by the ambition of their Protestant neighbors. Those who were too weak to repel force by force, took refuge

under the wings of justice; and the complaints of spoliation were heaped up against the Protestants in the Imperial Chamber, which was ready enough to pursue the accused with judgments, but found too little support to carry them into effect. The peace which stipulated for complete religious toleration to the dignitaries of the Empire, had provided also for the subject, by enabling him, without interruption, to leave the country in which the exercise of his religion was prohibited. But from the wrongs which the violence of a sovereign might inflict on an obnoxious subject; from the nameless oppressions by which he might harass and annoy the emigrant; from the artful snares in which subtilty combined with power might enmesh him—from these, the dead letter of the treaty could afford him no protection. The Catholic subject of Protestant princes complained loudly of violations of the religious peace—the Lutherans still more loudly of the oppression they experienced under their Romanist suzerains. The rancor and animosities of theologians infused a poison into every occurrence, however inconsiderable, and inflamed the minds of the people. Happy would it have been had this theological hatred exhausted its zeal upon the common enemy, instead of venting its virus on the adherents of a kindred faith!

Unanimity amongst the Protestants might, by preserving the balance between the contending parties, have prolonged the peace; but as if to complete the confusion, all concord was quickly broken. The doctrines which had been propagated by Zuingli in Zurich, and by Calvin in Geneva, soon spread to Germany, and divided the Protestants among themselves, with little in unison save their common hatred to popery. The Protestants of this date bore but slight resemblance to those who, fifty years before, drew up the Confession of Augsburg; and the cause of the change is to be sought in that Confession itself. It had prescribed a positive boundary to the Protestant faith, before the newly awakened spirit of inquiry had satisfied itself as to the limits it ought to set; and the Protestants seemed unwittingly to have thrown away much of the advantage acquired by their rejection of popery. Common complaints of the Romish hierarchy, and of ecclesiastical abuses, and a common disapprobation of its dogmas, formed a sufficient centre of union for the Protestants; but not content with this, they sought a rallying point in the promulgation of a new and positive creed, in which they sought to embody the distinctions, the privileges, and the essence of the church, and to this they referred the convention entered into with their opponents. It was as professors of this creed that they had acceded to the treaty; and in the benefits of this peace the advocates of the confessional one were entitled to participate. In any case, therefore, the situation of its adherents was embarrassing. If a blind obedience were yielded to the dicta of the Confession, a lasting bound would be set to the spirit of inquiry; if, on the other hand, they dissented from the formulæ agreed upon, the point of union would be lost. Unfortunately both incidents occurred, and the evil results of both were quickly

felt. One party rigorously adhered to the original symbol of faith, and the other abandoned it, only to adopt another with equal exclusiveness.

Nothing could have furnished the common enemy a more plausible defense of his cause than this dissension; no spectacle could have been more gratifying to him than the rancor with which the Protestants alternately persecuted each other. Who could condemn the Roman Catholics, if they laughed at the audacity with which the Reformers had presumed to announce the only true belief?—if from Protestants they borrowed the weapons against Protestants?—if, in the midst of this clashing of opinions, they held fast to the authority of their own church, for which, in part, there spoke an honorable antiquity, and a yet more honorable plurality of voices. But this division placed the Protestants in still more serious embarrassments. As the covenants of the treaty applied only to the partisans of the Confession, their opponents, with some reason, called upon them to explain who were to be recognized as the adherents of that creed. The Lutherans could not, without offending conscience, include the Calvinists in their communion; except at the risk of converting a useful friend into a dangerous enemy, could they exclude them. This unfortunate difference opened a way for the machinations of the Jesuits to sow distrust between both parties, and to destroy the unity of their measures. Fettered by the double fear of their direct adversaries, and of their opponents among themselves, the Protestants lost for ever the opportunity of placing their church on a perfect equality with the Catholic. All these difficulties would have been avoided, and the defection of the Calvinists would not have prejudiced the common cause, if the point of union had been placed simply in the abandonment of Romanism, instead of in the Confession of Augsburg.

But however divided on other points, they concurred in this—that the security which had resulted from equality of power could only be maintained by the preservation of that balance. In the mean while, the continual reforms of one party, and the opposing measures of the other, kept both upon the watch, while the interpretation of the religious treaty was a never-ending subject of dispute. Each party maintained that every step taken by its opponent was an infraction of the peace, while of every movement of its own it was asserted that it was essential to its maintenance. Yet all the measures of the Catholics did not, as their opponents alleged, proceed from a spirit of encroachment—many of them were the necessary precautions of self-defense. The Protestants had shown unequivocally enough what the Romanists might expect if they were unfortunate enough to become the weaker party. The greediness of the former for the property of the church, gave no reason to expect indulgence;—their bitter hatred left no hope of magnanimity or forbearance.

But the Protestants, likewise, were excusable if they too placed little confidence in the sincerity of the Roman Catholics. By the treacherous and inhuman treatment which their brethren in Spain, France, and the Netherlands, had suffered; by the

disgraceful subterfuge of the Romish princes, who held that the Pope had power to relieve them from the obligation of the most solemn oaths; and above all, by the detestable maxim, that faith was not to be kept with heretics, the Roman Church, in the eyes of all honest men, had lost its honor. No engagement, no oath, however sacred, from a Roman Catholic, could satisfy a Protestant. What security then could the religious peace afford, when, throughout Germany, the Jesuits represented it as a measure of mere temporary convenience, and in Rome itself it was solemnly repudiated.

The General Council, to which reference had been made in the treaty, had already been held in the city of Trent; but, as might have been foreseen, without accommodating the religious differences, or taking a single step to effect such accommodation, and even without being attended by the Protestants. The latter, indeed, were now solemnly excommunicated by it in the name of the church, whose representative the Council gave itself out to be. Could then, a secular treaty, extorted moreover by force of arms, afford them adequate protection against the ban of the church; a treaty, too, based on a condition which the decision of the Council seemed entirely to abolish? There was then a show of right for violating the peace, if only the Romanists possessed the power; and henceforward the Protestants were protected by nothing but the respect for their formidable array.

Other circumstances combined to augment this distrust. Spain, on whose support the Romanists in Germany chiefly relied, was engaged in a bloody conflict with the Flemings. By it, the flower of the Spanish troops were drawn to the confines of Germany. With what ease might they be introduced within the empire, if a decisive stroke should render their presence necessary? Germany was at that time a magazine of war for nearly all the powers of Europe. The religious war had crowded it with soldiers, whom the peace left destitute; its many independent princes found it easy to assemble armies, and afterward, for the sake of gain, or the interests of party, hire them out to other powers. With German troops, Philip the Second waged war against the Netherlands, and with German troops they defended themselves. Every such levy in Germany was a subject of alarm to the one party or the other, since it might be intended for their oppression. The arrival of an ambassador, an extraordinary legate of the Pope, a conference of princes, every unusual incident, must, it was thought, be pregnant with destruction to some party. Thus, for nearly half a century, stood Germany, her hand upon the sword; every rustle of a leaf alarmed her.

Ferdinand the First, King of Hungary, and his excellent son, Maximilian the Second, held at this memorable epoch the reins of government. With a heart full of sincerity, with a truly heroic patience, had Ferdinand brought about the religious peace of Augsburg, and afterward, in the Council of Trent, labored assiduously, though vainly, at the ungrateful task of reconciling the two religions. Abandoned by his nephew, Philip of Spain, and hard pressed both in Hungary and

Transylvania by the victorious armies of the Turks, it was not likely that this emperor would entertain the idea of violating the religious peace, and thereby destroying his own painful work. The heavy expenses of the perpetually recurring war with Turkey could not be defrayed by the meagre contributions of his exhausted hereditary dominions. He stood, therefore, in need of the assistance of the whole empire; and the religious peace alone preserved in one body the otherwise divided empire. Financial necessities made the Protestant as needful to him as the Romanist, and imposed upon him the obligation of treating both parties with equal justice, which amidst so many contradictory claims, was truly a colossal task. Very far, however, was the result from answering his expectations. His indulgence of the Protestants served only to bring upon his successors a war, which death saved himself the mortification of witnessing. Scarcely more fortunate was his son Maximilian, with whom perhaps the pressure of circumstances was the only obstacle, and a longer life perhaps the only want, to his establishing the new religion upon the imperial throne. Necessity had taught the father forbearance toward the Protestants—necessity and justice dictated the same course to the son. The grandson had reason to repent that he neither listened to justice, nor yielded to necessity.

Maximilian left six sons, of whom the eldest, the Archduke Rodolph, inherited his dominions, and ascended the imperial throne. The other brothers were put off with petty appendages. A few *mesne fiefs* were held by a collateral branch, which had their uncle, Charles of Styria, at its head; and even these were afterward, under his son, Ferdinand the Second, incorporated with the rest of the family dominions. With this exception, the whole of the imposing power of Austria was now wielded by a single, but unfortunately weak hand.

Rodolph the Second was not devoid of those virtues which might have gained him the esteem of mankind, had the lot of a private station fallen to him. His character was mild, he loved peace and the sciences, particularly astronomy, natural history, chemistry, and the study of antiquities. To those he applied with a passionate zeal, which, at the very time when the critical posture of affairs demanded all his attention, and his exhausted finances the most rigid economy, diverted his attention from state affairs, and involved him in pernicious expense. His taste for astronomy soon lost itself in those astrological reveries to which timid and melancholy temperaments like his are but too disposed. This, together with a youth passed in Spain, opened his ears to the evil counsels of the Jesuits, and the influence of the Spanish court, by which at last he was wholly governed. Ruled by tastes so little in accordance with the dignity of his station, and alarmed by ridiculous prophecies, he withdrew, after the Spanish custom, from the eyes of his subjects, to bury himself amidst his gems and antiques, in his laboratory, while the most fatal discords loosened all the bands of the empire, and the flames of rebellion began to burst out round the very footsteps of his throne. All access to

his person was denied, the most urgent matters were neglected. The prospect of the rich inheritance of Spain was closed against him, while he was trying to make up his mind to offer his hand to the Infanta Isabella. A fearful anarchy threatened the Empire, because, though without an heir of his own body himself, he could not be persuaded to allow the election of a King of the Romans. The Austrian States renounced their allegiance, Hungary and Transylvania threw off his supremacy, and Bohemia was not slow in following their example. The descendant of the once so formidable Charles the Fifth was in perpetual danger, either of losing one part of his possessions to the Turks, or another to the Protestants, and of sinking, beyond redemption, under the formidable coalition which a great monarch of Europe had formed against him. The events which now took place in the interior of Germany were such as usually happened when either the throne was without an emperor, or the emperor without a sense of his imperial dignity. Outraged or abandoned by their head, the states of the empire were left to help themselves; and alliances among themselves must supply the defective authority of the emperor. Germany was divided into two leagues, which stood in arms arrayed against each other; between both, Rodolph, the despised opponent of the one, and the impotent protector of the other, remained irresolute and useless, equally unable to destroy the former or to command the latter. What had the empire to look for from a prince incapable even of defending his hereditary dominions against its domestic enemies? To prevent the utter ruin of the House of Austria, his own family combined against him; and a powerful party threw itself into the arms of his brother. Driven from his hereditary dominions, nothing was now left him to lose but the imperial dignity; and he was only spared this last disgrace by a timely death.

At this critical moment, when only a supple policy united with a vigorous arm, could have maintained the tranquillity of the empire, its evil genius gave it a Rodolph for emperor. At a more peaceful period the Germanic Union would have managed its own interests, and Rodolph, like so many others of his rank, might have hidden his deficiencies in a mysterious obscurity. But the urgent demand for the qualities in which he was deficient revealed his incapacity. The position of Germany called for an emperor who, by his known energies, could give weight to his resolves; and the hereditary dominions of Rodolph, considerable as they were, were at present in a situation to occasion the greatest embarrassment to the governors.

The Austrian princes, it is true, were Roman Catholics, and in addition to that, the supporters of Popery, but their countries were far from being so. The reformed opinions had penetrated even these, and favored by Ferdinand's necessities and Maximilian's mildness, had met with a rapid success. The Austrian provinces exhibited in miniature what Germany did on a larger scale. The great nobles and the Ritter class or knights were chiefly evangelical, and in the cities the Protestants had a decided preponderance. If they suc-

ceeded in bringing a few of their party into the country, they contrived imperceptibly to fill all places of trust and the magistracy with their own adherents, and to exclude the Catholics. Against the numerous order of the nobles and knights, and the deputies from the towns, the voice of a few prelates was powerless; and the unseemly ridicule and offensive contempt of the former soon drove them entirely from the provincial diets. Thus the whole of the Austrian Diet had imperceptibly become Protestant, and the Reformation was making rapid strides toward its public recognition. The prince was dependent on the states, who had it in their power to grant or refuse supplies. Accordingly they availed themselves of the financial necessities of Ferdinand and his son to extort one religious concession after another. To these nobles and knights, Maximilian at last conceded the free exercise of their religion, but only within their own territories and castles. The intemperate enthusiasm of the Protestant preachers overstepped the boundaries which prudence had prescribed. In defiance of the express prohibition, several of them ventured to preach publicly, not only in the towns, but in Vienna itself, and the people flocked in crowds to this new doctrine, the best seasoning of which was personality and abuse. Thus continued food was supplied to fanaticism, and the hatred of two churches, that were such near neighbors, was further envenomed by the sting of an impure zeal.

Among the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria, Hungary and Transylvania were the most unstable, and the most difficult to retain. The impossibility of holding these two countries against the neighboring and overwhelming power of the Turks, had already driven Ferdinand to the inglorious expedient of recognizing, by an annual tribute, the Porte's supremacy over Transylvania; a shameful confession of weakness, and a still more dangerous temptation to the turbulent nobility, when they fancied they had any reason to complain of their master. Not without conditions had the Hungarians submitted to the House of Austria. They asserted the elective freedom of their crown, and boldly contended for all those prerogatives of their order which are inseparable from this freedom of election. The near neighborhood of Turkey, the facility of changing masters with impunity, encouraged the magnates still more in their presumption; discontented with the Austrian government they threw themselves into the arms of the Turks; dissatisfied with these, they returned again to their German sovereigns. The frequency and rapidity of these transitions from one government to another, had communicated its influences also to their mode of thinking, and as their country wavered between the Turkish and Austrian rule, so their minds vacillated between revolt and submission. The more unfortunate each nation felt itself in being degraded into a province of a foreign kingdom, the stronger desire did they feel to obey a monarch chosen from amongst themselves, and thus it was always easy for an enterprising noble to obtain their support. The nearest Turkish pasha was always ready to bestow the Hungarian sceptre and crown on a rebel against Austria; just as

ready was Austria to confirm to any adventurer the possession of provinces which he had wrested from the Porte, satisfied with preserving thereby the shadow of authority, and with erecting at the same time a barrier against the Turks. In this way several of these magnates, Bathori, Boschkai, Ragoczi, and Bethlem succeeded in establishing themselves, one after another, as tributary sovereigns in Transylvania and Hungary; and they maintained their ground by no deeper policy than that of occasionally joining the enemy, in order to render themselves more formidable to their own prince.

Ferdinand, Maximilian, and Rodolph, who were all sovereigns of Hungary and Transylvania, exhausted their other territories in endeavoring to defend these from the hostile inroads of the Turks, and to put down intestine rebellion. In this quarter destructive wars were succeeded but by brief truces, which were scarcely less hurtful: far and wide the land lay waste, while the injured serf had to complain equally of his enemy and his protector. Into these countries also the Reformation had penetrated; and protected by the freedom of the states, and under the cover of the internal disorders, had made a noticeable progress. Here too it was incautiously attacked, and party-spirit thus became yet more dangerous from religious enthusiasm. Headed by a bold rebel, Boschkai, the nobles of Hungary and Transylvania raised the standard of rebellion. The Hungarian insurgents were upon the point of making common cause with the discontented Protestants in Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia, and uniting all those countries in one fearful revolt. The downfall of Popery in these lands would then have been inevitable.

Long had the Austrian archdukes, the brothers of the Emperor, beheld with silent indignation the impending ruin of their house; this last event hastened their decision. The Archduke Matthias, Maximilian's second son, Viceroy in Hungary, and Rodolph's presumptive heir, now came forward as the stay of the falling house of Hapsburg. In his youth, misled by a false ambition, this prince, disregarding the interests of his family, had listened to the overtures of the Flemish insurgents, who invited him into the Netherlands to conduct the defense of their liberties against the oppression of his own relative, Philip the Second. Mistaking the voice of an insulated faction for that of the entire nation, Matthias obeyed the call. But the event answered the expectations of the men of Brabant as little as his own, and from this imprudent enterprise he retired with little credit.

Far more honorable was his second appearance in the political world. Perceiving that his repeated remonstrances with the Emperor were unavailing, he assembled the archdukes, his brothers and cousins, at Presburg, and consulted with them on the growing perils of their house, when they unanimously assigned to him, as the oldest, the duty of defending that patrimony which a feeble brother was endangering. In his hands they placed all their powers and rights, and vested him with sovereign authority, to act at his discretion for the common good. Matthias immediately opened a communication with the Porte and the

Hungarian rebels, and through his skillful management succeeded in saving, by a peace with the Turks, the remainder of Hungary, and by a treaty with the rebels, preserved the claims of Austria to the lost provinces. But Rodolph, as jealous as he had hitherto been careless of his sovereign authority, refused to ratify this treaty, which he regarded as a criminal encroachment on his sovereign rights. He accused the Archduke of keeping up a secret understanding with the enemy, and of cherishing treasonable designs on the crown of Hungary.

The activity of Matthias was, in truth, any thing but disinterested; the conduct of the Emperor only accelerated the execution of his ambitious views. Secure, from motives of gratitude, of the devotion of the Hungarians, for whom he had so lately obtained the blessings of peace; assured by his agents of the favorable disposition of the nobles, and certain of the support of a large party, even in Austria, he now ventured to assume a bolder attitude, and, sword in hand, to discuss his grievances with the Emperor. The Protestants in Austria and Moravia, long ripe for revolt, and now won over to the Archduke by his promises of toleration, loudly and openly espoused his cause, and their long-menaced alliance with the Hungarian rebels was actually effected. Almost at once a formidable conspiracy was planned and matured against the Emperor. Too late did he resolve to amend his past errors; in vain did he attempt to break up this fatal alliance. Already the whole empire was in arms; Hungary, Austria and Moravia had done homage to Matthias, who was already on his march to Bohemia to seize the Emperor in his palace, and to cut at once the sinews of his power.

Bohemia was not a more peaceable possession for Austria than Hungary; with this difference only, that, in the latter, political consideration, in the former, religious dissensions, fomented disorders. In Bohemia, a century before the days of Luther, the first spark of the religious war had been kindled: a century after Luther, the first flames of the Thirty Years' War burst out in Bohemia. The sect which owed its rise to John Huss, still existed in that country; it agreed with the Romish Church in ceremonies and doctrines, with the simple exception of the administration of the Communion, in which the Hussites communicated in both kinds. This privilege had been conceded to the followers of Huss by the Council of Basle, in an express treaty, (the Bohemian Compact;) and though it was afterward disavowed by the popes, they nevertheless continued to profit by it under the sanction of the government. As the use of the cup formed the only important distinction of their body, they were designated by the name of Utraquists; and they readily adopted an appellation which reminded them of their dearly valued privilege. But under this title lurked also the far stricter sects of the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who differed from the predominant church in more important particulars, and bore, in fact, a greater resemblance to the German Protestants. Among them both, the German and the Swiss opinions on religion made rapid progress; while the name of

Utraquists, under which they managed to disguise the change of their principles, shielded them from persecution.

In truth, they had nothing in common with the Utraquists but the name; essentially, they were altogether Protestant. Confident in the strength of their party, and the Emperor's toleration under Maximilian, they had openly avowed their tenets. After the example of the Germans, they drew up a Confession of their own, in which Lutherans as well as Calvinists recognized their own doctrines, and they sought to transfer to the new Confession the privileges of the original Utraquists. In this they were opposed by their Roman Catholic countrymen, and forced to rest content with the emperor's verbal assurance of protection.

As long as Maximilian lived, they enjoyed complete toleration, even under the new form they had taken. Under his successor the scene changed. An imperial edict appeared, which deprived the Bohemian Brethren of their religious freedom. Now these differed in nothing from the other Utraquists. The sentence, therefore, of their condemnation, obviously included all the partisans of the Bohemian Confession. Accordingly, they all combined to oppose the imperial mandate in the Diet, but without being able to procure its revocation. The Emperor and the Roman Catholic Estates took their ground on the Compacts and the Bohemian Constitution; in which nothing appeared in favor of a religion which had not then obtained the voice of the country. Since that time, how completely had affairs changed! What then formed but an inconsiderable opinion, had now become the predominant religion of the country. And what was it then, but a subterfuge to limit a newly spreading religion by the terms of obsolete treaties? The Bohemian Protestants appealed to the verbal guarantee of Maximilian, and the religious freedom of the Germans, with whom they argued they ought to be on a footing of equality. It was in vain—their appeal was dismissed.

Such was the posture of affairs in Bohemia, when Matthias, already master of Hungary, Austria, and Moravia, appeared in Collin, to raise the Bohemian Estates also against the Emperor. The embarrassment of the latter was now at its height. Abandoned by all his other subjects, he placed his last hopes on the Bohemians, who, it might be foreseen, would take advantage of his necessities to enforce their own demands. After an interval of many years, he once more appeared publicly in the Diet at Prague; and to convince the people that he was really still in existence, orders were given that all the windows should be opened in the streets through which he was to pass—proof enough how far things had gone with him. This event justified his fears. The Estates, conscious of their own power, refused to take a single step until their privileges were confirmed, and religious toleration fully assured to them. It was in vain to have recourse now to the old system of evasion. The Emperor's fate was in their hands, and he must yield to necessity. At present, however, he only granted their other demands—religious matters he reserved for consideration at the next diet.



The Bohemians now took up arms in defense of the Emperor, and a bloody war between the two brothers was on the point of breaking out. But Rodolph, who feared nothing so much as remaining in this slavish dependence on the Estates, waited not for a warlike issue, but hastened to effect a reconciliation with his brother by more peaceable means. By a formal act of abdication he resigned to Matthias, what indeed he had no chance of wresting from him, Austria and the kingdom of Hungary, and acknowledged him as his successor to the crown of Bohemia.

Dearly enough had the Emperor extricated himself from one difficulty, only to get immediately involved in another. The settlement of the religious affairs of Bohemia had been referred to the next Diet, which was held in 1609. The reformed Bohemians demanded the free exercise of their faith, as under the former emperors; a Consistory of their own; the cession of the University of Prague; and the right of electing *Defenders*, or *Protectors* of *Liberty*, from their own body. The answer was the same as before; for the timid Emperor was now entirely fettered by the unreformed party. However often, and in however threatening language the Estates renewed their remonstrances, the Emperor persisted in his first declaration of granting nothing beyond the old compacts. The Diet broke up without coming to a decision; and the Estates, exasperated against the Emperor, arranged a general meeting at Prague, upon their own authority, to right themselves.

They appeared at Prague in great force. In defiance of the imperial prohibition, they carried on their deliberations almost under the very eyes of the Emperor. The yielding compliance which he began to show, only proved how much they were feared, and increased their audacity. Yet on the main point he remained inflexible. They fulfilled their threats, and at last resolved to establish, by their own power, the free and universal exercise of their religion, and to abandon the Emperor to his necessities until he should confirm this resolution. They even went further, and elected for themselves the DEFENDERS which the Emperor had refused them. Ten were nominated by each of the three Estates; they also determined to raise, as soon as possible, an armed force, at the head of which Count Thurn, the chief organizer of the revolt, should be placed as general defender of the liberties of Bohemia. Their determination brought the Emperor to submission; to which he was now counseled even by the Spaniards. Apprehensive lest the exasperated Estates should throw themselves into the arms of the King of Hungary, he signed the memorable Letter of Majesty for Bohemia, by which, under the successors of the Emperor, that people justified their rebellion.

The Bohemian Confession, which the States had laid before the Emperor Maximilian, was, by the Letter of Majesty, placed on a footing of equality with the olden profession. The Utraquists, for by this title the Bohemian Protestants continued to designate themselves, were put in possession of the University of Prague, and allowed a Consistory of their own, entirely independent of the archiepiscopal see of that city. All the churches

in the cities, villages, and market towns, which they held at the date of the letter, were secured to them; and if, in addition, they wished to erect others, it was permitted to the nobles, and knights, and the free cities to do so. This last clause in the Letter of Majesty gave rise to the unfortunate disputes which subsequently rekindled the flames of war in Europe.

The Letter of Majesty erected the Protestant part of Bohemia into a kind of republic. The States had learned to feel the power which they gained by perseverance, unity, and harmony in their measures. The Emperor now retained little more than the shadow of his sovereign authority; while by the new dignity of the so-called defenders of liberty, a dangerous stimulus was given to the spirit of revolt. The example and success of Bohemia afforded a tempting seduction to the other hereditary dominions of Austria, and all attempted by similar means to extort similar privileges. The spirit of liberty spread from one province to another; and as it was chiefly the disunion among the Austrian princes that had enabled the Protestants so materially to improve their advantages, they now hastened to effect a reconciliation between the Emperor and the King of Hungary.

But the reconciliation could not be sincere. The wrong was too great to be forgiven, and Rodolph continued to nourish at heart an unextinguishable hatred of Matthias. With grief and indignation he brooded over the thought, that the Bohemian sceptre was finally to descend into the hands of his enemy; and the prospect was not more consoling, even if Matthias should die without issue. In that case, Ferdinand, Archduke of Grätz, whom he equally disliked, was the head of the family. To exclude the latter as well as Matthias from the succession to the throne of Bohemia, he fell upon the project of diverting that inheritance to Ferdinand's brother, the Archduke Leopold, Bishop of Passau, who among all his relatives had ever been the dearest and most deserving. The prejudices of the Bohemians in favor of the elective freedom of their crown, and their attachment to Leopold's person, seemed to favor this scheme, in which Rodolph consulted rather his own partiality and vindictiveness than the good of his house. But to carry out this project, a military force was requisite, and Rodolph actually assembled an army in the bishopric of Passau. The object of this force was hidden from all. An inroad, however, which, for want of pay it made suddenly and without the Emperor's knowledge into Bohemia, and the outrages which it there committed, stirred up the whole kingdom against him. In vain he asserted his innocence to the Bohemian Estates; they would not believe his protestations: vainly did he attempt to restrain the violence of his soldiery; they disregarded his orders. Persuaded that the Emperor's object was to annul the Letter of Majesty, the Protectors of Liberty armed the whole of Protestant Bohemia, and invited Matthias into the country. After the dispersion of the force he had collected at Passau, the Emperor remained helpless at Prague, where he was kept shut up like a prisoner in his palace, and separated from all his councilors. In the mean time, Matthias entered Prague amidst

universal rejoicings, where Rodolph was soon afterward weak enough to acknowledge him King of Bohemia. So hard a fate befel this Emperor; he was compelled, during his life, to abdicate in favor of his enemy that very throne, of which he had been endeavoring to deprive him after his own death. To complete his degradation, he was obliged, by a personal act of renunciation, to release his subjects in Bohemia, Silesia, and Lusatia, from their allegiance, and he did it with a broken heart. All, even those he thought he had most attached to his person, had abandoned him. When he had signed the instrument, he threw his hat upon the ground, and gnawed the pen which had rendered him so shameful a service.

While Rodolph thus lost one hereditary dominion after another, the imperial dignity was not much better maintained by him. Each of the religious parties into which Germany was divided, continued its efforts to advance itself at the expense of the other, or to guard against its attacks. The weaker the hand that held the sceptre, and the more the Protestants and Roman Catholics felt they were left to themselves, the more vigilant necessarily became their watchfulness, and the greater their distrust of each other. It was enough that the Emperor was ruled by Jesuits, and was guided by Spanish counsels, to excite the apprehension of the Protestants, and to afford a pretext for hostility. The inconsiderate zeal of the Jesuits, which in the pulpit and by the press, disputed the validity of the religious peace, increased this distrust, and caused them to see a dangerous design in the most indifferent measures of the Roman Catholics. Every step taken in the hereditary dominions of the Emperor, for the repression of the reformed religion, was sure to draw the attention of all the Protestants of Germany; and this powerful support which the reformed subjects of Austria met, or expected to meet with from their religious confederates in the rest of Germany, was no small cause of their confidence, and of the rapid success of Matthias. It was the general belief of the empire, that they owed the long enjoyment of the religious peace merely to the difficulties in which the Emperor was placed by the internal troubles in his dominions, and consequently they were in no haste to relieve him from them.

Almost all the affairs of the diet were neglected, either through the procrastination of the Emperor, or through the fault of the Protestants Estates, who had determined to make no provision for the common wants of the empire till their own grievances were removed. These grievances related principally to the misgovernment of the emperor; the violation of the religious treaty, and the usurpation of the Imperial Aulic Council, which in the present reign had begun to extend its jurisdiction at the expense of the Imperial Chamber. Formerly, in all disputes between the Estates, which could not be settled by the club law, the Emperors had decided in the last resort of themselves, if the case were trifling, and in conjunction with the princes, if it were important; or they determined them by imperial judges who followed the court. This superior jurisdiction they had, in the end of the fifteenth century,

assigned to a regular and permanent tribunal, the Imperial Chamber of Spires, in which the Estates of the Empire, that they might not be oppressed by the arbitrary appointment of the Emperor, had reserved to themselves the right of electing the assessors, and of periodically reviewing its decrees. By the religious peace, these rights of the Estates, (called the rights of presentation and visitation,) were extended also to the Lutherans, so that Protestant judges had a voice in Protestant causes, and a seeming equality obtained for both religions in this supreme tribunal.

But the enemies of the Reformation and of the freedom of the Estates, vigilant to take advantage of every incident that favored their views, soon found means to neutralize the beneficial effects of this institution. A supreme jurisdiction over the Imperial States was gradually and skillfully usurped by a private imperial tribunal, the Aulic Council in Vienna, a court at first intended merely to advise the Emperor in the exercise of his undoubted, imperial, and personal prerogatives; a court, whose members being appointed and paid by him, had no law but the interest of their master, and no standard of equity but the advancement of the unreformed religion of which they were partisans. Before the Aulic Council were now brought several suits originating between Estates differing in religion, and which, therefore, properly belonged to the Imperial Chamber. It was not surprising if the decrees of this tribunal bore traces of their origin; if the interests of the Roman Church and of the Emperor were preferred to justice by Roman Catholic judges, and the creatures of the Emperor. Although all the Estates of Germany seemed to have equal cause for resisting so perilous an abuse, the Protestants alone, who most sensibly felt it, and even these not all at once and in a body, came forward as the defenders of German liberty, which the establishment of so arbitrary a tribunal had outraged in its most sacred point, the administration of justice. In fact, Germany would have had little cause to congratulate itself upon the abolition of club-law, and in the institution of the Imperial Chamber, if an arbitrary tribunal of the Emperor was allowed to interfere with the latter. The Estates of the German Empire would indeed have benefitted little upon the days of barbarism, if the Chamber of Justice in which they sat along with the Emperor as judges, and for which they had abandoned their original princely prerogative, should cease to be a court of the last resort. But the strangest contradictions were at this date to be found in the minds of men. The name of Emperor, a remnant of Roman despotism, was still associated with an idea of autocracy, which, though it formed a ridiculous inconsistency with the privileges of the Estates, was nevertheless argued for by jurists, diffused by the partisans of despotism, and believed by the ignorant.

To these general grievances was gradually added a chain of singular incidents, which at length converted the anxiety of the Protestants into utter distrust. During the Spanish persecutions in the Netherlands, several Protestant families had taken refuge in Aix-la-Chapelle, an imperial city, and attached to the Roman Catholic faith,

where they settled and insensibly extended their adherents. Having succeeded by stratagem in introducing some of their members into the municipal council, they demanded a church and the public exercise of their worship, and the demand being unfavorably received, they succeeded by violence in enforcing it, and also in usurping the entire government of the city. To see so important a city in Protestant hands was too heavy a blow for the Emperor and the Roman Catholics. After all the Emperor's requests and commands for the restoration of the olden government had proved ineffectual, the Aulic Council proclaimed the city under the ban of the Empire, which, however, was not put in force till the following reign.

Of yet greater importance were two other attempts of the Protestants to extend their influence and their power. The Elector Gebhard, of Cologne, (born Truchsess* of Waldburg,) conceived for the young Countess Agnes, of Mansfield, Canoness of Gerresheim, a passion which was not unreturned. As the eyes of all Germany were directed to this intercourse, the brothers of the Countess, two zealous Calvinists, demanded satisfaction for the injured honor of their house, which, as long as the elector remained a Roman Catholic prelate, could not be repaired by marriage. They threatened the elector they would wash out this stain in his blood and their sister's, unless he either abandoned all further connection with the countess, or consented to establish her reputation at the altar. The elector, indifferent to all the consequences of this step, listened to nothing but the voice of love. Whether it was in consequence of his previous inclination to the reformed doctrines, or that the charms of his mistress alone effected this wonder, he renounced the Roman Catholic faith, and led the beautiful Agnes to the altar.

This event was of the greatest importance. By the letter of the clause reserving the ecclesiastical states from the general operation of the religious peace, the elector had, by his apostasy, forfeited all right to the temporalities of his bishopric; and if, in any case, it was important for the Catholics to enforce the clause, it was so especially in the case of electorates. On the other hand, the relinquishment of so high a dignity was a severe sacrifice, and peculiarly so in the case of a tender husband, who had wished to enhance the value of his heart and hand by the gift of a principality. Moreover, the *Reservatum Ecclesiasticum* was a disputed article of the treaty of Augsburg; and all the German Protestants were aware of the extreme importance of wresting this fourth† electorate from the opponents of their faith. The example had already been set in several of the ecclesiastical benefices of Lower Germany, and attended with success. Several canons of Cologne had also already embraced the Protestant confession, and were on the elector's side, while, in the city itself, he could depend upon the support of a numerous Protestant party. All

these considerations, greatly strengthened by the persuasions of his friends and relations, and the promises of several German courts, determined the elector to retain his dominions, while he changed his religion.

But it was soon apparent that he had entered upon a contest which he could not carry through. Even the free toleration of the Protestant service within the territories of Cologne, had already occasioned a violent opposition on the part of the canons and Roman Catholic *Estates* of that province. The intervention of the Emperor, and a papal ban from Rome, which anathematized the elector as an apostate, and deprived him of all his dignities, temporal and spiritual, armed his own subjects and chapter against him. The elector assembled a military force; the chapter did the same. To insure also the aid of a strong arm, they proceeded forthwith to a new election, and chose the Bishop of Liege, a prince of Bavaria.

A civil war now commenced, which, from the strong interest which both religious parties in Germany necessarily felt in the conjuncture, was likely to terminate in a general breaking up of the religious peace. What most made the Protestants indignant, was that the Pope should have presumed, by a pretended apostolic power, to deprive a prince of the empire of his imperial dignities. Even in the golden days of their spiritual domination, this prerogative of the Pope had been disputed; how much more likely was it to be questioned at a period when his authority was entirely disowned by one party, while even with the other it rested on a tottering foundation. All the Protestant princes took up the affair warmly against the Emperor; and Henry IV. of France, then King of Navarre, left no means of negotiation untried to urge the German princes to the vigorous assertion of their rights. The issue would decide for ever the liberties of Germany. Four Protestant against three Roman Catholic voices in the Electoral College must at once have given the preponderance to the former, and forever excluded the House of Austria from the imperial throne.

But the Elector Gebhard had embraced the Calvinist, not the Lutheran religion; and this circumstance alone was his ruin. The mutual rancor of these two churches would not permit the Lutheran *Estates* to regard the Elector as one of their party, and as such to lend him their effectual support. All indeed had encouraged, and promised him assistance; but only one appanaged prince of the Palatine House, the Palsgrave John Cassimir, a zealous Calvinist, kept his word. Despite of the imperial prohibition, he hastened with his little army into the territories of Cologne; but without being able to effect any thing, because the elector, who was destitute even of the first necessities, left him totally without help. So much the more rapid was the progress of the newly-chosen elector, whom his Bavarian relations and the Spaniards from the Netherlands supported with the utmost vigor. The troops of Gebhard, left by their master without pay, abandoned one place after another to the enemy; by whom others were compelled to surrender. In his Westphalian

* Grand-master of the kitchen.

† Saxony, Brandenburg, and the Palatinate were already Protestant.

territories, Gebhard held out for some time longer, till here, too, he was at last obliged to yield to superior force. After several vain attempts in Holland and England to obtain means for his restoration, he retired into the Chapter of Strasburg, and died dean of that cathedral; the first sacrifice to the Ecclesiastical Reservation, or rather to the want of harmony among the German Protestants.

To this dispute in Cologne was soon added another in Strasburg. Several Protestant canons of Cologne, who had been included in the same papal ban with the elector, had taken refuge within this bishopric, where they likewise held prebends. As the Roman Catholic canons of Strasburg hesitated to allow them, as being under the ban, the enjoyment of their prebends, they took violent possession of their benefices, and the support of a powerful Protestant party among the citizens soon gave them the preponderance in the chapter. The other canons thereupon retired to Alsace-Saverne, where, under the protection of the bishop, they established themselves as the only lawful chapter, and denounced that which remained in Strasburg as illegal. The latter, in the mean time, had so strengthened themselves by the reception of several Protestant colleagues of high rank, that they could venture, upon the death of the bishop, to nominate a new Protestant bishop in the person of John George of Brandenburg. The Roman Catholic canons, far from allowing this election, nominated the Bishop of Metz, a prince of Lorraine, to that dignity, who announced his promotion by immediately commencing hostilities against the territories of Strasburg.

That city now took up arms in defense of its Protestant chapter and the Prince of Brandenburg, while the other party, with the assistance of the troops of Lorraine, endeavored to possess themselves of the temporalities of the chapter. A tedious war was the consequence, which, according to the spirit of the times, was attended with barbarous devastations. In vain did the Emperor interpose with his supreme authority to terminate the dispute; the ecclesiastical property remained for a long time divided between the two parties, till at last the Protestant prince, for a moderate pecuniary equivalent, renounced his claims; and thus, in this dispute also, the Roman Church came off victorious.

An occurrence which, soon after the adjustment of this dispute, took place in Donauwerth, a free city of Suabia, was still more critical for the whole of Protestant Germany. In this once Roman Catholic city, the Protestants, during the reigns of Ferdinand and his son, had, in the usual way, become so completely predominant, that the Roman Catholics were obliged to content themselves with a church in the Monastery of the Holy Cross, and for fear of offending the Protestants, were even forced to suppress the greater part of their religious rites. At length a fanatical abbot of this monastery ventured to defy the popular prejudices, and to arrange a public procession, preceded by the cross and banners flying; but he was soon compelled to desist from the attempt. When, a year afterward, encouraged by

a favorable imperial proclamation, the same abbot attempted to renew this procession, the citizens proceeded to open violence. The inhabitants shut the gates against the monks on their return, trampled their colors under foot, and followed them home with clamor and abuse. An imperial citation was the consequence of this act of violence; and as the exasperated populace even threatened to assault the imperial commissaries, and all attempts at an amicable adjustment were frustrated by the fanaticism of the multitude, the city was at last formally placed under the ban of the Empire, the execution of which was intrusted to Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria. The citizens, formerly so insolent, were seized with terror at the approach of the Bavarian army; pusillanimity now possessed them, though once so full of defiance, and they laid down their arms without striking a blow. The total abolition of the Protestant religion within the walls of the city was the punishment of their rebellion; it was deprived of its privileges, and, from a free city of Suabia, converted into a municipal town of Bavaria.

Two circumstances connected with this proceeding must have strongly excited the attention of the Protestants, even if the interests of religion had been less powerful on their minds. First of all, the sentence had been pronounced by the Aulic Council, an arbitrary and exclusively Roman Catholic tribunal, whose jurisdiction besides had been so warmly disputed by them; and secondly, its execution had been entrusted to the Duke of Bavaria, the head of another circle. These unconstitutional steps seemed to be the harbingers of further violent measures on the Roman Catholic side, the result, probably, of secret conferences and dangerous designs, which might, perhaps, end in the entire subversion of their religious liberty.

In circumstances where the law of force prevails, and security depends on power alone, the weakest party is naturally the most busy to place itself in a posture of defense. This was now the case in Germany. If the Roman Catholics really meditated any evil against the Protestants in Germany, the probability was that the blow would fall on the south rather than the north, because, in Lower Germany, the Protestants were connected together through a long unbroken tract of country, and could therefore easily combine for their mutual support; while those in the south, detached from each other, and surrounded on all sides by Roman Catholic states, were exposed to every inroad. If, moreover, as was to be expected, the Catholics availed themselves of the divisions amongst the Protestants, and leveled their attack against one of the religious parties, it was the Calvinists who, as the weaker, and as being besides excluded from the religious treaty, were apparently in the greatest danger, and upon them would probably fall the first attack.

Both these circumstances took place in the dominions of the Elector Palatine, which possessed, in the Duke of Bavaria, a formidable neighbor, and which, by reason of their defection to Calvinism, received no protection from the Religious Peace, and had little hope of succor from the

Lutheran states. No country in Germany had experienced so many revolutions in religion in so short a time as the Palatinate. In the space of sixty years this country, an unfortunate toy in the hands of its rulers, had twice adopted the doctrines of Luther, and twice relinquished them for Calvinism. The Elector Frederick III. first abandoned the confession of Augsburg, which his eldest son and successor, Lewis, immediately re-established. The Calvinists throughout the whole country were deprived of their churches, their preachers, and even their teachers, banished beyond the frontiers; while the prince, in his Lutheran zeal, prosecuted them even in his will, by appointing none but strict and orthodox Lutherans as the guardians of his son, a minor. But this illegal testament was disregarded by his brother the Count Palatine, John Casimir, who, by the regulations of the Golden Bull, assumed the guardianship and administration of the state. Calvinistic teachers were given to the Elector Frederick IV., then only nine years of age, who were ordered, if necessary, to drive the Lutheran heresy out of the soul of their pupil with blows. If such was the treatment of the sovereign, that of the subjects may be easily conceived.

It was under this Frederick that the Palatine Court exerted itself so vigorously to unite the Protestant states of Germany in joint measures against the House of Austria, and, if possible, bring about the formation of a general confederacy. Besides that this court had always been guided by the counsels of France, with whom hatred of the House of Austria was the ruling principle, a regard for his own safety urged him to secure in time the doubtful assistance of the Lutherans against a near and overwhelming enemy. Great difficulties, however, opposed this union, because the Lutherans' dislike of the Reformed was scarcely less than the common aversion of both to the Romanists. An attempt was first made to reconcile the two professions, in order to facilitate a political union; but all these attempts failed, and generally ended in both parties adhering the more strongly to their respective opinions. Nothing then remained but to increase the fear and the distrust of the Evangelicals, and in this way to impress upon them the necessity of this alliance. The power of the Roman Catholics and the magnitude of the danger were exaggerated, accidental incidents were ascribed to deliberate plans, innocent actions misrepresented by invidious constructions, and the whole conduct of the professors of the olden religion was interpreted as the result of a well-weighed and systematic plan, which, in all probability, they were very far from having concerted.

The Diet of Ratisbon, to which the Protestants had looked forward with the hope of obtaining a renewal of the Religious Peace, had broken up without coming to a decision, and to the former grievances of the Protestant party was now added the late oppression of Donauwerth. With incredible speed, the union, so long attempted, was now brought to bear. A conference took place at Anhausen, in Franconia, at which were present the Elector Frederick IV., from the Palatinate, the Margrave of Neuburg, two Mar-

graves of Brandenburg, the Margrave of Baden, and the Duke John Frederick of Wirtemberg,—Lutherans as well as Calvinists,—who for themselves and their heirs entered into a close confederacy under the title of the Evangelical Union. The purport of this union was, that the allied princes should, in all matters relating to religion and their civil rights, support each other with arms and counsel against every aggressor, and should all stand as one man; that in case any member of the alliance should be attacked, he should be resisted by the rest with an armed force; that, if necessary, the territories, towns, and castles of the allied states should be open to his troops; and that, whatever conquests were made, should be divided among all the confederates, in proportion to the contingent furnished by each.

The direction of the whole confederacy in time of peace was conferred upon the Elector Palatine, but with a limited power. To meet the necessary expenses, subsidies were demanded and a common fund established. Differences of religion (betwixt the Lutherans and the Calvinists) were to have no effect on this alliance, which was to subsist for ten years, every member of the union engaged at the same time to procure new members to it. The Electorate of Brandenburg adopted the alliance, that of Saxony rejected it. Hesse-Cassel could not be prevailed upon to declare itself, the Dukes of Brunswick and Luneburg also hesitated. But the three cities of the Empire, Strasburg, Nuremberg, and Ulm, were no unimportant acquisition for the league, which was in great want of their money, while their example, besides, might be followed by other imperial cities.

After the formation of this alliance, the confederated states, dispirited, and, singly, little feared, adopted a bolder language. Through Prince Christian of Anhalt, they laid their common grievances and demands before the Emperor; among which the principal were the restoration of Donauwerth, the abolition of the Imperial Court, the reformation of the Emperor's own administration and that of his counselors. For these remonstrances, they chose the moment when the Emperor had scarcely recovered breath from the troubles in his hereditary dominions,—when he had lost Hungary and Austria to Matthias, and had barely preserved his Bohemian throne by the concession of the Letter of Majesty, and finally, when through the succession of Juliers he was already threatened with the distant prospect of a new war. No wonder, then, that this dilatory prince was more irresolute than ever in his decision, and that the confederates took up arms before he could bethink himself.

The Roman Catholics regarded this confederacy with a jealous eye; the Union viewed them and the Emperor with the like distrust; the Emperor was equally suspicious of both; and thus, on all sides, alarm and animosity had reached their climax. And, as if to crown the whole, at this critical conjuncture, by the death of the Duke John William of Juliers, a highly disputable succession became vacant in the territories of Juliers and Cleves.

Eight competitors laid claim to this territory,

the indivisibility of which had been guaranteed by solemn treaties; and the Emperor, who seemed disposed to enter upon it as a vacant fief, might be considered as the ninth. Four of these, the Elector of Brandenburg, the Count Palatine of Neuburg, the Count Palatine of Deux Ponts, and the Margrave of Burgau, an Austrian prince, claimed it as a female fief in the name of four princesses, sisters of the late duke. Two others, the Elector of Saxony, of the line of Albert, and the Duke of Saxony, of the line of Ernest, laid claim to it under a prior right of reversion granted to them by the Emperor Frederick III., and confirmed to both Saxon houses by Maximilian I. The pretensions of some foreign princes were little regarded. The best right was perhaps on the side of Brandenburg and Neuburg, and between the claims of these two it was not easy to decide. Both courts, as soon as the succession was vacant, proceeded to take possession; Brandenburg beginning, and Neuburg following the example. Both commenced the dispute with the pen, and would probably have ended it with the sword; but the interference of the Emperor, by proceeding to bring the cause before his own cognizance, and, during the progress of the suit, sequestering the disputed countries, soon brought the contending parties to an agreement, in order to avert the common danger. They agreed to govern the duchy conjointly. In vain did the Emperor prohibit the Estates from doing homage to their new masters; in vain did he send his own relation, the Archduke Leopold, Bishop of Passau and Strasburg, into the territory of Juliers, in order, by his presence to strengthen the Imperial party. The whole country, with the exception of Juliers itself, had submitted to the Protestant princes, and in that capital the Imperialists were besieged.

The dispute about the succession of Juliers was an important one to the whole German empire, and also attracted the attention of several European courts. It was not so much the question, who was or was not to possess the duchy of Juliers;—the real question was, which of the two religious parties in Germany, the Roman Catholic or the Protestant, was to be strengthened by so important an accession—for which of the two *religions* this territory was to be lost or won. The question in short was, whether Austria was to be allowed to persevere in her usurpations, and to gratify her lust of dominion by another robbery; or whether the liberties of Germany, and the balance of power, were to be maintained against her encroachments. The disputed succession of Juliers, therefore, was matter which interested all who were favorable to liberty and hostile to Austria. The Evangelical Union, Holland, England, and particularly Henry IV. of France, were drawn into the strife.

This monarch, the flower of whose life had been spent in opposing the House of Austria and Spain, and by persevering heroism alone had surmounted the obstacles which this house had thrown between him and the French throne, had been no idle spectator of the troubles in Germany. This contest of the Estates with the Emperor was the means of giving and securing peace to France. The Protestants and the Turks were the two sal-

utary weights which kept down the Austrian power in the East and West; but it would rise again in all its terrors, if once it were allowed to remove this pressure. Henry the Fourth had before his eyes for half a life time, the uninterrupted spectacle of Austrian ambition and Austrian lust of dominion, which neither adversity nor poverty of talents, though generally they check all human passions, could extinguish in a bosom wherein flowed one drop of the blood of Ferdinand of Aragon. Austrian ambition had destroyed for a century the peace of Europe, and effected the most violent changes in the heart of its most considerable states. It had deprived the fields of husbandmen, the work-shops of artisans, to fill the land with enormous armies, and to cover the commercial sea with hostile fleets. It had imposed upon the princes of Europe the necessity of fettering the industry of their subjects by unheard of imposts; and of wasting in self-defense the best strength of their states, which was thus lost to the prosperity of their inhabitants. For Europe there was no peace, for its states no welfare, for the people's happiness no security or permanence, so long as this dangerous house was permitted to disturb at pleasure the repose of the world.

Such considerations clouded the mind of Henry at the close of his glorious career. What had it not cost him to reduce to order the troubled chaos into which France had been plunged by the tumult of civil war, fomented and supported by this very Austria! Every great mind labors for eternity; and what security had Henry for the endurance of that prosperity which he had gained for France, so long as Austria and Spain formed a single power, which did indeed lie exhausted for the present, but which required only one lucky chance to be speedily re-united, and to spring up again as formidable as ever. If he would bequeath to his successors a firmly established throne, and a durable prosperity to his subjects, this dangerous power must be for ever disarmed. This was the source of that irreconcilable enmity which Henry had sworn to the House of Austria, a hatred unextinguishable, ardent, and well-founded as that of Hannibal against the people of Romulus, but ennobled by a purer origin.

The other European powers had the same inducements to action as Henry, but all of them had not that enlightened policy, nor that disinterested courage to act upon the impulse. All men, without distinction, are allured by immediate advantages; great minds alone are excited by distant good. So long as wisdom in its projects calculates upon wisdom, or relies upon its own strength, it forms none but chimerical schemes, and runs a risk of making itself the laughter of the world; but it is certain of success, and may reckon upon aid and admiration when it finds a place in its intellectual plans for barbarism, rapacity, and superstition, and can render the selfish passions of mankind the executors of its purposes.

In the first point of view, Henry's well-known project of expelling the House of Austria from all its possessions, and dividing the spoil among the European powers, deserves the title of a chimaera, which men have so liberally bestowed upon it; but did it merit that appellation in the second?

It had never entered into the head of that excellent monarch, in the choice of those who must be the instruments of his designs, to reckon on the sufficiency of such motives as animated himself and Sully to the enterprise. All the states whose co-operation was necessary, were to be persuaded to the work by the strongest motives that can set a political power in action. From the Protestants in Germany nothing more was required than that which, on other grounds, had been long their object,—their throwing off the Austrian yoke; from the Flemings, a similar revolt from the Spaniards. To the Pope and all the Italian republics no inducement could be more powerful than of the hope of driving the Spaniards forever from their peninsula; for England, nothing more desirable than a revolution which should free it from its bitterest enemy. By this division of the Austrian conquests, every power gained either land or freedom, new possessions or security for the old; and all gained, the balance of power remained undisturbed. France might magnanimously decline a share in the spoil, because by the ruin of Austria it doubly profited, and was most powerful if it did not become more powerful. Finally, upon condition of ridding Europe of their presence, the posterity of Hapsburg were to be allowed the liberty of augmenting her territories in all the other known or yet undiscovered portions of the globe. But the dagger of Ravaillac delivered Austria from her danger, to postpone for some centuries longer the tranquillity of Europe.

With his view directed to this project, Henry felt the necessity of taking a prompt and active part in the important events of the Evangelical Union, and the disputed succession of Juliers. His emissaries were busy in all the courts of Germany, and the little which they published or allowed to escape of the great political secrets of their master, was sufficient to win over minds inflamed by so ardent a hatred to Austria, and by so strong a desire of aggrandizement. The prudent policy of Henry cemented the Union still more closely, and the powerful aid which he bound himself to furnish, raised the courage of the confederates into the firmest confidence. A numerous French army, led by the king in person, was to meet the troops of the Union on the banks of the Rhine, and to assist in effecting the conquest of Juliers and Cleves; then, in conjunction with the Germans, it was to march into Italy, (where Savoy, Venice, and the Pope were even now ready with a powerful reinforcement,) and to overthrow the Spanish dominion in that quarter. This victorious army was then to penetrate by Lombardy into the hereditary dominions of Hapsburg; and there, favored by a general insurrection of the Protestants, destroy the Power of Austria in all its German territories, in Bohemia, Hungary, and Transylvania. The Brabanters and Hollanders, supported by French auxiliaries, would in the mean time shake off the Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands; and thus the mighty stream which, only a short time before, had so fearfully overflowed its banks, threatening to overwhelm in its troubled waters the liberties of Europe, would then roll silent and forgotten behind the Pyrenean mountains.

At other times, the French had boasted of their rapidity of action, but upon this occasion they were outstripped by the Germans. An army of the confederates entered Alsace before Henry made his appearance there, and an Austrian army, which the Bishop of Strasburg and Passau had assembled in that quarter for an expedition against Juliers, was dispersed. Henry IV. had formed his plan as a statesman and a king; but he had intrusted its execution to plunderers. According to his design, no Roman Catholic state was to have cause to think this preparation aimed against itself, or to make the quarrel of Austria its own. Religion was in no wise to be mixed up with the matter. But how could the German princes forget their own purposes in furthering the plans of Henry? Actuated as they were by the desire of aggrandizement and by religious hatred, was it to be supposed that they would not gratify, in every passing opportunity, their ruling passions to the utmost? Like vultures, they stooped upon the territories of the ecclesiastical princes, and always chose those rich countries for their quarters, though to reach them they must make ever so wide a detour from their direct route. They levied contributions as in an enemy's country, seized upon the revenues, and exacted, by violence, what they could not obtain of free-will. Not to leave the Roman Catholics in doubt as to the true objects of their expedition, they announced, openly and intelligibly enough, the fate that awaited the property of the church. So little had Henry IV. and the German princes understood each other in their plan of operations, so much had the excellent king been mistaken in his instruments. It is an unfailing maxim, that, if policy enjoins an act of violence, its execution ought never to be intrusted to the violent; and that he only ought to be trusted with the violation of order by whom it is held sacred.

Both the past conduct of the Union, which was condemned even by several of the evangelical states, and the apprehension of even worse treatment, aroused the Roman Catholics to something beyond mere inactive indignation. As to the Emperor, his authority had sunk too low to afford them any security against such an enemy. It was their Union that rendered the confederates so formidable and so insolent; and another union must now be opposed to them.

The Bishop of Wurtzburg formed the plan of the Catholic Union, which was distinguished from the evangelical by the title of the League. The objects agreed upon were nearly the same as those which constituted the groundwork of the Union. Bishops formed its principal members, and at its head was placed Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria. As the only influential secular member of the confederacy, he was intrusted with far more extensive powers than the Protestants had committed to their chief. In addition to the duke's being the sole head of the League's military power, whereby their operations acquired a speed and weight unattainable by the Union, they had also the advantage that supplies flowed in much more regularly from the rich prelates, than the latter could obtain them from the poor evangelical states. Without offering to the Emperor,

as the sovereign of a Roman Catholic state, any share in their confederacy, without even communicating its existence to him as emperor, the League arose at once formidable and threatening, with strength sufficient to crush the Protestant Union, and to maintain itself under three emperors. It contended, indeed, for Austria, in so far as it fought against the Protestant princes; but Austria herself had soon cause to tremble before it.

The arms of the Union had, in the mean time, been tolerably successful in Juliers and in Alsace. Juliers was closely blockaded, and the whole bishopric of Strasburg was in their power. But here their splendid achievements came to an end. No French army appeared upon the Rhine; for he who was to be its leader, he who was the animating soul of the whole enterprise, Henry IV., was no more! Their supplies were on the wane; the Estates refused to grant new subsidies; and the confederate free cities were offended that their money should be liberally, but their advice so sparingly called for. Especially were they displeased at being put to expense for the expedition against Juliers, which had been expressly excluded from the affairs of the Union—at the united princes appropriating to themselves large pensions out of the common treasure—and, above all, at their refusing to give any account of its expenditure.

The Union was thus verging to its fall, at the moment when the League started to oppose it in the vigor of its strength. Want of supplies disabled the confederates from any longer keeping the field. And yet it was dangerous to lay down their weapons in the sight of an armed enemy. To secure themselves at least on one side, they hastened to conclude a peace with their old enemy, the Archduke Leopold; and both parties agreed to withdraw their troops from Alsace, to exchange prisoners, and to bury all that had been done in oblivion. Thus ended in nothing all these promising preparations.

The same imperious tone with which the Union, in the confidence of its strength, had menaced the Roman Catholics of Germany, was now retorted by the League upon themselves and their troops. The traces of their march were pointed out to them, and plainly branded with the hard epithets they had deserved. The chapters of Wurtzburg, Bamberg, Strasburg, Mentz, Treves, Cologne, and several others, had experienced their destructive presence; to all these the damage done was to be made good, the free passage by land and by water restored (for the Protestants had even seized on the navigation of the Rhine), and every thing replaced on its former footing. Above all, the parties to the Union were called on to declare expressly and unequivocally its intentions. It was now their turn to yield to superior strength. They had not calculated on so formidable an opponent; but they themselves had taught the Roman Catholics the secret of their strength. It was humiliating to their pride to sue for peace, but they might think themselves fortunate in obtaining it. The one party promised restitution, the other forgiveness. All laid down their arms. The storm of war once more rolled by, and a temporary calm suc-

ceeded. The insurrection in Bohemia then broke out, which deprived the Emperor of the last of his hereditary dominions, but in this dispute neither the Union nor the League took any share.

At length the Emperor died in 1612, as little regretted in his coffin as noticed on the throne. Long afterward, when the miseries of succeeding reigns had made the misfortunes of his forgotten, a halo spread about his memory, and so fearful a night set in upon Germany, that, with tears of blood, people prayed for the return of such an emperor.

Rodolph never could be prevailed upon to choose a successor in the empire, and all awaited with anxiety the approaching vacancy of the throne; but, beyond all hope, Matthias at once ascended it, and without opposition. The Roman Catholics gave him their voices, because they hoped the best from his vigor and activity; the Protestants gave him theirs, because they hoped every thing from his weakness. It is not difficult to reconcile this contradiction. The one relied on what he had once appeared; the other judged him by what he seemed at present.

The moment of a new accession is always a day of hope; and the first Diet of a king in elective monarchies is usually his severest trial. Every old grievance is brought forward, and new ones are sought out, that they may be included in the expected reform; quite a new world is expected to commence with the new king. The important services which, in his insurrection, their religious confederates in Austria had rendered to Matthias, were still fresh in the minds of the Protestant free cities, and, above all, the price which they had exacted for their services seemed now to serve them also as a model.

It was by the favor of the Protestant Estates in Austria and Moravia that Matthias had sought and really found the way to his brother's throne; but, hurried on by his ambitious views, he never reflected that a way was thus opened for the States to give laws to their sovereign. This discovery soon awoke him from the intoxication of success. Scarcely had he shown himself in triumph to his Austrian subjects, after his victorious expedition to Bohemia, when a humble petition awaited him which was quite sufficient to poison his whole triumph. They required, before doing homage, unlimited religious toleration in the cities and market towns, perfect equality of rights between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and a full and equal admissibility of the latter to all offices of state. In several places, they of themselves assumed these privileges, and, reckoning on a change of administration, restored the Protestant religion where the late Emperor had suppressed it. Matthias, it is true, had not scrupled to make use of the grievances of the Protestants for his own ends against the Emperor; but it was far from being his intention to relieve them. By a firm and resolute tone he hoped to check, at once, these presumptuous demands. He spoke of his hereditary title to these territories, and would hear of no stipulations before the act of homage. A like unconditional submission had been rendered by their neighbors, the inhabitants of Styria, to the Archduke Ferdinand, who, however,

had soon reason to repent of it. Warned by this example, the Austrian States persisted in their refusal; and, to avoid being compelled by force to do homage, their deputies (after urging their Roman Catholic colleagues to a similar resistance) immediately left the capital, and began to levy troops.

They took steps to renew their old alliance with Hungary, drew the Protestant princes into their interests, and set themselves seriously to work to accomplish their object by force of arms.

With the more exorbitant demands of the Hungarians, Matthias had not hesitated to comply. For Hungary was an elective monarchy, and the republican constitution of the country justified to himself their demands, and to the Roman Catholic world his concessions. In Austria, on the contrary, his predecessors had exercised far higher prerogatives, which he could not relinquish at the demand of the Estates without incurring the scorn of Roman Catholic Europe, the enmity of Spain and Rome, and the contempt of his own Roman Catholic subjects. His exclusively Romish council, among which the Bishop of Vienna, Melchio Kiesel, had the chief influence, exhorted him to see all the churches extorted from him by the Protestants, rather than to concede one to them as a matter of right.

But by ill luck this difficulty occurred at a time when the Emperor Rodolph was yet alive, and a spectator of this scene, and who might easily have been tempted to employ against his brother the same weapons which the latter had successfully directed against him—namely, an understanding with his rebellious subjects. To avoid this, Matthias willingly availed himself of the offer made by Moravia, to act as mediator between him and the Estates of Austria. Representatives of both parties met in Vienna, when the Austrian deputies held language which would have excited surprise even in the English Parliament. "The Protestants," they said, "are determined to be not worse treated in their native country than the handful of Romanists. By the help of his Protestant nobles had Matthias reduced the Emperor to submission; where 80 Papists were to be found, 300 Protestant barons might be counted. The example of Rodolph should be a warning to Matthias. He should take care that he did not lose the terrestrial, in attempting to make conquests for the celestial." As the Moravian States, instead of using their powers as mediators for the Emperor's advantage, finally adopted the cause of their co-religionists of Austria; as the Union in Germany came forward to afford them its most active support, and as Matthias dreaded reprisals on the part of the Emperor, he was at length compelled to make the desired declaration in favor of the Evangelical Church.

This behavior of the Austrian Estates toward their Archduke was now imitated by the Protestant Estates of the Empire toward their Emperor, and they promised themselves the same favorable results. At the first Diet at Ratisbon in 1613, when the most pressing affairs were waiting for decision—when a general contribution was indispensable for a war against Turkey, and against Bethlem Gabor in Transylvania, who by Turkish

aid had forcibly usurped the sovereignty of that land, and even threatened Hungary—they surprised him with an entirely new demand. The Roman Catholic votes were still the most numerous in the Diet; and as every thing was decided by a plurality of voices, the Protestant party, however closely united, were entirely without consideration. The advantage of this majority the Roman Catholics were now called on to relinquish; henceforward no one religious party was to be permitted to dictate to the other by means of its invariable superiority. And in truth, if the evangelical religion was really to be represented in the diet, it was self-evident that it must not be shut out from the possibility of making use of that privilege, merely from the constitution of the Diet itself. Complaints of the judicial usurpations of the Aulic Council, and of the oppression of the Protestants, accompanied this demand, and the deputies of the Estates were instructed to take no part in any general deliberations till a favorable answer should be given on this preliminary point.

The Diet was torn asunder by this dangerous division, which threatened to destroy forever the unity of its deliberations. Sincerely as the Emperor might have wished, after the example of his father Maximilian, to preserve a prudent balance between the two religions, the present conduct of the Protestants seemed to leave him nothing but a critical choice between the two. In his present necessities a general contribution from the Estates was indispensable to him; and yet he could not conciliate the one party without sacrificing the support of the other. Insecure as he felt his situation to be in his own hereditary dominions, he could not but tremble at the idea, however remote, of an open war with the Protestants. But the eyes of the whole Roman Catholic world, which were attentively regarding his conduct, the remonstrances of the Roman Catholic Estates, and of the Courts of Rome and Spain, as little permitted him to favor the Protestant at the expense of the Romish religion.

So critical a situation would have paralyzed a greater mind than Matthias; and his own prudence would scarcely have extricated him from his dilemma. But the interests of the Roman Catholics were closely interwoven with the imperial authority; if they suffered this to fall, the ecclesiastical princes in particular would be without a bulwark against the attacks of the Protestants. Now, then, that they saw the Emperor wavering, they thought it high time to reassure his sinking courage. They imparted to him the secret of their League, and acquainted him with its whole constitution, resources and power. Little comforting as such a revelation must have been to the Emperor, the prospect of so powerful a support gave him greater boldness to oppose the Protestants. Their demands were rejected, and the Diet broke up without coming to a decision. But Matthias was the victim of this dispute. The Protestants refused him their supplies, and made him alone suffer for the inflexibility of the Roman Catholics.

The Turks, however, appeared willing to prolong the cessation of hostilities, and Bethlem Gabor was left in peaceable possession of Tran-

sylvania. The empire was now free from foreign enemies; and even at home, in the midst of all these fearful disputes, peace still reigned. An unexpected accident had given a singular turn to the dispute as to the succession of Juliers. This duchy was still ruled conjointly by the Electorate House of Brandenburg and the Palatine of Neuberg; and a marriage between the Prince of Neuberg and a Princess of Brandenburg was to have inseparably united the interests of the two houses. But the whole scheme was upset by a box on the ear, which, in a drunken brawl, the Elector of Brandenburg unfortunately inflicted upon his intended son-in-law. From this moment the good understanding between the two houses was at an end. The Prince of Neuberg embraced popery. The hand of a Princess of Bavaria rewarded his apostasy, and the strong support of Bavaria and Spain was the natural result of both. To secure to the Palatine the exclusive possession of Juliers, the Spanish troops from the Netherlands were marched into the Palatinate. To rid himself of these guests, the Elector of Brandenburg called the Flemings to his assistance, whom he sought to propitiate by embracing the Calvinist religion. Both Spanish and Dutch armies appeared, but, as it seemed, only to make conquests for themselves.

The neighboring war of the Netherlands seemed now about to be decided on German ground; and what an inexhaustible mine of combustibles lay here ready for it! The Protestants saw with consternation the Spaniards establishing themselves upon the Lower Rhine; with still greater anxiety did the Roman Catholics see the Hollanders bursting through the frontiers of the empire. It was in the west that the mine was expected to explode which had long been dug under the whole of Germany. To the west, apprehension and anxiety turned; but the spark which kindled the flame came unexpectedly from the east.

The tranquillity which Rodolph II.'s Letter of Majesty had established in Bohemia lasted for some time, under the administration of Matthias, till the nomination of a new heir to this kingdom in the person of Ferdinand of Gratz.

This prince, whom we shall afterward become better acquainted with under the title of Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, had, by the violent extirpation of the Protestant religion within his hereditary dominions, announced himself as an inexorable zealot for popery, and was consequently looked upon by the Roman Catholic part of Bohemia as the future pillar of their church. The declining health of the Emperor brought on this hour rapidly; and, relying on so powerful a supporter, the Bohemian Papists began to treat the Protestants with little moderation. The Protestant vassals of Roman Catholic nobles, in particular, experienced the harshest treatment. At length several of the former were incautious enough to speak somewhat loudly of their hopes, and by threatening hints to awaken among the Protestants a suspicion of their future sovereign. But this mistrust would never have broken out into actual violence, had the Roman Catholics confined themselves to general expressions, and not by attacks on individuals furnished the discontent of the people with enterprising leaders.

Henry Matthias, Count Thurn, not a native of Bohemia, but proprietor of some estates in that kingdom, had, by his zeal for the Protestant cause, and an enthusiastic attachment to his newly adopted country, gained the entire confidence of the Utraquists, which opened him the way to the most important posts. He had fought with great glory against the Turks, and won by a flattering address the hearts of the multitude. Of a hot and impetuous disposition, which loved tumult because his talents shone in it—rash and thoughtless enough to undertake things which cold prudence and a calmer temper would not have ventured upon—unscrupulous enough, where the gratification of his passions was concerned, to sport with the fate of thousands, and at the same time politic enough to hold in leading-strings such a people as the Bohemians then were. He had already taken an active part in the troubles under Rodolph's administration; and the Letter of Majesty which the States had extorted from that Emperor, was chiefly to be laid to his merit. The court had intrusted to him, as burgrave or castellan of Calstein, the custody of the Bohemian crown, and of the national charter. But the nation had placed in his hands something far more important—*itself*—with the office of defender or protector of the faith. The aristocracy by which the Emperor was ruled, imprudently deprived him of this harmless guardianship of the dead, to leave him his full influence over the living. They took from him his office of burgrave, or constable of the castle, which had rendered him dependent on the court, thereby opening his eyes to the importance of the other which remained, and wounded his vanity, which yet was the thing that made his ambition harmless. From this moment he was actuated solely by a desire of revenge; and the opportunity of gratifying it was not long wanting.

In the Royal Letter which the Bohemians had extorted from Rodolph II., as well as in the German religious treaty, one material article remained undetermined. All the privileges granted by the latter to the Protestants, were conceived in favor of the Estates or governing bodies, not of the subjects; for only to those of the ecclesiastical states had a toleration, and that precarious, been conceded. The Bohemian Letter of Majesty, in the same manner, spoke only of the Estates and imperial towns, the magistrates of which had contrived to obtain equal privileges with the former. These alone were free to erect churches and schools, and openly to celebrate their Protestant worship: in all other towns, it was left entirely to the government to which they belonged, to determine the religion of the inhabitants. The Estates of the Empire had availed themselves of this privilege in its fullest extent; the secular indeed without opposition; while the ecclesiastical, in whose case the declaration of Ferdinand had limited this privilege, disputed, not without reason, the validity of that limitation. What was a disputed point in the religious treaty, was left still more doubtful in the Letter of Majesty; in the former, the construction was not doubtful, but it was a question how far obedience might be compulsory; in the latter, the interpre-

tation was left to the states. The subjects of the ecclesiastical Estates in Bohemia thought themselves entitled to the same rights which the declaration of Ferdinand secured to the subjects of German bishops: they considered themselves on an equality with the subjects of imperial towns, because they looked upon the ecclesiastical property as part of the royal demesnes. In the little town of Klostergrab, subject to the Archbishop of Prague; and in Braunau, which belonged to the abbot of that monastery, churches were founded by the Protestants, and completed notwithstanding the opposition of their superiors, and the disapprobation of the Emperor.

In the mean time, the vigilance of the defenders had somewhat relaxed, and the court thought it might venture on a decisive step. By the Emperor's orders, the church at Klostergrab was pulled down; that at Braunau forcibly shut up, and the most turbulent of the citizens thrown into prison. A general commotion among the Protestants was the consequence of this measure; a loud outcry was everywhere raised at this violation of the Letter of Majesty; and Count Thurn, animated by revenge, and particularly called upon by his office of defender, showed himself not a little busy in inflaming the minds of the people. At his instigation deputies were summoned to Prague from every circle in the empire, to concert the necessary measures against the common danger. It was resolved to petition the Emperor to press for the liberation of the prisoners. The answer of the Emperor, already offensive to the states, from its being addressed, not to them, but to his viceroy, denounced their conduct as illegal and rebellious, justified what had been done at Klostergrab and Braunau as the result of an imperial mandate, and contained some passages that might be construed into threats.

Count Thurn did not fail to augment the unfavorable impression which this imperial edict made upon the assembled Estates. He pointed out to them the danger in which all who had signed the petition were involved, and sought by working on their resentment and fears to hurry them into violent resolutions. To have caused their immediate revolt against the Emperor, would have been, as yet, too bold a measure. It was only step by step that he would lead them on to this unavoidable result. He held it, therefore, advisable first to direct their indignation against the Emperor's counselors; and for that purpose circulated a report, that the imperial proclamation had been drawn up by the government at Prague, and only signed in Vienna. Among the imperial delegates, the chief objects of the popular hatred, were the President of the Chamber, Slawata, and Baron Martinitz, who had been elected in place of Count Thurn, Burgrave of Calstein. Both had long before evinced pretty openly their hostile feelings toward the Protestants, by alone refusing to be present at the sitting at which the Letter of Majesty had been inserted in the Bohemian constitution. A threat was made at the time to make them responsible for every violation of the Letter of Majesty; and from this moment, whatever evil befell the Protestants was set down, and not without reason, to their account. Of all the Roman

Catholic nobles, these two had treated their Protestant vassals with the greatest harshness. They were accused of hunting them with dogs to the mass, and of endeavoring to compel them to popery by a denial of the rites of baptism, marriage, and burial. Against two characters so unpopular the public indignation was easily excited, and they were marked out for a sacrifice to the general indignation.

On the 23d of May, 1618, the deputies appeared armed, and in great numbers, at the royal palace, and forced their way into the hall where the Commissioners Sternberg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slawata were assembled. In a threatening tone they demanded to know from each of them, whether he had taken any part in, or had consented to, the imperial proclamation. Sternberg received them with composure, Martinitz and Slawata with defiance. This decided their fate; Sternberg and Lobkowitz, less hated, and more feared, were led by the arm out of the room; Martinitz and Slawata were seized, dragged to a window, and precipitated from a height of eighty feet, into the castle trench. Their creature, the secretary Fabricius, was thrown after them. This singular mode of execution naturally excited the surprise of civilized nations. The Bohemians justified it as a national custom, and saw nothing remarkable in the whole affair, excepting that any one should have got up again safe and sound after such a fall. A dunghill, on which the imperial commissioners chanced to be deposited, had saved them from injury.

It was not to be expected that this summary mode of proceeding would much increase the favor of the parties with the Emperor, but this was the very position to which Count Thurn wished to bring them. If, from the fear of uncertain danger, they had permitted themselves such an act of violence, the certain expectation of punishment, and the now urgent necessity for their own security, would plunge them still deeper into guilt. By this brutal act of self-redress, no room was left for irresolution or repentance, and it seemed as if a single crime could be absolved only by a series of violences. As the deed itself could not be undone, nothing was left but to disarm the hand of punishment. Thirty directors were appointed to organize a regular insurrection. They seized upon all the offices of state, and all the imperial revenues, took into their own service the royal functionaries and the soldiers, and summoned the whole Bohemian nation to avenge the common cause. The Jesuits, whom the common hatred accused as the instigators of every previous oppression, were banished the kingdom, and this harsh measure the Estates found it necessary to justify in a formal manifesto. These various steps were taken for the preservation of the royal authority and the laws—the language of all rebels till fortune has decided in their favor.

The emotion which the news of the Bohemian insurrection excited at the imperial court, was much less lively than such intelligence deserved. The Emperor Matthias was no longer the resolute spirit that formerly sought out his king and master in the very bosom of his people, and hurled him from three thrones. The confidence

and courage which had animated him in a usurpation, deserted him in a legitimate self-defense. The Bohemian rebels had first taken up arms, and the nature of circumstances drove him to join them. But he could not hope to confine such a war to Bohemia. In all the territories under his dominion, the Protestants were united by a dangerous sympathy—the common danger of their religion might suddenly combine them all into a formidable republic. What could he oppose to such an enemy, if the Protestant portion of his subjects deserted him? And would not both parties exhaust themselves in so ruinous a civil war? How much was at stake if he lost; and if he won, whom else would he destroy but his own subjects?

Considerations such as these inclined the Emperor and his council to concessions and pacific measures, but it was in this very spirit of concession that, as others would have it, lay the origin of the evil. The Archduke Ferdinand of Gratz congratulated the Emperor upon an event, which would justify in the eyes of all Europe the severest measures against the Bohemian Protestants. "Disobedience, lawlessness, and insurrection," he said, "went always hand-in-hand with Protestantism. Every privilege which had been conceded to the Estates by himself and his predecessor, had had no other effect than to raise their demands. All the measures of the heretics were aimed against the imperial authority. Step by step had they advanced from defiance to defiance up to this last aggression; in a short time they would assail all that remained to be assailed in the person of the Emperor. In arms alone was there any safety against such an enemy—peace and subordination could be only established upon the ruins of their dangerous privileges; security for the Catholic belief was to be found only in the total destruction of this sect. Uncertain it was true, might be the event of the war, but inevitable was the ruin if it were pretermitted. The confiscation of the lands of the rebels would richly indemnify them for its expenses, while the terror of punishment would teach the other states the wisdom of a prompt obedience in future." Were the Bohemian Protestants to blame, if they armed themselves in time against the enforcement of such maxims? The insurrection in Bohemia, besides, was directed only against the successor of the Emperor, not against himself, who had done nothing to justify the alarm of the Protestants. To exclude this prince from the Bohemian throne, arms had before been taken up under Matthias, though as long as this Emperor lived, his subjects had kept within the bounds of an apparent submission.

But Bohemia was in arms, and unarmed, the Emperor dared not even offer them peace. For this purpose, Spain supplied gold, and promised to send troops from Italy and the Netherlands. Count Bucquoi, a native of the Netherlands, was named generalissimo, because no native could be trusted, and Count Dampierre, another foreigner, commanded under him. Before the army took the field, the Emperor endeavored to bring about an amicable arrangement, by the publication of a manifesto. In this he assured the Bohemians,

"that he held sacred the Letter of Majesty—that he had not formed any resolutions inimical to their religion or their privileges, and that his present preparations were forced upon him by their own. As soon as the nation laid down their arms, he also would disband his army." But this gracious letter failed of its effects, because the leaders of the insurrection contrived to hide from the people the Emperor's good intentions. Instead of this they circulated the most alarming reports from the pulpit, and by pamphlets, and terrified the deluded populace with threatened horrors of another Saint Bartholomew's that existed only in their imagination. All Bohemia, with the exception of three towns, Budweiss, Krummau, and Pilsen, took part in this insurrection. These three towns, inhabited principally by Roman Catholics, alone had the courage, in this general revolt, to hold out for the Emperor, who promised them assistance. But it could not escape Count Thurn, how dangerous it was to leave in hostile hands three places of such importance, which would at all times keep open for the imperial troops an entrance into the kingdom. With prompt determination he appeared before Budweiss and Krummau, in the hope of terrifying them into a surrender. Krummau surrendered, but all his attacks were steadfastly repulsed by Budweiss.

And now, too, the Emperor began to show more earnestness and energy. Bucquoi and Dampierre, with two armies, fell upon the Bohemian territories, which they treated as a hostile country. But the imperial generals found the march to Prague more difficult than they had expected. Every pass, every position that was the least tenable, must be opened by the sword, and resistance increased at each fresh step they took, for the outrages of their troops, chiefly consisting of Hungarians and Walloons, drove their friends to revolt and their enemies to despair. But even now that his troops had penetrated into Bohemia, the Emperor continued to offer the Estates peace, and to show himself ready for an amicable adjustment. But the new prospects which opened upon them, raised the courage of the revolters. Moravia espoused their party; and from Germany appeared to them a defender equally intrepid and unexpected, in the person of Count Mansfeld.

The heads of the Evangelical Union had been silent but not inactive spectators of the movements in Bohemia. Both were contending for the same cause, and against the same enemy. In the fate of the Bohemians, their confederates in the faith might read their own; and the cause of this people was represented as of solemn common concern to the German League. True to these principles, the Unionists supported the courage of the insurgents by promises of assistance; and a fortunate accident now enabled them, beyond their hopes, to fulfill them.

The instrument by which the House of Austria was humbled in Germany, was Peter Ernest, Count Mansfeld, the son of a distinguished Austrian officer, Ernest von Mansfeld, who for some time had commanded with repute the Spanish army in the Netherlands. His first campaign in Juliers and Alsace had been made in the service of

this house, and under the banner of the Archduke Leopold, against the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany. But insensibly won by the principles of this religion, he abandoned a leader whose selfishness denied him the reimbursement of the moneys expended in his cause, and he transferred his zeal and a victorious sword to the Evangelical Union. It happened just then that the Duke of Savoy, an ally of the Union, demanded assistance in a war against Spain. They assigned to him their newly-acquired servant, and Mansfeld received instructions to raise an army of 4,000 men in Germany, in the cause and in the pay of the duke. The army was ready to march at the very moment when the flames of war burst out in Bohemia, and the duke, who at the time did not stand in need of its services, placed it at the disposal of the Union. Nothing could be more welcome to these troops than the prospect of aiding their confederates in Bohemia, at the cost of a third party. Mansfeld received orders forthwith to march with these 4,000 men into that kingdom; and a pretended Bohemian commission was given to blind the public as to the true author of this levy.

This Mansfeld now appeared in Bohemia, and, by the occupation of Pilsen, strongly fortified and favorable to the Emperor, obtained a firm footing in the country. The courage of the rebels was further increased by succors which the Silesian States dispatched to their assistance. Between these and the Imperialists, several battles were fought, far indeed from decisive, but only on that account the more destructive, which served as the prelude to a more serious war. To check the vigor of his military operations, a negotiation was entered into with the Emperor, and a disposition was shown to accept the proffered mediation of Saxony. But before the event could prove how little sincerity there was in these proposals, the Emperor was removed from the scene by death.

What now had Matthias done to justify the expectations which he had excited by the overthrow of his predecessor? Was it worth while to ascend a brother's throne through guilt, and then maintain it with so little dignity, and leave it with so little renown? As long as Matthias sat on the throne, he had to atone for the imprudence by which he had gained it. To enjoy the regal dignity a few years sooner, he had shackled the free exercise of its prerogatives. The slender portion of independence left him by the growing power of the Estates, was still further lessened by the encroachments of his relations. Sickly and childless, he saw the attention of the world turned to an ambitious heir who was impatiently anticipating his fate; and who, by his interference with the closing administration, was already opening his own.

With Matthias, the reigning line of the German House of Austria was in a manner extinct; for of all the sons of Maximilian, one only was now alive, the weak and childless Archduke Albert, in the Netherlands, who had already renounced his claims to the inheritance in favor of the line of Gratz. The Spanish House had also, in a secret bond, resigned its pretensions to the Austrian possessions in behalf of the Archduke Ferdinand

of Styria, in whom the Branch of Hapsburg was about to put forth new shoots, and the former greatness of Austria to experience a revival.

The father of Ferdinand was the Archduke Charles of Carniola, Carinthia, and Styria, the youngest brother of the Emperor Maximilian II.; his mother a princess of Bavaria. Having lost his father at twelve years of age, he was intrusted by the archduchess to the guardianship of her brother William, Duke of Bavaria, under whose eyes he was instructed and educated by Jesuits at the Academy of Ingolstadt. What principles he was likely to imbibe by his intercourse with a prince, who from motives of devotion had abdicated his government, may be easily conceived. Care was taken to point out to him, on the one hand, the weak indulgence of Maximilian's house toward the adherents of the new doctrines, and the consequent troubles of their dominions; on the other, the blessings of Bavaria, and the inflexible religious zeal of its rulers: between these two examples he was left to choose for himself.

Formed in this school to be a stout champion of the faith, and a prompt instrument of the church, he left Bavaria, after a residence of five years, to assume the government of his hereditary dominions. The Estates of Carniola, Carinthia, and Styria, who, before doing homage, demanded a guarantee for freedom of religion, were told that religious liberty had nothing to do with their allegiance. The oath was put to them without conditions, and unconditionally taken. Many years, however, elapsed, ere the designs which had been planned at Ingolstadt were ripe for execution. Before attempting to carry them into effect, he sought in person at Loretto the favor of the Virgin, and received the apostolic benediction in Rome at the feet of Clement VIII.

These designs were nothing less than the expulsion of Protestantism from a country where it had the advantage of numbers, and had been legally recognized by a formal act of toleration, granted by his father to the noble and knightly estates of the land. A grant so formally ratified could not be revoked without danger; but no difficulties could deter the pious pupil of the Jesuits. The example of other states, both Roman Catholic and Protestants, which within their own territories had exercised unquestioned a right of reformation, and the abuse which the Estates of Styria made of their religious liberties, would serve as a justification of this violent procedure. Under the shelter of an absurd positive law, those of equity and prudence might, it was thought, be safely despised. In the execution of these unrighteous designs, Ferdinand did, it must be owned, display no common courage and perseverance. Without tumult, and we may add, without cruelty, he suppressed the Protestant service in one town after another, and in a few years, to the astonishment of Germany, this dangerous work was brought to a successful end.

But while the Roman Catholics admired him as a hero, and the champion of the church, the Protestants began to combine against him as against their most dangerous enemy. And yet Matthias's intention to bequeath to him the succession, met with little or no opposition in the elective states

of Austria. Even the Bohemians agreed to receive him as their future king, on very favorable conditions. It was not until afterward, when they had experienced the pernicious influence of his councils on the administration of the Emperor, that their anxiety was first excited; and then several projects, in his handwriting, which an unlucky chance threw into their hands, as they plainly evinced his disposition toward them, carried their apprehension to the utmost pitch. In particular, they were alarmed by a secret family compact with Spain, by which, in default of heirs-male of his own body, Ferdinand bequeathed to that crown the kingdom of Bohemia, without first consulting the wishes of that nation, and without regard to its right of free election. The many enemies, too, which by his reforms in Styria that prince had provoked among the Protestants, were very prejudicial to his interests in Bohemia; and some Styrian emigrants, who had taken refuge there, bringing with them into their adopted country hearts overflowing with a desire of revenge, were particularly active in exciting the flames of revolt. Thus ill-affected did Ferdinand find the Bohemians, when he succeeded Matthias.

So bad an understanding between the nation and the candidate for the throne, would have raised a storm even in the most peaceable succession; how much more so at the present moment, before the ardor of insurrection had cooled; when the nation had just recovered its dignity, and reasserted its rights; when they still held arms in their hands, and the consciousness of unity had awakened an enthusiastic reliance on their own strength; when by past success, by the promises of foreign assistance, and by visionary expectations of the future, their courage had been raised to an undoubting confidence. Disregarding the rights already conferred on Ferdinand, the Estates declared the throne vacant, and their right of election entirely unfettered. All hopes of their peaceful submission were at an end, and if Ferdinand wished still to wear the crown of Bohemia, he must choose between purchasing it at the sacrifice of all that would make a crown desirable, or winning it sword in hand.

But with what means was it to be won? Turn his eyes where he would, the fire of revolt was burning. Silesia had already joined the insurgents in Bohemia; Moravia was on the point of following its example. In Upper and Lower Austria the spirit of liberty was awake, as it had been under Rodolph, and the Estates refused to do homage. Hungary was menaced with an inroad by Prince Bethlem Gabor, on the side of Transylvania; a secret arming among the Turks spread consternation among the provinces to the eastward; and, to complete his perplexities in his hereditary dominions, the Protestants also, stimulated by the general example, were again raising their heads. In that quarter, their numbers were overwhelming; in most places they had possession of the revenues which Ferdinand would need for the maintenance of the war. The neutral began to waver, the faithful to be discouraged, the turbulent alone to be animated and confident. One half of Germany encouraged the rebels, the other inactively awaited the issue; Spanish assistance

was still very remote. The moment which had brought him every thing, threatened also to deprive him of all.

And when he now, yielding to the stern law of necessity, made overtures to the Bohemian rebels, all his proposals for peace were insolently rejected. Count Thurn, at the head of an army, entered Moravia, to bring this province, which alone continued to waver, to a decision. The appearance of their friends is the signal of revolt for the Moravian Protestants. Brünn is taken, the remainder of the country yields with free will, throughout the province government and religion are changed. Swelling as it flows, the torrent of rebellion pours down upon Austria, where a party, holding similar sentiments, receives it with a joyful concurrence. Henceforth, there should be no more distinctions of religion; equality of rights should be guaranteed to all Christian churches. They hear that a foreign force has been invited into the country to oppress the Bohemians. Let them be sought out, and the enemies of liberty pursued to the ends of the earth. Not an arm is raised in defense of the Archduke, and the rebels, at length, encamp before Vienna to besiege their sovereign.

Ferdinand had sent his children from Grätz, where they were no longer safe, to the Tyrol; he himself awaited the insurgents in his capital. A handful of soldiers was all he could oppose to the enraged multitude; these few were without pay or provisions, and therefore little to be depended on. Vienna was unprepared for a long siege. The party of the Protestants, ready at any moment to join the Bohemians, had the preponderance in the city; those in the country had already begun to levy troops against him. Already, in imagination, the Protestant populace saw the Emperor shut up in a monastery, his territories divided, and his children educated as Protestants. Confiding in secret, and surrounded by public enemies, he saw the chasm every moment widening to engulf his hopes and even himself. The Bohemian bullets were already falling upon the imperial palace, when sixteen Austrian barons forcibly entered his chamber, and inveighing against him with loud and bitter reproaches, endeavored to force him into a confederation with the Bohemians. One of them, seizing him by the button of his doublet, demanded, in a tone of menace, "Ferdinand, wilt thou sign it?"

Who would not be pardoned had he wavered in this frightful situation? Yet Ferdinand still remembered the dignity of a Roman emperor. No alternative seemed left to him but an immediate flight or submission; laymen urged him to the one, priests to the other. If he abandoned the city, it would fall into the enemy's hands; with Vienna, Austria was lost; with Austria, the imperial throne. Ferdinand abandoned not his capital, and as little would he hear of conditions.

The Archduke is still engaged in altercation with the deputed barons, when all at once a sound of trumpets is heard in the palace square. Terror and astonishment take possession of all present; a fearful report pervades the palace; one deputy after another disappears. Many of the nobility and the citizens hastily take refuge in the camp of Thurn. This sudden change is

effected by a regiment of Dampierre's cuirassiers, who at that moment marched into the city to defend the Archduke. A body of infantry soon followed; reassured by their appearance, several of the Roman Catholic citizens, and even the students themselves, take up arms. A report which arrived just at the same time from Bohemia made his deliverance complete. The Flemish general, Bucquoi, had totally defeated Count Mansfeld at Budweiss, and was marching upon Prague. The Bohemians hastily broke up their camp before Vienna to protect their own capital.

And now also the passes were free which the enemy had taken possession of, in order to obstruct Ferdinand's progress to his coronation at Frankfort. If the accession to the imperial throne was important for the plans of the King of Hungary, it was of still greater consequence at the present moment, when his nomination as Emperor would afford the most unsuspecting and decisive proof of the dignity of his person, and of the justice of his cause, while, at the same time, it would give him a hope of support from the Empire. But the same cabal which opposed him in his hereditary dominions, labored also to counteract him in his canvass for the imperial dignity. No Austrian prince, they maintained, ought to ascend the throne; least of all Ferdinand, the bigoted persecutor of their religion, the slave of Spain and of the Jesuits. To prevent this, the crown had been offered, even during the lifetime of Matthias, to the Duke of Bavaria, and, on his refusal, to the Duke of Savoy. As some difficulty was experienced in settling with the latter the conditions of acceptance, it was sought, at all events, to delay the election till some decisive blow in Austria or Bohemia should annihilate all the hopes of Ferdinand, and incapacitate him from any competition for this dignity. The members of the Union left no stone unturned to gain over from Ferdinand the Electorate of Saxony, which was bound to Austrian interests; they represented to this court the dangers with which the Protestant religion, and even the constitution of the empire, were threatened by the principles of this prince and his Spanish alliance. By the elevation of Ferdinand to the imperial throne, Germany, they further asserted, would be involved in the private quarrels of this prince, and bring upon itself the arms of Bohemia. But in spite of all opposing influences, the day of election was fixed, Ferdinand summoned to it as lawful King of Bohemia, and his electoral vote, after a fruitless resistance on the part of the Bohemian Estates, acknowledged to be good. The votes of the three ecclesiastical electorates were for him, Saxony was favorable to him, Brandenburg made no opposition, and a decided majority declared him Emperor in 1619. Thus he saw the most doubtful of his crowns placed first of all on his head; but a few days after he lost that which he had reckoned the most certain of his possessions. While he was thus elected Emperor in Frankfort, he was in Prague deprived of the Bohemian throne.

Almost all of his German hereditary dominions had in the mean time entered into a formidable league with the Bohemians, whose insolence now exceeded all bounds. In a general Diet, the latter,

on the 17th of August, 1619, proclaimed the Emperor an enemy to the Bohemian religion and liberties, who by his pernicious counsels had alienated from them the affections of the late Emperor, had furnished troops to oppress them, had given their country as a prey to foreigners, and finally, in contravention of the national rights, had bequeathed the crown, by a secret compact, to Spain; they therefore declared that he had forfeited whatever title he might otherwise have had to the crown, and immediately proceeded to a new election. As this sentence was pronounced by Protestants, their choice could not well fall upon a Roman Catholic prince, though, to save appearances, some voices were raised for Bavaria and Savoy. But the violent religious animosities which divided the evangelical and the reformed parties among the Protestants, impeded for some time the election even of a Protestant king; till at last the address and activity of the Calvinists carried the day from the numerical superiority of the Lutherans.

Among all the princes who were competitors for this dignity, the Elector Palatine Frederick V. had the best grounded claims on the confidence and gratitude of the Bohemians; and among them all, there was no one in whose case the private interests of particular Estates, and the attachment of the people seemed to be justified by so many considerations of state. Frederick V. was of a free and lively spirit, of great goodness of heart, and regal liberality. He was the head of the Calvinistic party in Germany, the leader of the Union, whose resources were at his disposal, a near relation of the Duke of Bavaria, and a son-in-law of the King of Great Britain, who might lend him his powerful support. All these considerations were prominently and successfully brought forward by the Calvinists, and Frederick V. was chosen king by the Assembly at Prague, amidst prayers and tears of joy.

The whole proceedings of the Diet at Prague had been premeditated, and Frederick himself had taken too active a share in the matter to feel at all surprised at the offer made to him by the Bohemians. But now the immediate glitter of this throne dazzled him, and the magnitude both of his elevation and his delinquency made his weak mind to tremble. After the usual manner of pusillanimous spirits, he sought to confirm himself in his purpose by the opinions of others; but these opinions had no weight with him when they ran counter to his own cherished wishes. Saxony and Bavaria, of whom he sought advice, all his brother electors, all who compared the magnitude of the design with his capacities and resources, warned him of the danger into which he was about to rush. Even King James of England preferred to see his son-in-law deprived of this crown, than that the sacred majesty of kings should be outraged by so dangerous a precedent. But of what avail was the voice of prudence against the seductive glitter of a crown? In the moment of boldest determination, when they are indignantly rejecting the consecrated branch of a race which had governed them for two centuries, a free people throws itself into his arms. Confiding in his courage,

they choose him as their leader in the dangerous career of glory and liberty. To him, as to its born champion, an oppressed religion looks for shelter and support against its persecutors. Could he have the weakness to listen to his fears, and to betray the cause of religion and liberty? This religion proclaims to him its own preponderance, and the weakness of its rival,—two-thirds of the power of Austria are now in arms against Austria itself, while a formidable conspiracy, already formed in Transylvania, would, by a hostile attack, further distract even the weak remnant of its power. Could inducements such as these fail to awaken his ambition, or such hopes to animate and inflame his resolution?

A few moments of calm consideration would have sufficed to show the danger of the undertaking, and the comparative worthlessness of the prize. But the temptation spoke to his feelings; the warning only to his reason. It was his misfortune that his nearest and most influential counselors espoused the side of his passions. The aggrandizement of their master's power opened to the ambition and avarice of his Palatine servants an unlimited field for their gratification; this anticipated triumph of their church, kindled the ardor of the Calvinistic fanatic. Could a mind so weak as that of Ferdinand resist the delusions of his counselors, who exaggerated his resources and his strength, as much as they underrated those of his enemies; or the exhortations of his preachers, who announced the effusions of their fanatical zeal as the immediate inspiration of heaven? The dreams of astrology filled his mind with visionary hopes; even love conspired, with its irresistible fascination, to complete the seduction. "Had you," demanded the Electress, "confidence enough in yourself to accept the hand of a king's daughter, and have you misgivings about taking a crown which is voluntarily offered you? I would rather eat bread at thy kingly table, than feast at thy electoral board."

Frederick accepted the Bohemian crown. The coronation was celebrated with unexampled pomp at Prague, for the nation displayed all its riches in honor of its own work. Silesia and Moravia, the adjoining provinces to Bohemia, followed their example, and did homage to Frederick. The reformed faith was enthroned in all the churches of the kingdom; the rejoicings were unbounded, their attachment to their new king bordered on adoration. Denmark and Sweden, Holland and Venice, and several of the Dutch states, acknowledged him as lawful sovereign, and Frederick now prepared to maintain his new acquisition.

His principal hopes rested on Prince Bethlem Gabor of Transylvania. This formidable enemy of Austria, and of the Roman Catholic church, not content with the principality which, with the assistance of the Turks, he had wrested from his legitimate prince, Gabriel Bathosi, gladly seized this opportunity of aggrandizing himself at the expense of Austria, which had hesitated to acknowledge him as sovereign of Transylvania. An attack upon Hungary and Austria was concerted with the Bohemian rebels, and both armies were to unite before the capital. Meantime, Bethlem Gabor, under the mask of friendship, disguised

the true object of his warlike preparations, artfully promising the Emperor to lure the Bohemians into the toils, by a pretended offer of assistance, and to deliver up to him alive the leaders of the insurrection. All at once, however, he appeared in a hostile attitude in Upper Hungary. Before him went terror, and devastation behind; all opposition yielded, and at Presburg he received the Hungarian crown. The Emperor's brother, who governed in Vienna, trembled for the capital. He hastily summoned General Bucquoi to his assistance, and the retreat of the Imperialists drew the Bohemians, a second time, before the walls of Vienna. Reinforced by twelve thousand Transylvanians, and soon after joined by the victorious army of Bethlem Gabor, they again menaced the capital with assault; all the country round Vienna was laid waste, the navigation of the Danube closed, all supplies cut off, and the horrors of famine were threatened. Ferdinand, hastily recalled to his capital by this urgent danger, saw himself a second time on the brink of ruin. But want of provisions, and the inclement weather, finally compelled the Bohemians to go into quarters, a defeat in Hungary recalled Bethlem Gabor, and thus once more had fortune rescued the Emperor.

In a few weeks the scene was changed, and by his prudence and activity Ferdinand improved his position as rapidly as Frederick, by indolence and impolicy, ruined his. The Estates of Lower Austria were regained to their allegiance by a confirmation of their privileges; and the few who still held out were declared guilty of *lèse-majesté* and high treason. During the election of Frankfurt, he had contrived, by personal representations, to win over to his cause the ecclesiastical electors, and also Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, at Munich. The whole issue of the war, the fate of Frederick and the Emperor, were now dependent on the part which the Union and the League should take in the troubles of Bohemia. It was evidently of importance to all the Protestants of Germany, that the King of Bohemia should be supported, while it was equally the interest of the Roman Catholics to prevent the ruin of the Emperor. If the Protestants succeeded in Bohemia, all the Roman Catholic princes in Germany might tremble for their possessions; if they failed, the Emperor would give laws to Protestant Germany. Thus Ferdinand put the League, Frederick the Union, in motion. The ties of relationship and a personal attachment to the Emperor, his brother-in-law, with whom he had been educated at Ingolstadt, zeal for the Roman Catholic religion, which seemed to be in the most imminent peril, and the suggestions of the Jesuits, combined with the suspicious movements of the Union, moved the Duke of Bavaria, and all the princes of the League, to make the cause of Ferdinand their own.

According to the terms of a treaty with the Emperor, which assured to the Duke of Bavaria compensation for all the expenses of the war, or the losses he might sustain, Maximilian took, with full powers, the command of the troops of the League, which were ordered to march to the assistance of the Emperor against the Bohemian rebels. The leaders of the Union, instead of de-

laying by every means this dangerous coalition of the League with the Emperor, did every thing in their power to accelerate it. Could they, they thought, but once drive the Roman Catholic League to take an open part in the Bohemian war, their might reckon on similar measures from all the members and allies of the Union. Without some open step taken by the Roman Catholics against the Union, no effectual confederacy of the Protestant powers was to be looked for. They seized, therefore, the present emergency of the troubles in Bohemia to demand from the Roman Catholics the abolition of their past grievances, and full security for the future exercise of their religion. They addressed this demand, which was moreover couched in threatening language, to the Duke of Bavaria, as the head of the Roman Catholics, and they insisted on an immediate and categorical answer. Maximilian might decide for or against them, still their point was gained; his concession, if he yielded, would deprive the Roman Catholic party of its most powerful protector; his refusal would arm the whole Protestant party, and render inevitable a war in which they hoped to be the conquerors. Maximilian, firmly attached to the opposite party from so many other considerations, took the demands of the Union as a formal declaration of hostilities, and quickened his preparations. While Bavaria and the League were thus arming in the Emperor's cause, negotiations for a subsidy were opened with the Spanish court. All the difficulties with which the indolent policy of that ministry met this demand were happily surmounted by the imperial ambassador at Madrid, Count Khevenhuller. In addition to a subsidy of a million of florins, which from time to time were doled out by this court, an attack upon the Lower Palatinate, from the side of the Spanish Netherlands, was at the same time agreed upon.

During these attempts to draw all the Roman Catholic powers into the League, the Protestants labored with equal activity to cement their confederacy. To this end, it was important to alarm the Elector of Saxony and the other Evangelical powers, and accordingly the Union were diligent in propagating a rumor that the preparations of the League had for their object to deprive them of the ecclesiastical foundations they had secularized. A written assurance to the contrary calmed the fears of the Duke of Saxony, whom moreover private jealousy of the Palatine, and the insinuations of his chaplain, who was in the pay of Austria, and mortification at having been passed over by the Bohemians in the election to the throne, strongly inclined to the side of Austria. The fanaticism of the Lutherans could never forgive the reformed party for having drawn, as they expressed it, so many fair provinces into the gulf of Calvinism, and rejecting the Roman Antichrist only to make way for an Helvetian one.

While Ferdinand used every effort to improve the unfavorable situation of his affairs, Frederick was daily injuring his good cause. By his close and questionable connection with the Prince of Transylvania, the open ally of the Porte, he gave offence to weak minds and a general rumor ac-

cused him of furthering his own ambition at the expense of Christendom, and arming the Turks against Germany. His inconsiderate zeal for the Calvinistic scheme irritated the Lutherans of Bohemia, his attack on image-worship incensed the Papists of this kingdom against him. New and oppressive imposts alienated the affections of all his subjects. The disappointed hopes of the Bohemian nobles cooled their zeal: the absence of foreign succors abated their confidence. Instead of devoting himself with untiring energies to the affairs of his kingdom, Frederick wasted his time in amusements; instead of filling his treasury by a wise economy, he squandered his revenues by a needless theatrical pomp, and a misplaced munificence. With a light-minded carelessness, he did but gaze at himself in his new dignity, and in the ill-timed desire to enjoy his crown, he forgot the more pressing duty of securing it on his head.

But greatly as men had erred in their opinion of him, Frederick himself had not less miscalculated his foreign resources. Most of the members of the Union considered the affairs of Bohemia as foreign to the real object of their confederacy; others, who were devoted to him, were overawed by fear of the Emperor. Saxony and Hesse Darmstadt had already been gained over by Ferdinand; Lower Austria, on which side a powerful diversion had been looked for, had made its submission to the Emperor; and Bethlem Gabor had concluded a truce with him. By its embassies, the court of Vienna had induced Denmark to remain inactive, and to occupy Sweden in a war with the Poles. The republic of Holland had enough to do to defend itself against the arms of the Spaniards; Venice and Saxony remained inactive; King James of England was overreached by the artifice of Spain. One friend after another withdrew; one hope vanished after another—so rapidly in a few months was every thing changed.

In the mean time, the leaders of the Union assembled an army;—the Emperor and the League did the same. The troops of the latter were assembled under the banners of Maximilian at Donauwerth, those of the Union at Ulm, under the Margrave at Anspach. The decisive moment seemed at length to have arrived which was to end these long dissensions by a vigorous blow, and irrevocably to settle the relation of the two churches in Germany. Anxiously on the stretch was the expectation of both parties. How great then was their astonishment when suddenly the intelligence of peace arrived, and both armies separated without striking a blow!

The intervention of France effected this peace, which was equally acceptable to both parties. The French cabinet, no longer swayed by the counsels of Henry the Great, and whose maxims of state were perhaps not applicable to the present condition of that kingdom, was now far less alarmed at the preponderance of Austria, than of the increase which would accrue to the strength of the Calvinists, if the Palatine house should be able to retain the throne of Bohemia. Involved at the time in a dangerous conflict with its own Calvinistic subjects, it was of the utmost importance to France that the Protestant faction in Bohemia should be suppressed before the Hugue-

nots could copy their dangerous example. In order therefore to facilitate the Emperor's operations against the Bohemians, she offered her mediation to the Union and the League, and effected this unexpected treaty, of which the main article was, "That the Union should abandon all interference in the affairs of Bohemia, and confine the aid which they might afford to Frederick the Fifth, to his Palatine territories." To this disgraceful treaty, the Union were moved by the firmness of Maximilian, and the fear of being pressed at once by the troops of the League, and a new imperial army which was on its march from the Netherlands.

The whole force of Bavaria and the League was now at the disposal of the Emperor to be employed against the Bohemians, who by the pacification of Ulm were abandoned to their fate. With a rapid movement, and before a rumor of the proceedings at Ulm could reach there, Maximilian appeared in Upper Austria, when the Estates, surprised and unprepared for an enemy, purchased the Emperor's pardon by an immediate and unconditional submission. In Lower Austria, the duke formed a junction with the troops from the Low Countries under Bucquoi, and without loss of time the united Imperial and Bavarian forces, amounting to fifty thousand men, entered Bohemia. All the Bohemian troops, which were dispersed over Lower Austria and Moravia, were driven before them; every town which attempted resistance was quickly taken by storm; others, terrified by the report of the punishment inflicted on these, voluntarily opened their gates; nothing in short interrupted the impetuous career of Maximilian. The Bohemian army, commanded by the brave Prince Christian of Anhalt, retreated to the neighborhood of Prague; where, under the walls of the city, Maximilian offered him battle.

The wretched condition in which he hoped to surprise the insurgents, justified the rapidity of the duke's movements, and secured him the victory. Frederick's army did not amount to thirty thousand men. Eight thousand of these were furnished by the Prince of Anhalt; ten thousand were Hungarians, whom Bethlem Gabor had dispatched to his assistance. An inroad of the Elector of Saxony upon Lusatia, had cut off all succors from that country, and from Silesia; the pacification of Austria put an end to all his expectations from that quarter; Bethlem Gabor, his most powerful ally, remained inactive in Transylvania; the Union had betrayed his cause to the Emperor. Nothing remained to him but his Bohemians; and they were without good-will to his cause, and without unity and courage. The Bohemian magnates were indignant that German generals should be put over their heads; Count Mansfeld remained in Pilsen, at a distance from the camp, to avoid the mortification of serving under Anhalt and Hohenlohe. The soldiers, in want of necessaries, became dispirited; and the little discipline that was observed, gave occasion to bitter complaints from the peasantry. It was in vain that Frederick made his appearance in the camp, in the hope of reviving the courage of

the soldiers by his presence, and of kindling the emulation of the nobles by his example.

The Bohemians had begun to entrench themselves on the White Mountain near Prague, when they were attacked by the Imperial and Bavarian armies, on the 8th November, 1620. In the beginning of the action, some advantages were gained by the cavalry of the Prince of Anhalt; but the superior numbers of the enemy soon neutralized them. The charge of the Bavarians and Walloons was irresistible. The Hungarian cavalry was the first to retreat. The Bohemian infantry soon followed their example; and the Germans were at last carried along with them in the general flight. Ten cannons, composing the whole of Frederick's artillery, were taken by the enemy; four thousand Bohemians fell in the flight and on the field; while of the Imperialists and soldiers of the League, only a few hundred were killed. In less than an hour this decisive action was over.

Frederick was seated at table in Prague, while his army was thus cut to pieces. It is probable that he had not expected the attack on this day, since he had ordered an entertainment for it. A messenger summoned him from table, to show him from the walls the whole frightful scene. He requested a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, for deliberation; but eight was all the Duke of Bavaria would allow him. Frederick availed himself of these to fly by night from the capital, with his wife, and the chief officers of his army. This flight was so hurried, that the Prince of Anhalt left behind him his most private papers, and Frederick his crown. "I know now what I am," said this unfortunate prince to those who endeavored to comfort him; "there are virtues which misfortune only can teach us, and it is in adversity alone that princes learn to know themselves."

Prague was not irretrievably lost when Frederick's pusillanimity abandoned it. The light troops of Mansfeld were still in Pilsen, and were not engaged in the action. Bethlem Gabor might at any moment have assumed an offensive attitude, and drawn off the Emperor's army to the Hungarian frontier. The defeated Bohemians might rally. Sickness, famine, and the inclement weather, might wear out the enemy; but all these hopes disappeared before the immediate alarm. Frederick dreaded the fickleness of the Bohemians, who might probably yield to the temptation to purchase, by the surrender of his person, the pardon of the Emperor.

Thurn, and those of this party who were in the same condemnation with him, found it equally inexpedient to await their destiny within the walls of Prague. They retired toward Moravia, with a view of seeking refuge in Transylvania. Frederick fled to Breslau, where, however, he only remained a short time. He removed from thence to the court of the Elector of Brandenburg, and finally took shelter in Holland.

The battle of Prague had decided the fate of Bohemia. Prague surrendered the next day to the victors; the other towns followed the example of the capital. The Estates did homage without conditions, and the same was done by those

of Silesia and Moravia. The Emperor allowed three months to elapse, before instituting any inquiry into the past. Reassured by this apparent clemency, many who, at first, had fled in terror appeared again in the capital. All at once, however, the storm burst forth; forty-eight of the most active among the insurgents were arrested on the same day and hour, and tried by an extraordinary commission, composed of native Bohemians and Austrians. Of these, twenty-seven, and of the common people an immense number, expired on the scaffold. The absenting offenders were summoned to appear to their trial, and failing to do so, condemned to death, as traitors and offenders against his Catholic Majesty, their estates confiscated, and their names affixed to the gallows. The property also of the rebels who had fallen in the field was seized. This tyranny might have been borne, as it affected individuals only, and while the ruin of one enriched another; but more intolerable was the oppression which extended to the whole kingdom, without exception. All the Protestant preachers were banished from the country; the Bohemians first, and afterward those of Germany. The Letter of Majesty, Ferdinand tore with his own hand, and burned the seal. Seven years after the battle of Prague, the toleration of the Protestant religion within the kingdom was entirely revoked. But the violence which the Emperor allowed himself against the religious privileges of his subjects, he carefully abstained from exercising against their political constitution; and while he deprived them of the liberty of thought, he magnanimously left them the prerogative of taxing themselves.

The victory of the White Mountain put Ferdinand in possession of all his dominions. It even invested him with greater authority over them than his predecessors enjoyed, since their allegiance had been unconditionally pledged to him, and no Letter of Majesty now existed to limit his sovereignty. All his wishes were now gratified, to a degree surpassing his most sanguine expectations.

It was now in his power to dismiss his allies, and disband his army. If he was just, there was an end of the war—if he was both magnanimous and just, punishment was also at an end. The fate of Germany was in his hands; the happiness and misery of millions depended on the resolution he should take. Never was so great a decision resting on a single mind; never did the blindness of one man produce so much ruin.

BOOK II.

THE resolution which Ferdinand now adopted, gave to the war a new direction, a new scene, and new actors. From a rebellion in Bohemia, and the chastisement of rebels, a war extended first to Germany, and afterward to Europe. It is, therefore, necessary to take a general survey of the state of affairs both in Germany and the rest of Europe.

Unequally as the territory of Germany and the privileges of its members were divided among the Roman Catholics and the Protestants, neither

party could hope to maintain itself against the encroachments of its adversary otherwise than by a prudent use of its peculiar advantages, and by a politic union among themselves. If the Roman Catholics were the more numerous party, and more favored by the constitution of the empire, the Protestants, on the other hand, had the advantage of possessing a more compact and populous line of territories, valiant princes, a warlike nobility, numerous armies, flourishing free towns, the command of the sea, and even at the worst, certainty of support from Roman Catholic states. If the Catholics could arm Spain and Italy in their favor, the republics of Venice, Holland, and England, opened their treasures to the Protestants, while the states of the North, and the formidable power of Turkey, stood ready to afford them prompt assistance. Brandenburg, Saxony, and the Palatinate, opposed three Protestant to three Ecclesiastical votes in the Electoral College; while to the Elector of Bohemia, as to the Archduke of Austria the possession of the Imperial dignity was an important check, if the Protestants properly availed themselves of it. The sword of the Union might keep within its sheath the sword of the League; or if matters actually came to a war, might make the issue of it doubtful. But, unfortunately, private interests dissolved the band of union which should have held together the political members of the empire. This critical conjuncture found none but second-rate actors on the political stage, and the decisive moment was neglected because the courageous were deficient in power, and the powerful in sagacity, courage and resolution.

The Elector of Saxony was placed at the head of the German Protestants, by the services of his ancestor Maurice, by the extent of his territories, and by the influence of his electoral vote. Upon the resolution he might adopt, the fate of the contending parties seemed to depend; and John George was not insensible to the advantages which this important situation procured him. Equally valuable as an ally, both to the Emperor and to the Protestant Union, he cautiously avoided committing himself to either party; neither trusting himself by any irrevocable declaration entirely to the gratitude of the Emperor, nor renouncing the advantages which were to be gained from his fears. Uninfected by the contagion of religious and romantic enthusiasm which hurried sovereign after sovereign to risk both crown and life on the hazard of war, John George aspired to the more solid renown of improving and advancing the interests of his territories. His cotemporaries accused him of forsaking the Protestant cause in the very midst of the storm; of preferring the aggrandizement of his house to the emancipation of his country; of exposing the whole Evangelical or Lutheran church of Germany to ruin, rather than raise an arm in defense of the Reformed or Calvinists; or injuring the common cause by his suspicious friendship more seriously than the open enmity of its avowed opponents. But it would have been well if his accusers had imitated the wise policy of the Elector. If, despite of the prudent policy, the Saxons, like all others, groaned at the cruelties which marked

the Emperor's progress; if all Germany was a witness how Ferdinand deceived his confederates and trifled with his engagements; if even the Elector himself at last perceived this—the more shame to the Emperor who could so basely betray such implicit confidence.

If an excessive reliance on the Emperor, and the hope of enlarging his territories, tied the hands of the Elector of Saxony, the weak George William, Elector of Brandenburg, was still more shamefully fettered by fear of Austria, and of the loss of his dominion. What was made a reproach against these princes would have preserved to the Elector Palatine his fame and his kingdom. A rash confidence in his untried strength, the influence of French counsels, and the temptation of a crown, had seduced that unfortunate prince into an enterprise for which he had neither adequate genius nor political capacity. The partition of his territories among discordant princes, enfeebled the Palatinate, which, united, might have made a longer resistance.

This partition of territory was equally injurious to the House of Hesse, in which, between Darmstadt and Cassel, religious dissensions had occasioned a fatal division. The line of Darmstadt, adhering to the Confession of Augsburg, had placed itself under the Emperor's protection, who favored it at the expense of the Calvinists of Cassel. While his religious confederates were shedding their blood for their faith and their liberties, the Landgrave of Darmstadt was won over by the Emperor's gold. But William of Cassel, every way worthy of his ancestor who, a century before, had defended the freedom of Germany against the formidable Charles V., espoused the cause of danger and of honor. Superior to that pusillanimity which made far more powerful princes bow before Ferdinand's might, the Landgrave William was the first to join the hero of Sweden, and to set an example to the princes of Germany which all had hesitated to begin. The boldness of his resolve was equaled by the steadfastness of his perseverance and the valor of his exploits. He placed himself with unshrinking resolution before his bleeding country, and boldly confronted the fearful enemy, whose hands were still reeking from the carnage of Magdeburg.

The Landgrave William deserves to descend to immortality with the heroic race of Ernest. Thy day of vengeance was long delayed, unfortunate John Frederick! Noble! never-to-be-forgotten prince! Slowly but brightly it broke. Thy times returned, and thy heroic spirit descended on thy grandson. An intrepid race of princes issues from the Thuringian forests, to shame, by immortal deeds, the unjust sentence which robbed thee of the electoral crown—to avenge thy offended shade by heaps of bloody sacrifice. The sentence of the conqueror could deprive thee of thy territories, but not that spirit of patriotism which staked them, nor that chivalrous courage which, a century afterward, was destined to shake the throne of thy descendant. Thy vengeance and that of Germany whetted the sacred sword, and one heroic hand after the other wielded the irresistible steel. As men, they achieved what as sovereigns they dared not undertake; they met in a glorious

cause as the valiant soldiers of liberty. Too weak in territory to attack the enemy with their own forces, they directed foreign artillery against them, and led foreign banners to victory.

The liberties of Germany, abandoned by the more powerful states, who, however, enjoyed most of the prosperity accruing from them, were defended by a few princes for whom they were almost without value. The possession of territories and dignities deadened courage; the want of both made heroes. While Saxony, Brandenburg, and the rest drew back in terror, Anhalt, Mansfeld, the Prince of Weimar and others were shedding their blood in the field. The Dukes of Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Luneburg, and Wirtemberg, and the free cities of Upper Germany, to whom the name of *Emperor* was of course a formidable one, anxiously avoided a contest with such an opponent, and crouched murmuring beneath his mighty arm.

Austria and Roman Catholic Germany possessed in Maximilian of Bavaria a champion as prudent as he was powerful. Adhering throughout the war to one fixed plan, never divided between his religion and his political interests; not the slavish dependent of Austria, who was laboring for *his* advancement, and trembled before her powerful protector, Maximilian earned the territories and dignities that rewarded his exertions. The other Roman Catholic states, which were chiefly ecclesiastical, too unwarlike to resist the multitudes whom the prosperity of their territories allured, become the victims of the war one after another, and were contented to persecute in the cabinet and in the pulpit, the enemy whom they could not openly oppose in the field. All of them, slaves either to Austria or Bavaria, sunk into insignificance by the side of Maximilian; in his hand alone their united power could be rendered available.

The formidable monarchy which Charles V. and his son had unnaturally constructed of the Netherlands, Milan, and the two Sicilies, and their distant possessions in the East and West Indies, was under Philip III. and Philip IV. fast verging to decay. Swollen to a sudden greatness by unfruitful gold, this power was now sinking under a visible decline; neglecting, as it did, agriculture, the natural support of states. The conquests in the West Indies had reduced Spain itself to poverty, while they enriched the markets of Europe; the bankers of Antwerp, Venice, and Genoa, were making profit on the gold which was still buried in the mines of Peru. For the sake of India, Spain had been depopulated, while the treasures drawn from thence were wasted in the reconquest of Holland, in the chimerical project of changing the succession to the crown of France, and in an unfortunate attack upon England. But the pride of the court survived its greatness, as the hate of its enemies had outlived its power. Distrust of the Protestants had suggested to the ministry of Philip III. the dangerous policy of his father; and the reliance of the Roman Catholics of Germany on the Spanish assistance, was as firm as their belief in the wonder-working bones of the martyrs. Eternal splendor concealed the inward wounds at which the life-blood of this

monarchy was oozing; and the belief of its strength survived, because it still maintained the lofty tone of its golden days. Slaves in their palaces, and strangers even upon their own thrones, the Spanish nominal kings still gave laws to their German relations; though it is very doubtful if the support they afforded was worth the dependence by which the emperors purchased it. The fate of Europe was decided behind the Pyrenees by ignorant monks or vindictive favorites. Yet, even in its debasement, a power must always be formidable, which yields to none in extent; which, from custom, if not from the steadfastness of its views, adhered faithfully to one system of policy; which possessed well-disciplined armies and consummate generals; which, where the sword failed, did not scruple to employ the dagger; and converted even its ambassadors into incendiaries and assassins. What it had lost in three quarters of the globe, it now sought to regain to the eastward, and all Europe was at its mercy, if it could succeed in its long cherished design of uniting with the hereditary dominions of Austria all that lay between the Alps and the Adriatic.

To the great alarm of the native states, this formidable power had gained a footing in Italy, where its continual encroachments made the neighboring sovereigns to tremble for their own possessions. The Pope himself was in the most dangerous situation; hemmed in on both sides by the Spanish viceroys, of Naples on the one side, and that of Milan upon the other. Venice was confined between the Austrian Tyrol and the Spanish territories in Milan. Savoy was surrounded by the latter, and by France. Hence the wavering and equivocal policy, which from the time of Charles V. had been pursued by the Italian states. The characters which the Popes held caused them perpetually to vacillate between two contradictory systems of policy. If the successors of St. Peter found in the Spanish princes their most obedient disciples, and the most steadfast supporters of the Papal See, yet the princes of the States of the Church had in these monarchs their most dangerous neighbors, and most formidable opponents. If, in the one capacity, their dearest wish was the destruction of the Protestants and the triumph of Austria, in the other, they had reason to bless the arms of the Protestants, which disabled a dangerous enemy. The one or the other sentiment prevailed, according as the love of temporal dominion, or zeal for spiritual supremacy, predominated in the mind of the Pope. But the policy of Rome was, on the whole, directed to immediate dangers; and it is well known how far more powerful is the apprehension of losing a present good, than anxiety to recover a long lost possession. And thus it becomes intelligible how the Pope should first combine with Austria for the destruction of heresy, and then conspire with these very heretics for the destruction of Austria. Strangely blended are the threads of human affairs! What would have become of the Reformation, and of the liberties of Germany, if the Bishop of Rome and the Prince of Rome had had but one interest!

France had lost with its great Henry all its importance and all its weight in the political balance of Europe. A turbulent minority had destroyed all the benefits of the able administration of Henry. Incapable ministers, the creatures of court intrigue, squandered in a few years the treasures which Sully's economy and Henry's frugality had amassed. Scarce able to maintain their ground against internal factions, they were compelled to resign to other hands the helm of European affairs. The same civil war which armed Germany against itself, excited a similar commotion in France; and Louis XIII. attained majority only to wage war with his mother and his Protestant subjects. This party, which had been kept quiet by Henry's enlightened policy, now seized the opportunity to take up arms, and, under the command of some adventurous leaders, began to form themselves into a party within the state, and to fix on the strong and powerful town of Rochelle as the capital of their intended kingdom. Too little of a statesman to suppress, by a prudent toleration, this civil commotion in its birth, and too little master of the resources of his kingdom to direct them with energy, Louis XIII. was reduced to the degradation of purchasing the submission of the rebels by large sums of money. Though policy might incline him in one point of view, to assist the Bohemian insurgents against Austria, the son of Henry the Fourth was now compelled to be an inactive spectator of their destruction, happy enough if the Calvinists in his own dominions did not unseasonably bethink them of their confederates beyond the Rhine. A great mind at the helm of state would have reduced the Protestants in France to obedience, while it fought for the independence of their German brethren. But Henry IV. was no more, and Richelieu had not yet revived his system of policy.

While the glory of France was thus upon the wane, the emancipated republic of Holland was completing the fabric of its greatness. The enthusiastic courage had not yet died away which, enkindled by the House of Orange, had converted this mercantile people into a nation of heroes, and had enabled them to maintain their independence in a bloody war against the Spanish monarchy. Aware how much they owed their own liberty to foreign support, these republicans were ready to assist their German brethren in a similar cause, and the more so as both were opposed to the same enemy, and the liberty of Germany was the best warrant for that of Holland. But a republic which had still to battle for its very existence, which, with all its wonderful exertions, was scarce a match for the formidable enemy within its own territories, could not be expected to withdraw its troops from the necessary work of self-defense to employ them with a magnanimous policy in protecting foreign states.

England, too, though now united with Scotland, no longer possessed, under the weak James, that influence in the affairs of Europe which the governing mind of Elizabeth had procured for it. Convinced that the welfare of her dominions depended on the security of the Protestants, this politic princess had never swerved from the principle of promoting every enterprise which had

for its object the diminution of the Austrian power. Her successor was no less devoid of capacity to comprehend, than of vigor to execute her views. While the economical Elizabeth spared not her treasures to support the Flemings against Spain, and Henry IV. against the League, James abandoned his daughter, his son-in-law, and his grandchild, to the fury of his enemies. While he exhausted his learning to establish the divine right of kings, he allowed his own dignity to sink into the dust: while he exerted his rhetoric to prove the absolute authority of kings, he reminded the people of theirs; and by a useless profusion, sacrificed the best privilege of royalty—the power of dispensing with his parliament, and thus depriving liberty of its organ. An innate horror at the sight of a naked sword averted him from the most just of wars; while his favorite Buckingham practiced on his weakness, and his own complacent vanity rendered him an easy dupe of Spanish artifice. While his son-in-law was ruined, and the inheritance of his grandson given to others, this weak prince was imbibing, with satisfaction, the incense which was offered to him by Austria and Spain. To divert his attention from the German war, he was amused with the proposal of a Spanish marriage for his son, and the ridiculous parent encouraged the romantic youth in the foolish project of paying his addresses in person to the Spanish princess. But his son lost his bride, as his son-in-law lost the crown of Bohemia and the Palatine Electorate; and death alone saved him from the danger of closing his pacific reign by a war at home, which he never had courage to maintain, even at a distance.

The domestic disturbances which his misgovernment had gradually excited, burst forth under his unfortunate son, and forced him, after some unimportant attempts, to renounce all further participation in the German war, in order to stem within his own kingdom the rage of faction.

Two illustrious monarchs, far unequal in personal reputation, but equal in power and desire of fame, made the North at this time to be respected. Under the long and active reign of Christian IV., Denmark had risen into importance. The personal qualifications of this prince, an excellent navy, a formidable army, well-ordered finances, and prudent alliances, had combined to give her prosperity at home and influence abroad. Gustavus Vasa had rescued Sweden from vassalage, reformed it by wise laws, and had introduced, for the first time, this newly-organized state into the field of European politics. What this great prince had merely sketched in rude outline, was filled up by Gustavus Adolphus, his still greater grandson.

These two kingdoms, once unnaturally united and enfeebled by their union, had been violently separated at the time of the Reformation, and this separation was the epoch of their prosperity. Injurious as this compulsory union had proved to both kingdoms, equally necessary to each apart were neighborly friendship and harmony. On both the evangelical church leaned; both had the same seas to protect; a common interest ought to unite them against the same enemy. But the hatred which had dissolved the union of these

monarchies continued long after their separation to divide the two nations. The Danish kings could not abandon their pretensions to the Swedish crown, nor the Swedes banish the remembrance of Danish oppression. The contiguous boundaries of the two kingdoms furnished constantly materials of natural quarrels, while the watchful jealousy of both kings, and the unavoidable collision of their commercial interests in the North Seas, were an inexhaustible source of dispute.

Among the means of which Gustavus Vasa, the founder of the Swedish monarchy, availed himself to strengthen his new edifice, the Reformation had been one of the principal. A fundamental law of the kingdom excluded the adherents of popery from all offices of the state, and prohibited every future sovereign of Sweden from altering the religious constitution of the kingdom. But the second son and second successor of Gustavus had relapsed into popery, and his son Sigismund, also king of Poland, had been guilty of measures which menaced both the constitution and the established church. Headed by Charles, Duke of Sudermania, the third son of Gustavus, the Estates made a courageous resistance, which terminated, at last, in an open civil war between the uncle and nephew, and between the king and the people. Duke Charles, administrator of the kingdom during the absence of the king, had availed himself of Sigismund's long residence in Poland, and the just displeasure of the states, to ingratiate himself with the nation, and gradually to prepare his way to the throne. His views were not a little forwarded by Sigismund's imprudence. A general Diet ventured to abolish, in favor of the Protector, the rule of primogeniture which Gustavus had established in the succession, and placed the Duke of Sudermania on the throne, from which Sigismund and his whole posterity were solemnly excluded. The son of the new king (who reigned under the name of Charles IX.) was Gustavus Adolphus, whom, as the son of a usurper, the adherents of Sigismund refused to recognize. But if the obligations between monarchy and subjects are reciprocal, and states are not to be transmitted, like a lifeless heirloom, from hand to hand, a nation acting with unanimity must have the power of renouncing their allegiance to a sovereign who has violated his obligations to them, and of filling his place by a worthier object.

Gustavus Adolphus had not completed his seventeenth year, when the Swedish throne became vacant by the death of his father. But the early inaturity of his genius enabled the Estates to abridge in his favor the legal period of minority. With a glorious conquest over himself he commenced a reign which was to have victory for its constant attendant, a career which was to begin and end in success. The young Countess of Brahe, the daughter of a subject, had gained his early affections, and he had resolved to share with her the Swedish throne. But, constrained by time and circumstances, he made his attachment yield to the higher duties of a king, and heroism again took exclusive possession of a heart which was not destined by nature to confine itself within the limits of quiet domestic happiness.

Christian IV. of Denmark, who had ascended the throne before the birth of Gustavus, in an inroad upon Sweden, had gained some considerable advantages over the father of that hero. Gustavus Adolphus hastened to put an end to this destructive war, and by prudent sacrifices obtained a peace, in order to turn his arms against the Czar of Muscovy. The questionable fame of a conqueror never tempted him to spend the blood of his subjects in unjust wars; but he never shrunk from a just one. His arms were successful against Russia, and Sweden was augmented by several important provinces on the east.

In the mean time, Sigismund of Poland retained against the son the same sentiments of hostility which the father had provoked, and left no artifice untried to shake the allegiance of his subjects, to cool the ardor of his friends, and to embitter his enemies. Neither the great qualities of his rival, nor the repeated proofs of devotion which Sweden gave to her loved monarch, could extinguish in this infatuated prince the foolish hope of regaining his lost throne. All Gustavus's overtures were haughtily rejected. Unwillingly was this really peaceful king involved in a tedious war with Poland, in which the whole of Livonia and Polish Prussia were successively conquered. Though constantly victorious, Gustavus Adolphus was always the first to hold out the hand of peace.

This contest between Sweden and Poland falls somewhere about the beginning of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, with which it is in some measure connected. It was enough that Sigismund, himself a Roman Catholic, was disputing the Swedish crown with a Protestant prince, to assure him the active support of Spain and Austria; while a double relationship to the Emperor gave him a still stronger claim to his protection. It was his reliance on this powerful assistance that chiefly encouraged the King of Poland to continue the war, which had hitherto turned out so unfavorably for him, and the courts of Madrid and Vienna failed not to encourage him by high-sounding promises. While Sigismund lost one place after another in Livonia, Courland, and Prussia, he saw his ally in Germany advancing from conquest after conquest to unlimited power. No wonder then if his aversion to peace kept pace with his losses. The vehemence with which he nourished his chimerical hopes blinded him to the artful policy of his confederates, who at his expense were keeping the Swedish hero employed, in order to overturn, without opposition, the liberties of Germany, and then to seize on the exhausted North as an easy conquest. One circumstance which had not been calculated on—the heroism of Gustavus—overthrew this deceitful policy. An eight years' war in Poland, so far from exhausting the power of Sweden, had only served to mature the military genius of Gustavus, to inure the Swedish army to warfare, and insensibly to perfect that system of tactics by which they were afterward to perform such wonders in Germany.

After this necessary digression on the existing circumstances of Europe, I now resume the thread of my history.

Ferdinand had regained his dominions, but had not indemnified himself for the expenses of recovering them. A sum of forty millions of florins, which the confiscations in Bohemia and Moravia had produced, would have sufficed to reimburse both himself and his allies; but the Jesuits and his favorites soon squandered this sum, large as it was. Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, to whose victorious arm, principally, the Emperor owed the recovery of his dominions; who, in the service of religion and the Emperor, had sacrificed his near relation, had the strongest claims on his gratitude; and moreover, in a treaty which, before the war, the duke had concluded with the Emperor, he had expressly stipulated for the reimbursement of all expenses. Ferdinand felt the full weight of the obligation imposed upon him by this treaty and by these services, but he was not disposed to discharge it at his own cost. His purpose was to bestow a brilliant reward upon the duke, but without detriment to himself. How could this be done better than at the expense of the unfortunate prince who, by his revolt, had given the Emperor a right to punish him, and whose offenses might be painted in colors strong enough to justify the most violent measures under the appearance of law. That, then, Maximilian may be rewarded, Frederick must be further persecuted and totally ruined; and to defray the expenses of the old war, a new one must be commenced.

But a still stronger motive combined to enforce the first. Hitherto Ferdinand had been contending for existence alone; he had been fulfilling no other duty than that of self-defense. But now, when victory gave him freedom to act, a higher duty occurred to him, and he remembered the vow which he had made at Loretto and at Rome, to his generalissima, the Holy Virgin, to extend her worship even at the risk of his crown and life. With this object, the oppression of the Protestants was inseparably connected. More favorable circumstances for its accomplishment could not offer than those which presented themselves at the close of the Bohemian war. Neither the power, nor a pretext of right, were now wanting to enable him to place the Palatinate in the hands of the Catholics, and the importance of this change to the Catholic interests in Germany would be incalculable. Thus, in rewarding the Duke of Bavaria with the spoils of his relation, he at once gratified his meanest passions and fulfilled his most exalted duties; he crushed an enemy whom he hated, and spared his avarice a painful sacrifice, while he believed he was winning a heavenly crown.

In the Emperor's cabinet, the ruin of Frederick had been resolved upon long before fortune had decided against him; but it was only after this event that they ventured to direct against him the thunders of arbitrary power. A decree of the Emperor, destitute of all the formalities required on such occasions by the laws of the Empire, pronounced the Elector, and three other princes who had borne arms for him at Silesia and Bohemia, as offenders against the imperial majesty, and disturbers of the public peace, under the ban of the empire, and deprived them of their titles and ter-

ritories. The execution of this sentence against Frederick, namely the seizure of his lands, was, in further contempt of law, committed to Spain as Sovereign of the circle of Burgundy, to the Duke of Bavaria and the League. Had the Evangelical Union been worthy of the name it bore, and of the cause which it pretended to defend, insuperable obstacles might have prevented the execution of the sentence; but it was hopeless for a power which was far from a match even for the Spanish troops in the Lower Palatinate, to contend against the united strength of the Emperor, Bavaria, and the League. The sentence of proscription pronounced upon the Elector soon detached the free cities from the Union; and the princes quickly followed their example. Fortunate in preserving their own dominions, they abandoned the Elector, their former chief, to the Emperor's mercy, renounced the Union, and vowed never to revive it again.

But while thus ingloriously the German princes deserted the unfortunate Frederick, and while Bohemia, Silesia, and Moravia submitted to the Emperor, a single man, a soldier of fortune, whose only treasure was his sword, Ernest Count Mansfeld, dared, in the Bohemian town of Pilsen, to defy the whole power of Austria. Left without assistance after the battle of Prague by the Elector, to whose service he had devoted himself, and even uncertain whether Frederick would thank him for his perseverance, he alone for some time held out against the imperialists, till the garrison, mutinying for want of pay, sold the town to the Emperor. Undismayed by this reverse, he immediately commenced new levies on the Upper Palatinate, and enlisted the disbanded troops of the Union. A new army of 20,000 men was soon assembled under his banners, the more formidable to the provinces which might be the objects of its attack, because it must subsist by plunder. Uncertain where the swarm might light, the neighboring bishops trembled for their rich possessions, which offered a tempting pray to its ravages. But, pressed by the Duke of Bavaria, who now entered the Upper Palatinate, Mansfeld was compelled to retire. Eluding, by a successful stratagem, the Bavarian general, Tilly, who was in pursuit of him, he suddenly appeared in the Lower Palatinate, and there wreaked upon the bishoprics of the Rhine the severities he had designed for those of Franconia. While the imperial and Bavarian allies thus overran Bohemia, the Spanish general, Spinola, had penetrated with a numerous army from the Netherlands into the Lower Palatinate, which, however, the pacification of Ulm permitted the Union to defend. But their measures were so badly concerted, that one place after another fell into the hands of the Spaniards; and at last, when the Union broke up, the greater part of the country was in the possession of Spain. The Spanish general, Corduba, who commanded these troops after the recall of Spinola, hastily raised the siege of Frankenthal, when Mansfeld entered the Lower Palatinate. But instead of driving the Spaniards out of this province, he hastened across the Rhine to secure for his needy troops shelter and subsistence in Alsace. The open countries on which this swarm of marauders

threw themselves were converted into frightful deserts, and only by enormous contributions could the cities purchase an exemption from plunder. Reinforced by this expedition, Mansfeld again appeared on the Rhine to cover the Lower Palatinate.

So long as such an arm fought for him, the cause of the Elector Frederick was not irretrievably lost. New prospects began to open, and misfortune raised up friends who had been silent during his prosperity. King James of England, who had looked on with indifference while his son-in-law lost the Bohemian crown, was aroused from his insensibility when the very existence of his daughter and grandson was at stake, and the victorious enemy ventured an attack upon the Electorate. Late enough, he at last opened his treasures, and hastened to afford supplies of money and troops, first to the Union, which at that time was defending the Lower Palatinate, and afterward, when they retired, to Count Mansfeld. By this means his near relation, Christian, King of Denmark, was induced to afford his active support. At the same time, the approaching expiration of the truce between Spain and Holland deprived the Emperor of all the supplies which otherwise he might expect from the side of the Netherlands. More important still was the assistance which the Palatinate received from Transylvania and Hungary. The cessation of hostilities between Gabor and the Emperor was scarcely at an end, when this old and formidable enemy of Austria overran Hungary anew, and caused himself to be crowned king in Presburg. So rapid was his progress that, to protect Austria and Hungary, Bucquoi was obliged to evacuate Bohemia. This brave general met his death at the siege of Neuhausel, as, shortly before, the no less valiant Dampierre had fallen before Presburg. Gabor's march into the Austrian territory was irresistible; the old Count Thurn, and several other distinguished Bohemians, had united their hatred and their strength with this irreconcilable enemy of Austria. A vigorous attack on the side of Germany, while Gabor pressed the Emperor on that of Hungary, might have retrieved the fortunes of Frederick; but, unfortunately, the Bohemians and Germans had always laid down their arms when Gabor took the field; and the latter was always exhausted at the very moment that the former began to recover their vigor.

Meanwhile Frederick had not delayed to join his protector Mansfeld. In disguise he entered the Lower Palatinate, of which the possession was at that time disputed between Mansfeld and the Bavarian general, Tilly, the Upper Palatinate having been long conquered. A ray of hope shone upon him as, from the wreck of the Union, new friends came forward. A former member of the Union, George Frederick, Margrave of Baden, had for some time been engaged in assembling a military force, which soon amounted to a considerable army. Its destination was kept a secret till he suddenly took the field and joined Mansfeld. Before commencing the war, he resigned his Margraviate to his son, in the hope of eluding, by this precaution, the Emperor's revenge, if his enterprise should be unsuccessful. His neighbor,

the Duke of Wirtemberg, likewise began to augment his military force. The courage of the Palatine revived, and he labored assiduously to renew the Protestant Union. It was now time for Tilly to consult for his own safety, and he hastily summoned the Spanish troops, under Corduba, to his assistance. But while the enemy was uniting his strength, Mansfeld and the Margrave separated, and the latter was defeated by the Bavarian general near Wimpfen (1622).

To defend a king whom his nearest relation persecuted, and who was deserted even by his own father-in-law, there had come forward an adventurer without money, and whose very legitimacy was questioned. A sovereign had resigned possessions over which he reigned in peace, to hazard the uncertain fortune of war in behalf of a stranger. And now another soldier of fortune, poor in territorial possessions, but rich in illustrious ancestry, undertook the defense of a cause which the former despaired of. Christian, Duke of Brunswick, administrator of Halberstadt, seemed to have learned from Count Mansfeld the secret of keeping in the field an army of twenty thousand men without money. Impelled by youthful presumption, and influenced partly by the wish of establishing his reputation at the expense of the Roman Catholic priesthood, whom he cordially detested, and partly by a thirst for plunder, he assembled a considerable army in Lower Saxony, under the pretext of espousing the defense of Frederick, and of the liberties of Germany. "God's Friend, Priest's Foe," was the motto he chose for his coinage, which was struck out of church plate; and his conduct belied one-half at least of the device.

The progress of these banditti was, as usual, marked by the most frightful devastation. Enriched by the spoils of the chapters of Lower Saxony and Westphalia, they gathered strength to plunder the bishoprics upon the Upper Rhine. Driven from thence, both by friends and foes, the Administrator approached the town of Hoechst on the Maine, which he crossed after a murderous action with Tilly, who disputed with him the passage of the river. With the loss of half his army he reached the opposite bank, where he quickly collected his shattered troops, and formed a junction with Mansfeld. Pursued by Tilly, this united host threw itself again into Alsace, to repeat their former ravages. While the Elector Frederick followed, almost like a fugitive mendicant, surrounded by a posse which acknowledged him as its lord, and dignified itself with his name, his friends were busily endeavoring to effect a reconciliation between him and the Emperor. Ferdinand took care not to deprive them of all hope of seeing the Palatine restored to his dominion. Full of artifice and dissimulation, he pretended to be willing to enter into a negotiation, hoping thereby to cool their ardor in the field, and to prevent them from driving matters to extremity. James I., ever the dupe of Austrian cunning, contributed not a little, by his foolish intermeddling, to promote the Emperor's schemes. Ferdinand insisted that Frederick, if he would appeal to his clemency, should, first of all, lay down his arms, and James considered this demand extremely rea-

sonable. At his instigation, the Elector dismissed his only real defenders. Count Mansfeld and the Administrator, and in Holland awaited his own fate from the mercy of the Emperor.

Mansfeld and Duke Christian were now at a loss for some new name; the cause of the Elector had not set them in motion, so his dismissal could not disarm them. War was their object; it was all the same to them in whose cause or name it was waged. After some vain attempts on the part of Mansfeld to be received into the Emperor's service, both marched into Lorraine, where the excesses of their troops spread terror even to the heart of France. Here they long waited in vain for a master willing to purchase their services; till the Dutch, pressed by the Spanish General Spinola, offered to take them into pay. After a bloody fight at Fleurus with the Spaniards, who attempted to intercept them, they reached Holland, where their appearance compelled the Spanish general forthwith to raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. But even Holland was soon weary of these unwelcome guests, and availed herself of the first moment to get rid of their dangerous assistance. Mansfeld allowed his troops to recruit themselves for new enterprises in the fertile province of East Friesland. Duke Christian, passionately enamored of the Electress Palatine, with whom he had become acquainted in Holland, and more disposed for war than ever, led back his army into Lower Saxony, bearing that princess's glove in his hat, and on his standard the motto, "All for God and Her." Neither of these adventurers had as yet run their career in this war.

All the imperial territories were now free from the enemy; the Union was dissolved; the Margrave of Baden, Duke Christian, and Mansfeld, driven from the field, and the Palatinate overrun by the executive troops of the empire. Mannheim and Heidelberg were in possession of Bavaria, and Frankenthal was shortly afterward ceded to the Spaniards. The Palatine, in a distant corner of Holland, awaited the disgraceful permission to appease, by abject submission, the vengeance of the Emperor; and an Electoral Diet was at last summoned to decide his fate. That fate, however, had been long before decided at the court of the Emperor; though now, for the first time, were circumstances favorable for giving publicity to the decision. After his past measures toward the Elector, Ferdinand believed that a sincere reconciliation was not to be hoped for. The violent course he had once begun, must be completed successfully, or recoil upon himself. What was already lost was irrecoverable; Frederick could never hope to regain his dominions; and a prince without territory and without subjects had little chance of retaining the electoral crown. Deeply as the Palatine had offended against the House of Austria, the services of the Duke of Bavaria were no less meritorious. If the House of Austria and the Roman Catholic church had much to dread from the resentment and religious rancor of the Palatine family, they had as much to hope from the gratitude and religious zeal of the Bavarian. Lastly, by the cession of the Palatine Electorate to Bavaria, the Roman Catholic reli-

gion would obtain a decisive preponderance in the Electoral College, and secure a permanent triumph in Germany.

The last circumstance was sufficient to win the support of the three Ecclesiastical Electors to this innovation; and among the Protestants the vote of Saxony was alone of any importance. But could John George be expected to dispute with the Emperor a right, without which he would expose to question his own title to the electoral dignity? To a prince whom descent, dignity, and political power placed at the head of the Protestant church in Germany, nothing, it is true, ought to be more sacred than the defense of the rights of that church against all the encroachments of the Roman Catholics. But the question here was not whether the interests of the Protestants were to be supported against the Roman Catholics, but which of two religions equally detested, the Calvinistic and the Popish, was to triumph over the other; to which of the two enemies, equally dangerous, the Palatinate was to be assigned; and in this clashing of opposite duties, it was natural that private hate and private gain should determine the event. The born protector of the liberties of Germany, and of the Protestant religion, encouraged the Emperor to dispose of the Palatinate by his imperial prerogative; and to apprehend no resistance on the part of Saxony to his measures on the mere ground of form. If the Elector was afterward disposed to retract this consent, Ferdinand himself, by driving the Evangelical preachers from Bohemia, was the cause of this change of opinion; and in the eyes of the Elector, the transference of the Palatine Electorate to Bavaria ceased to be illegal, as soon as Ferdinand was prevailed upon to cede Lusatia to Saxony, in consideration of six millions of dollars, as the expenses of the war,

Thus, in defiance of all Protestant Germany, and in mockery of the fundamental laws of the empire, which, at his election, he had sworn to maintain, Ferdinand at Ratisbon solemnly invested the Duke of Bavaria with the Palatinate, without prejudice, as the form ran, to the rights which the relations or descendants of Frederick might afterward establish. That unfortunate prince thus saw himself irrevocably driven from his possessions, without having been even heard before the tribunal which condemned him—a privilege which the law allows to the meanest subject, and even to the most atrocious criminal.

This violent step at last opened the eyes of the King of England; and as the negotiations for the marriage of his son with the Infanta of Spain were now broken off, James began seriously to espouse the cause of his son-in-law. A change in the French ministry had placed Cardinal Richelieu at the head of affairs, and this fallen kingdom soon began to feel that a great mind was at the helm of state. The attempts of the Spanish Viceroy in Milan to gain possession of the Valtelline, and thus to form a junction with the Austrian hereditary dominions, revived the olden dread of this power, and with it the policy of Henry the Great. The marriage of the Prince of Wales with Henrietta of France, established a close union between the two crowns; and to this alli-

ance, Holland, Denmark, and some of the Italian states presently acceded. Its object was to expel, by force of arms, Spain from the Valtelline, and to compel Austria to reinstate Frederick; but only the first of these designs was prosecuted with vigor. James I. died, and Charles I., involved in disputes with his Parliament, could not bestow attention on the affairs of Germany. Savoy and Venice withheld their assistance; and the French minister thought it necessary to subdue the Huguenots at home, before he supported the German Protestants against the Emperor. Great as were the hopes which had been formed from this alliance, they were yet equaled by the disappointment of the event.

Mansfeld, deprived of all support, remained inactive on the Lower Rhine; and Duke Christian of Brunswick, after an unsuccessful campaign, was a second time driven out of Germany. A fresh irruption of Bethlem Gabor into Moravia, frustrated by the want of support from the Germans, terminated, like all the rest, in a formal peace with the Emperor. The Union was no more; no Protestant prince was in arms; and on the frontiers of Lower Germany, the Bavarian General Tilly, at the head of a victorious army, encamped in the Protestant territory. The movements of the Duke of Brunswick had drawn him into this quarter, and even into the circle of Lower Saxony, when he made himself master of the Administrator's magazines at Lippstadt. The necessity of observing this enemy, and preventing him from new inroads, was the pretext assigned for continuing Tilly's stay in the country. But, in truth, both Mansfeld and Duke Christian had, from want of money, disbanded their armies, and Count Tilly had no enemy to dread. Why, then, still burden the country with his presence?

It is difficult, amidst the uproar of contending parties, to distinguish the voice of truth; but certainly it was matter for alarm that the League did not lay down its arms. The premature rejoicings of the Roman Catholics, too, were calculated to increase apprehension. The Emperor and the League stood armed and victorious in Germany without a power to oppose them, should they venture to attack the Protestant states and to annul the religious treaty. Had Ferdinand been in reality far from disposed to abuse his conquests, still the defenseless position of the Protestants was most likely to suggest the temptation. Obsolete conventions could not bind a prince who thought that he owed all to religion, and believed that a religious creed would sanctify any deed, however violent. Upper Germany was already overpowered. Lower Germany alone could check his despotic authority. Here the Protestants still predominated; the church had been forcibly deprived of most of its endowments; and the present appeared a favorable moment for recovering these lost possessions. A great part of the strength of the Lower German princes consisted in these Chapters, and the plea of restoring its own to the church, afforded an excellent pretext for weakening these princes.

Unpardonable would have been their negligence, had they remained inactive in this danger. The remembrance of the ravages which Tilly's army

had committed in Lower Saxony was too recent not to arouse the Estates to measures of defense. With all haste, the circle of Lower Saxony began to arm itself. Extraordinary contributions were levied, troops collected, and magazines filled. Negotiations for subsidies were set on foot with Venice, Holland, and England. They deliberated, too, what power should be placed at the head of the confederacy. The kings of the Sound and the Baltic, the natural allies of this circle, would not see with indifference the Emperor treating it as a conqueror, and establishing himself as their neighbor on the shores of the North Sea. The twofold interests of religion and policy urged them to put a stop to his progress in Lower Germany. Christian IV. of Denmark, as Duke of Holstein, was himself a prince of this circle, and by considerations equally powerful, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was induced to join the confederacy.

These two kings vied with each other for the honor of defending Lower Saxony, and of opposing the formidable power of Austria. Each offered to raise a well disciplined army, and to lead it in person. His victorious campaigns against Moscow and Poland gave weight to the promises of the King of Sweden. The shores of the Baltic were full of the name of Gustavus. But the fame of his rival excited the envy of the Danish monarch; and the more success he promised himself in this campaign, the less disposed was he to show any favor to his envied neighbor. Both laid their conditions and plans before the English ministry, and Christian IV. finally succeeded in outbidding his rival. Gustavus Adolphus, for his own security, had demanded the cession of some places of strength in Germany, where he himself had no territories, to afford, in case of need, a place of refuge for his troops. Christian IV. possessed Holstein and Jutland, through which, in the event of a defeat, he could always secure a retreat.

Eager to get the start of his competitor, the King of Denmark hastened to take the field. Appointed generalissimo of the circle of Lower Saxony, he soon had an army of sixty thousand men in motion; the administrator of Magdeburg, and the Dukes of Brunswick and Mecklenburg, entered into an alliance with him. Encouraged by the hope of assistance from England, and the possession of so large a force, he flattered himself he should be able to terminate the war in a single campaign.

At Vienna, it was officially notified that the only object of these preparations was the protection of the circle, and the maintenance of peace. But the negotiations with Holland, England, and even France, the extraordinary exertions of the circle, and the raising of so formidable an army, seemed to have something more in view than defensive operations, and to contemplate nothing less than the complete restoration of the Elector Palatine, and the humiliation of the dreaded power of Austria.

After negotiations, exhortations, commands, and threats had in vain been employed by the Emperor in order to induce the King of Denmark and the circle of Lower Saxony to lay down their arms, hostilities commenced, and Lower Germany

became the theatre of war. Count Tilly, marching along the left bank of the Weser, made himself master of all the passes as far as Minden. After an unsuccessful attack on Nienburg, he crossed the river and overran the principality of Calenberg, in which he quartered his troops. The king conducted his operations on the right bank of the river, and spread his forces over the territories of Brunswick, but having weakened his main body by too powerful detachments, he could not engage in any enterprise of importance. Aware of his opponent's superiority, he avoided a decisive action as anxiously as the general of the League sought it.

With the exception of the troops from the Spanish Netherlands, which had poured into the Lower Palatinate, the Emperor had hitherto made use only of the arms of Bavaria and the League in Germany. Maximilian conducted the war as executor of the ban of the empire, and Tilly, who commanded the army of execution, was in the Bavarian service. The Emperor owed superiority in the field to Bavaria and the League, and his fortunes were in their hands. This dependence on their good-will, but ill accorded with the grand schemes, which the brilliant commencement of the war had led the imperial cabinet to form.

However active the League had shown itself in the Emperor's defense, while thereby it secured its own welfare, it could not be expected that it would enter as readily into his views of conquest. Or, if they still continued to lend their armies for that purpose, it was too much to be feared that they would share with the Emperor nothing but general odium, while they appropriated to themselves all advantages. A strong army under his own orders could alone free him from this debasing dependence upon Bavaria, and restore to him his former pre-eminence in Germany. But the war had already exhausted the imperial dominions, and they were unequal to the expense of such an armament. In these circumstances, nothing could be more welcome to the Emperor than the proposal with which one of his officers surprised him.

This was Count Wallenstein, an experienced officer, and the richest nobleman in Bohemia. From his earliest youth he had been in the service of the House of Austria, and several campaigns against the Turks, Venetians, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Transylvanians had established his reputation. He was present as colonel at the battle of Prague, and afterward, as major-general, had defeated a Hungarian force in Moravia. The Emperor's gratitude was equal to his services, and a large share of the confiscated estates of the Bohemian insurgents was their reward. Possessed of immense property, excited by ambitious views, confident in his own good fortune, and still more encouraged by the existing state of circumstances, he offered, at his own expence and that of his friends, to raise and clothe an army for the Emperor, and even undertook the cost of maintaining it, if he were allowed to augment it to fifty thousand men. The project was universally ridiculed as the chimerical offspring of a visionary brain; but the offer was highly valuable, if its promises should be but partially fulfilled. Certain circles

in Bohemia were assigned to him as depots, with authority to appoint his own officers. In a few months he had twenty thousand men under arms, with which, quitting the Austrian territories, he soon afterward appeared on the frontiers of Lower Saxony with thirty thousand. The Emperor had lent this armament nothing but his name. The reputation of the general, the prospect of rapid promotion, and the hope of plunder, attracted to his standard adventurers from all quarters of Germany; and even sovereign princes, stimulated by the desire of glory or of gain, offered to raise regiments for the service of Austria.

Now, therefore, for the first time in this war, an imperial army appeared in Germany; which was menacing to the Protestants, and scarcely more acceptable to the Roman Catholics. Wallenstein had orders to unite his army with the troops of the League, and in conjunction with the Bavarian general to attack the King of Denmark. But long jealous of Tilly's fame, he showed no disposition to share with him the laurels of the campaign, or in the splendor of his rival's achievements to dim the lustre of his own. His plan of operations was to support the latter, but to act entirely independent of him. As he had not resources, like Tilly, for supplying the wants of his army, he was obliged to march his troops into fertile countries which had not as yet suffered from war. Disobeying, therefore, the order to form a junction with the general of the League, he marched into the territories of Halberstadt and Magdeburg, and at Dessau made himself master of the Elbe. All the lands on either bank of this river were at his command, and from them he could either attack the King of Denmark in the rear, or, if prudent, enter the territories of that prince.

Christian IV. was fully aware of the danger of his situation between two such powerful armies. He had already been joined by the Administrator of Halberstadt, who had lately returned from Holland; he now also acknowledged Mansfeld, whom previously he had refused to recognize, and supported him to the best of his ability. Mansfeld amply repaid this service. He alone kept at bay the army of Wallenstein upon the Elbe, and prevented its junction with that of Tilly, and a combined attack on the King of Denmark. Notwithstanding the enemy's superiority, this intrepid general even approached the bridge of Dessau, and ventured to intrench himself in presence of the imperial lines. But attacked in the rear by the whole force of the Imperialists, he was obliged to yield to superior numbers, and to abandon his post with the loss of three thousand killed. After this defeat, Mansfeld withdrew into Brandenburg, where he soon recruited and reinforced his army; and suddenly turned into Silesia, with the view of marching from thence into Hungary; and, in conjunction with Bethlem Gabor, carrying the war into the heart of Austria. As the Austrian dominions in that quarter were entirely defenseless, Wallenstein received immediate orders to leave the King of Denmark, and, if possible, to intercept Mansfeld's progress through Silesia.

The diversion which this movement had made in the army of Wallenstein, enabled the king to

detach a part of his force into Westphalia, to seize the bishoprics of Munster and Osnaburg. To check this movement, Tilly suddenly moved from the Weser; but the operations of Duke Christian, who threatened the territories of the League with an inroad in the direction of Hesse, and to remove thither the seat of war, recalled him as rapidly from Westphalia. In order to keep open his communication with these provinces, and to prevent the junction of the enemy with the Landgrave of Hesse, Tilly hastily seized all the tenable posts on the Werha and Fulda, and took up a strong position in Minden, at the foot of the Hessian Mountains, and at the confluence of these rivers with the Weser. He soon made himself master of Göttingen, the key of Brunswick and Hesse, and was meditating a similar attack upon Nordheim, when the king advanced upon him with his whole army. After throwing into this place the necessary supplies for a long siege, the latter attempted to open a new passage through Eichsfeld and Thuringia, into the territories of the League. He had already reached Duderstadt, when Tilly, by forced marches, came up with him. As the army of Tilly, which had been reinforced by some of Wallenstein's regiments, was superior in numbers to his own, the king, to avoid a battle, retreated toward Brunswick. But Tilly incessantly harassed his retreat, and after three days' skirmishing, he was at length obliged to await the enemy near the village of Lutter in Barenberg. The Danes began the attack with great bravery, and thrice did their intrepid monarch lead them in person against the enemy; but at length the superior numbers and discipline of the Imperialists prevailed, and the general of the League obtained a complete victory. The Danes lost sixty standards, and their whole artillery, baggage, and ammunition. Several officers of distinction, and about four thousand men were killed on the field of battle; and several companies of foot, in the flight, who had thrown themselves into the town-house of Lutter, laid down their arms and surrendered to the conqueror.

The king fled with his cavalry, and soon collected the wreck of his army which had survived this serious defeat. Tilly pursued his victory, made himself master of the Weser and Brunswick, and forced the king to retire into Bremen. Rendered more cautious by defeat, the latter now stood upon the defensive; and determined at all events to prevent the enemy from crossing the Elbe. But while he threw garrisons into every tenable place, he reduced his own diminished army to inactivity; and one after another his scattered troops were either defeated or dispersed. The forces of the League, in command of the Weser, spread themselves along the Elbe and Havel, and everywhere drove the Danes before them. Tilly himself crossing the Elbe penetrated with his victorious army into Brandenburg, while Wallenstein entered Holstein to remove the seat of war to the king's own dominions.

This general had just returned from Hungary, whither he had pursued Mansfeld, without being able to obstruct his march, or prevent his junction with Bethlem Gabor. Constantly persecuted by fortune, but always superior to his fate, Mansfeld

had made his way against countless difficulties, through Silesia and Hungary to Transylvania, where, after all, he was not very welcome. Relying upon the assistance of England, and a powerful diversion in Lower Saxony, Gabor had again broken the truce with the Emperor. But in place of the expected diversion in his favor, Mansfeld had drawn upon himself the whole strength of Wallenstein, and instead of bringing, required, pecuniary assistance. The want of concert in the Protestant counsels cooled Gabor's ardor; and he hastened, as usual, to avert the coming storm by a speedy peace. Firmly determined, however, to break it, with the first ray of hope, he directed Mansfeld in the mean time to apply for assistance to Venice.

Cut off from Germany, and unable to support the weak remnant of his troops in Hungary, Mansfeld sold his artillery and baggage train, and disbanded his soldiers. With a few followers, he proceeded through Bosnia and Dalmatia, toward Venice. New schemes swelled his bosom; but his career was ended. Fate, which had so restlessly sported with him throughout, now prepared for him a peaceful grave in Dalmatia. Death overtook him in the vicinity of Zara in 1626, and a short time before him died the faithful companion of his fortunes, Christian, Duke of Brunswick—two men worthy of immortality, had they but been as superior to their times as they were to their adversities.

The King of Denmark, with his whole army, was unable to cope with Tilly alone; much less, therefore, with a shattered force could he hold his ground against the two imperial generals. The Danes retired from all their posts on the Weser, the Elbe, and the Havel, and the army of Wallenstein poured like a torrent into Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, Holstein, and Silesia. That general, too proud to act in conjunction with another, had dispatched Tilly across the Elbe, to watch, as he gave out, the motions of the Dutch in that quarter; but in reality that he might terminate the war against the king, and reap for himself the fruits of Tilly's conquests. Christian had now lost all his fortresses in the German States, with the exception of Gluckstadt; his armies were defeated or dispersed; no assistance came from Germany; from England, little consolation; while his confederates in Lower Saxony were at the mercy of the conqueror. The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had been forced by Tilly, soon after the battle of Lutter, to renounce the Danish alliance. Wallenstein's formidable appearance before Berlin reduced the Elector of Brandenburg to submission, and compelled him to recognize, as legitimate, Maximilian's title to the Palatine Electorate. The greater part of Mecklenburg was now overrun by imperial troops; and both dukes, as adherents of the King of Denmark, placed under the ban of the empire, and driven from their dominions. The defense of the German liberties against illegal encroachments, was punished as a crime deserving the loss of all dignities and territories; and yet this was but the prelude to the still more crying enormities which shortly followed.

The secret how Wallenstein had purposed to fulfill his extravagant designs was now manifest.

He had learned the lesson from Count Mansfeld; but the scholar surpassed his master. On the principle that war must support war, Mansfeld and the Duke of Brunswick had subsisted their troops by contributions levied indiscriminately on friend and enemy; but this predatory life was attended with all the inconvenience and insecurity which accompany robbery. Like fugitive banditti, they were obliged to steal through exasperated and vigilant enemies; to roam from one end of Germany to another; to watch their opportunity with anxiety, and to abandon the most fertile territories whenever they were defended by a superior army. If Mansfeld and Duke Christian had done such great things in the face of these difficulties, what might not be expected if the obstacles were removed; when the army raised was numerous enough to overawe in itself the most powerful states of the empire; when the name of the Emperor insured impunity to every outrage; and when, under the highest authority, and at the head of an overwhelming force, the same system of warfare was pursued, which these two adventurers had hitherto adopted at their own risk, and with only an untrained multitude?

Wallenstein had all this in view when he made his bold offer to the Emperor, which now seemed extravagant to no one. The more his army was augmented, the less cause was there to fear for its subsistence, because it could irresistibly bear down upon the refractory states; the more violent its outrages, the more probable was impunity. Toward hostile states it had the plea of right; toward the favorably disposed it could allege necessity. The inequality, too, with which it dealt out its oppressions, prevented any dangerous union among the states; while the exhaustion of their territories deprived them of the power of vengeance. Thus the whole of Germany became a kind of magazine for the imperial army, and the Emperor was enabled to deal with the other states as absolutely as with his own hereditary dominions. Universal was the clamor for redress before the imperial throne; but there was nothing to fear from the revenge of the injured princes, so long as they appealed for justice. The general discontent was directed equally against the Emperor, who had lent his name to these barbarities, and the general who exceeded his power, and openly abused the authority of his master. They applied to the Emperor for protection against the outrages of his general; but Wallenstein had no sooner felt himself absolute in the army, than he threw off his obedience to his sovereign.

The exhaustion of the enemy made a speedy peace probable; yet Wallenstein continued to augment the imperial armies until they were at least one hundred thousand men strong. Numberless commissions to colonelcies and inferior commands, the regal pomp of the commander-in-chief, immoderate largesses to his favorites, (for he never gave less than a thousand florins,) enormous sums lavished in corrupting the court of Vienna—all this had been effected without burdening the Emperor. These immense sums were raised by the contributions levied from the lower German provinces, where no distinction was made between friend and foe; and the territories of all princes

were subjected to the same system of marching and quartering, of extortion and outrage. If credit is to be given to an extravagant cotemporary statement, Wallenstein, during his seven years command, had exacted not less than sixty thousand millions of dollars from one half of Germany. The greater his extortions, the greater the rewards of his soldiers, and the greater the concourse to his standard, for the world always follows fortune. His armies flourished while all the states through which they passed withered. What cared he for the detestation of the people, and the complaints of princes? His army adored him, and the guilt itself enabled him to bid defiance to its consequences.

It would be unjust to Ferdinand, were we to lay all these irregularities to his charge. Had he foreseen that he was abandoning the German States to the mercy of his general, he would have been sensible how dangerous to himself so absolute a general would prove. The closer the connection became between the army, and the leader from whom flowed favor and fortune, the more the ties which united both to the Emperor were relaxed. Every thing, it is true, was done in the name of the latter; but Wallenstein only availed himself of the supreme majesty of the Emperor to crush the authority of other states. His object was to depress the princes of the empire, to destroy all gradation of rank between them and the Emperor, and to elevate the power of the latter above all competition. If the Emperor were absolute in Germany, who then would be equal to the man intrusted with the execution of his will? The height to which Wallenstein had raised the imperial authority astonished even the Emperor himself; but as the greatness of the master was entirely the work of the servant, the creation of Wallenstein would necessarily sink again into nothing upon the withdrawal of its creative hand. Not without an object, therefore, did Wallenstein labor to poison the minds of the German princes against the Emperor. The more violent their hatred of Ferdinand, the more indispensable to the Emperor would become the man who alone could render their ill-will powerless. His design unquestionably was, that his sovereign should stand in fear of no one in all Germany—besides himself, the source and engine of this despotic power.

As a step toward this end, Wallenstein now demanded the cession of Mecklenburg, to be held in pledge till the repayment of his advances for the war. Ferdinand had already created him Duke of Friedland, apparently with the view of exalting his own general over Bavaria; but an ordinary recompense would not satisfy Wallenstein's ambition. In vain was this new demand, which could be granted only at the expense of two princes of the empire, actively resisted in the Imperial Council; in vain did the Spaniards, who had long been offended by his pride, oppose his elevation. The powerful support which Wallenstein had purchased from the imperial councilors prevailed, and Ferdinand was determined, at whatever cost, to secure the devotion of so indispensable a minister. For a slight offense, one of the oldest German houses was expelled from their

hereditary dominions, that a creature of the Emperor might be enriched by their spoils (1628).

Wallenstein now began to assume the title of generalissimo of the Emperor by sea and land. Wismar was taken, and a firm footing gained on the Baltic. Ships were required from Poland and the Hans towns to carry the war to the other side of the Baltic; to pursue the Danes into the heart of their own country, and to compel them to a peace which might prepare the way to more important conquests. The communication between the Lower German States and the Northern powers would be broken, could the Emperor place himself between them, and encompass Germany, from the Adriatic to the Sound, (the intervening kingdom of Poland being already dependent on him,) with an unbroken line of territory. If such was the Emperor's plan, Wallenstein had a peculiar interest in its execution. These possessions on the Baltic should, he intended, form the first foundation of a power, which had long been the object of his ambition, and which should enable him to throw off his dependence on the Emperor.

To effect this object, it was of extreme importance to gain possession of Stralsund, a town on the Baltic. Its excellent harbor, and the short passage from it to the Swedish and Danish coasts, peculiarly fitted it for a naval station in a war with these powers. This town, the sixth of the Hanseatic League, enjoyed great privileges under the Duke of Pomerania, and totally independent of Denmark, had taken no share in the war. But neither its neutrality nor its privileges could protect it against the encroachments of Wallenstein when he had once cast a longing look upon it.

The request he made, that Stralsund should receive an imperial garrison, had been firmly and honorably rejected by the magistracy, who also refused his cunningly demanded permission to march his troops through the town. Wallenstein, therefore, now proposed to besiege it.

The independence of Stralsund, as securing the free navigation of the Baltic, was equally important to the two northern kings. A common danger overcame at last the private jealousies which had long divided these princes. In a treaty concluded at Copenhagen in 1628, they bound themselves to assist Stralsund with their combined force, and to oppose in common every foreign power which should appear in the Baltic with hostile views. Christian IV. also threw a sufficient garrison into Stralsund, and by his personal presence animated the courage of the citizens. Some ships of war which Sigismund, King of Poland, had sent to the assistance of the imperial general, were sunk by the Danish fleet; and as Lubeck refused him the use of its shipping, this imperial generalissimo of the sea had not even ships enough to blockade this single harbor.

Nothing could appear more adventurous than attempt the conquest of a strongly fortified seaport without first blockading its harbor. Wallenstein, however, who as yet had never experienced a check, wished to conquer nature itself, and to perform impossibilities. Stralsund, open to the sea, continued to be supplied with provisions and reinforcements; yet Wallenstein maintained his

blockade on the land side, and endeavored, by boasting menaces, to supply his want of real strength. "I will take this town," said he, "though it were fastened by a chain to the heavens." The Emperor himself, who might have cause to regret an enterprise which promised no very glorious result, joyfully availed himself of the apparent submission and acceptable propositions of the inhabitants, to order the general to retire from the town. Wallenstein despised the command, and continued to harass the besieged by incessant assaults. As the Danish garrison, already much reduced, was unequal to the fatigues of this prolonged defense, and the king was unable to detach any further troops to their support, Stralsund, with Christian's consent, threw itself under the protection of the King of Sweden. The Danish commander left the town to make way for a Swedish governor, who gloriously defended it. Here Wallenstein's good fortune forsook him; and, for the first time, his pride experienced the humiliation of relinquishing his prey, after the loss of many months and 12,000 men. The necessity to which he reduced the town of applying for protection to Sweden, laid the foundation of a close alliance between Gustavus Adolphus and Stralsund, which greatly facilitated the entrance of the Swedes into Germany.

Hitherto invariable success had attended the arms of the Emperor and the League, and Christian IV., defeated in Germany, had sought refuge in his own islands; but the Baltic checked the further progress of the conquerors. The want of ships not only stopped the pursuit of the king, but endangered their previous acquisitions. The union of the two monarchs was most to be dreaded, because, so long as it lasted, it effectually prevented the Emperor and his general from acquiring a footing on the Baltic, or effecting a landing in Sweden. But if they could succeed in dissolving this union, and especially in securing the friendship of the Danish king, they might hope to overpower the insulated force of Sweden. The dread of the interference of foreign powers, the insubordination of the Protestants in his own states, and still more the storm which was gradually darkening along the whole of Protestant Germany, inclined the Emperor to peace, which his general, from opposite motives, was equally desirous to effect. Far from wishing for a state things which would reduce him from the meridian of greatness and glory to the obscurity of private life, he only wished to change the theatre of war, and by a partial peace to prolong the general confusion. The friendship of Denmark, whose neighbor he had become as Archduke of Mecklenburg, was most important for the success of his ambitious views; and he resolved, even at the sacrifice of his sovereign's interests, to secure its alliance.

By the treaty of Copenhagen, Christian IV. had expressly engaged not to conclude a separate peace with the Emperor, without the consent of Sweden. Notwithstanding, Wallenstein's proposition was readily received by him. In a conference at Lubeck, in 1629, from which Wallenstein, with studied contempt, excluded the Swedish ambassadors who came to intercede for Mecklenburg, all the conquests taken by the imperialists

were restored to the Danes. The condition imposed upon the king were, that he should interfere no further with the affairs of Germany than was called for by his character of Duke of Holstein; that he should on no pretext harass the Chapters of Lower Germany, and should leave the Dukes of Mecklenburg to their fate. By Christian himself had these princes been involved in the war with the Emperor; he now sacrificed them, to gain the favor of the usurper of their territories. Among the motives which had engaged him in a war with the Emperor, not the least was the restoration of his relation, the Elector Palatine—yet the name of that unfortunate prince was not even mentioned in the treaty; while in one of its articles the legitimacy of the Bavarian election was expressly recognized. Thus meanly and ingloriously did Christian IV. retire from the field.

Ferdinand had it now in his power, for the second time, to secure the tranquillity of Germany; and it depended solely on his will whether the treaty with Denmark should or should not be the basis of a general peace. From every quarter arose the cry of the unfortunate, petitioning for an end of their sufferings; the cruelties of his soldiers, and the rapacity of his generals had exceeded all bounds. Germany, laid waste by the desolating bands of Mansfeld and the Duke of Brunswick, and by the still more terrible hordes of Tilly and Wallenstein, lay exhausted, bleeding, wasted, and sighing for repose. An anxious desire for peace was felt by all the Estates, and by the Emperor himself; involved as he was in a war with France in Upper Italy, exhausted by his past warfare in Germany, and apprehensive of the day of reckoning which was approaching. But, unfortunately, the conditions on which alone the two religious parties were willing respectively to sheath the sword, were irreconcilable. The Roman Catholics wished to terminate the war to their own advantage; the Protestants advanced equal pretensions. The Emperor, instead of uniting both parties by a prudent moderation, sided with one; and thus Germany was again plunged in the horrors of a bloody war.

From the very close of the Bohemian troubles, Ferdinand had carried on a counter reformation in his hereditary dominions, in which, however, from regard to some of the Protestant Estates, he proceeded, at first, with moderation. But the victories of his generals in Lower Germany encouraged him to throw off all reserve. Accordingly he had it intimated to all the Protestants in these dominions, that they must either abandon their religion or their native country,—a bitter and dreadful alternative, which excited the most violent commotions among his Austrian subjects. In the Palatinate, immediately after the expulsion of Frederick, the Protestant religion had been suppressed, and its professors expelled from the University of Heidelberg.

All this was but the prelude to greater changes. In the Electoral Congress held at Mühlberg, the Roman Catholics had demanded of the Emperor that all the archbishoprics, bishoprics, mediate and immediate, abbacies and monasteries, which, since the Diet of Augsburg, had been secularized,

by the Protestants, should be restored to the church, in order to indemnify them for the losses and sufferings in the war. To a Roman Catholic prince so zealous as Ferdinand was, such a hint was not likely to be neglected; but he still thought it would be premature to arouse the whole Protestants of Germany by so decisive a step. Not a single Protestant prince but would be deprived, by this revocation of the religious foundations, of a part of his lands; for where these revenues had not actually been diverted to secular purposes they had been made over to the Protestant Church. To this source, many princes owed the chief part of their revenues and importance. All, without exception, would be irritated by this demand for restoration. The religious treaty did not expressly deny their right to these chapters, although it did not allow it. But a possession which had now been held for nearly a century, the silence of four preceding Emperors, and the law of equity, which gave them an equal right with the Roman Catholics to the foundations of their common ancestors, might be strongly pleaded by them as a valid title. Besides the actual loss of power and authority, which the surrender of these foundations would occasion, besides the inevitable confusion which would necessarily attend it, one important disadvantage to which it would lead, was, that the restoration of the Roman Catholic bishops would increase the strength of that party in the Diet by so many additional votes. Such grievous sacrifices likely to fall on the Protestants, made the Emperor apprehensive of a formidable opposition; and until the military ardor should have cooled in Germany, he had no wish to provoke a party formidable by its union, and which in the Elector of Saxony had a powerful leader. He resolved, therefore, to try the experiment at first on a small scale, in order to ascertain how it was likely to succeed on a larger one. Accordingly, some of the free cities in Upper Germany, and the Duke of Wirtemberg, received orders to surrender to the Roman Catholics several of the confiscated chapters.

The state of affairs in Saxony enabled the emperor to make some bolder experiments in that quarter. In the bishoprics of Magdeburg and Halberstadt, the Protestant canons had not hesitated to elect bishops of their own religion. Both bishoprics, with the exception of the town of Magdeburg itself, were overrun by the troops of Wallenstein. It happened, moreover, that by the death of the Administrator Duke Christian of Brunswick, Halberstadt was vacant, as was also the archbishopric of Magdeburg by the deposition of Christian William, a prince of the House of Brandenburg. Ferdinand took advantage of the circumstance to restore the see of Halberstadt to a Roman Catholic bishop, and a prince of his own house. To avoid a similar coercion, the Chapter of Magdeburg hastened to elect a son of the Elector of Saxony as Archbishop. But the pope, who with his arrogated authority interfered in this matter, conferred the Archbishopric of Magdeburg also on the Austrian prince. Thus, with all his pious zeal for religion, Ferdinand never lost sight of the interests of his family.

At length, when the peace of Lubeck had delivered the Emperor from all apprehensions on the side of Denmark, and the German Protestants seemed entirely powerless, the League becoming louder and more urgent in its demands, Ferdinand, in 1629, signed the Edict of Restitution, (so famous by its disastrous consequences,) which he had previously laid before the four Roman Catholic electors for their approbation. In the preamble, he claimed the prerogative, in right of his imperial authority, to interpret the meaning of the religious treaty, the ambiguities of which had already caused so many disputes, and to decide as supreme arbiter and judge between the contending parties. This prerogative he founded upon the practice of his ancestors, and its previous recognition even by the Protestant states. Saxony had actually acknowledged this right of the Emperor; and it now became evident how deeply this court had injured the Protestant cause by its dependence on the House of Austria. But though the meaning of the religious treaty was really ambiguous, as a century of religious disputants sufficiently proved, yet for the Emperor, who must be either a Protestant or a Roman Catholic, and therefore an interested party, to assume the right of deciding between the disputants, was clearly a violation of an essential article of the pacification. He could not be judge in his own cause, without reducing the liberties of the empire to an empty sound.

And now, in virtue of this usurpation, Ferdinand decided, "That every secularization of a religious foundation, mediate or immediate, by the Protestants, subsequent to the date of the treaty, was contrary to its spirit, and must be revoked as a breach of it." He further decided, "That, by the religious peace, Catholic proprietors of estates were no further bound to their Protestant subjects than to allow them full liberty to quit their territories." In obedience to this decision, all unlawful possessors of benefices—the Protestant states in short without exception—were ordered, under pain of the ban of the empire, immediately to surrender their usurped possessions to the imperial commissioners.

This sentence applied to no less than two archbishoprics, and twelve bishoprics, besides innumerable abbacies. The edict came like a thunderbolt on the whole of Protestant Germany; dreadful even in its immediate consequences; but yet more so from the further calamities it seemed to threaten. The Protestants were now convinced that the suppression of their religion had been resolved on by the Emperor and the League, and that the overthrow of German liberty would soon follow. Their remonstrances were unheeded; the commissioners were named, and an army assembled to enforce obedience. The edict was first put in force in Augsburg, where the treaty was concluded; the city was again placed under the government of its bishop, and six Protestant churches in the town were closed. The Duke of Wirtemberg was, in like manner, compelled to surrender his abbacies. These severe measures, though they alarmed the Protestant states, were yet insufficient to rouse them to an active resistance.

Their fear of the emperor was too strong, and many were disposed to quiet submission. The hope of attaining their end by gentle measures, induced the Roman Catholics likewise to delay for a year the execution of the edict, and this saved the Protestants; before the end of that period, the success of the Swedish arms had totally changed the state of affairs.

In a Diet held at Ratisbon, at which Ferdinand was present in person (in 1630), the necessity of taking some measures for the immediate restoration of a general peace to Germany, and for the removal of all grievances, was debated. The complaints of the Roman Catholics were scarcely less numerous than those of the Protestants; however Ferdinand had flattered himself that by the Edict of Restitution he had secured the members of the League, and its leader by the gift of the electoral dignity, and the cession of great part of the Palatinate. But the good understanding between the Emperor and the princes of the League had rapidly declined since the employment of Wallenstein. Accustomed to give law to Germany, and even to sway the Emperor's own destiny, the haughty Elector of Bavaria now at once saw himself supplanted by the imperial general, and with that of the League, his own importance completely undermined. Another had now stepped in to reap the fruits of his victories, and to bury his past services in oblivion. Wallenstein's imperious character, whose dearest triumph was in degrading the authority of Maximilian, and giving an odious latitude to that of the Emperor, tended not a little to augment the irritation of the Elector. Discontented with the Emperor, and distrustful of his intentions, he had entered into an alliance with France, which the other members of the League were suspected of favoring. A fear of the Emperor's plans of aggrandizement, and discontent with existing evils, had extinguished among them all feelings of gratitude. Wallenstein's exactions had become altogether intolerable. Brandenburg estimated its loss at twenty, Pomerania at ten, Hesse Cassel at seven millions of dollars, and the rest in proportion. The cry for redress was loud, urgent, and universal; all prejudices were hushed; Roman Catholics and Protestants were united on this point. The terrified Emperor was assailed on all sides by petitions against Wallenstein, and his ear filled with the most fearful descriptions of his outrages. Ferdinand was not naturally cruel. If not totally innocent of the atrocities which were practiced in Germany under the shelter of his name, he was ignorant of their extent; and he was not long in yielding to the representation of the princes, and reduced his standing army by eighteen thousand cavalry. While this reduction took place, the Swedes were actively preparing an expedition into Germany, and the greater part of the disbanded Imperialists enlisted under their banners.

The Emperor's concessions only encouraged the Elector of Bavaria to bolder demands. So long as the Duke of Friedland retained the supreme command, his triumph over the Emperor was incomplete. The princes of the League were meditating a severe revenge on Wallenstein for that haughtiness with which he had treated them all

alike. His dismissal was demanded by the whole college of electors, and even by Spain, with a degree of unanimity and urgency which astonished the Emperor. The anxiety with which Wallenstein's enemies pressed for his dismissal, ought to have convinced the Emperor of the importance of his services. Wallenstein, informed of the cabals which were forming against him in Ratisbon, lost no time in opening the eyes of the Emperor to the real views of the Elector of Bavaria. He himself appeared in Ratisbon, with a pomp which threw his master into the shade, and increased the hatred of his opponents.

Long was the Emperor undecided. The sacrifice demanded was a painful one. To the Duke of Friedland alone he owed his preponderance; he felt how much he would lose in yielding him to the indignation of the princes. But at this moment, unfortunately, he was under the necessity of conciliating the Electors. His son Ferdinand had already been chosen King of Hungary, and he was endeavoring to procure his election as his successor in the empire. For this purpose, the support of Maximilian was indispensable. This consideration was the weightiest, and to oblige the Elector of Bavaria he scrupled not to sacrifice his most valuable servant.

At the Diet of Ratisbon, there were present ambassadors from France, empowered to adjust the differences which seemed to menace a war in Italy between the Emperor and their sovereign. Vincent, Duke of Mantua and Montferrat, dying without issue, his next relation, Charles, Duke of Nevers, had taken possession of this inheritance, without doing homage to the Emperor as liege lord of the principality. Encouraged by the support of France and Venice, he refused to surrender these territories into the hands of the imperial commissioners, until his title to them should be decided. On the other hand, Ferdinand had taken up arms at the instigation of the Spaniards, to whom, as possessors of Milan, the near neighborhood of a vassal of France was peculiarly alarming, and who welcomed this prospect of making with the assistance of the Emperor, additional conquests in Italy. In spite of all the exertions of Pope Urban VIII. to avert a war in that country, Ferdinand marched a German army across the Alps, and threw the Italian states into a general consternation. His arms had been successful throughout Germany, and exaggerated fears revived the olden apprehension of Austria's projects of universal monarchy. All the horrors of the German war now spread like a deluge over those favored countries which the Po waters; Mantua was taken by storm, and the surrounding districts given up to the ravages of a lawless soldiery. The curse of Italy was thus added to the maledictions upon the Emperor which resounded through Germany; and even in the Roman Conclave, silent prayers were offered for the success of the Protestant arms.

Alarmed by the universal hatred which this Italian campaign had drawn upon him, and wearied out by the urgent remonstrances of the Electors, who zealously supported the application of the French ambassador, the Emperor promised the investiture to the new Duke of Mantua.

This important service on the part of Bavaria, of course, required an equivalent from France. The adjustment of the treaty gave the envoys of Richelieu, during their residence in Ratisbon, the desired opportunity of entangling the Emperor in dangerous intrigues, of inflaming the discontented princes of the League still more strongly against him, and of turning to his disadvantage all the transactions of the Diet. For this purpose Richelieu had chosen an admirable instrument in Father Joseph, a Capuchin friar, who accompanied the ambassadors without exciting the least suspicion. One of his principal instructions was assiduously to bring about the dismissal of Wallenstein. With the general who had led it to victory, the army of Austria would lose its principal strength; many armies could not compensate for the loss of this individual. It would therefore be a master-stroke of policy, at the very moment when a victorious monarch, the absolute master of his operations, was arming against the Emperor, to remove from the head of the imperial armies the only general who, by ability and military experience, was able to cope with the French king. Father Joseph, in the interests of Bavaria, undertook to overcome the irresolution of the Emperor, who was now in a manner besieged by the Spaniards and the Electoral Council. "It would be expedient," he thought, "to gratify the Electors on this occasion, and thereby facilitate his son's election to the Roman Crown. The object once gained, Wallenstein could at any time resume his former station." The artful Capuchin was too sure of his man to touch upon this ground of consolation.

The voice of a monk was to Ferdinand II. the voice of God. "Nothing on earth," writes his own confessor, "was more sacred in his eyes than a priest. If it could happen, he used to say, that an angel and a Regular were to meet him at the same time and place, the Regular should receive his first, and the angel his second obeisance." Wallenstein's dismissal was determined upon.

In return for this pious concession, the Capuchin dexterously counteracted the Emperor's scheme to procure for the King of Hungary the further dignity of King of the Romans. In an express clause of the treaty just concluded, the French ministers engaged, in the name of their sovereign, to observe a complete neutrality between the Emperor and his enemies; while, at the same time, Richelieu was actually negotiating with the King of Sweden to declare war, and pressing upon him the alliance of his master. The latter, indeed, disavowed the lie as soon as it had served its purpose, and Father Joseph, confined to a convent, must atone for the alleged offense of exceeding his instructions. Ferdinand perceived, when too late, that he had been imposed upon. "A wicked Capuchin," he was heard to say, "has disarmed me with his rosary, and thrust nothing less than six electoral crowns into his cowl."

Artifice and trickery thus triumphed over the Emperor, at the moment when he was believed to be omnipotent in Germany, and actually was so in the field. With the loss of eighteen thousand

men, and of a general who alone was worth whole armies, he left Ratisbon without gaining the end for which he had made such sacrifices. Before the Swedes had vanquished him in the field, Maximilian of Bavaria and Father Joseph had given him a mortal blow. At this memorable Diet at Ratisbon, the war with Sweden was resolved upon, and that of Mantua terminated. Vainly had the princes present at it interceded for the Dukes of Mecklenburg; and equally fruitless had been an application by the English ambassadors for a pension to the Palatine Frederick.

Wallenstein was at the head of an army of nearly a hundred thousand men who adored him, when the sentence of his dismissal arrived. Most of the officers were his creatures:—with the common soldiers his hint was law. His ambition was boundless, his pride indomitable, his imperious spirit could not brook an injury unavenged. One moment would now precipitate him from the height of grandeur into the obscurity of a private station. To execute such a sentence upon such a delinquent seemed to require more address than it cost to obtain it from the judge. Accordingly, two of Wallenstein's most intimate friends were selected as heralds of these evil tidings, and instructed to soften them as much as possible, by flattering assurances of the continuance of the Emperor's favor.

Wallenstein had ascertained the purport of their message before the imperial ambassadors arrived. He had time to collect himself, and his countenance exhibited an external calmness, while grief and rage were storming in his bosom. He had made up his mind to obey. The Emperor's decision had taken him by surprise before circumstances were ripe, or his preparations complete, for the bold measures he had contemplated. His extensive estates were scattered over Bohemia and Moravia; and by their confiscation, the Emperor might at once destroy the sinews of his power. He looked, therefore, to the future for revenge; and in this hope he was encouraged by the predictions of an Italian astrologer, who led his imperious spirit like a child in leading-strings. Seni had read in the stars, that his master's brilliant career was not yet ended; and that bright and glorious prospects still awaited him. It was, indeed, unnecessary to consult the stars to foretell that an enemy, Gustavus Adolphus, would ere long render indispensable the services of such a general as Wallenstein.

"The Emperor is betrayed," said Wallenstein to the messengers; "I pity but forgive him. It is plain that the grasping spirit of the Bavarian dictates to him. I grieve that, with so much weakness, he has sacrificed me, but I will obey." He dismissed the emissaries with princely presents; and in a humble letter besought the continuance of the Emperor's favor, and of the dignities he had bestowed upon him.

The murmurs of the army were universal, on hearing of the dismissal of their general; and the greater part of his officers immediately quitted the imperial service. Many followed him to his estates in Bohemia and Moravia; others he at-

tached to his interests by pensions, in order to command their services when the opportunity should offer.

But repose was the last thing that Wallenstein contemplated when he returned to private life. In his retreat, he surrounded himself with a regal pomp, which seemed to mock the sentence of degradation. Six gates led to the palace he inhabited in Prague, and a hundred houses were pulled down to make way for his courtyard. Similar palaces were built on his other numerous estates. Gentlemen of the noblest houses contended for the honor of serving him, and even imperial chamberlains resigned the golden key to the Emperor, to fill a similar office under Wallenstein. He maintained sixty pages, who were instructed by the ablest masters. His antechamber was protected by fifty life-guards. His table never consisted of less than one hundred covers, and his seneschal was a person of distinction. When he traveled, his baggage and suite accompanied him in a hundred wagons, drawn by six or four horses; his court followed in sixty carriages, attended by fifty led horses. The pomp of his liveries, the splendor of his equipages, and the decorations of his apartments, were in keeping with all the rest. Six barons and as many knights, were in constant attendance upon his person, and ready to execute his slightest order. Twelve patrols went their rounds about his palace, to prevent any disturbance. His busy genius required silence. The noise of coaches was to be kept away from his residence, and the streets leading to it were frequently blocked with chains. His own circle was as silent as the approaches to his palace; dark, reserved, and impenetrable, he was more sparing of his words than of his gifts: while the little that he spoke was harsh and imperious. He never smiled, and the coldness of his temperament was proof against sensual seductions. Ever occupied with grand schemes, he despised all those idle amusements in which so many waste their lives. The correspondence he kept up with the whole of Europe was chiefly managed by himself, and, that as little as possible might be trusted to the silence of others, most of the letters were written by his own hand. He was a man of large stature, thin, of a sallow complexion, with short red hair, and small sparkling eyes. A gloomy and forbidding seriousness sat upon his brow; and his magnificent presents alone retained the trembling crowd of his dependents.

In this stately obscurity did Wallenstein silently, but not inactively, await the hour of revenge. The victorious career of Gustavus Adolphus soon gave him a presentiment of its approach. Not one of his lofty schemes had been abandoned; and the Emperor's ingratitude had loosened the curb of his ambition. The dazzling splendor of his private life bespoke high soaring projects; and, lavish as a king, he seemed already to reckon among his certain possessions those which he contemplated with hope.

After Wallenstein's dismissal, and the invasion of Gustavus Adolphus, a new generalissimo was to be appointed; and it now appeared advisable to unite both the imperial army and that of the League under one general. Maximilian of Bava-

ria sought this appointment, which would have enabled him to dictate to the Emperor, who, from a conviction of this, wished to procure the command for his eldest son, the King of Hungary. At last, in order to avoid offense to either of the competitors, the appointment was given to Tilly, who now exchanged the Bavarian for the Austrian service. The imperial army in Germany, after the retirement of Wallenstein, amounted to about forty thousand men; that of the League to nearly the same number, both commanded by excellent officers, trained by the experience of several campaigns, and proud of a long series of victories. With such a force, little apprehension was felt at the invasion of the King of Sweden, and the less so as it commanded both Pomerania and Mecklenburg, the only countries through which he could enter Germany.

After the unsuccessful attempt of the King of Denmark to check the Emperor's progress, Gustavus Adolphus was the only prince in Europe from whom oppressed liberty could look for protection—the only one who, while he was personally qualified to conduct such an enterprise, had both political motives to recommend and wrongs to justify it. Before the commencement of the war in Lower Saxony, important political interests induced him, as well as the King of Denmark, to offer his services and his army for the defense of Germany; but the offer of the latter had, to his own misfortune, been preferred. Since that time, Wallenstein and the Emperor had adopted measures which must have been equally offensive to him as a man and as a king. Imperial troops had been dispatched to the aid of the Polish king, Sigismund, to defend Prussia against the Swedes. When the king complained to Wallenstein of this act of hostility, he received for answer, "The Emperor has more soldiers than he wants for himself, he must help his friends." The Swedish ambassadors had been insolently ordered by Wallenstein to withdraw from the conference at Lubeck; and when, unawed by this command, they were courageous enough to remain, contrary to the law of nations, he had threatened them with violence. Ferdinand had also insulted the Swedish flag, and intercepted the king's dispatches to Transylvania. He also threw every obstacle in the way of a peace betwixt Poland and Sweden, supported the pretensions of Sigismund to the Swedish throne, and denied the right of Gustavus to the title of king. Deigning no regard to the repeated remonstrances of Gustavus, he rather aggravated the offense by new grievances, than acceded to the required satisfaction.

So many personal motives, supported by important considerations, both of policy and religion, and seconded by pressing invitations from Germany, had their full weight with a prince, who was naturally the more jealous of his royal prerogative the more it was questioned, who was flattered by the glory he hoped to gain as Protector of the oppressed, and passionately loved war as the element of his genius. But, until a truce or peace with Poland should set his hands free, a new and dangerous war was not to be thought of.

Cardinal Richelieu had the merit of effecting

this truce with Poland. This great statesman, who guided the helm of Europe, while in France he repressed the rage of faction and the insolence of the nobles, pursued steadily, amidst the cares of a stormy administration, his plan of lowering the ascendancy of the House of Austria. But circumstances opposed considerable obstacles to the execution of his designs; and even the greatest minds cannot, with impunity, defy the prejudices of the age. The minister of a Roman Catholic king, and a Cardinal, he was prevented by the purple he bore from joining the enemies of that church in an open attack on a power which had the address to sanctify its ambitious encroachments under the name of religion. The external deference which Richelieu was obliged to pay to the narrow views of his cotemporaries limited his exertions to secret negotiations, by which he endeavored to gain the hand of others to accomplish the enlightened projects of his own mind. After a fruitless attempt to prevent the peace between Denmark and the Emperor, he had recourse to Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of his age. No exertion was spared to bring this monarch to a favorable decision, and at the same time to facilitate the execution of it. Charnasse, an unsuspected agent of the Cardinal, proceeded to Polish Prussia, where Gustavus Adolphus was conducting the war against Sigismund, and alternately visited these princes, in order to persuade them to a truce or peace. Gustavus had been long inclined to it, and the French minister succeeded at last in opening the eyes of Sigismund to his true interests, and to the deceitful policy of the Emperor. A truce for six years was agreed on, Gustavus being allowed to retain all his conquests. This treaty gave him also what he had so long desired, the liberty of directing his arms against the Emperor. For this the French ambassador offered him the alliance of his sovereign and considerable subsidies. But Gustavus Adolphus was justly apprehensive lest the acceptance of the assistance should make him dependent upon France, and fetter him in his career of conquest, while an alliance with a Roman Catholic power might excite distrust among the Protestants.

If the war was just and necessary, the circumstances under which it was undertaken were not less promising. The name of the Emperor, it is true, was formidable, his resources inexhaustible, his power hitherto invincible. So dangerous a contest would have dismayed any other than Gustavus. He saw all the obstacles and dangers which opposed his undertaking, but he knew also the means by which, as he hoped, they might be conquered. His army, though not numerous, was well disciplined, inured to hardship by a severe climate and campaigns, and trained to victory in the war with Poland. Sweden, though poor in men and money, and overtaxed by an eight years' war, was devoted to its monarch with an enthusiasm which assured him of the ready support of his subjects. In Germany, the name of the Emperor was at least as much hated as feared. The Protestant princes only awaited the arrival of a deliverer to throw off his intolerable yoke, and openly declare for the Swedes. Even the Roman Catholic states would welcome an antagonist to

the Emperor, whose opposition might control his overwhelming influence. The first victory gained on German ground would be decisive. It would encourage those princes who still hesitated to declare themselves, strengthen the cause of his adherents, augment his troops, and open resources for the maintenance of the campaign. If the greater part of the German states were impoverished by oppression, the flourishing Hanse towns had escaped, and they could not hesitate, by a small voluntary sacrifice, to avert the general ruin. As the imperialists should be driven from the different provinces, their armies would diminish, since they were subsisting on the countries in which they were encamped. The strength, too, of the Emperor had been lessened by ill-timed detachments to Italy and the Netherlands; while Spain, weakened by the loss of the Manilla galleons, and engaged in a serious war in the Netherlands, could afford him little support. Great Britain, on the other hand, gave the King of Sweden hope of considerable subsidies; and France, now at peace with itself, came forward with the most favorable offers.

But the strongest pledge for the success of his undertaking Gustavus found—in himself. Prudence demanded that he should embrace all the foreign assistance he could, in order to guard his enterprise from the imputation of rashness; but all his confidence and courage were entirely derived from himself. He was indisputably the greatest general of his age, and the bravest soldier in the army which he had formed. Familiar with the tactics of Greece and Rome, he had discovered a more effective system of warfare, which was adopted as a model by the most eminent commanders of subsequent times. He reduced the unwieldy squadrons of cavalry, and rendered their movements more light and rapid; and, with the same view, he widened the intervals between his battalions. Instead of the usual array in a single line, he disposed his forces in two lines, that the second might advance in the event of the first giving way.

He made up for his want of cavalry by placing infantry among the horse; a practice which frequently decided the victory. Europe first learned from him the importance of infantry. All Germany was astonished at the strict discipline which, at the first, so creditably distinguished the Swedish army within their territories; all disorders were punished with the utmost severity, particularly impiety, theft, gambling, and duelling. The Swedish articles of war enforced frugality in the camp, the King's tent not excepted. Neither silver nor gold was to be seen. The general's eye looked as vigilantly to the morals as to the martial bravery of his soldiers; every regiment was ordered to form around its chaplain for morning and evening prayers. In all these points the lawgiver was also an example. A sincere and ardent piety exalted his courage. Equally free from the coarse infidelity which leaves the passions of the barbarian without control,—and from the groveling superstition of Ferdinand, who humbled himself to the dust before the Supreme Being, while he haughtily trampled on his fellow-creature—in the height

of his success he was ever a man and a Christian—in the height of his devotion, a king and a hero. The hardships of war he shared with the meanest soldier in his army; maintained a calm serenity amidst the hottest fury of battle; his glance was omnipresent, and he intrepidly forgot the danger while he exposed himself to the greatest peril. His natural courage, indeed, too often forgot the duty of a general; and the life of a king ended in the death of a common soldier. But such a leader was followed to victory alike by the coward and the brave, and his eagle glance marked every heroic deed which his example had inspired. The fame of their sovereign excited in the nation an enthusiastic sense of their own importance; proud of their king, the peasant in Finland and Gothland joyfully contributed his pittance; the soldier willingly shed his blood; and the lofty energy which his single mind had imparted to the nation long survived its creator.

The necessity of the war was acknowledged, but the best plan of conducting it was a matter of much question. Even to the bold Chancellor Oxenstiern, an offensive war appeared too daring a measure; the resources of his poor and conscientious master, appeared to him too slender to compete with those of a despotic sovereign, who held all Germany at his command. But the minister's timid scruples were overruled by the hero's penetrating prudence. "If we await the enemy in Sweden," said Gustavus, "in the event of a defeat every thing would be lost; by a fortunate commencement in Germany every thing would be gained. The sea is wide, and we have a long line of coast in Sweden to defend. If the enemy's fleet should escape us, or our own be defeated, it would, in either case, be impossible to prevent the enemy's landing. Every thing depends on the retention of Stralsund. So long as this harbor is open to us, we shall both command the Baltic, and secure a retreat from Germany. But to protect this port, we must not remain in Sweden, but advance at once into Pomerania. Let us talk no more, then, of a defensive war, by which we should sacrifice our greatest advantages. Sweden must not be doomed to behold a hostile banner; if we are vanquished in Germany it will be time enough to follow your plan."

Gustavus resolved to cross the Baltic and attack the Emperor. His preparations were made with the utmost expedition, and his precautionary measures were not less prudent than the resolution itself was bold and magnanimous. Before engaging in so distant a war, it was necessary to secure Sweden against its neighbors. At a personal interview with the King of Denmark at Markaroed, Gustavus assured himself of the friendship of that monarch; his frontier on the side of Moscow was well guarded; Poland might be held in check from Germany, if it betrayed any design of infringing the truce. Falckenberg, a Swedish ambassador, who visited the courts of Holland and Germany, obtained the most flattering promises from several Protestant princes, though none of them possessed courage or self-devotion enough to enter into a formal alliance with him. Lubeck and Hamburg engaged to advance him money, and to accept Swedish

copper in return. Emissaries were also dispatched to the Prince of Transylvania, to excite that implacable enemy of Austria to arms.

In the mean time, Swedish levies were made in Germany and the Netherlands, the regiments increased to their full complement, new ones raised, transports provided, a fleet fitted out, provisions, military stores, and money collected. Thirty ships of war were in a short time prepared, 15,000 men equipped, and two hundred transports were ready to convey them across the Baltic. A greater force Gustavus Adolphus was unwilling to carry into Germany, and even the maintenance of this exceeded the revenues of his kingdom. But however small his army, it was admirable in all points of discipline, courage, and experience, and might serve as the nucleus of a more powerful armament, if it once gained the German frontier, and its first attempts were attended with success. Oxenstiern, at once general and chancellor, was posted with 10,000 men in Prussia, to protect that province against Poland. Some regular troops, and a considerable body of militia, which served as a nursery for the main body, remained in Sweden, as a defense against a sudden incursion by any treacherous neighbor.

These were the measures taken for the external defense of the kingdom. Its internal administration was provided for with equal care. The government was intrusted to the Council of State, and the finances to the Palatine, John Casimir, the brother-in-law of the King, while his wife, tenderly as he was attached to her, was excluded from all share in the government, for which her limited talents incapacitated her. He set his house in order like a dying man. On the 20th May, 1630, when all his measures were arranged, and all was ready for his departure, the King appeared in the Diet at Stockholm, to bid the States a solemn farewell. Taking in his arms his daughter Christina, then only four years old, who, in the cradle, had been acknowledged as his successor, he presented her to the States as the future sovereign, exacted from them a renewal of the oath of allegiance to her, in case he should never more return; and then read the ordinances for the government of the kingdom during his absence, or the minority of his daughter. The whole assembly was dissolved in tears, and the King himself was some time before he could attain sufficient composure to deliver his farewell address to the States.

"Not lightly or wantonly," said he, "am I about to involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war: God is my witness that I do not fight to gratify my own ambition. But the Emperor has wronged me most shamefully in the person of my ambassador. He has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and even stretched his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them.

"I am fully sensible of the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I have never yet shrunk from them, nor is it likely that I shall escape them all. Hitherto, Providence has wonderfully protected me, but I shall at least fall in defense of my

country. I commend you to the protection of Heaven. Be just, be conscientious, act uprightly, and we shall meet again in eternity.

"To you, my Counsellors of State, I address myself first. May God enlighten you, and fill you with wisdom, to promote the welfare of my people. You, too, my brave nobles, I commend to the divine protection. Continue to prove yourselves the worthy successors of those Gothic heroes, whose bravery humbled to the dust the pride of ancient Rome. To you, ministers of religion, I recommend moderation and unity; be yourselves examples of the virtues which you preach, and abuse not your influence over the minds of my people. On you, deputies of the burgesses, and the peasantry, I entreat the blessing of heaven; may your industry be rewarded by a prosperous harvest; your stores plentifully filled, and may you be crowned abundantly with all the blessings of this life. For the prosperity of all my subjects, absent and present, I offer my warmest prayers to Heaven. I bid you all a sincere—it may be—an eternal farewell."

The embarkation of the troops took place at Elfsknaben, where the fleet lay at anchor. An immense concourse flocked thither to witness this magnificent spectacle. The hearts of the spectators were agitated by varied emotions, as they alternately considered the vastness of the enterprise, and the greatness of the leader. Among the superior officers who commanded in this army were Gustavus Horn, the Rhinegrave Otto Lewis, Henry Matthias Count Thurn, Ottenberg, Baudissen, Banner, Teufel, Tott, Mutsenfahl, Falkenberg, Kniphausen, and other distinguished names. Detained by contrary winds, the fleet did not sail till June, and on the 24th of that month reached the Island of Rugen in Pomerania.

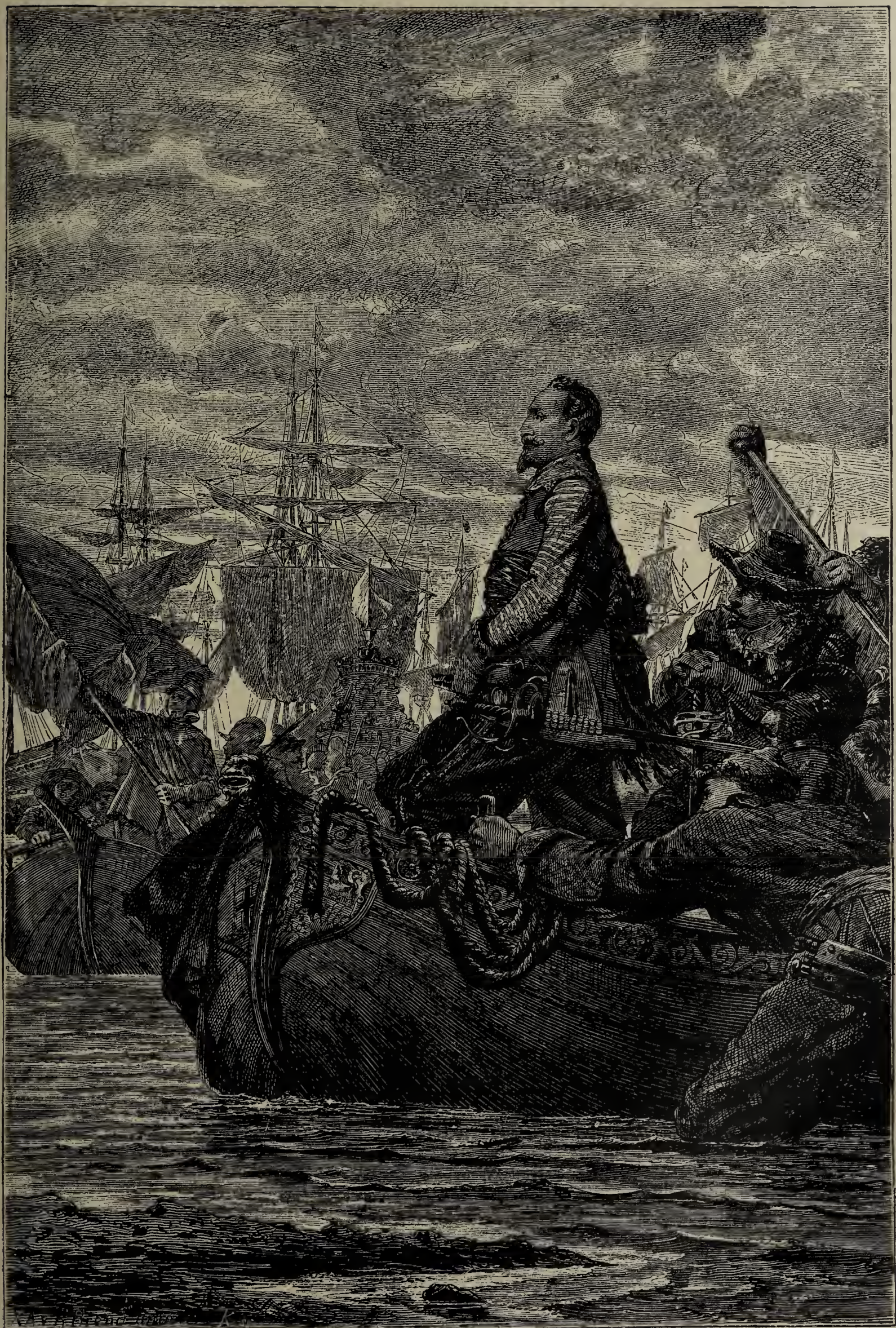
Gustavus Adolphus was the first who landed. In the presence of his suite, he knelt on the shore of Germany, to return thanks to the Almighty for the safe arrival of his fleet and his army. He landed his troops on the Islands of Wollin and Usedom; upon his approach, the imperial garrisons abandoned their entrenchments and fled. He advanced rapidly on Stettin, to secure this important place before the appearance of the Imperialists. Bogislaus XIV., Duke of Pomerania, a feeble and superannuated prince, had been long tired out by the outrages committed by the latter within his territories; but too weak to resist, he had contented himself with murmurs. The appearance of his deliverer, instead of animating his courage, increased his fear and anxiety. Severely as his country had suffered from the Imperialists, the risk of incurring the Emperor's vengeance prevented him from declaring openly for the Swedes. Gustavus Adolphus, who was encamped under the walls of the town, summoned the city to receive a Swedish garrison. Bogislaus appeared in person in the camp of Gustavus, to deprecate this condition. "I come to you," said Gustavus, "not as an enemy but a friend. I wage no war against Pomerania, nor against the German empire, but against the enemies of both. In my hands this duchy shall be sacred; and it shall be restored to you at the conclusion of the campaign, by me, with more certainty than by any

other. Look to the traces of the imperial force within your territories, and to mine in Usedom; and decide whether you will have the Emperor or me as your friend. What have you to expect, if the Emperor should make himself master of your capital? Will he deal with you more leniently than I? Or is it your intention to stop my progress? The case is pressing: decide at once, and do not compel me to have recourse to more violent measures."

The alternative was a painful one. On the one side, the King of Sweden was before his gates with a formidable army; on the other, he saw the inevitable vengeance of the Emperor, and the fearful example of so many German princes, who were now wandering in misery, the victims of that revenge. The more immediate danger decided his resolution. The gates of Stettin were opened to the king; the Swedish troops entered; and the Austrians, who were advancing by rapid marches, anticipated. The capture of this place procured for the king a firm footing in Pomerania, the command of the Oder, and a magazine for his troops. To prevent a charge of treachery, Bogislaus was careful to excuse this step to the Emperor on the plea of necessity; but aware of Ferdinand's implacable disposition, he entered into a close alliance with his new protector. By this league with Pomerania, Gustavus secured a powerful friend in Germany, who covered his rear, and maintained his communication with Sweden.

As Ferdinand was already the aggressor in Prussia, Gustavus Adolphus thought himself absolved from the usual formalities, and commenced hostilities without any declaration of war. To the other European powers, he justified his conduct in a manifesto, in which he detailed the grounds which had led him to take up arms. Meanwhile he continued his progress in Pomerania, while he saw his army daily increasing. The troops which had fought under Mansfeld, Duke Christian of Brunswick, the King of Denmark, and Wallenstein, came in crowds, both officers and soldiers, to join his victorious standard.

At the Imperial court, the invasion of the King of Sweden at first excited far less attention than it merited. The pride of Austria, extravagantly elated by its unheard-of successes, looked down with contempt upon a prince, who, with a handful of men, came from an obscure corner of Europe, and who owed his past successes, as they imagined, entirely to the incapacity of a weak opponent. The depreciatory representation which Wallenstein had artfully given of the Swedish power, increased the Emperor's security; for what had he to fear from an enemy whom his general undertook to drive with such ease from Germany? Even the rapid progress of Gustavus Adolphus in Pomerania, could not entirely dispel this prejudice which the mockeries of the courtiers continued to feed. He was called in Vienna the Snow King, whom the cold of the north kept together, but who would infallibly melt as he advanced southward. Even the electors assembled in Ratisbon disregarded his representations; and, influenced by an abject complaisance to Ferdinand, refused him even the title of king. But while they mocked him in Ratisbon and Vienna,



in Mecklenburg and Pomerania, one strong town after another fell into his hands.

Notwithstanding this contempt, the Emperor thought it proper to offer to adjust his differences with Sweden by negotiation, and for that purpose sent plenipotentiaries to Denmark. But their instructions showed how little he was in earnest in these proposals, for he still continued to refuse to Gustavus the title of king. He hoped by this means to throw on the King of Sweden the odium of being the aggressor, and thereby to insure the support of the states of the empire. The conference at Dantzic proved, as might have been expected, fruitless, and the animosity of both parties was increased to its utmost by an intemperate correspondence.

An imperial general, Torquato Conti, who commanded in Pomerania, had, in the mean time, made a vain attempt to wrest Stettin from the Swedes. The Imperialists were driven out from one place after another; Damm, Stuttgart, Cammin, and Wolgast, soon fell into the hands of Gustavus. To revenge himself upon the Duke of Pomerania, the imperial general permitted his generals, upon his retreat, to exercise every barbarity on the unfortunate inhabitants of Pomerania, who had already suffered but too severely from his avarice. On pretense of cutting off the resources of the Swedes, the whole country was laid waste and plundered; and often when the Imperialists were unable any longer to maintain a place, it was laid in ashes, in order to leave the enemy nothing but ruins. But these barbarities only served to place in a more favorable light the opposite conduct of the Swedes, and to win all hearts to their humane monarch. The Swedish soldier paid for all he required; no private property was injured on his march. The Swedes consequently were received with open arms both in town and country, whilst every Imperialist that fell into the hands of the Pomeranian peasantry was remorselessly murdered. Many Pomeranians entered into the service of Sweden, and the estates of this exhausted country willingly voted the king a contribution of 100,000 florins.

Torquato Conti, who, with all his severity of character, was a consummate general, endeavored to render Stettin useless to the King of Sweden, as he could not deprive him of it. He entrenched himself upon the Oder, at Gartz, above Stettin, in order, by commanding that river, to cut off the water communication of the town with the rest of Germany. Nothing could induce him to attack the King of Sweden, who was his superior in numbers, while the latter was equally cautious not to storm the strong entrenchments of the Imperialists. Torquato, too deficient in troops and money to act upon the offensive against the king, hoped by this plan of operations to give time for Tilly to hasten to the defense of Pomerania, and then, in conjunction with that general, to attack the Swedes. Seizing the opportunity of the temporary absence of Gustavus, he made a sudden attempt upon Stettin, but the Swedes were not unprepared for him. A vigorous attack of the Imperialists was firmly repulsed, and Torquato was forced to retire with great loss. For this auspicious commencement of the war, however,

Gustavus was; it must be owned, as much indebted to his good fortune as to his military talents. The imperial troops in Pomerania had been greatly reduced since Wallenstein's dismissal; moreover, the outrages they had committed were now severely revenged upon them; wasted and exhausted, the country no longer afforded them a subsistence. All discipline was at an end; the orders of the officers were disregarded, while their numbers daily decreased by desertion, and by a general mortality, which the piercing cold of a strange climate had produced among them.

Under these circumstances, the imperial general was anxious to allow his troops the repose of winter quarters, but he had to do with an enemy to whom the climate of Germany had no winter. Gustavus had taken the precaution of providing his soldiers with dresses of sheep-skin, to enable them to keep the field even in the most inclement season. The imperial plenipotentiaries, who came to treat with him for a cessation of hostilities, received this discouraging answer: "The Swedes are soldiers in winter as well as in summer, and not disposed to oppress the unfortunate peasantry. The Imperialists may act as they think proper, but they need not expect to remain undisturbed." Torquato Conti soon after resigned a command, in which neither riches nor reputation was to be gained.

In this inequality of the two armies, the advantage was necessarily on the side of the Swedes. The Imperialists were incessantly harassed in their winter quarters; Greifenhagen, an important place upon the Oder, taken by storm, and the towns of Gartz and Pritz were at last abandoned by the enemy. In the whole of Pomerania, Greifswald, Deurmin, and Colberg alone remained in their hands, and these the king made great preparations to besiege. The enemy directed their retreat toward Brandenburg, in which much of their artillery and baggage, and many prisoners fell into the hands of the pursuers.

By seizing the passes of Riebnitz and Damgarten, Gustavus had opened a passage into Mecklenburg, whose inhabitants were invited to return to their allegiance under their legitimate sovereign, and to expel the adherents of Wallenstein. The Imperialists, however, gained the important town of Rostock by stratagem, and thus prevented the further advance of the king, who was unwilling to divide his forces. The exiled dukes of Mecklenburg had ineffectually employed the princes assembled at Ratisbon to intercede with the Emperor: in vain they had endeavored to soften Ferdinand, by renouncing the alliance of the king, and every idea of resistance. But, driven to despair by the Emperor's inflexibility, they openly espoused the side of Sweden, and raising troops, gave the command of them to Francis Charles Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg. That general made himself master of several strong places on the Elbe, but lost them afterward to the Imperial General Pappenheim, who was dispatched to oppose him. Soon afterward, besieged by the latter in the town of Ratzeburg, he was compelled to surrender with all his troops. Thus ended the attempt which these unfortunate princes made to recover their territories; and it was reserved for the vic-

torious arm of Gustavus Adolphus to render them that brilliant service.

The Imperialists had thrown themselves into Brandenburg, which now became the theatre of the most barbarous atrocities. These outrages were inflicted upon the subjects of a prince who had never injured the Emperor, and whom, moreover, he was at the very time inciting to take up arms against the King of Sweden. The sight of the disorders of their soldiers, which want of money compelled them to wink at, and of authority over their troops, excited the disgust even of the imperial generals; and, from very shame, their commander-in-chief, Count Schaumburg, wished to resign.

Without a sufficient force to protect his territories, and left by the Emperor, in spite of the most pressing remonstrances, without assistance, the Elector of Brandenburg at last issued an edict, ordering his subjects to repel force by force, and to put to death without mercy every Imperial soldier who should henceforth be detected in plundering. To such a height had the violence of outrage and the misery of the government risen, that nothing was left to the sovereign, but the desperate extremity of sanctioning private vengeance by a formal law.

The Swedes had pursued the Imperialists into Brandenburg; but the Elector's refusal to open to him the fortress of Custrin for his march, obliged the king to lay aside his design of besieging Frankfort on the Oder. He therefore returned to complete the conquest of Pomerania, by the capture of Demmin and Colberg. In the mean time, Field-Marshal Tilly was advancing to the defense of Brandenburg.

This general, who could boast as yet of never having suffered a defeat, the conqueror of Mansfeld, of Duke Christian of Brunswick, of the Margrave of Baden, and the King of Denmark, was now in the Swedish monarch to meet an opponent worthy of his fame. Descended of a noble family in Liege, Tilly had formed his military talents in the wars of the Netherlands, which was then the great school for generals. He soon found an opportunity of distinguishing himself under Rodolph II. in Hungary, where he rapidly rose from one step to another. After the peace, he entered into the service of Maximilian of Bavaria, who made him commander-in-chief with absolute powers. Here, by his excellent regulations, he was the founder of the Bavarian army; and to him, chiefly, Maximilian was indebted for his superiority in the field. Upon the termination of the Bohemian war, he was appointed commander of the troops of the League; and, after Wallenstein's dismissal, generalissimo of the imperial armies. Equally stern toward his soldiers and implacable toward his enemies, and as gloomy and impenetrable as Wallenstein, he was greatly his superior in probity and disinterestedness. A bigoted zeal for religion, and a bloody spirit of persecution, co-operated with the natural ferocity of his character, to make him the terror of the Protestants. A strange and terrific aspect bespoke his character: of low stature, thin, with hollow cheeks, a long nose, a broad and wrinkled forehead, large whiskers, and a pointed chin; he was generally

attired in a Spanish doublet of green satin, with slashed sleeves, with a small high-peaked hat upon his head, surmounted by a red feather which hung down to his back. His whole aspect recalled to recollection the Duke of Alva, the scourge of the Flemings, and his actions were far from effacing the impression. Such was the general who was now to be opposed to the hero of the north.

Tilly was far from undervaluing his antagonist. "The King of Sweden," said he, in the Diet at Ratisbon, "is an enemy both prudent and brave, inured to war, and in the flower of his age. His plans are excellent, his resources considerable; his subjects enthusiastically attached to him. His army, composed of Swedes, Germans, Livonians, Finlanders, Scots, and English, by its devoted obedience to its leader, is blended into one nation: he is a gamester in playing with whom not to have lost is to have won a great deal."

The progress of the King of Sweden in Brandenburg and Pomerania, left the new generalissimo no time to lose; and his presence was now urgently called for by those who commanded in that quarter. With all expedition he collected the imperial troops which were dispersed over the empire; but it required time to obtain from the exhausted and impoverished provinces the necessary supplies. At last, about the middle of winter, he appeared at the head of twenty thousand men, before Frankfort on the Oder, where he was joined by Schaumburg. Leaving to this general the defense of Frankfort, with a sufficient garrison, he hastened to Pomerania, with a view of saving Demmin, and relieving Colberg, which was already hard pressed by the Swedes. But even before he had left Brandenburg, Demmin, which was but poorly defended by the Duke of Savelli, had surrendered to the king, and Colberg, after a five months' siege, was starved into a capitulation. As the passes in Upper Pomerania were well guarded, and the king's camp near Schwedt defied attack, Tilly abandoned his offensive plan of operations, and retreated toward the Elbe to besiege Magdeburg.

The capture of Demmin opened to the king a free passage into Mecklenburg; but a more important enterprise drew his arms into another quarter. Scarcely had Tilly commenced his retrograde movement, when suddenly breaking up his camp at Schwedt, the king marched his whole force against Frankfort on the Oder. This town, badly fortified, was defended by a garrison of eight thousand men, mostly composed of those ferocious bands who had so cruelly ravaged Pomerania and Brandenburg. It was now attacked with such impetuosity, that on the third day it was taken by storm. The Swedes, assured of victory, rejected every offer of capitulation, as they were resolved to exercise the dreadful right of retaliation. For Tilly, soon after his arrival, had surrounded a Swedish detachment, and, irritated by their obstinate resistance, had cut them in pieces to a man. This cruelty was not forgotten by the Swedes. "New Brandenburg Quarter," they replied to the Imperialists who begged their lives, and slaughtered them without mercy. Several thousands were either killed or taken, and many were drowned in the Oder, the

rest fled to Silesia. All their artillery fell into the hands of the Swedes. To satisfy the rage of his troops, Gustavus Adolphus was under the necessity of giving up the town for three hours to plunder.

While the king was thus advancing from one contest to another, and, by his success, encouraging the Protestants to active resistance, the Emperor proceeded to enforce the Edict of Restitution, and, by his exorbitant pretensions, to exhaust the patience of the states. Compelled by necessity, he continued the violent course which he had begun with such arrogant confidence; the difficulties into which his arbitrary conduct had plunged him, he could only extricate himself from by measures still more arbitrary. But in so complicated a body as the German empire, despotism must always create the most dangerous convulsions. With astonishment, the princes beheld the constitution of the empire overthrown, and the state of nature to which matters were again verging, suggested to them the idea of self-defense, the only means of protection in such a state of things. The steps openly taken by the Emperor against the Lutheran church, had at last removed the veil from the eyes of John George, who had been so long the dupe of his artful policy. Ferdinand, too, had personally offended him by the exclusion of his son from the archbishopric of Magdeburg; and field-marshal Arnheim, his new favorite and minister, spared no pains to increase the resentment of his master. Arnheim had formerly been an imperial general under Wallenstein, and being still zealously attached to him, he was eager to avenge his old benefactor and himself on the Emperor, by detaching Saxony from the Austrian interest. Gustavus Adolphus, supported by the Protestant states, would be invincible; a consideration which already filled the Emperor with alarm. The example of Saxony would probably influence others, and the Emperor's fate seemed now in a manner to depend upon the Elector's decision. The artful favorite impressed upon his master this idea of his own importance, and advised him to terrify the Emperor, by threatening an alliance with Sweden, and thus to extort from his fears, what he had sought in vain from his gratitude. The favorite, however, was far from wishing him actually to enter into the Swedish alliance, but, by holding aloof from both parties, to maintain his own importance and independence. Accordingly, he laid before him a plan, which only wanted a more able hand to carry it into execution, and recommended him, by heading the Protestant party, to erect a third power in Germany, and thereby maintain the balance between Sweden and Austria.

This project was peculiarly flattering to the Saxon Elector, to whom the idea of being dependent upon Sweden, or of longer submitting to the tyranny of the Emperor, was equally hateful. He could not, with indifference, see the control of German affairs wrested from him by a foreign prince; and incapable as he was of taking a principal part, his vanity would not condescend to act a subordinate one. He resolved, therefore, to draw every possible advantage from the progress of Gustavus, but to pursue, independently, his own separate plans. With this view, he consulted

with the Elector of Brandenburg, who, from similar causes, was ready to act against the Emperor, but, at the same time, was jealous of Sweden. In a Diet at Torgau, having assured himself of the support of his Estates, he invited the Protestant States of the empire to a general convention, which took place at Leipsic, on the 6th February, 1631. Brandenburg, Hesse Cassel, with several princes, counts, states of the empire, and Protestant bishops were present, either personally or by deputy, at this assembly, which the chaplain to the Saxon Court, Dr. Hoe of Hohenegg, opened with a vehement discourse from the pulpit. The Emperor had, in vain, endeavored to prevent this self-appointed convention, whose object was evidently to provide for its own defense, and which the presence of the Swedes in the empire, rendered more than usually alarming. Emboldened by the progress of Gustavus Adolphus, the assembled princes asserted their rights, and after a session of two months broke up, with adopting a resolution which placed the Emperor in no slight embarrassment. Its import was to demand of the Emperor, in a general address, the revocation of the Edict of Restitution, the withdrawal of his troops from their capitals and fortresses, the suspension of all existing proceedings, and the abolition of abuses; and, in the mean time, to raise an army of 40,000 men, to enable them to redress their own grievances, if the Emperor should still refuse satisfaction.

A further incident contributed not a little to increase the firmness of the Protestant princes. The King of Sweden had, at last, overcome the scruples which had deterred him from a closer alliance with France, and, on the 13th January, 1631, concluded a formal treaty with this crown. After a serious dispute respecting the treatment of the Roman Catholic princes of the empire, whom France took under her protection, and against whom Gustavus claimed the right of retaliation, and after some less important differences with regard to the title of majesty, which the pride of France was loth to concede to the King of Sweden, Richelieu yielded the second, and Gustavus Adolphus the first point, and the treaty was signed at Beerwald in Neumark. The contracting parties mutually covenanted to defend each other with a military force, to protect their common friends, to restore to their dominions the deposed princes of the empire, and to replace every thing, both on the frontier and in the interior of Germany, on the same footing on which it stood before the commencement of the war. For this end, Sweden engaged to maintain an army of 30,000 men in Germany, and France agreed to furnish the Swedes with an annual subsidy of 400,000 dollars. If the arms of Gustavus were successful, he was to respect the Roman Catholic religion and the constitution of the empire in all the conquered places, and to make no attempt against either. All Estates and princes, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, either in Germany or in other countries, were to be invited to become parties to the treaty; neither France nor Sweden was to conclude a separate peace without the knowledge and consent of the other; and the treaty itself was to continue in force for five years.

Great as was the struggle to the King of Sweden to receive subsidies from France, and sacrifice his independence in the conduct of the war, this alliance with France decided his cause in Germany. Protected as he now was, by the greatest power in Europe, the German states began to feel confidence in his undertaking, for the issue of which they had hitherto good reason to tremble. He became truly formidable to the Emperor. The Roman Catholic princes too, who, while they were anxious to humble Austria, now witnessed his progress with distrust, were less alarmed now that an alliance with a Roman Catholic power insured his respect for their religion. And thus, while Gustavus Adolphus protected the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany against the aggression of Ferdinand, France secured those liberties, and the Roman Catholic religion, against Gustavus himself, if the intoxication of success should hurry him beyond the bounds of moderation.

The King of Sweden lost no time in apprizing the members of the confederacy of Leipsic of the treaty concluded with France, and inviting them to a closer union with himself. The application was seconded by France, who spared no pains to win over the Elector of Saxony. Gustavus was willing to be content with secret support, if the princes should deem it too bold a step as yet to declare openly in his favor. Several princes gave him hopes of his proposals being accepted on the first favorable opportunity; but the Saxon Elector, full of jealousy and distrust toward the King of Sweden, and true to the selfish policy he had pursued, could not be prevailed upon to give a decisive answer.

The resolution of the confederacy of Leipsic, and the alliance between France and Sweden, were news equally disagreeable to the Emperor. Against them he employed the thunder of imperial ordinances, and the want of an army saved France from the full weight of his displeasure. Remonstrances were addressed to all the members of the confederacy, strongly prohibiting them from enlisting troops. They retorted with explanations equally vehement, justified their conduct upon the principles of natural right, and continued their preparations.

Meantime the imperial generals, deficient both in troops and money, found themselves reduced to the disagreeable alternative of losing sight either of the King of Sweden, or of the Estates of the empire, since with a divided force they were not a match for either. The movements of the Protestants called their attention to the interior of the empire, while the progress of the king in Brandenburg, by threatening the hereditary possessions of Austria, required them to turn their arms to that quarter. After the conquest of Frankfort, the king had advanced upon Landsburg on the Warta, and Tilly, after a fruitless attempt to relieve it, had again returned to Magdeburg, to prosecute with vigor the siege of that town.

The rich archbishopric, of which Magdeburg was the capital, had long been in the possession of princes of the house of Brandenburg, who introduced the Protestant religion into the province. Christian William, the last administrator, had, by

his alliance with Denmark, incurred the ban of the empire, on which account the chapter, to avoid the Emperor's displeasure, had formally deposed him. In his place they had elected Prince John Augustus, the second son of the Elector of Saxony, whom the Emperor rejected, in order to confer the archbishopric on his son Leopold. The Elector of Saxony complained ineffectually to the imperial court; but Christian William of Brandenburg took more active measures. Relying on the attachment of the magistracy and inhabitants of Brandenburg, and excited by chimerical hopes, he thought himself able to surmount all the obstacles which the vote of the chapter, the competition of two powerful rivals, and the Edict of Restitution opposed to his restoration. He went to Sweden, and, by the promise of a diversion in Germany, sought to obtain assistance from Gustavus. He was dismissed by that monarch not without hopes of effectual protection, but with the advice to act with caution.

Scarcely had Christian William been informed of the landing of his protector in Pomerania, than he entered Magdeburg in disguise. Appearing suddenly in the town council, he reminded the magistrates of the ravages which both town and country had suffered from the imperial troops, of the pernicious designs of Ferdinand, and the danger of the Protestant church. He then informed them, that the moment of deliverance was at hand, and that Gustavus Adolphus offered them his alliance and assistance. Magdeburg, one of the most flourishing towns in Germany, enjoyed under the government of its magistrates, a republican freedom, which inspired its citizens with a brave heroism. Of this they had already given proofs, in the bold defense of their rights against Wallenstein, who, tempted by their wealth, made on them the most extravagant demands. Their territory had been given up to the fury of his troops, though Magdeburg itself had escaped his vengeance. It was not difficult, therefore, for the Administrator to gain the concurrence of men in whose minds the remembrance of these outrages was still recent. An alliance was formed between the city and King of Sweden, by which Magdeburg granted to the king a free passage through its gates and territories, with liberty of enlisting soldiers within its boundaries, and on the other hand, obtained promises of effectual protection for its religion and its privileges.

The Administrator immediately collected troops and commenced hostilities, before Gustavus Adolphus was near enough to co-operate with him. He defeated some imperial detachments in the neighborhood, made a few conquests, and even surprised Halle. But the approach of an imperial army obliged him to retreat hastily, and not without loss, to Magdeburg. Gustavus Adolphus, though displeased with his premature measures, sent Dietrich Falkenberg, an experienced officer, to direct the Administrator's military operations, and to assist him with his counsel. Falkenberg was named by the magistrates governor of the town during the war. The Prince's army was daily augmented by recruits from the neighboring towns; and he was able for some months to maintain a petty warfare with success.

At length Count Pappenheim, having brought his expedition against the Duke of Saxe Lauenburg to a close, approached the town. Driving the troops of the Administrator from their entrenchments, he cut off his communication with Saxony, and closely invested the place. He was soon followed by Tilly, who haughtily summoned the Elector forthwith to comply with the Edict of Restitution, to submit to the Emperor's orders, and surrender Magdeburg. The Prince's answer was spirited and resolute, and obliged Tilly at once to have recourse to arms.

In the mean while, the siege was prolonged, by the progress of the King of Sweden, which called the Austrian generals from before the place; and the jealousy of the officers, who conducted the operations in their absence, delayed, for some months, the fall of Magdeburg. On the 30th March, 1631, Tilly returned, to push the siege with vigor.

The outworks were soon carried, and Falkenberg, after withdrawing the garrisons from the points which he could no longer hold, destroyed the bridge over the Elbe. As the troops were barely sufficient to defend the extensive fortifications, the suburbs of Sudenburg and Neustadt were abandoned to the enemy, who immediately laid them in ashes. Pappenheim, now separated from Tilly, crossed the Elbe at Schonenbeck, and attacked the town from the opposite side.

The garrison, reduced by the defense of the outworks, scarcely exceeded two thousand infantry and a few hundred horse; a small number for so extensive and irregular a fortress. To supply this deficiency, the citizens were armed—a desperate expedient, which produced more evils than those it prevented. The citizens, at best but indifferent soldiers, by their disunion threw the town into confusion. The poor complained that they were exposed to every hardship and danger, while the rich, by hiring substitutes, remained at home in safety. These rumors broke out at last in an open mutiny; indifference succeeded to zeal; weariness and negligence took the place of vigilance and foresight. Dissension, combined with growing scarcity, gradually produced a feeling of despondence, many began to tremble at the desperate nature of their undertaking, and the magnitude of the power to which they were opposed. But religious zeal, an ardent love of liberty, an invincible hatred to the Austrian yoke, and the expectation of speedy relief, banished as yet the idea of a surrender; and divided as they were in every thing else, they were united in the resolve to defend themselves to the last extremity.

Their hopes of succor were apparently well founded. They knew that the confederacy of Leipsic was arming; they were aware of the near approach of Gustavus Adolphus. Both were alike interested in the preservation of Magdeburg; and a few days might bring the King of Sweden before its walls. All this was also known to Tilly, who, therefore, was anxious to make himself speedily master of the place. With this view, he had dispatched a trumpeter with letters to the Administrator, the commandant, and the magistrates, offering terms of capitulation; but he re-

ceived for answer, that they would rather die than surrender. A spirited sally of the citizens, also convinced him that their courage was as earnest as their words, while the king's arrival at Potsdam, with the incursions of the Swedes as far as Zerbst, filled him with uneasiness, but raised the hopes of the garrison. A second trumpeter was now dispatched; but the more moderate tone of his demands increased the confidence of the besieged, and unfortunately their negligence also.

The besiegers had now pushed their approaches as far as the ditch, and vigorously cannonaded the fortifications from the abandoned batteries. One tower was entirely overthrown, but this did not facilitate an assault, as it fell sidewise upon the wall, and not into the ditch. Notwithstanding the continual bombardment, the walls had not suffered much; and the fire balls, which were intended to set the town in flames, were prevented of their effect by the excellent precautions adopted against them. But the ammunition of the besieged was nearly expended, and the cannon of the town gradually ceased to answer the fire of the Imperialists. Before a new supply could be obtained, Magdeburg would be either relieved or taken. The hopes of the besieged were on the stretch, and all eyes anxiously directed toward the quarter in which the Swedish banners were expected to appear. Gustavus Adolphus was near enough to reach Magdeburg within three days; security grew with hope, which all things contributed to augment. On the 9th of May, the fire of the Imperialists was suddenly stopped, and the cannon withdrawn from several of the batteries. A deathlike stillness reigned in the Imperial camp. The besieged were convinced that deliverance was at hand. Both citizens and soldiers left their posts upon the ramparts early in the morning, to indulge themselves, after their long toils, with the refreshment of sleep, but it was indeed a dear sleep, and a frightful awakening.

Tilly had abandoned the hope of taking the town, before the arrival of the Swedes, by the means which he had hitherto adopted; he therefore determined to raise the siege, but first to hazard a general assault. This plan, however, was attended with great difficulties, as no breach had been effected, and the works were scarcely injured. But the council of war assembled on this occasion declared for an assault, citing the example of Maestricht, which had been taken early in the morning, while the citizens and soldiers were reposing themselves. The attack was to be made simultaneously on four points; the night betwixt the 9th and 10th of May was employed in the necessary preparations. Every thing was ready and awaiting the signal, which was to be given by cannon at five o'clock in the morning. The signal, however, was not given for two hours later, during which Tilly, who was still doubtful of success, again consulted the council of war. Pappenheim was ordered to attack the works of the new town, where the attempt was favored by a sloping rampart, and a dry ditch of moderate depth. The citizens and soldiers had mostly left the walls, and the few who remained were over-

come with sleep. This general, therefore, found little difficulty in mounting the wall at the head of his troops.

Falkenberg, roused by the report of musketry, hastened from the town-house, where he was employed in despatching Tilly's second trumpeter, and hurried with all the force he could hastily assemble toward the gate of the new town, which was already in the possession of the enemy. Beaten back, this intrepid general flew to another quarter, where a second party of the enemy were preparing to scale the walls. After an ineffectual resistance, he fell in the commencement of the action. The roaring of musketry, the pealing of the alarm-bells, and the growing tumult apprised the awakening citizens of their danger. Hastily arming themselves, they rushed in blind confusion against the enemy. Still some hope of repulsing the besiegers remained; but the governor being killed, their efforts were without plan and co-operation, and at last their ammunition began to fail them. In the mean while, two other gates, hitherto unattacked, were stripped of their defenders, to meet the urgent danger within the town. The enemy quickly availed themselves of this confusion to attack these posts. The resistance was nevertheless spirited and obstinate, until four imperial regiments, at length, masters of the ramparts, fell upon the garrison in the rear, and completed their rout. Amidst the general tumult, a brave captain, named Schmidt, who still headed a few of the more resolute against the enemy, succeeded in driving them to the gates; here he fell mortally wounded, and with him expired the hopes of Magdeburg. Before noon, all the works were carried, and the town was in the enemy's hands.

Two gates were now opened by the storming party for the main body, and Tilly marched in with part of his infantry. Immediately occupying the principal streets, he drove the citizens with pointed cannon into their dwellings, there to await their destiny. They were not long held in suspense; a word from Tilly decided the fate of Magdeburg.

Even a more humane general would in vain have recommended mercy to such soldiers; but Tilly never made the attempt. Left by their general's silence masters of the lives of all the citizens, the soldiery broke into the houses to satiate their most brutal appetites. The prayers of innocence excited some compassion in the hearts of the Germans, but none in the rude breasts of Pappenheim's Walloons. Scarcely had the savage cruelty commenced, when the other gates were thrown open, and the cavalry, with the fearful hordes of the Croats, poured in upon the devoted inhabitants.

Here commenced a scene of horrors for which history has no language—poetry no pencil. Neither innocent childhood, nor helpless old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were abused in the arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents; and the defenseless sex exposed to the double sacrifice of virtue and life. No situation, however obscure, or however sacred, escaped the rapacity of the enemy. In a single

church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at the mother's breast. Some officers of the League, horror-struck at this dreadful scene, ventured to remind Tilly that he had it in his power to stop the carnage. "Return in an hour," was his answer; "I will see what I can do; the soldier must have some reward for his danger and toils." These horrors lasted with unabated fury, till at last the smoke and flames proved a check to the plunderers. To augment the confusion and to divert the resistance of the inhabitants, the Imperialists had, in the commencement of the assault, fired the town in several places. The wind rising rapidly, spread the flames, till the blaze became universal. Fearful, indeed, was the tumult amid clouds of smoke, heaps of dead bodies, the clash of swords, the crash of falling ruins, and streams of blood. The atmosphere glowed; and the intolerable heat forced at last even the murderers to take refuge in their camp. In less than twelve hours, this strong, populous, and flourishing city, one of the finest in Germany, was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses. The Administrator, Christian William, after receiving several wounds, was taken prisoner, with three of the burgomasters; most of the officers and magistrates had already met an enviable death. The avarice of the officers had saved four hundred of the richest citizens, in the hope of extorting from them an exorbitant ransom. But this humanity was confined to the officers of the League, whom the ruthless barbarity of the Imperialists caused to be regarded as guardian angels.

Scarcely had the fury of the flames abated, when the Imperialists returned to renew the pillage amid the ruins and ashes of the town. Many were suffocated by the smoke; many found rich booty in the cellars, where the citizens had concealed their more valuable effects. On the 13th of May, Tilly himself appeared in the town, after the streets had been cleared of ashes and dead bodies. Horrible and revolting to humanity was the scene that presented itself. The living crawling from under the dead, children wandering about with heart-rending cries, calling for their parents; and infants still sucking the breasts of their lifeless mothers. More than six thousand bodies were thrown into the Elbe to clear the streets; a much greater number had been consumed by the flames. The whole number of the slain was reckoned at not less than thirty thousand.

The entrance of the general, which took place on the 14th, put a stop to the plunder, and saved the few who had hitherto contrived to escape. About a thousand people were taken out of the cathedral, where they had remained three days and two nights, without food, and in momentary fear of death. Tilly promised them quarter, and commanded bread to be distributed among them. The next day, a solemn mass was performed in the cathedral, and *Te Deum* sung amidst the discharge of artillery. The imperial general rode through the streets, that he might be able, as an eyewitness, to inform his master that no such con-

quest had been made since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem. Nor was this an exaggeration, whether we consider the greatness, importance, and the prosperity of the city razed, or the fury of its ravages.

In Germany, the tidings of the dreadful fate of Magdeburg caused triumphant joy to the Roman Catholics, while it spread terror and consternation among the Protestants. Loudly and generally they complained against the king of Sweden, who, with so strong a force, and in the very neighborhood, had left an allied city to its fate. Even the most reasonable deemed his inaction inexplicable; and lest he should lose irretrievably the good-will of the people, for whose deliverance he had engaged in this war, Gustavus was under the necessity of publishing to the world a justification of his own conduct.

He had attacked, and on the 16th of April, carried Landsberg, when he was apprised of the danger of Magdeburg. He resolved immediately to march to the relief of that town; and he moved with all his cavalry, and ten regiments of infantry toward the Spree. But the position which he held in Germany, made it necessary that he should not move forward without securing his rear. In traversing a country where he was surrounded by suspicious friends and dangerous enemies, and where a single premature movement might cut off his communication with his own kingdom, the utmost vigilance and caution were necessary. The Elector of Brandenburg had already opened the fortress of Custrin to the flying Imperialists, and closed the gates against their pursuers. If now Gustavus should fail in his attack upon Tilly, the Elector might again open his fortresses to the Imperialists, and the king, with an enemy both in front and rear, would be irrecoverably lost. In order to prevent this contingency, he demanded that the Elector should allow him to hold the fortresses of Custrin and Spandau, till the siege of Magdeburg should be raised.

Nothing could be more reasonable than this demand. The services which Gustavus had lately rendered the Elector, by expelling the Imperialists from Brandenburg, claimed his gratitude, while the past conduct of the Swedes in Germany entitled them to confidence. But by the surrender of his fortresses, the Elector would in some measure make the king of Sweden master of his country; besides that, by such a step, he must at once break with the Emperor, and expose his states to his future vengeance. The Elector's struggle with himself was long and violent, but pusillanimity and self-interest for awhile prevailed. Unmoved by the fate of Magdeburg, cold in the cause of religion and the liberties of Germany, he saw nothing but his own danger; and this anxiety was greatly stimulated by his minister Von Schwartzburgh, who was secretly in the pay of Austria. In the mean time the Swedish troops approached Berlin, and the king took up his residence with the Elector. When he witnessed the timorous hesitation of that prince, he could not restrain his indignation: "My road is to Magdeburg," said he; "not for my own advantage, but for that of the Protestant religion. If no one will stand by me I shall immediately re-

treat, conclude a peace with the Emperor, and return to Stockholm. I am convinced that Ferdinand will readily grant me whatever condition I may require. But if Magdeburg is once lost, and the Emperor relieved from all fear of me, then it is for you to look to yourselves and the consequences." This timely threat, and perhaps, too, the aspect of the Swedish army, which was strong enough to obtain by force what was refused to entreaty, brought at last the Elector to his senses, and Spandau was delivered into the hands of the Swedes.

The king had now two routes to Magdeburg; one westward led through an exhausted country, and filled with the enemy's troops, who might dispute with him the passage of the Elbe; the other more to the southward, by Dessau and Wittemberg, where bridges were to be found for crossing the Elbe, and where supplies could easily be drawn from Saxony. But he could not avail himself of the latter without the consent of the Elector, whom Gustavus had good reason to distrust. Before setting out on his march, therefore he demanded from that prince a free passage and liberty for purchasing provisions for his troops. His application was refused, and no remonstrances could prevail on the Elector to abandon his system of neutrality. While the point was still in dispute, the news of the dreadful fate of Magdeburg arrived.

Tilly announced its fall to the Protestant princes in the tone of a conqueror, and lost no time in making the most of the general consternation. The influence of the Emperor, which had sensibly declined during the rapid progress of Gustavus, after this decisive blow rose higher than ever; and the change was speedily visible in the imperious tone he adopted toward the Protestant states. The decrees of the Confederation of Leipsic were annulled by a proclamation, the Convention itself suppressed by an imperial decree, and all the refractory states threatened with the fate of Magdeburg. As the executor of this imperial mandate, Tilly immediately ordered troops to march against the Bishop of Bremen, who was a member of the Confederacy, and had himself enlisted soldiers. The terrified bishop immediately gave up his forces to Tilly, and signed the revocation of the acts of the Confederation. An imperial army, which had lately returned from Italy, under the command of Count Furstenberg, acted in the same manner toward the Administrator of Wirtemberg. The duke was compelled to submit to the Edict of Restitution, and all the decrees of the Emperor, and even to pay a monthly subsidy of 100,000 dollars, for the maintenance of the imperial troops. Similar burdens were inflicted upon Ulm and Nuremberg, and the entire circle of Franconia and Swabia. The hand of the Emperor was stretched in terror over all Germany. The sudden preponderance, more in appearance, perhaps, than in reality, which he had obtained by this blow, carried him beyond the bounds even of the moderation which he had hitherto observed, and misled him into hasty and violent measure, which at last turned the wavering resolution of the German princes in favor of Gustavus Adolphus. Injurious as the immediate

consequences of the fall of Magdeburg were to the Protestant cause, its remoter effects were most advantageous. The past surprise made way for active resentment, despair inspired courage, and the German freedom rose, like a phoenix, from the ashes of Magdeburg.

Among the princes of the Leipsic Confederation, the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse were the most powerful; and, until they were disarmed, the universal authority of the Emperor was unconfirmed. Against the Landgrave, therefore, Tilly first directed his attack, and marched straight from Magdeburg into Thuringia. During this march, the territories of Saxe Ernest and Schwartzburg were laid waste, and Frankenhäusen plundered before the very eyes of Tilly, and laid in ashes with impunity. The unfortunate peasant paid dear for his master's attachment to the interests of Sweden. Erfurt, the key of Saxony and Franconia, was threatened with a siege, but redeemed itself by a voluntary contribution of money and provisions. From thence, Tilly dispatched his emissaries to the Landgrave, demanding of him the immediate disbanding of his army, a renunciation of the league of Leipsic, the reception of imperial garrisons into his territories and fortresses, with the necessary contributions, and the declaration of friendship or hostility. Such was the treatment which a prince of the Empire was compelled to submit to from a servant of the Emperor. But these extravagant demands acquired a formidable weight from the power which supported them; and the dreadful fate of Magdeburg, still fresh in the memory of the Landgrave, tended still further to enforce them. Admirable, therefore, was the intrepidity of the Landgrave's answer: "To admit foreign troops into his capital and fortresses, the Landgrave is not disposed; his troops he requires for his own purposes; as for an attack, he can defend himself. If General Tilly wants money or provisions, let him go to Munich, where there is plenty of both." The irruption of two bodies of imperial troops into Hesse Cassel was the immediate result of this spirited reply, but the Landgrave gave them so warm a reception that they could effect nothing; and just as Tilly was preparing to follow with his whole army, to punish the unfortunate country for the firmness of its sovereign, the movements of the King of Sweden recalled him to another quarter.

Gustavus Adolphus had learned the fall of Magdeburg with deep regret; and the demand now made by the Elector, George William, in terms of their agreement, for the restoration of Spandau, greatly increased this feeling. The loss of Magdeburg had rather augmented than lessened the reasons which made the possession of this fortress so desirable; and the nearer became the necessity of a decisive battle between himself and Tilly, the more unwilling he felt to abandon the only place which, in the event of a defeat, could insure him a refuge. After a vain endeavor, by entreaties and representations, to bring over the Elector to his views, whose coldness and lukewarmness daily increased, he gave orders to his general to evacuate Spandau, but at the same

time declared to the Elector that he would henceforth regard him as an enemy.

To give weight to this declaration, he appeared with his whole force before Berlin. "I will not be worse treated than the imperial generals," was his reply to the ambassadors whom the bewildered Elector dispatched to his camp. "Your master has received them into his territories, furnished them with all necessary supplies, ceded to them every place which they required, and yet, by all these concessions, he could not prevail upon them to treat his subjects with common humanity. All that I require of him is security, a moderate sum of money, and provisions for my troops; in return, I promise to protect his country, and to keep the war at a distance from him. On these points, however, I must insist; and, my brother, the Elector, must instantly determine to have me as a friend, or to see his capital plundered." This decisive tone produced a due impression; and the cannon pointed against the town put an end to the doubts of George William. In a few days, a treaty was signed, by which the Elector engaged to furnish a monthly subsidy of thirty thousand dollars, to leave Spandau in the king's hands, and to open Custrin at all times to the Swedish troops. This now open alliance of the Elector of Brandenburg with the Swedes, excited no less displeasure at Vienna, than did formerly the similar procedure of the Duke of Pomerania; but the changed fortune which now attended his arms, obliged the Emperor to confine his resentment to words.

The king's satisfaction, on this favorable event, was increased by the agreeable intelligence that Griefswald, the only fortress which the Imperialists still held in Pomerania, had surrendered, and that the whole country was now free of the enemy. He appeared once more in this duchy, and was gratified at the sight of the general joy which he had caused to the people. A year had elapsed since Gustavus first entered Germany, and this event was now celebrated by all Pomerania as a national festival. Shortly before, the Czar of Moscow had sent ambassadors to congratulate him, to renew his alliance, and even to offer him troops. He had great reason to rejoice at the friendly disposition of Russia, as it was indispensable to his interests that Sweden itself should remain undisturbed by any dangerous neighbor during the war in which he himself was engaged. Soon after, his queen, Maria Eleonora, landed in Pomerania, with a reinforcement of 8,000 Swedes; and the arrival of 6,000 English, under the Marquis of Hamilton, requires more particular notice, because this is all that history mentions of the English during the Thirty Years' War.

During Tilly's expedition into Thuringia, Pappenheim commanded in Magdeburg; but was unable to prevent the Swedes from crossing the Elbe at various points, routing some imperial detachments, and seizing several posts. He himself, alarmed at the approach of the King of Sweden, anxiously recalled Tilly, and prevailed upon him to return by rapid marches to Magdeburg. Tilly encamped on this side of the river at Wolmerstadt; Gustavus on the same side, near Werben, not far from the confluence of the Havel and

the Elbe. His very arrival portended no good to Tilly. The Swedes routed three of his regiments, which were posted in villages at some distance from the main body, carried off half their baggage, and burned the remainder. Tilly in vain advanced within cannon shot of the king's camp, and offered him battle. Gustavus, weaker by one-half than his adversary, prudently declined it; and his position was too strong for an attack. Nothing more ensued but a distant cannonade, and a few skirmishes, in which the Swedes had invariably the advantage. In his retreat to Wolmerstadt, Tilly's army was weakened by numerous desertions. Fortune seemed to have forsaken him since the carnage of Magdeburg.

The King of Sweden, on the contrary, was followed by uninterrupted success. While he himself was encamped in Werben, the whole of Mecklenburg, with the exception of a few towns, was conquered by General Tott and the Duke Adolphus Frederick; and he enjoyed the satisfaction of reinstating both dukes in their dominions. He proceeded in person to Gustrow, where the reinstatement was solemnly to take place, to give additional dignity to the ceremony by his presence. The two dukes, with their deliverer between them, and attended by a splendid train of princes, made a public entry into the city, which the joy of their subjects converted into an affecting solemnity. Soon after his return to Werben, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel appeared in his camp, to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance; the first sovereign prince in Germany, who voluntarily and openly declared against the Emperor, though not wholly uninfluenced by strong motives. The Landgrave bound himself to act against the king's enemies as his own, to open to him his towns and territory, and to furnish his army with provisions and necessaries. The king, on the other hand, declared himself his ally and protector; and engaged to conclude no peace with the Emperor without first obtaining for the Landgrave a full redress of grievances. Both parties honorably performed their agreement. Hesse Cassel adhered to the Swedish alliance during the whole of this tedious war; and at the peace of Westphalia had no reason to regret the friendship of Sweden.

Tilly, from whom this bold step on the part of the Landgrave was not long concealed, dispatched Count Fugger with several regiments against him; and at the same time endeavored to excite his subjects to rebellion by inflammatory letters. But these made as little impression as his troops, which subsequently failed him so decidedly at the battle of Breitenfeld. The Estates of Hesse could not for a moment hesitate between their oppressor and their protector.

But the imperial general was far more disturbed by the equivocal conduct of the Elector of Saxony, who, in defiance of the imperial prohibition, continued his preparations, and adhered to the confederation of Leipsic. At this juncture, when the proximity of the King of Sweden made a decisive battle ere long inevitable, it appeared extremely dangerous to leave Saxony in arms, and ready in a moment to declare for the enemy. Tilly had just received a reinforcement of twenty-five thousand veteran troops under Furstenberg,

and, confident in his strength, he hoped either to disarm the Elector by the mere terror of his arrival, or at least to conquer him with little difficulty. Before quitting his camp at Wolmerstadt, he commanded the Elector, by a special messenger, to open his territories to the imperial troops; either to disband his own, or to join them to the imperial army; and to assist, in conjunction with himself, in driving the King of Sweden out of Germany. While he reminded him that, of all the German states, Saxony had hitherto been most respected, he threatened it, in case of refusal, with the most destructive ravages.

But Tilly had chosen an unfavorable moment for so imperious a requisition. The ill-treatment of his religious and political confederates, the destruction of Magdeburg, the excesses of the Imperialists in Lusatia, all combined to incense the Elector against the Emperor. The approach too, of Gustavus Adolphus (however slender his claims were to the protection of that prince), tended to fortify his resolution. He accordingly forbade the quartering of the imperial soldiers in his territories, and announced his firm determination to persist in his warlike preparations. "However surprised he should be," he added, "to see an imperial army on its march against his territories, when that army had enough to do in watching the operations of the King of Sweden, nevertheless he did not expect, instead of the promised and well merited rewards, to be repaid with ingratitude and the ruin of his country." To Tilly's deputies, who were entertained in a princely style, he gave a still plainer answer on the occasion. "Gentlemen," said he, "I perceive that the Saxon confectionery, which has been so long kept back, is at length to be set upon the table. But as it is usual to mix with it nuts and garnish of all kinds, take care of your teeth."

Tilly instantly broke up his camp, and, with the most frightful devastation, advanced upon Halle; from this place he renewed his demands on the Elector, in a tone still more urgent and threatening. The previous policy of this prince, both from his own inclination and the persuasions of his corrupt minister, had been to promote the interests of the Emperor, even at the expense of his own sacred obligations, and but very little tact had hitherto kept him inactive. All this but renders more astonishing the infatuation of the Emperor or his minister, in abandoning, at so critical a moment, the policy they had hitherto adopted, and, by extreme measures, incensing a prince so easily led. Was this the very object which Tilly had in view? Was it his purpose to convert an equivocal friend into an open enemy, and thus to relieve himself from the necessity of that indulgence in the treatment of this prince, which the secret instructions of the Emperor had hitherto imposed upon him? Or was it the Emperor's wish, by driving the Elector to open hostilities, to get quit of his obligations to him, and so cleverly to break off at once the difficulty of a reckoning? In either case, we must be equally surprised at the daring presumption of Tilly, who hesitated not, in presence of one formidable enemy, to provoke another; and at his negligence in permitting, without opposition, the union of the two.

The Saxon Elector, rendered desperate by the entrance of Tilly into his territories, threw himself, though not without a violent struggle, under the protection of Sweden.

Immediately after dismissing Tilly's first embassy, he had dispatched his field-marshal Arnheim in all haste to the camp of Gustavus, to solicit the prompt assistance of that monarch whom he had so long neglected. The king concealed the inward satisfaction he felt at this long-wished-for result. "I am sorry for the Elector," said he, with dissembled coldness, to the ambassador; "had he heeded my repeated remonstrances, his country would never have seen the face of an enemy, and Magdeburg would not have fallen. Now, when necessity leaves him no alternative, he has recourse to my assistance. But tell him, that I cannot, for the sake of the Elector of Saxony, ruin my own cause, and that of my confederates. What pledge have I for the sincerity of a prince whose minister is in the pay of Austria, and who will abandon me as soon as the Emperor flatters him, and withdraws his troops from his frontiers? Tilly, it is true, has received a strong reinforcement; but this shall not prevent me from meeting him with confidence, as soon as I have covered my rear."

The Saxon minister could make no other reply to these reproaches, than that it was best to bury the past in oblivion.

He pressed the king to name the conditions on which he would afford assistance to Saxony, and offered to guarantee their acceptance. "I require," said Gustavus, "that the Elector shall cede to me the fortress of Wittenberg, deliver to me his eldest sons as hostages, furnish my troops with three months' pay, and deliver up to me the traitors among his ministry."

"Not Wittenberg alone," said the Elector, when he received this answer, and hurried back his minister to the Swedish camp, "not Wittenberg alone, but Torgau, and all Saxony, shall be open to him; my whole family shall be his hostages; and if that is insufficient, I will place myself in his hands. Return and inform him I am ready to deliver to him any traitors he shall name, to furnish his army with the money he requires, and to venture my life and fortune in the good cause"

The king had only desired to test the sincerity of the Elector's new sentiments. Convinced of it, he now retracted these harsh demands. "The distrust," said he, "which was shown to myself when advancing to the relief of Magdeburg, had naturally excited mine; the Elector's present confidence demands a return. I am, satisfied, provided he grants my army one month's pay, and even for this advance I hope to indemnify him."

Immediately upon the conclusion of the treaty, the king crossed the Elbe, and next day joined the Saxons. Instead of preventing this junction, Tilly had advanced against Leipsic, which he summoned to receive an imperial garrison. In hopes of speedy relief, Hans Von der Pforta, the commandant, made preparations for his defense, and laid the suburb toward Halle in ashes. But the ill condition of the fortifications made resistance vain, and on the second day the gates were opened. Tilly had fixed his head-quarters in the

house of a grave-digger, the only one still standing in the suburb of Halle: here, he signed the capitulation, and here, too, he arranged his attack on the King of Sweden. Tilly grew pale at the representation of the death's head and cross-bones, with which the proprietor had decorated his house; and, contrary to all expectation, Leipsic experienced moderate treatment.

Meanwhile, a council of war was held at Torgau, between the King of Sweden and the Elector of Saxony, at which the Elector of Brandenburg was also present. The resolution which should now be adopted, was to decide irrevocably the fate of Germany and the Protestant religion, the happiness of nations and the destiny of their princes. The anxiety of suspense which, before every decisive resolve, oppresses even the hearts of heroes, appeared now for a moment to overshadow the great mind of Gustavus Adolphus. "If we decide upon battle," said he, "the stake will be nothing less than a crown and two electorates. Fortune is changeable, and the inscrutable decrees of Heaven may, for our sins, give the victory to our enemies. My kingdom, it is true, even after the loss of my life and my army, would still have a hope left. Far removed from the scene of action, defended by a powerful fleet, a well-guarded frontier, and a warlike population, it would at least be safe from the worst consequences of a defeat. But what chances of escape are there for you, with an enemy so close at hand?" Gustavus Adolphus displayed the modest diffidence of a hero, whom an overweening belief of his own strength did not blind to the greatness of his danger; John George, the confidence of a weak man, who knows that he has a hero by his side. Impatient to rid his territories as soon as possible of the oppressive presence of two armies, he burned for a battle, in which he had no former laurels to lose. He was ready to march with his Saxons alone against Leipsic, and attack Tilly. At last Gustavus acceded to his opinion; and it was resolved that the attack should be made without delay, before the arrival of the reinforcements, which were on their way, under Altringer and Tiefenbach. The united Swedish and Saxon armies now crossed the Mulda, while the Elector returned homeward.

Early on the morning of the 7th of September, 1631, the hostile armies came in sight of each other. Tilly, who, since he had neglected the opportunity of overpowering the Saxons before their union with the Swedes, was disposed to await the arrival of the reinforcements, had taken up a strong and advantageous position not far from Leipsic, where he expected he should be able to avoid the battle. But the impetuosity of Pappenheim obliged him, as soon as the enemy were in motion, to alter his plans, and to move to the left, in the direction of the hills which run from the village of Wahren toward Lindenthal. At the foot of these heights, his army was drawn up in a single line, and his artillery placed upon the heights behind, from which it could sweep the whole extensive plain of Breitenfeld. The Swedish and Saxon army advanced in two columns, having to pass the Lober, near Podelwitz, in Tilly's front.

To defend the passage of this rivulet, Pappenheim advanced at the head of two thousand cuirassiers, though after great reluctance on the part of Tilly, and with express orders not to commence a battle. But, in disobedience to this command, Pappenheim attacked the vanguard of the Swedes, and after a brief struggle was driven to retreat. To check the progress of the enemy, he set fire to Podelwitz, which, however, did not prevent the two columns from advancing and forming in order of battle.

On the right, the Swedes drew up in a double line, the infantry in the centre, divided into such small battalions as could be easily and rapidly manœuvred without breaking their order; the cavalry upon their wings, divided in the same manner into small squadrons, interspersed with bodies of musketeers, so as both to give an appearance of greater numerical force, and to annoy the enemy's horse. Colonel Teufel commanded the centre, Gustavus Horn the left, while the right was led by the king in person, opposed to Count Pappenheim.

On the left, the Saxons formed at a considerable distance from the Swedes—by the advice of Gustavus, which was justified by the event. The order of battle had been arranged between the Elector and his field-marshal, and the king was content with merely signifying his approval. He was anxious apparently to separate the Swedish prowess from that of the Saxons, and fortune did not confound them.

The enemy was drawn up under the heights toward the west, in one immense line, long enough to outflank the Swedish army—the infantry being divided in large battalions, the cavalry in equally unwieldy squadrons. The artillery being on the heights behind, the range of its fire was over the heads of his men. From this position of his artillery, it was evident that Tilly's purpose was to await rather than to attack the enemy; since this arrangement rendered it impossible for him to do so without exposing his men to the fire of his own cannons. Tilly himself commanded the centre, Count Furstenberg the right wing, and Pappenheim the left. The united troops of the Emperor and the League on this day did not amount to more than 35,000 men; the Swedes and Saxons were about the same number. But had a million been confronted with a million, it could only have rendered the action more bloody, certainly not more important and decisive. For this day Gustavus had crossed the Baltic, to court danger in a distant country, and expose his crown and life to the caprice of fortune. The two greatest generals of the time, both hitherto invincible, were now to be matched against each other in a contest which both had long avoided; and on this field of battle the hitherto untarnished laurels of one leader must droop forever. The two parties in Germany had beheld the approach of this day with fear and trembling; Europe awaited with deep anxiety its issue, and posterity was either to bless or deplore it forever.

Tilly's usual intrepidity and resolution seemed to forsake him on this eventful day. He had formed no regular plan for giving battle to the king, and he displayed as little firmness in avoid-

ing it. Contrary to his own judgment, Pappenheim had forced him to action. Doubts which he had never before felt, struggled in his bosom; gloomy forebodings clouded his ever-open brow; the shade of Magdeburg seemed to hover over him.

A cannonade of two hours commenced the battle; the wind, which was from the west, blew thick clouds of smoke and dust from the newly-plowed and parched fields into the faces of the Swedes. This compelled the king insensibly to wheel northward, and the rapidity with which this movement was executed left no time to the enemy to prevent it.

Tilly at last left his heights, and began the first attack upon the Swedes; but to avoid their hot fire, he filed off toward the right, and fell upon the Saxons with such impetuosity that their line was broken, and the whole army thrown into confusion. The Elector himself retired to Eilenburg, though a few regiments still maintained their ground upon the field, and by a bold stand saved the honor of Saxony. Scarcely had the confusion begun ere the Croats commenced plundering, and messengers were dispatched to Munich and Vienna with the news of the victory.

Pappenheim had thrown himself with the whole force of his cavalry upon the right wing of the Swedes, but without being able to make it waver. The king commanded here in person, and under him General Banner. Seven times did Pappenheim renew the attack, and seven times was he repulsed. He fled at last with great loss, and abandoned the field to his conqueror.

In the mean time, Tilly, having routed the remainder of the Saxons, attacked with his victorious troops the left wing of the Swedes. To this wing the king, as soon as he perceived that the Saxons were thrown into disorder, had, with a ready foresight, detached a reinforcement of three regiments to cover its flank, which the flight of the Saxons had left exposed. Gustavus Horn, who commanded here, showed the enemy's cuirassiers a spirited resistance, which the infantry, interspersed among the squadrons of horse, materially assisted. The enemy were already beginning to relax the vigor of their attack, when Gustavus Adolphus appeared to terminate the contest. The left wing of the Imperialists had been routed; and the king's division, having no longer any enemy to oppose, could now turn their arms wherever it would be to the most advantage. Wheeling, therefore, with his right wing and main body to the left, he attacked the heights on which the enemy's artillery was planted. Gaining possession of them in a short time, he turned upon the enemy the full fire of their own cannon.

The play of artillery upon their flank, and the terrible onslaught of the Swedes in front, threw this hitherto invincible army into confusion. A sudden retreat was the only course left to Tilly, but even this was to be made through the midst of the enemy. The whole army was in disorder, with the exception of four regiments of veteran soldiers, who never as yet had fled from the field, and were resolved not to do so now. Closing their ranks, they broke through the thickest of the victorious army, and gained a small thicket,

where they opposed a new front to the Swedes, and maintained their resistance till night, when their number was reduced to six hundred men. With them fled the wreck of Tilly's army, and the battle was decided.

Amid the dead and the wounded, Gustavus Adolphus threw himself on his knees; and the first joy of his victory gushed forth in fervent prayer. He ordered his cavalry to pursue the enemy as long as the darkness of the night would permit. The pealing of the alarm-bells set the inhabitants of all the neighboring villages in motion, and utterly lost was the unhappy fugitive who fell into their hands. The king encamped with the rest of his army between the field of battle and Leipsic, as it was impossible to attack the town the same night. Seven thousand of the enemy were killed in the field, and more than five thousand either wounded or taken prisoners. Their whole artillery and camp fell into the hands of the Swedes, and more than a hundred standards and colors were taken. Of the Saxons about two thousand had fallen, while the loss of the Swedes did not exceed seven hundred. The rout of the Imperialists was so complete, that Tilly, on his retreat to Halle and Halberstadt, could not rally above six hundred men, or Pappenheim more than fourteen hundred—so rapidly was this formidable army dispersed, which solately was the terror of Italy and Germany.

Tilly himself owed his escape merely to chance. Exhausted by his wounds, he still refused to surrender to a Swedish captain of horse, who summoned him to yield; but who, when he was on the point of putting him to death, was himself stretched on the ground by a timely pistol-shot. But more grievous than danger or wounds was the pain of surviving his reputation, and of losing in a single day the fruits of a long life. All former victories were as nothing, since he had failed in gaining the one that should have crowned them all. Nothing remained of all his past exploits, but the general execration which had followed them. From this period he never recovered his cheerfulness or his good fortune. Even his last consolation, the hope of revenge, was denied to him, by the express command of the Emperor not to risk a decisive battle.

The disgrace of this day is to be ascribed principally to three mistakes; his planting the cannon on the hills behind him, his afterward abandoning these heights, and his allowing the enemy, without opposition, to form in order of battle. But how easily might those mistakes have been rectified, had it not been for the cool presence of mind and superior genius of his adversary!

Tilly fled from Halle to Halberstadt, where he scarcely allowed time for the cure of his wounds, before he hurried toward the Weser to recruit his force by the imperial garrisons in Lower Saxony.

The Elector of Saxony had not failed, after the danger was over, to appear in Gustavus's camp. The king thanked him for having advised a battle; and the Elector, charmed at his friendly reception, promised him, in the first transports of joy, the Roman crown. Gustavus set out next day for Merseburg, leaving the Elector to recover

Leipsic. Five thousand Imperialists, who had collected together after the defeat, and whom he met on his march, were either cut in pieces or taken prisoners, of whom again the greater part entered into his service. Merseburg quickly surrendered; Halle was soon after taken, whither the Elector of Saxony, after making himself master of Leipsic, repaired to meet the king, and to concert their future plan of operations.

The victory was gained, but only a prudent use of it could render it decisive. The imperial armies were totally routed, Saxony free from the enemy, and Tilly had retired into Brunswick. To have followed him thither would have been to renew the war in Lower Saxony, which had scarcely recovered from the ravages of the last. It was therefore determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, which, open and defenseless as far as Vienna, invited attack. On their right, they might fall upon the territories of the Roman Catholic princes, or penetrate, on the left, into the hereditary dominions of Austria, and make the Emperor tremble in his palace. Both plans were resolved on; and the question that now remained was to assign its respective parts. Gustavus Adolphus, at the head of a victorious army, had little resistance to apprehend in his progress from Leipsic to Prague, Vienna, and Presburg. As to Bohemia, Moravia, Austria, and Hungary, they had been stripped of their defenders, while the oppressed Protestants in these countries were ripe for a revolt. Ferdinand was no longer secure in his capital; Vienna, on the first terror of surprise, would at once open its gates. The loss of his territories would deprive the enemy of the resources by which alone the war could be maintained; and Ferdinand would, in all probability, gladly accede, on the hardest conditions, to a peace which would remove a formidable enemy from the heart of his dominions. This bold plan of operations was flattering to a conqueror, and success perhaps might have justified it. But Gustavus Adolphus, as prudent as he was brave, and more a statesman than a conqueror, rejected it, because he had a higher end in view, and would not trust the issue either to bravery or good fortune alone.

By marching toward Bohemia, Franconia and the Upper Rhine would be left to the Elector of Saxony. But Tilly had already begun to recruit his shattered army from the garrisons in Lower Saxony, and was likely to be at the head of a formidable force upon the Weser, and to lose no time in marching against the enemy. To so experienced a general, it would not do to oppose an Arnheim, of whose military skill the battle of Leipsic had afforded but equivocal proof; and of what avail would be the rapid and brilliant career of the king in Bohemia and Austria, if Tilly should recover his superiority in the Empire, animating the courage of the Roman Catholics, and disarming, by a new series of victories, the allies and confederates of the king? What would he gain by expelling the Emperor from his hereditary dominions, if Tilly succeeded in conquering for that Emperor the rest of Germany? Could he hope to reduce the Emperor more than had been done, twelve years before, by the insur-

rection of Bohemia, which had failed to shake the firmness or exhaust the resources of that prince, and from which he had risen more formidable than ever?

Less brilliant, but more solid, were the advantages which he had to expect from an incursion into the territories of the League. In this quarter, his appearance in arms would be decisive. At this very conjuncture, the Princes were assembled in a Diet at Frankfort, to deliberate upon the Edict of Restitution, where Ferdinand employed all his artful policy to persuade the intimidated Protestants to accede to a speedy and disadvantageous arrangement. The advance of their protector could alone encourage them to a bold resistance, and disappoint the Emperor's designs. Gustavus Adolphus hoped, by his presence, to unite the discontented princes, or by the terror of his arms to detach them from the Emperor's party. Here, in the centre of Germany, he could paralyse the nerves of the imperial power, which, without the aid of the League must soon fall—here, in the neighborhood of France, he could watch the movements of a suspicious ally; and however important to his secret views it was to cultivate the friendship of the Roman Catholic electors, he saw the necessity of making himself first of all master of their fate, in order to establish, by his magnanimous forbearance, a claim to their gratitude.

He accordingly chose the route to Franconia and the Rhine; and left the conquest of Bohemia to the Elector of Saxony.

BOOK III.

THE glorious battle of Leipsic effected a great change in the conduct of Gustavus Adolphus, as well as in the opinion which both friends and foes entertained of him. Successfully had he confronted the ablest general of the age, and had matched the strength of his tactics and the courage of his Swedes against the élite of the imperial army, the most experienced troops in Europe. From this moment he felt a firm confidence in his own powers—self-confidence has always been the parent of great actions. In all his subsequent operations more boldness and decision are observable; greater determination, even amidst the most unfavorable circumstances, a more lofty tone toward his adversaries, a more dignified bearing toward his allies, and even in his clemency, something of the forbearance of a conqueror. His natural courage was further heightened by the pious ardor of his imagination. He saw in his own cause that of Heaven, and in the defeat of Tilly he beheld the decisive interference of Providence against his enemies, and in himself the instrument of divine vengeance. Leaving his crown and his country far behind, he advanced on the wings of victory into the heart of Germany, which for centuries had seen no foreign conqueror within its bosom. The warlike spirit of its inhabitants, the vigilance of its numerous princes, the artful confederation of its states, the number of its strong castles, its many and broad

rivers, had long restrained the ambition of its neighbors; and frequently as its extensive frontier had been attacked, its interior had been free from hostile invasion. The Empire had hitherto enjoyed the equivocal privilege of being its own enemy, though invincible from without. Even now, it was merely the disunion of its members, and the intolerance of religious zeal, that paved the way for the Swedish invader. The bond of union between the states, which alone had rendered the Empire invincible, was now dissolved; and Gustavus derived from Germany itself the power by which he subdued it. With as much courage as prudence, he availed himself of all that the favorable moment afforded; and equally at home in the cabinet and the field, he tore asunder the web of the artful policy, with as much ease, as he shattered walls with the thunder of his cannon. Uninterruptedly he pursued his conquests from one end of Germany to the other, without breaking the line of posts which commanded a secure retreat at any moment; and whether on the banks of the Rhine, or at the mouth of the Lech, alike maintaining his communication with his hereditary dominions.

The consternation of the Emperor and the League at Tilly's defeat at Leipsic, was scarcely greater than the surprise and embarrassment of the allies of the King of Sweden at his unexpected success. It was beyond both their expectations and their wishes. Annihilated in a moment was that formidable army which, while it checked his progress and set bounds to his ambition, rendered him in some measure dependent on themselves. He now stood in the heart of Germany, alone, without a rival or without an adversary who was a match for him. Nothing could stop his progress, or check his pretensions, if the intoxication of success should tempt him to abuse his victory. If formerly they had dreaded the Emperor's irresistible power, there was no less cause now to fear every thing for the Empire, from the violence of a foreign conqueror, and for the Catholic Church, from the religious zeal of a Protestant king. The distrust and jealousy of some of the combined powers, which a stronger fear of the Emperor had for a time repressed, now revived; and scarcely had Gustavus Adolphus merited, by his courage and success, their confidence, when they began covertly to circumvent all his plans. Through a continual struggle with the arts of enemies, and the distrust of his own allies, must his victories henceforth be won; yet resolution, penetration, and prudence made their way through all impediments. But while his success excited the jealousy of his more powerful allies, France and Saxony, it gave courage to the weaker, and emboldened them openly to declare their sentiments and join his party. Those who could neither vie with Gustavus Adolphus in importance, nor suffer from his ambition, expected the more from the magnanimity of their powerful ally, who enriched them with the spoils of their enemies, and protected them against the oppression of their stronger neighbors. His strength covered their weakness, and, inconsiderable in themselves, they acquired weight and influence from their union with the Swedish hero. This was the case with most of

the free cities, and particularly with the weaker Protestant states. It was these that introduced the king into the heart of Germany; these covered his rear, supplied his troops with necessities, received them into their fortresses, while they exposed their own lives in his battles. His prudent regard to their national pride, his popular deportment, some brilliant acts of justice, and his respect for the laws, were so many ties by which he bound the German Protestants to his cause; while the crying atrocities of the Imperialists, the Spaniards, and the troops of Lorraine, powerfully contributed to set his own conduct and that of his army in a favorable light.

If Gustavus Adolphus owed his success chiefly to his own genius, at the same time, it must be owned, he was greatly favored by fortune and by circumstances. Two great advantages gave him a decided superiority over the enemy. While he removed the scene of war into the lands of the League, drew their youth as recruits, enriched himself with booty, and used the revenues of their fugitive princes as his own, he at once took from the enemy the means of effectual resistance, and maintained an expensive war with little cost to himself. And, moreover, while his opponents, the princes of the League, divided among themselves, and governed by different and often conflicting interests, acted without unanimity, and therefore without energy; while their generals were deficient in authority, their troops in obedience, the operations of their scattered armies without concert; while the general was separated from the lawgiver and the statesman; these several functions were united in Gustavus Adolphus, the only source from which authority flowed, the sole object to which the eye of the warrior turned; the soul of his party, the inventor as well as the executor of his plans. In him, therefore, the Protestants had a centre of unity and harmony, which was altogether wanting to their opponents. No wonder, then, if favored by such advantages, at the head of such an army, with such a genius to direct it, and guided by such political prudence, Gustavus Adolphus was irresistible.

With the sword in one hand, and mercy in the other, he traversed Germany as a conqueror, a lawgiver, and a judge, in as short a time almost as the tourist of pleasure. The keys of towns and fortresses were delivered to him, as if to the native sovereign. No fortress was inaccessible; no river checked his victorious career. He conquered by the very terror of his name. The Swedish standards were planted along the whole stream of the Maine: the Lower Palatinate was free, the troops of Spain and Lorraine had fled across the Rhine and the Moselle. The Swedes and Hessians poured like a torrent into the territories of Mentz, of Wurtzburg, and Bamberg, and three fugitive bishops, at a distance from their sees, suffered dearly for their unfortunate attachment to the Emperor. It was now the turn for Maximilian, the leader of the League, to feel in his own dominions the miseries he had inflicted upon others. Neither the terrible fate of his allies, nor the peaceful overtures of Gustavus, who, in the midst of conquest, ever held out the hand of friendship, could conquer the obstinacy

of this prince. The torrent of war now poured into Bavaria. Like the banks of the Rhine, those of the Lech and the Donau were crowded with Swedish troops. Creeping into his fortresses, the defeated Elector abandoned to the ravages of the foe his dominions, hitherto unscathed by war, and on which the bigoted violence of the Bavarians seemed to invite retaliation. Munich itself opened its gates to the invincible monarch, and the fugitive Palatine, Frederick V., in the forsaken residence of his rival, consoled himself for a time for the loss of his dominions.

While Gustavus Adolphus was thus extending his conquests in the south, his generals and allies were gaining similar triumphs in the other provinces. Lower Saxony shook off the yoke of Austria, the enemy abandoned Mecklenburg, and the imperial garrisons retired from the banks of the Weser and the Elbe. In Westphalia and the Upper Rhine, William, Landgrave of Hesse, rendered himself formidable; the Duke of Weimar in Thuringia, and the French in the Electorate of Treves; while to the eastward, the whole kingdom of Bohemia was conquered by the Saxons. The Turks were preparing to attack Hungary, and in the heart of Austria a dangerous insurrection was threatened. In vain did the Emperor look around to the courts of Europe for support; in vain did he summon the Spaniards to his assistance, for the bravery of the Flemings afforded them ample employment beyond the Rhine; in vain did he call upon the Roman court and the whole church to come to his rescue. The offended Pope sported in pompous processions and idle anathemas, with the embarrassments of Ferdinand, and instead of the desired subsidy he was shown the devastation of Mantua.

On all sides of his extensive monarchy hostile arms surrounded him. With the states of the League, now overrun by the enemy, those ramparts were thrown down, behind which Austria had so long defended herself, and the embers of war were now smouldering upon her unguarded frontiers. His most zealous allies were disarmed; Maximilian of Bavaria, his firmest support, was scarce able to defend himself. His armies, weakened by desertion and repeated defeat, and dispirited by continued misfortunes, had unlearned, under beaten generals, that warlike impetuosity which, as it is the consequence, so it is the guarantee of success. The danger was extreme, and extraordinary means alone could raise the imperial power from the degradation into which it was fallen.

The most urgent want was that of a general; and the only one from whom he could hope for the revival of his former splendor, had been removed from his command by an envious cabal. So low had the Emperor now fallen, that he was forced to make the most humiliating proposals to his injured subject and servant, and meanly to press upon the imperious Duke of Friedland the acceptance of the powers which no less meanly had been taken from him. A new spirit began from this moment to animate the expiring body of Austria; and a sudden change in the aspect of affairs bespoke the firm hand which guided them. To the absolute king of Sweden, a general equally ab-

solute was now opposed; and one victorious hero was confronted with another. Both armies were again to engage in the doubtful struggle; and the prize of victory, already almost secured in the hands of Gustavus Adolphus, was to be the object of another and a severer trial. The storm of war gathered around Nuremberg; before its walls the hostile armies encamped; gazing on each other with dread and respect, longing for, and yet shrinking from, the moment that was to close them together in the shock of battle. The eyes of Europe turned to the scene with curiosity and alarm, while Nuremberg, in dismay, expected soon to lend its name to a more decisive battle than that of Leipsic. Suddenly the clouds broke, and the storm rolled off toward Franconia, to burst upon the plains of Saxony. Near Lutzen fell the thunder that had menaced Nuremberg; the victory, half lost, was purchased by the death of the king. Fortune, which had never forsaken him in his lifetime, favored the King of Sweden even in his death, with the rare privilege of falling in the fullness of his glory and an untarnished fame. By a timely death, his protecting genius rescued him from the inevitable fate of man—that of forgetting moderation in the intoxication of success, and justice in the plenitude of power. It may be doubted whether, had he lived longer, he would still have deserved the tears which Germany shed over his grave, or maintained his title to the admiration with which posterity regards him, as the first and only *just* conqueror that the world has produced. The untimely fall of their great leader seemed to threaten the ruin of his party; but to the Power which rules the world, no loss of a single man is irreparable. As the helm of war dropped from the hand of the falling hero, it was seized by two great statesmen, Oxenstiern and Richelieu. Destiny still pursued its relentless course, and for full sixteen years longer the flames of war blazed over the ashes of the long-forgotten king and soldier.

I may now be permitted to take a cursory retrospect of Gustavus Adolphus in his victorious career; glance at the scene in which he alone was the great actor; and then, when Austria becomes reduced to extremity by the success of the Swedes, and by a series of disasters is driven to the most humiliating and desperate expedients, to return to the history of the Emperor.

As soon as the plan of operations had been concerted at Halle, between the King of Sweden and the Elector of Saxony; as soon as the alliance had been concluded with the neighboring princes of Weimar and Anhalt, and preparations made for the recovery of the bishopric of Magdeburg, the king began his march into the empire. He had here no despicable foe to contend with. Within the empire, the Emperor was still powerful; throughout Franconia, Swabia, and the Palatinate, imperial garrisons were posted, with whom the possession of every place of importance must be disputed sword in hand. On the Rhine he was opposed by the Spaniards, who had overrun the territory of the banished Elector Palatine, seized all its strong places, and would everywhere dispute with him the passage over that river. On his rear

was Tilly, who was fast recruiting his force, and would soon be joined by the auxiliaries from Lorraine. Every Papist presented an inveterate foe, while his connection with France did not leave him at liberty to act with freedom against the Roman Catholics. Gustavus had foreseen all these obstacles, but at the same time the means by which they were to be overcome. The strength of the Imperialists was broken and divided among different garrisons, while he would bring against them one by one his whole united force. If he was to be opposed by the fanaticism of the Roman Catholics, and the awe in which the lesser states regarded the Emperor's power, he might depend on the active support of the Protestants, and their hatred to Austrian oppression. The ravages of the Imperialist and Spanish troops also powerfully aided him in these quarters; where the ill-treated husbandman and citizen sighed alike for a deliverer, and where the mere change of yoke seemed to promise a relief. Emissaries were dispatched to gain over to the Swedish side the principal free cities, particularly Nuremberg and Frankfort. The first that lay in the king's march, and which he could not leave unoccupied in his rear, was Erfurt. Here the Protestant party among the citizens opened to him, without a blow, the gates of the town and the citadel. From the inhabitants of this, as of every important place which afterward submitted, he exacted an oath of allegiance, while he secured its possession by a sufficient garrison. To his ally, Duke William of Weimar, he intrusted the command of an army to be raised in Thuringia. He also left his queen in Erfurt, and promised to increase its privileges. The Swedish army now crossed the Thuringian forest in two columns, by Gotha and Arnstadt, and having delivered, in its march, the county of Henneberg from the Imperialists, formed a junction on the third day near Koenigshofen, on the frontiers of Franconia.

Francis, Bishop of Wurtzburg, the bitter enemy of the Protestants, and the most zealous member of the League, was the first to feel the indignation of Gustavus Adolphus. A few threats gained for the Swedes possession of his fortress of Koenigshofen, and with it the key of the whole province. At the news of this rapid conquest, dismay seized all the Roman Catholic towns of the circle. The Bishops of Wurtzburg and Bamberg trembled in their castles; they already saw their sees tottering, their churches profaned, and their religion degraded. The malice of his enemies had circulated the most frightful representations of the persecuting spirit and the mode of warfare pursued by the Swedish king and his soldiers, which neither the repeated assurances of the king, nor the most splendid examples of humanity and toleration, ever entirely effaced. Many feared to suffer at the hands of another what in similar circumstances they were conscious of inflicting themselves. Many of the richest Roman Catholics hastened to secure by flight their property, their religion, and their persons, from the sanguinary fanaticism of the Swedes. The bishop himself set the example. In the midst of the alarm, which his bigoted zeal had caused, he abandoned his dominions, and fled to Paris, to excite, if possible, the French ministry against the common enemy of religion.

The further progress of Gustavus Adolphus in the ecclesiastical territories agreed with this brilliant commencement. Schweinfurt, and soon afterward Wurtzburg, abandoned by their Imperial garrisons, surrendered; but Marienberg he was obliged to carry by storm. In this place, which was believed to be impregnable, the enemy had collected a large store of provisions and ammunition, all of which fell into the hands of the Swedes. The king found a valuable prize in the library of the Jesuits, which he sent to Upsal, while his soldiers found a still more agreeable one in the prelate's well-filled cellars; his treasures the bishop had in good time removed. The whole bishopric followed the example of the capital, and submitted to the Swedes. The king compelled all the bishop's subjects to swear allegiance to himself; and, in the absence of the lawful sovereign, appointed a regency, one half of whose members were Protestants. In every Roman Catholic town which Gustavus took, he opened the churches to the Protestant people, but without retaliating on the Papists the cruelties which they had practiced on the former. On such only as sword in hand refused to submit, were the fearful rights of war enforced; and for the occasional acts of violence committed by a few of the more lawless soldiers, in the blind rage of the first attack, their humane leader is not justly responsible. Those who were peaceably disposed, or defenseless, were treated with mildness. It was a sacred principle of Gustavus to spare the blood of his enemies, as well as that of his own troops.

On the first news of the Swedish irruption, the Bishop of Wurtzburg, without regarding the treaty which he had entered into with the King of Sweden, had earnestly pressed the general of the League to hasten to the assistance of the bishopric. That defeated commander had, in the mean time, collected on the Weser the shattered remnant of his army, reinforced himself from the garrisons of Lower Saxony, and effected a junction in Hesse with Altringer and Fugger, who commanded under him. Again at the head of a considerable force, Tilly burned with impatience to wipe out the stain of his first defeat by a splendid victory. From his camp at Fulda, whither he had marched with his army, he earnestly requested permission from the Duke of Bavaria to give battle to Gustavus Adolphus. But, in the event of Tilly's defeat, the League had no second army to fall back upon, and Maximilian was too cautious to risk again the fate of his party on a single battle. With tears in his eyes, Tilly reads the commands of his superior, which compelled him to inactivity. Thus his march to Franconia was delayed, and Gustavus Adolphus gained time to overrun the whole bishopric. It was in vain that Tilly, reinforced at Aschaffenburg by a body of 12,000 men from Lorraine, marched with an overwhelming force to the relief of Wurtzburg. The town and citadel were already in the hands of the Swedes, and Maximilian of Bavaria was generally blamed (and not without cause, perhaps) for having, by his scruples, occasioned the loss of the bishopric. Commanded to avoid a battle, Tilly contented himself with checking the further advance of the enemy; but he could save only a few

of the towns from the impetuosity of the Swedes. Baffled in an attempt to reinforce the weak garrison of Hanau, which it was highly important to the Swedes to gain, he crossed the Maine, near Seligenstadt, and took the direction of the Bergstrasse, to protect the Palatinate from the conqueror:

Tilly, however, was not the sole enemy whom Gustavus Adolphus met in Franconia, and drove before him. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, celebrated in the annals of the time for his unsteadiness of character, his vain projects, and his misfortunes, ventured to raise a weak arm against the Swedish hero, in the hope of obtaining from the Emperor the electoral dignity. Deaf to the suggestions of a rational policy, he listened only to the dictates of heated ambition; by supporting the Emperor, he exasperated France, his formidable neighbor; and in the pursuit of a visionary phantom in another country, left undefended his own dominions, which were instantly overrun by a French army. Austria willingly conceded to him, as well as to the other princes of the League, the honor of being ruined in her cause. Intoxicated with vain hopes, this prince collected a force of 17,000 men, which he proposed to lead in person against the Swedes. If these troops were deficient in discipline and courage, they were at least attractive by the splendor of their accoutrements; and however sparing they were of their prowess against the foe, they were liberal enough with it against the defenseless citizens and peasantry, whom they were summoned to defend against the bravery and the formidable discipline of the Swedes. This splendidly attired army, however, made no long stand. On the first advance of the Swedish cavalry a panic seized them, and they were driven without difficulty from their cantonments in Wurtzburg; the defeat of a few regiments occasioned a general rout, and the scattered remnant sought a covert from the Swedish valor in the towns beyond the Rhine. Loaded with shame and ridicule, the duke hurried home by Strasburg, too fortunate in escaping, by a submissive written apology, the indignation of his conqueror, who had first beaten him out of the field, and then called upon him to account for his hostilities. It is related upon this occasion that, in a village on the Rhine, a peasant struck the horse of the duke as he rode past, exclaiming, "Haste, sir, you must go quicker to escape the great King of Sweden!"

The example of his neighbors' misfortunes had taught the Bishop of Bamberg prudence. To avert the plundering of his territories, he made offers of peace, though these were intended only to delay the king's course till the arrival of assistance. Gustavus Adolphus, too honorable himself to suspect dishonesty in another, readily accepted the bishop's proposals, and named the conditions on which he was willing to save his territories from hostile treatment. He was the more inclined to peace, as he had no time to lose in the conquest of Bamberg, and his other designs called him to the Rhine. The rapidity with which he followed up these plans, cost him the loss of those pecuniary supplies which, by a longer residence in Franconia, he might easily have extorted

from the weak and terrified bishop. This artful prelate broke off the negotiation the instant the storm of war passed away from his own territories. No sooner had Gustavus marched onward than he threw himself under the protection of Tilly, and received the troops of the Emperor into the very towns and fortresses, which shortly before he had shown himself ready to open to the Swedes. By this stratagem, however, he only delayed for a brief interval the ruin of his bishopric. A Swedish general who had been left in Franconia, undertook to punish the perfidy of the bishop: and the ecclesiastical territory became the seat of war, and was ravaged alike by friends and foes.

The formidable presence of the Imperialists had hitherto been a check upon the Franconian States; but their retreat, and the humane conduct of the Swedish king, emboldened the nobility and other inhabitants of this circle to declare in his favor. Nuremberg joyfully committed itself to his protection; and the Franconian nobles were won to his cause by flattering proclamations, in which he condescended to apologize for his hostile appearance in their dominions. The fertility of Franconia, and the rigorous honesty of the Swedish soldiers in their dealings with the inhabitants, brought abundance to the camp of the king. The high esteem which the nobility of the circle felt for Gustavus, the respect and admiration with which they regarded his brilliant exploits, the promises of rich booty which the service of this monarch held out, greatly facilitated the recruiting of his troops; a step which was made necessary by detaching so many garrisons from the main body. At the sound of his drums, recruits flocked to his standard from all quarters.

The king had scarcely spent more time in conquering Franconia, than he would have required to cross it. He now left behind him Gustavus Horn, one of his best generals, with a force of 8,000 men, to complete and retain his conquest. He himself with his main army, reinforced by the late recruits, hastened toward the Rhine in order to secure this frontier of the empire from the Spaniards; to disarm the ecclesiastical electors, and to obtain from their fertile territories new resources for the prosecution of the war. Following the course of the Maine, he subjected, in the course of his march, Seligenstadt, Aschaffenburg, Steinheim, the whole territory on both sides of the river. The imperial garrisons seldom awaited his approach, and never attempted resistance. In the mean while one of his colonels had been fortunate enough to take by surprise the town and citadel of Hanau, for whose preservation Tilly had shown such anxiety. Eager to be free of the oppressive burden of the Imperialists, the Count of Hanau gladly placed himself under the milder yoke of the King of Sweden.

Gustavus Adolphus now turned his whole attention to Frankfort, for it was his constant maxim to cover his rear by the friendship and possession of the more important towns. Frankfort was among the free cities which, even from Saxony, he had endeavored to prepare for his reception: and he now called upon it, by a summons from Offenbach, to allow him a free passage, and to admit a Swedish garrison. Willingly would this

city have dispensed with the necessity of choosing between the King of Sweden and the Emperor; for, whatever party they might embrace, the inhabitants had a like reason to fear for their privileges and trade. The Emperor's vengeance would certainly fall heavily upon them, if they were in a hurry to submit to the King of Sweden, and afterward he should prove unable to protect his adherents in Germany. But still more ruinous for them would be the displeasure of an irresistible conqueror, who, with a formidable army, was already before their gates, and who might punish their opposition by the ruin of their commerce and prosperity. In vain did their deputies plead the danger which menaced their fairs, their privileges, perhaps their constitution itself, if, by espousing the party of the Swedes, they were to incur the Emperor's displeasure. Gustavus Adolphus expressed to them his astonishment that, when the liberties of Germany and the Protestant religion were at stake, the citizens of Frankfort should talk of their annual fairs, and postpone for temporal interests the great cause of their country and their conscience. He had, he continued, in a menacing tone, found the keys of every town and fortress, from the Isle of Rugen to the Maine, and knew also where to find a key to Frankfort; the safety of Germany, and the freedom of the Protestant Church, were, he assured them, the sole objects of his invasion; conscious of the justice of his cause, he was determined not to allow any obstacle to impede his progress. "The inhabitants of Frankfort, he was well aware, wished to stretch out only a finger to him, but he must have the whole hand in order to have something to grasp." At the head of the army, he closely followed the deputies as they carried back his answer, and in order of battle awaited, near Saxenhausen, the decision of the council.

If Frankfort hesitated to submit to the Swedes, it was solely from fear of the Emperor; their own inclinations did not allow them a moment to doubt between the oppressor of Germany and its protector. The menacing preparations amidst which Gustavus Adolphus now compelled them to decide, would lessen the guilt of their revolt in the eyes of the Emperor, and by an appearance of compulsion justify the step which they willingly took. The gates were therefore opened to the King of Sweden, who marched his army through this imperial town in magnificent procession, and in admirable order. A garrison of six hundred men was left in Saxenhausen; while the king himself advanced the same evening, with the rest of his army, against the town of Hoechst in Mentz, which surrendered to him before night.

While Gustavus was thus extending his conquests along the Maine, fortune crowned also the efforts of his generals and allies in the north of Germany. Rostock, Wismar, and Doemitz, the only strong places in the Duchy of Mecklenburg which still sighed under the yoke of the Imperialists, were recovered by their legitimate sovereign, the Duke John Albert, under the Swedish general, Achatius Tott. In vain did the imperial general, Wolf Count von Mausfeld, endeavor to recover from the Swedes the territories of Halberstadt, of which they had taken possession im-

mediately upon the victory of Leipsic; he was even compelled to leave Magdeburg itself in their hands. The Swedish general, Banner, who with eight thousand men remained upon the Elbe, closely blockaded that city, and had defeated several imperial regiments which had been sent to its relief. Count Mansfeld defended it in person with great resolution; but his garrison being too weak to oppose for any length of time the numerous force of the besiegers, he was already about to surrender on conditions, when Pappenheim advanced to his assistance, and gave employment elsewhere to the Swedish arms. Magdeburg, however, or rather the wretched huts that peeped out miserably from among the ruins of that once great town, was afterward voluntarily abandoned by the Imperialists, and immediately taken possession of by the Swedes.

Even Lower Saxony, encouraged by the progress of the king, ventured to raise its head from the disasters of the unfortunate Danish war. They held a congress at Hamburg, and resolved upon raising three regiments, which they hoped would be sufficient to free them from the oppressive garrisons of the Imperialists. The Bishop of Bremen, a relation of Gustavus Adolphus, was not content even with this; but assembled troops of his own, and terrified the unfortunate monks and priests of the neighborhood, but was quickly compelled by the imperial general, Count Gronsfeld, to lay down his arms. Even George, Duke of Lunenburg, formerly a colonel in the Emperor's service, embraced the party of Gustavus, for whom he raised several regiments, and by occupying the attention of the Imperialists in Lower Saxony, materially assisted him.

But more important service was rendered to the king by the Landgrave William of Hesse Cassel, whose victorious arms struck with terror the greater part of Westphalia and Lower Saxony, the bishopric of Fulda, and even the Electorate of Cologne. It has been already stated that immediately after the conclusion of the alliance between the Landgrave and Gustavus Adolphus at Werben, two imperial generals, Fugger and Altringer, were ordered by Tilly to march into Hesse, to punish the Landgrave for his revolt from the Emperor. But this prince had as firmly withstood the arms of his enemies, as his subjects had the proclamations of Tilly inciting them to rebellion, and the battle of Leipsic presently relieved him of their presence. He availed himself of their absence with courage and resolution; in a short time, Vach, Minden and Hoexter surrendered to him, while his rapid advance alarmed the bishoprics of Fulda, Paderborn, and the ecclesiastical territories which bordered on Hesse. The terrified states hastened by a speedy submission to set limits to his progress, and by considerable contributions to purchase exemption from plunder. After these successful enterprises, the Landgrave united his victorious army with that of Gustavus Adolphus, and concerted with him at Frankfort their future plan of operations.

In this city, a number of princes and ambassadors were assembled to congratulate Gustavus on his success, and either to conciliate his favor or to appease his indignation. Among them was the

fugitive King of Bohemia, the Palatine Frederick V., who had hastened from Holland to throw himself into the arms of his avenger and protector. Gustavus gave him the unprofitable honor of greeting him as a crowned head, and endeavored, by a respectful sympathy, to soften his sense of his misfortunes. But great as the advantages were, which Frederick had promised himself from the power and good fortune of his protector; and high as were the expectations he had built on his justice and magnanimity, the chance of this unfortunate prince's reinstatement in his kingdom was as distant as ever. The inactivity and contradictory politics of the English court had abated the zeal of Gustavus Adolphus, and an irritability which he could not always repress, made him on this occasion forget the glorious vocation of protector of the oppressed, in which, on his invasion of Germany, he had so loudly announced himself.

The terrors of the king's irresistible strength, and the near prospect of his vengeance, had also compelled George, Landgrave of Hesse D'armstadt, to a timely submission. His connection with the Emperor, and his indifference to the Protestant cause, were no secret to the king, but he was satisfied with laughing at so impotent an enemy. As the Landgrave knew his own strength and the political situation of Germany so little, as to offer himself as mediator between the contending parties, Gustavus used jestingly to call him the peacemaker. He was frequently heard to say, when at play he was winning from the Landgrave, "that the money afforded double satisfaction, as it was Imperial coin." To his affinity with the Elector of Saxony, whom Gustavus had cause to treat with forbearance, the Landgrave was indebted for the favorable terms he obtained from the king, who contented himself with the surrender of his fortress of Russenheim, and his promise of observing a strict neutrality during the war. The Counts of Westerwald and Wetterau also visited the king in Frankfort, to offer him their assistance against the Spaniards, and to conclude an alliance, which was afterward of great service to him. The town of Frankfort itself had reason to rejoice at the presence of this monarch, who took their commerce under his protection, and by the most effectual measures restored the fairs, which had been greatly interrupted by the war.

The Swedish army was now reinforced by ten thousand Hessians, which the Landgrave of Cassel commanded. Gustavus Adolphus had already invested Konigstein; Kostheim and Fliershain surrendered after a short siege; he was in command of the Maine; and transports were preparing with all speed at Hoechst to carry his troops across the Rhine. These preparations filled the Elector of Mentz, Ayselm Casimir, with consternation; and he no longer doubted but that the storm of war would next fall upon him. As a partisan of the Emperor, and one of the most active members of the League, he could expect no better treatment than his confederates, the Bishops of Wurtzburg and Bamberg, had already experienced. The situation of his territories upon the Rhine made it necessary for the enemy to secure them, while the fertility afforded an irresistible temptation to

a necessitous army. Miscalculating his own strength and that of his adversaries, the Elector flattered himself that he was able to repel force by force, and weary out the valor of the Swedes by the strength of his fortresses. He ordered the fortifications of his capital to be repaired with all diligence, provided it with every necessary for sustaining a long siege, and received into the town a garrison of two thousand Spaniards, under Don Philip de Sylva. To prevent the approach of the Swedish transports, he endeavored to close the mouth of the Maine by driving piles, and sinking large heaps of stones and vessels. He himself, however, accompanied by the Bishop of Worms, and carrying with him his most precious effects, took refuge in Cologne, and abandoned his capital and territories to the rapacity of a tyrannical garrison. But these preparations, which bespoke less of true courage than of weak and overweening confidence, did not prevent the Swedes from marching against Mentz, and making serious preparations for an attack upon the city. While one body of their troops poured into the Rheingau, routed the Spaniards who remained there, and levied contributions on the inhabitants, another laid the Roman Catholic towns in Westervald and Wetteran under similar contributions. The main army had encamped at Cassel, opposite Mentz; and Bernhard, Duke of Weimar, made himself master of the Mäusethurm and the Castle of Ehrenfels, on the other side of the Rhine. Gustavus was now actively preparing to cross the river, and to blockade the town on the land side, when the movements of Tilly in Franconia suddenly called him from the siege, and obtained for the Elector a short repose.

The danger of Nuremberg, which, during the absence of Gustavus Adolphus on the Rhine, Tilly had made a show of besieging, and, in the event of resistance, threatened with the cruel fate of Magdeburg, occasioned the king suddenly to retire from before Mentz. Lest he should expose himself a second time to the reproaches of Germany, and the disgrace of abandoning a confederate city to a ferocious enemy, he hastened to its relief by forced marches. On his arrival at Frankfurt, however, he heard of its spirited resistance, and of the retreat of Tilly, and lost not a moment in prosecuting his designs against Mentz. Failing in an attempt to cross the Rhine at Cassel, under the cannon of the besieged, he directed his march toward the Bergstrasse, with a view of approaching the town from an opposite quarter. Here he quickly made himself master of all the places of importance, and at Stockstadt, between Gernsheim and Oppenheim, appeared a second time upon the banks of the Rhine. The whole of the Bergstrasse was abandoned by the Spaniards, who endeavored obstinately to defend the other bank of the river. For this purpose, they had burned or sunk all the vessels in the neighborhood, and arranged a formidable force on the banks, in case the king should attempt the passage at that place.

On this occasion, the king's impetuosity exposed him to great danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. In order to reconnoitre the opposite bank, he crossed the river in a small boat; he had scarcely landed when he was attacked by a party

of Spanish horse, from whose hands he only saved himself by a precipitate retreat. Having at last, with the assistance of the neighboring fisherman, succeeded in procuring a few transports, he dispatched two of them across the river, bearing Count Brahe and three hundred Swedes. Scarcely had this officer time to intrench himself on the opposite bank, when he was attacked by fourteen squadrons of Spanish dragoons and cuirassiers. Superior as the enemy was in number, Count Brahe, with his small force, bravely defended himself, and gained time for the king to support him with fresh troops. The Spaniards at last retired with the loss of six hundred men, some taking refuge in Oppenheim, and others in Mentz. A lion of marble on a high pillar, holding a naked sword in his paw, and a helmet on his head, was erected seventy years after the event, to point out to the traveler the spot where the immortal monarch crossed the great river of Germany.

Gustavus Adolphus now conveyed his artillery and the greater part of his troops over the river, and laid siege to Oppenheim, which, after a brave resistance, was, on the 8th December, 1631, carried by storm. Five hundred Spaniards, who had so courageously defended the place, fell indiscriminately a sacrifice to the fury of the Swedes. The crossing of the Rhine by Gustavus struck terror into the Spaniards and Lorrainers, who had thought themselves protected by the river from the vengeance of the Swedes. Rapid flight was now their only security; every place incapable of an effectual defense was immediately abandoned. After a long train of outrages on the defenseless citizens, the troops of Lorraine evacuated Worms, which, before their departure, they treated with wanton cruelty. The Spaniards hastened to shut themselves up in Frankenthal, where they hoped to defy the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus.

The king lost no time in prosecuting his designs against Mentz, into which the flower of the Spanish troops had thrown themselves. While he advanced on the left bank of the Rhine, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel moved forward on the other, reducing several strong places on his march. The besieged Spaniards, though hemmed in on both sides, displayed at first a bold determination, and threw, for several days, a shower of bombs into the Swedish camp, which cost the king many of his bravest soldiers. But notwithstanding, the Swedes continually gained ground, and had at last advanced so close to the ditch that they prepared seriously for storming the place. The courage of the besieged now began to droop. They trembled before the furious impetuosity of the Swedish soldiers, of which Marienberg, in Wurtzburg, had afforded so fearful an example. The same dreadful fate awaited Mentz, if taken by storm; and the enemy might even be easily tempted to revenge the carnage of Magdeburg on this rich and magnificent residence of a Roman Catholic prince. To save the town, rather than their own lives, the Spanish garrison capitulated on the fourth day, and obtained from the magnanimity of Gustavus a safe conduct to Luxembourg; the greater part of them, however, following the example of many others, enlisted in the service of Sweden.

On the 13th December, 1631, the king made his entry into the conquered town, and fixed his quarters in the palace of the Elector. Eighty pieces of cannon fell into his hands, and the citizens were obliged to redeem their property from pillage, by a payment of 80,000 florins. The benefits of this redemption did not extend to the Jews and the clergy, who were obliged to make large and separate contributions for themselves. The library of the Elector was seized by the king as his share, and presented by him to his chancellor, Oxenstiern, who intended it for the Academy of Westerrah, but the vessel in which it was shipped to Sweden foundered at sea.

After the loss of Mentz, misfortune still pursued the Spaniards on the Rhine. Shortly before the capture of that city, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had taken Falkenstein and Reifenberg, and the fortress of Konigstein surrendered to the Hessians. The Rhinegrave, Otto Louis, one of the king's generals, defeated nine Spanish squadrons who were on their march for Frankenthal, and made himself master of the most important towns upon the Rhine, from Boppard to Bacharach. After the capture of the fortress of Braunsfels, which was effected by the Count of Wetterau, with the co-operation of the Swedes, the Spaniards quickly lost every place in Wetterau, while in the Palatinate they retained few places beside Frankenthal. Landau and Kron-weisenberg openly declared for the Swedes; Spire offered troops for the king's service; Mannheim was gained through the prudence of the Duke Bernard of Weimar, and the negligence of its governor, who, for this misconduct, was tried before the council of war, at Heidelberg, and beheaded.

The king had protracted the campaign into the depth of winter, and the severity of the season was perhaps one cause of the advantage his soldiers gained over those of the enemy. But the exhausted troops now stood in need of the repose of winter quarters, which, after the surrender of Mentz, Gustavus assigned to them, in its neighborhood. He himself employed the interval of inactivity in the field, which the season of the year enjoined, in arranging, with his chancellor, the affairs of his cabinet, in treating for a neutrality with some of his enemies, and adjusting some political disputes which had sprung up with a neighboring ally. He chose the city of Mentz for his winter quarters, and the settlement of these state affairs, and showed a greater partiality for this town than seemed consistent with the interests of the German princes, or the shortness of his visit to the Empire. Not content with strongly fortifying it, he erected at the opposite angle which the Maine forms with the Rhine, a new citadel, which was named Gustavusburg from its founder, but which is better known under the title of Pfaffensraub or Pfaffenzwang.*

While Gustavus Adolphus made himself master of the Rhine, and threatened the three neighboring electorates with his victorious arms, his vigilant enemies in Paris and St. Germain's made use of every artifice to deprive him of the support of

France, and, if possible, to involve him in a war with that power. By his sudden and equivocal march to the Rhine, he had surprised his friends, and furnished his enemies with the means of exciting a distrust of his intentions. After the conquest of Wurtzburg, and of the greater part of Franconia, the road into Bavaria and Austria lay open to him through Bamberg and the Upper Palatinate; and the expectation was as general, as it was natural, that he would not delay to attack the Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria in the very centre of their power, and, by the reduction of his two principal enemies, bring the war immediately to an end. But to the surprise of both parties, Gustavus left the path which general expectation had thus marked out for him; and instead of advancing to the right, turned to the left, to make the less important and more innocent princes of the Rhine feel his power, while he gave time to his more formidable opponents to recruit their strength. Nothing but the paramount design of reinstating the unfortunate Palatine, Frederick V., in the possession of his territories, by the expulsion of the Spaniards, could seem to account for this strange step; and the belief that Gustavus was about to effect that restoration, silenced for a while the suspicions of his friends and the calumnies of his enemies. But the lower Palatinate was now almost entirely cleared of the enemy; and yet Gustavus continued to form new schemes of conquest on the Rhine, and to withhold the reconquered country from the Palatinate, its rightful owner. In vain did the English ambassador remind him of what justice demanded, and what his own solemn engagement made a duty of honor; Gustavus replied to these demands with bitter complaints of the inactivity of the English court, and prepared to carry his victorious standard into Alsace, and even into Lorraine.

A distrust of the Swedish monarch was now loud and open, while the malice of his enemies busily circulated the most injurious reports as to his intentions. Richelieu, the minister of Louis XIII., had long witnessed with anxiety the king's progress toward the French frontier, and the suspicious temper of Louis rendered him but too accessible to the evil surmises which the occasion gave rise to. France was at this time involved in a civil war with her Protestant subjects, and the fear was not altogether groundless, that the approach of a victorious monarch of their party might revive their drooping spirit, and encourage them to a more desperate resistance. This might be the case, even if Gustavus Adolphus was far from showing a disposition to encourage them, or to act unfaithfully toward his ally, the King of France. But the vindictive Bishop of Wurtzburg, who was anxious to avenge the loss of his dominions, by the envenomed rhetoric of the Jesuits and the active zeal of the Bavarian minister, represented this dreaded alliance between the Huguenots and Swedes as an undoubted fact, and filled the timid mind of Louis with the most alarming fears. Not merely chimerical politicians, but many of the best informed Roman Catholics, fully believed that the king was on the point of breaking into the heart of France, to

* Priests' plunder; alluding to the means by which the expense of its erection had been defrayed.

make common cause with the Huguenots, and to overturn the Catholic religion within the kingdom. Fanatical zealots already saw him, with his army, crossing the Alps, and dethroning the Vicegerent of Christ in Italy. Such reports no doubt soon refute themselves; yet it cannot be denied that Gustavus, by his manœuvres on the Rhine, gave a dangerous handle to the malice of his enemies, and in some measure justified the suspicion that he directed his arms, not so much against the Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria, as against the Roman Catholic Religion itself.

The general clamor of discontent which the Jesuits raised in all the Catholic courts, against the alliance between France and the enemy of the church, at last compelled Cardinal Richelieu to take a decisive step for the security of his religion, and at once to convince the Roman Catholic world of the zeal of France, and of the selfish policy of the ecclesiastical states of Germany. Convinced that the views of the King of Sweden, like his own, aimed solely at the humiliation of the power of Austria, he hesitated not to promise to the princes of the League, on the part of Sweden, a complete neutrality, immediately they abandoned their alliance with the Emperor and withdrew their troops. Whatever the resolution these princes should adopt, Richelieu would equally attain his object. By their separation from the Austrian interest, Ferdinand would be exposed to the combined attack of France and Sweden: and Gustavus Adolphus, freed from his other enemies in Germany, would be able to direct his undivided force against the hereditary dominions of Austria. In that event, the fall of Austria was inevitable, and this great object of Richelieu's policy would be gained without injury to the church. If, on the other hand, the princes of the League persisted in their opposition, and adhered to the Austrian alliance, the result would indeed be more doubtful, but still France would have sufficiently proved to all Europe the sincerity of her attachment to the Catholic cause, and performed her duty as a member of the Roman Church. The princes of the League would then appear the sole authors of those evils, which the continuance of the war would unavoidably bring upon the Roman Catholics of Germany; they alone, by their willful and obstinate adherence to the Emperor, would frustrate the measures employed for their protection, involve the church in danger, and themselves in ruin.

Richelieu pursued this plan with greater zeal, the more he was embarrassed by the repeated demands of the Elector of Bavaria for assistance from France; for this prince, as already stated, when he first began to entertain suspicions of the Emperor, entered immediately into a secret alliance with France, by which, in the event of any change in the Emperor's sentiments, he hoped to secure the possession of the Palatinate. But though the origin of the treaty clearly showed against what enemy it was directed, Maximilian now thought proper to make use of it against the King of Sweden, and did not hesitate to demand from France that assistance against her ally, which she had simply promised against Austria. Richelieu, embarrassed by this conflicting alliance with

two hostile powers, had no resource left but to endeavor to put a speedy termination to their hostilities; and as little inclined to sacrifice Bavaria, as he was disabled, by his treaty with Sweden, from assisting it, he set himself, with all diligence, to bring about a neutrality, as the only means of fulfilling his obligations to both. For this purpose, the Marquis of Breze was sent, as his plenipotentiary, to the King of Sweden at Mentz, to learn his sentiments on this point, and to procure from him favorable conditions for the allied princes. But if Louis XIII. had powerful motives for wishing for this neutrality, Gustavus Adolphus had as grave reasons for desiring the contrary. Convinced by numerous proofs that the hatred of the princes of the League to the Protestant religion was invincible, their aversion to the foreign power of the Swedes inextinguishable, and their attachment to the House of Austria irrevocable, he apprehended less danger from their open hostility, than from a neutrality which was so little in unison with their real inclinations; and, moreover, as he was constrained to carry on the war in Germany at the expense of the enemy, he manifestly sustained great loss if he diminished their number without increasing that of his friends. It was not surprising, therefore, if Gustavus evinced little inclination to purchase the neutrality of the League, by which he was likely to gain so little, at the expense of the advantages he had already obtained.

The conditions, accordingly, upon which he offered to adopt the neutrality toward Bavaria were severe, and suited to these views. He required of the whole League a full and entire cessation from all hostilities; the recall of their troops from the imperial army, from the conquered towns, and from all the Protestant countries; the reduction of their military force; the exclusion of the imperial armies from their territories, and from supplies either of men, provisions, or ammunition. Hard as the conditions were, which the victor thus imposed upon the vanquished, the French mediator flattered himself he should be able to induce the Elector of Bavaria to accept them. In order to give time for an accommodation, Gustavus had agreed to a cessation of hostilities for a fortnight. But at the very time when this monarch was receiving from the French agents repeated assurances of the favorable progress of the negotiation, an intercepted letter from the Elector to Pappenheim, the imperial general in Westphalia, revealed the perfidy of that prince, as having no other object in view by the whole negotiation, than to gain time for his measures of defense. Far from intending to fetter his military operations by a truce with Sweden, the artful prince hastened his preparations, and employed the leisure which his enemy afforded him, in making the most active dispositions for resistance. The negotiation accordingly failed, and served only to increase the animosity of the Bavarians and the Swedes.

Tilly's augmented force, with which he threatened to overrun Franconia, urgently required the king's presence in that circle; but it was necessary to expel previously the Spaniards from the Rhine, and to cut off their means of invading Germany from the Netherlands. With this view, Gustavus Adolphus had made an offer of neu-

trality to the Elector of Treves, Philip von Zelttern, on condition that the fortress of Hermanstein should be delivered up to him, and a free passage granted to his troops through Coblenz. But unwillingly as the Elector had beheld the Spaniards within his territories, he was still less disposed to commit his estates to the suspicious protection of a heretic, and to make the Swedish conqueror master of his destinies. Too weak to maintain his independence between two such powerful competitors, he took refuge in the protection of France. With his usual prudence, Richelieu profited by the embarrassments of this prince to augment the power of France, and to gain for her an important ally on the German frontier. A numerous French army was dispatched to protect the territory of Treves, and a French garrison was received into Ehrenbreitstein. But the object which had moved the Elector to this bold step was not completely gained, for the offended pride of Gustavus Adolphus was not appeased till he had obtained a free passage for his troops through Treves.

Pending these negotiations with Treves and France, the king's generals had entirely cleared the territory of Mentz of the Spanish garrisons, and Gustavus himself completed the conquest of this district by the capture of Kreutznach. To protect these conquests, the chancellor Oxenstiern was left with a division of the army upon the Middle Rhine, while the main body, under the king himself, began its march against the enemy in Franconia.

The possession of this circle had, in the mean time, been disputed with variable success, between Count Tilly and the Swedish General Horn, whom Gustavus had left there with 8,000 men; and the Bishopric of Bamberg, in particular, was at once the prize and the scene of their struggle. Called away to the Rhine by his other projects, the king had left to his general the chastisement of the bishop, whose perfidy had excited his indignation, and the activity of Horn justified the choice. In a short time, he subdued the greater part of the bishopric; and the capital itself, abandoned by its imperial garrison, was carried by storm. The banished bishop urgently demanded assistance from the Elector of Bavaria, who was at length persuaded to put an end to Tilly's inactivity. Fully empowered by his master's order to restore the bishop to his possessions, this general collected his troops, who were scattered over the Upper Palatinate, and with an army of 20,000 men advanced upon Bamberg. Firmly resolved to maintain his conquest even against this overwhelming force, Horn awaited the enemy within the walls of Bamberg; but was obliged to yield to the vanguard of Tilly what he had thought to be able to dispute with his whole army. A panic which suddenly seized his troops, and which no presence of mind of their general could check, opened the gates to the enemy, and it was with difficulty that the troops, baggage, and artillery, were saved. The reconquest of Bamberg was the fruit of this victory; but Tilly, with all his activity, was unable to overtake the Swedish general, who retired in good order behind the Maine. The king's appearance in Franconia, and his junction

with Gustavus Horn at Kitzengen, put a stop to Tilly's conquests, and compelled him to provide for his own safety by a rapid retreat.

The king made a general review of his troops at Aschaffenburg. After his junction with Gustavus Horn, Banner, and Duke William of Weimar, they amounted to nearly 40,000 men. His progress through Franconia was uninterrupted; for Tilly, far too weak to encounter an enemy so superior in numbers, had retreated, by rapid marches, toward the Danube. Bohemia and Bavaria were now equally near to the king, and, uncertain whither his victorious course might be directed, Maximilian could form no immediate resolution. The choice of the king, and the fate of both provinces, now depended on the road that should be left open to Count Tilly. It was dangerous, during the approach of so formidable an enemy, to leave Bavaria undefended, in order to protect Austria; still more dangerous, by receiving Tilly into Bavaria, to draw thither the enemy also, and to render it the seat of a destructive war. The cares of the sovereign finally overcame the scruples of the statesman, and Tilly received orders, at all hazards, to cover the frontiers of Bavaria with his army.

Nuremberg received with triumphant joy the protector of the Protestant religion and German freedom, and the enthusiasm of the citizens expressed itself on his arrival in loud transports of admiration and joy. Even Gustavus could not contain his astonishment, to see himself in this city, which was the very centre of Germany, where he had never expected to be able to penetrate. The noble appearance of his person, completed the impression produced by his glorious exploits, and the condescension with which he received the congratulations of this free city won all hearts. He now confirmed the alliance he had concluded with it on the shores of the Baltic, and excited the citizens to zealous activity and fraternal unity against the common enemy. After a short stay in Nuremberg, he followed his army to the Danube, and appeared unexpectedly before the frontier town of Donauwerth. A numerous Bavarian garrison defended the place; and their commander, Rodolph Maximilian, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, showed at first a resolute determination to defend it till the arrival of Tilly. But the vigor with which Gustavus Adolphus prosecuted the siege, soon compelled him to take measures for a speedy and secure retreat, which amidst a tremendous fire from the Swedish artillery he successfully executed.

The conquest of Donauwerth opened to the king the further side of the Danube, and now the small river Lech alone separated him from Bavaria. The immediate danger of his dominions aroused all Maximilian's activity; and however little he had hitherto disturbed the enemy's progress to his frontier, he now determined to dispute as resolutely the remainder of their course. On the opposite bank of the Lech, near the small town of Rain, Tilly occupied a strongly fortified camp, which, surrounded by three rivers, bade defiance to all attack. All the bridges over the Lech were destroyed; the whole course of the stream protected by strong garrisons as far as



Augsburg; and that town itself, which had long betrayed its impatience to follow the example of Nuremberg and Frankfort, secured by a Bavarian garrison, and the disarming of its inhabitants. The Elector himself, with all the troops he could collect, threw himself into Tilly's camp, as if all his hopes centred on this single point, and here the good fortune of the Swedes was to suffer shipwreck for ever.

Gustavus Adolphus, after subduing the whole territory of Augsburg, on his own side of the river, and opening to his troops a rich supply of necessaries from that quarter, soon appeared on the bank opposite the Bavarian intrenchments. It was now the month of March, when the river, swollen by frequent rains, and the melting of the snow from the mountains of the Tyrol, flowed full and rapid between its steep banks. Its boiling current threatened the rash assailants with certain destruction, while from the opposite side the enemy's cannon showed their murderous mouths. If, in despite of the fury both of fire and water, they should accomplish this almost impossible passage, a fresh and vigorous enemy awaited the exhausted troops in an impregnable camp; and when they needed repose and refreshment they must prepare for battle. With exhausted powers they must ascend the hostile intrenchments, whose strength seemed to bid defiance to every assault. A defeat sustained upon this shore would be attended with inevitable destruction, since the same stream which impeded their advance would also cut off their retreat, if fortune should abandon them.

The Swedish council of war, which the king now assembled, strongly urged upon him all these considerations, in order to deter him from this dangerous undertaking. The most intrepid were appalled, and a troop of honorable warriors, who had grown gray in the field, did not hesitate to express their alarm. But the king's resolution was fixed. "What!" said he to Gustavus Horn, who spoke for the rest, "have we crossed the Baltic, and so many great rivers of Germany, and shall we now be checked by a brook like the Lech?" Gustavus had already, at great personal risk, reconnoitred the whole country, and discovered that his own side of the river was higher than the other, and consequently gave a considerable advantage to the fire of the Swedish artillery over that of the enemy. With great presence of mind he determined to profit by this circumstance. At the point where the left bank of the Lech forms an angle with the right, he immediately caused three batteries to be erected, from which seventy-two field pieces maintained a cross fire upon the enemy. While this tremendous cannonade drove the Bavarians from the opposite bank, he caused to be erected a bridge over the river with all possible rapidity. A thick smoke, kept up by burning wood and wet straw, concealed for some time the progress of the work from the enemy, while the continued thunder of the cannon overpowered the noise of the axes. He kept alive by his own example the courage of his troops, and discharged more than sixty cannon with his own hand. The cannonade was returned by the Bavarians with equal vivacity for two hours, though

with less effect, as the Swedish batteries swept the lower opposite bank, while their height served as a breast-work to their own troops. In vain, therefore, did the Bavarians attempt to destroy these works; the superior fire of the Swedes threw them into disorder, and the bridge was completed under their very eyes. On this dreadful day, Tilly did every thing in his power to encourage his troops; and no danger could drive him from the bank. At length he found the death which he sought,—a cannon ball shattered his leg; and Altringer, his brave companion-in-arms, was, soon after, dangerously wounded in the head. Deprived of the animating presence of their two generals, the Bavarians gave way at last, and Maximilian, in spite of his own judgment, was driven to adopt a pusillanimous resolve. Overcome by the persuasions of the dying Tilly, whose wonted firmness was overpowered by the near approach of death, he gave up his impregnable position for lost; and the discovery by the Swedes of a ford, by which their cavalry were on the point of passing, accelerated his inglorious retreat. The same night, before a single soldier of the enemy had crossed the Lech, he broke up his camp, and, without giving time for the king to harass him in his march, retreated in good order to Neuburg and Ingolstadt. With astonishment did Gustavus Adolphus, who completed the passage of the river on the following day, behold the hostile camp abandoned: and the Elector's flight surprised him still more, when he saw the strength of the position he had quitted. "Had I been the Bavarian," said he, "though a cannon ball had carried away my beard and chin, never would I have abandoned a position like this, and laid open my territory to my enemies."

Bavaria now lay exposed to the conqueror; and, for the first time, the tide of war, which had hitherto only beat against its frontier, now flowed over its long swarded and fertile fields. Before, however, the king proceeded to the conquest of these provinces, he delivered the town of Augsburg from the yoke of Bavaria; exacted an oath of allegiance from the citizens; and to secure its observance, left a garrison in the town. He then advanced, by rapid marches, against Ingolstadt, in order, by the capture of this important fortress, which the Elector covered with the greater part of his army, to secure his conquests in Bavaria, and obtain a firm footing on the Danube.

Shortly after the appearance of the Swedish King before Ingolstadt, the wounded Tilly, after experiencing the caprice of unstable fortune, terminated his career within the walls of that town. Conquered by the superior generalship of Gustavus Adolphus, he lost, at the close of his days, all the laurels of his earlier victories, and appeased, by a series of misfortunes, the demands of justice, and the avenging manes of Magdeburg. In his death, the Imperial army and that of the League sustained an irreparable loss; the Roman Catholic religion was deprived of its most zealous defender, and Maximilian of Bavaria of the most faithful of his servants, who sealed his fidelity by his death, and even in his dying moments fulfilled the duties of a general. His last message to the Elector was an urgent advice to take possession of Ratisbon,

in order to maintain the command of the Danube, and to keep open the communication with Bohemia.

With the confidence which was the natural fruit of so many victories, Gustavus Adolphus commenced the siege of Ingolstadt, hoping to gain the town by the fury of his first assault. But the strength of its fortifications, and the bravery of its garrison, presented obstacles greater than any he had had to encounter since the battle of Breitenfeld, and the walls of Ingolstadt were near putting an end to his career. While reconnoitring the works, a twenty-four pounder killed his horse under him, and he fell to the ground, while almost immediately afterward another ball struck his favorite, the young Margrave of Baden, by his side. With perfect self-possession the king rose, and quieted the fears of his troops by immediately mounting another horse.

The occupation of Ratisbon by the Bavarians, who, by the advice of Tilly, had surprised this town by stratagem, and placed in it a strong garrison, quickly changed the king's plan of operations. He had flattered himself with the hope of gaining this town, which favored the Protestant cause, and to find in it an ally as devoted to him as Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Frankfort. Its seizure by the Bavarians seemed to postpone for a long time the fulfillment of his favorite project of making himself master of the Danube, and cutting off his adversaries' supplies from Bohemia. He suddenly raised the siege of Ingolstadt, before which he had wasted both his time and his troops, and penetrated into the interior of Bavaria, in order to draw the Elector into that quarter for the defense of his territories, and thus to strip the Danube of its defenders.

The whole country, as far as Munich, now lay open to the conqueror. Mosburg, Landshut, and the whole territory of Freysinger, submitted; nothing could resist his arms. But if he met with no regular force to oppose his progress, he had to contend against a still more implacable enemy in the heart of every Bavarian—religious fanaticism. Soldiers who did not believe in the Pope were, in this country, a new and unheard-of phenomenon; the blind zeal of the priests represented them to the peasantry as monsters, the children of hell, and their leader an Antichrist. No wonder, then, if they thought themselves released from all the ties of nature and humanity toward this brood of Satan, and justified in committing the most savage atrocities upon them. Woe to the Swedish soldier who fell into their hands! All the torments which inventive malice could devise were exercised upon these unhappy victims; and the sight of their mangled bodies exasperated the army to a fearful retaliation. Gustavus Adolphus, alone, sullied the lustre of his heroic character by no act of revenge; and the aversion which the Bavarians felt toward his religion, far from making him depart from the obligations of humanity toward that unfortunate people, seemed to impose upon him the stricter duty to honor his religion by a more constant clemency.

The approach of the king spread terror and consternation in the capital, which, stripped of its

defenders, and abandoned by its principal inhabitants, placed all its hopes in the magnanimity of the conqueror. By an unconditional and voluntary surrender, it hoped to disarm his vengeance; and sent deputies even to Frankfort to lay at his feet the keys of the city. Strongly as the king might have been tempted by the inhumanity of the Bavarians, and the hostility of their sovereign, to make a dreadful use of the rights of victory; pressed as he was by Germans to avenge the fate of Magdeburg on the capital of its destroyer, this great prince scorned this mean revenge; and the very helplessness of his enemies disarmed his severity. Contented with the more noble triumph of conducting the Palatine Frederick with the pomp of a victor in the very palace of the prince who had been the chief instrument of his ruin, and the usurper of his territories, he heightened the brilliancy of his triumphal entry by the brighter splendor of moderation and clemency.

The king found in Munich only a forsaken palace, for the Elector's treasures had been transported to Werfen. The magnificence of the building astonished him; and he asked the guide who showed the apartments who was the architect. "No other," replied he, "than the Elector himself." "I wish," said the king, "I had this architect to send to Stockholm." "That," he was answered, "the architect will take care to prevent." When the arsenal was examined, they found nothing but carriages, stripped of their cannon. The latter had been so artfully concealed under the floor, that no traces of them remained; and but for the treachery of a workman, the deceit would not have been detected. "Rise up from the dead," said the king, "and come to judgment." The floor was pulled up, and one hundred and forty pieces of cannon discovered, some of extraordinary calibre, which had been principally taken in the Palatinate and Bohemia. A treasure of thirty thousand gold ducats, concealed in one of the largest, completed the pleasure which the king received from this valuable acquisition.

A far more welcome spectacle still would have been the Bavarian army itself; for his march into the heart of Bavaria had been undertaken chiefly with the view of luring them from their intrenchments. In this expectation he was disappointed. No enemy appeared; no entreaties, however urgent, on the part of his subjects, could induce the Elector to risk the remainder of his army to the chances of a battle. Shut up in Ratisbon, he awaited the reinforcements which Wallenstein was bringing from Bohemia; and endeavored, in the mean time, to amuse his enemy and keep him inactive, by reviving the negotiation for a neutrality. But the king's distrust, too often and too justly excited by his previous conduct, frustrated this design; and the intentional delay of Wallenstein abandoned Bavaria to the Swedes.

Thus far had Gustavus advanced from victory to victory, without meeting with an enemy able to cope with him. A part of Bavaria and Swabia, the Bishoprics of Franconia, the Lower Palatinate, and the Archbishopric of Mentz, lay conquered in his rear. An uninterrupted career of

conquest had conducted him to the threshold of Austria; and the most brilliant success had fully justified the plan of operations which he had formed after the battle of Breitenfeld. If he had not succeeded to his wish in promoting a confederacy among the Protestant States, he had at least disarmed or weakened the League, carried on the war chiefly at its expense, lessened the Emperor's resources, emboldened the weaker states, and while he laid under contribution the allies of the Emperor, forced a way through their territories into Austria itself. Where arms were unavailing, the greatest service was rendered by the friendship of the free cities, whose affections he had gained, by the double ties of policy and religion; and, as long as he should maintain his superiority in the field, he might reckon on every thing from their zeal. By his conquests on the Rhine, the Spaniards were cut off from the Lower Palatinate, even if the state of the war in the Netherlands left them at liberty to interfere in the affairs of Germany. The Duke of Lorraine, too, after his unfortunate campaign, had been glad to adopt a neutrality. Even the numerous garrisons he had left behind him, in his progress through Germany, had not diminished his army; and, fresh and vigorous as when he first began his march, he now stood in the centre of Bavaria, determined and prepared to carry the war into the heart of Austria.

While Gustavus Adolphus thus maintained his superiority within the empire, fortune, in another quarter, had been no less favorable to his ally, the Elector of Saxony. By the arrangement concerted between these princes at Halle, after the battle of Leipsic, the conquest of Bohemia was intrusted to the Elector of Saxony, while the king reserved for himself the attack upon the territories of the League. The first fruits which the Elector reaped from the battle of Breitenfeld, was the reconquest of Leipsic, which was shortly followed by the expulsion of the Austrian garrisons from the entire circle. Reinforced by the troops who deserted to him from the hostile garrisons, the Saxon General, Arnheim, marched toward Lusatia, which had been overrun by an Imperial General, Rudolph von Tiefenbach, in order to chastise the Elector for embracing the cause of the enemy. He had already commenced in this weakly-defended province the usual course of devastation, taken several towns, and terrified Dresden itself by his approach, when his destructive progress was suddenly stopped, by an express mandate from the Emperor to spare the possessions of the King of Saxony.

Ferdinand had perceived too late the errors of that policy, which reduced the Elector of Saxony to extremities, and forcibly drove this powerful monarch into an alliance with Sweden. By moderation equally ill-timed, he now wished to repair if possible the consequences of his haughtiness; and thus committed a second error in endeavoring to repair the first. To deprive his enemy of so powerful an ally, he had opened, through the intervention of Spain, a negotiation with the Elector; and in order to facilitate an accommodation, Tiefenbach was ordered immediately to retire from Saxony. But these concessions of the

Emperor, far from producing the desired effect, only revealed to the Elector the embarrassment of his adversary and his own importance, and emboldened him the more to prosecute the advantages he had already obtained. How could he, moreover, without becoming chargeable with the most shameful ingratitude, abandon an ally to whom he had given the most solemn assurances of fidelity, and to whom he was indebted for the preservation of his dominions, and even of his Electoral dignity?

The Saxon army, now relieved from the necessity of marching into Lusatia, advanced toward Bohemia, where a combination of favorable circumstances seemed to insure them an easy victory. In this kingdom, the first scene of this fatal war, the flames of dissension still smouldered beneath the ashes, while the discontent of the inhabitants was fomented by daily acts of oppression and tyranny. On every side, this unfortunate country showed signs of a mournful change. Whole districts had changed their proprietors, and groaned under the hated yoke of Roman Catholic masters, whom the favor of the Emperor and the Jesuits had enriched with the plunder and possessions of the exiled Protestants. Others, taking advantage themselves of the general distress, had purchased at a low rate, the confiscated estates. The blood of the most eminent champions of liberty had been shed upon the scaffold; and such as by a timely flight avoided that fate, were wandering in misery far from their native land, while the obsequious slaves of despotism enjoyed their patrimony. Still more insupportable than the oppression of these petty tyrants, was the restraint of conscience which was imposed without distinction on all the Protestants of that kingdom. No external danger, no opposition on the part of the nation, not even the fearful, however steadfast, lessons of past experience, could check in the Jesuits the rage of proselytism: where fair means were ineffectual, recourse was had to military force to bring the deluded wanderers within the pale of the church. The inhabitants of Joachimsthal, on the frontiers between Bohemia and Meissen, were the chief sufferers from this violence. Two imperial commissaries, accompanied by as many Jesuits, and supported by fifteen musketeers, made their appearance in this peaceful valley to preach the gospel to the heretics. Where the rhetoric of the former was ineffectual, the forcibly quartering the latter upon the houses, and threats of banishment and fines were tried. But on this occasion, the good cause prevailed, and the bold resistance of this small district compelled the Emperor disgracefully to recall his mandate of conversion. The example of the court had, however, afforded a precedent to the Roman Catholics of the empire, and seemed to justify every act of oppression which their insolence tempted them to wreak upon the Protestants. It is not surprising, then, if this persecuted party was favorable to a revolution, and saw with pleasure their deliverers on the frontiers.

The Saxon army was already on its march toward Prague; the imperial garrisons everywhere retired before them; Schloekenau, Tetschen, Aus-

sig, Leutmeritz, soon fell into the enemy's hands, and every Roman Catholic place was abandoned to plunder. Consternation seized all the Papists of the Empire; and conscious of the outrages which they themselves had committed on the Protestants, they did not venture to abide the vengeful arrival of a Protestant army. All the Roman Catholics who had any thing to lose, fled hastily from the country to the capital, which again they presently abandoned. Prague was unprepared for an attack, and was too weakly garrisoned to sustain a long siege. Too late had the Emperor resolved to dispatch Field-Marshal Tiefenbach to the defense of this capital. Before the imperial orders could reach the head-quarters of that general in Silesia, the Saxons were already close to Prague, the Protestant inhabitants of which showed little zeal, while the weakness of the garrison left no room to hope a long resistance. In this fearful state of embarrassment, the Roman Catholics of Prague looked for security to Wallenstein, who now lived in that city as a private individual. But far from lending his military experience, and the weight of his name toward its defense, he seized the favorable opportunity to satiate his thirst for revenge. If he did not actually invite the Saxons to Prague, at least his conduct facilitated its capture. Though unprepared, the town might still hold out until succors could arrive; and an imperial colonel, Count Maradas, showed serious intentions of undertaking its defense. But without command and authority, and having no support but his own zeal and courage, he did not dare to venture upon such a step without the advice of a superior. He therefore consulted the Duke of Friedland, whose approbation might supply the want of authority from the Emperor, and to whom the Bohemian generals were referred by an express edict of the court in the last extremity. He, however, artfully excused himself, on the plea of holding no official appointment, and his long retirement from the political world; while he weakened the resolution of the subalterns by the scruples which he suggested, and painted in the strongest colors. At last, to render the consternation general and complete, he quitted the capital with his whole court, however little he had to fear from its capture; and the city was lost, because, by his departure, he showed that he despaired of its safety. His example was followed by all the Roman Catholic nobility, the generals with their troops, the clergy, and all the officers of the crown. All night the people were employed in saving their persons and effects. The roads to Vienna were crowded with fugitives, who scarcely recovered from their consternation till they reached the imperial city. Maradas himself, despairing of the safety of Prague, followed the rest, and led his small detachment to Tabor, where he awaited the event.

Profound silence reigned in Prague, when the Saxons next morning appeared before it; no preparations were made for defense; not a single shot from the walls announced an intention of resistance. On the contrary, a crowd of spectators from the town, allured by curiosity, came flocking round, to behold the foreign army; and the peaceful confidence with which they advanced, resem-

bled a friendly salutation, more than a hostile reception. From the concurrent reports of these people, the Swedes learned that the town had been deserted by the troops, and that the government had fled to Budweiss. This unexpected and inexplicable absence of resistance excited Arnheim's distrust the more, as the speedy approach of the Silesian succors was no secret to him, and as he knew that the Saxon army was too indifferently provided with materials for undertaking a siege, and by far too weak in numbers to attempt to take the place by storm. Apprehensive of stratagem, he redoubled his vigilance; and he continued in this conviction until Wallenstein's house-steward, whom he discovered among the crowd, confirmed to him this intelligence. "The town is ours without a blow!" exclaimed he in astonishment to his officers, and immediately summoned it by a trumpeter.

The citizens of Prague, thus shamefully abandoned by their defenders, had long taken their resolution; all that they had to do was to secure their properties and liberties by an advantageous capitulation. No sooner was the treaty signed by the Saxon general, in his master's name, than the gates were opened without further opposition; and upon the 11th of November, 1631, the army made their triumphal entry. The Elector soon after followed in person, to receive the homage of those whom he had newly taken under his protection; for it was only in the character of protector that the three towns of Prague had surrendered to him. Their allegiance to the Austrian monarchy was not to be dissolved by the steps they had taken.

In proportion as the Papists' apprehensions of reprisals on the part of the Protestants had been exaggerated, so was their surprise great at the moderation of the Elector, and the discipline of his troops. Field-Marshal Arnheim plainly evinced, on this occasion, his respect for Wallenstein. Not content with sparing his estates on his march, he now placed guards over his palace, in Prague, to prevent the plunder of any of his effects. The Roman Catholics of the town were allowed the fullest liberty of conscience; and of all the churches they had wrested from the Protestants, four only were now taken back from them. From this general indulgence, none were excluded but the Jesuits, who were generally considered as the authors of all past grievances, and thus banished the kingdom.

John George belied not the submission and dependence with which the terror of the imperial name inspired him; nor did he indulge at Prague, in a course of conduct which would assuredly be retaliated upon himself in Dresden, by imperial generals, such as Tilly or Wallenstein. He carefully distinguished between the enemy with whom he was at war, and the head of the Empire to whom he owed obedience. He did not venture to touch the household furniture of the latter, while, without scruple, he appropriated and transported to Dresden the cannon of the former. He did not take up his residence in the imperial palace, but the house of Lichtenstein; too modest to use the apartments of one whom he had deprived of a kingdom. Had this trait been related of a great

man and a hero, it would irresistibly excite our admiration; but the character of this prince leaves us in doubt whether this moderation ought to be ascribed to a noble self-command, or to the littleness of a weak mind, which even good fortune could not embolden, and liberty itself could not strip of its habituated fetters.

The surrender of Prague, which was quickly followed by that of most of the other towns, effected a great and sudden change in Bohemia. Many of the Protestant nobility, who had hitherto been wandering about in misery, now returned to their native country; and Count Thurn, the famous author of the Bohemian insurrection, enjoyed the triumph of returning as a conqueror to the scene of his crime and his condemnation. Over the very bridge where the heads of his adherents, exposed to view, held out a fearful picture of the fate which had threatened himself, he now made his triumphal entry; and to remove these ghastly objects was his first care. The exiles again took possession of their properties, without thinking of recompensing for the purchase-money the present possessors, who had mostly taken to flight. Even though they had received a price for their estates, they seized on every thing which had once been their own; and many had reason to rejoice at the economy of the late possessors. The lands and cattle had greatly improved in their hands; the apartments were now decorated with the most costly furniture; the cellars, which had been left empty, were richly filled; the stables supplied; the magazines stored with provisions. But distrusting the constancy of that good fortune, which had so unexpectedly smiled upon them, they hastened to get quit of these insecure possessions, and to convert their immovable into transferable property.

The presence of the Saxons inspired all the Protestants of the kingdom with courage; and, both in the country and the capital, crowds flocked to the newly opened Protestant churches. Many, whom fear alone had retained in their adherence to Popery, now openly professed the new doctrine; and many of the late converts to Roman Catholicism gladly renounced a compulsory persuasion, to follow the earlier conviction of their conscience. All the moderation of the new regency, could not restrain the manifestation of that just displeasure, which this persecuted people felt against their oppressors. They made a fearful and cruel use of their newly recovered rights; and, in many parts of the kingdom, their hatred of the religion which they had been compelled to profess, could be satiated only by the blood of its adherents.

Meantime the succors which the imperial generals, Goetz and Tiefenbach, were conducting from Silesia, had entered Bohemia, where they were joined by some of Tilly's regiments, from the Upper Palatinate. In order to disperse them before they should receive any further reinforcement, Arnheim advanced with part of his army from Prague, and made a vigorous attack on their intrenchments near Limburg, on the Elbe. After a severe action, not without great loss, he drove the enemy from their fortified camp, and forced them, by his heavy fire, to recross the Elbe, and to destroy the bridge which they had built over

that river. Nevertheless, the Imperialists obtained the advantage in several skirmishes, and the Croats pushed their incursions to the very gates of Prague. Brilliant and promising as the opening of the Bohemian campaign had been, the issue by no means satisfied the expectations of Gustavus Adolphus. Instead of vigorously following up their advantages, by forcing a passage to the Swedish army through the conquered country, and then, in conjunction with it, attacking the imperial power in its centre, they weakened themselves in a war of skirmishes, in which they were not always successful, while they lost the time which should have been devoted to greater undertakings. But the Elector's subsequent conduct betrayed the motives which had prevented him from pushing his advantage over the Emperor, and by consistent measures promoting the plans of the King of Sweden.

The Emperor had now lost the greater part of Bohemia, and the Saxons were advancing against Austria, while the Swedish monarch was rapidly moving to the same point through Franconia, Swabia, and Bavaria. A long war had exhausted the strength of the Austrian monarchy, wasted the country, and diminished its armies. The renown of its victories was no more, as well as the confidence inspired by constant success; its troops had lost the obedience and discipline to which those of the Swedish monarch owed all their superiority in the field. The confederates of the Emperor were disarmed, or their fidelity shaken by the danger which threatened themselves. Even Maximilian of Bavaria, Austria's most powerful ally, seemed disposed to yield to the seductive proposition of neutrality; while his suspicious alliance with France had long been a subject of apprehension to the Emperor. The bishops of Wurtzburg and Bamberg, the Elector of Mentz, and the Duke of Lorraine, were either expelled from their territories, or threatened with immediate attack; Treves had placed himself under the protection of France. The bravery of the Hollanders gave full employment to the Spanish arms in the Netherlands; while Gustavus had driven them from the Rhine. Poland was still fettered by the truce which subsisted between that country and Sweden. The Hungarian frontier was threatened by the Transylvanian Prince, Ragotsky, a successor of Bethlem Gabor, and the inheritor of his restless mind; while the Porte was making great preparation to profit by the favorable conjuncture for aggression. Most of the Protestant states, encouraged by their protector's success, were openly and actively declaring against the Emperor. All the resources which had been obtained by the violent and oppressive extortions of Tilly and Wallenstein were exhausted; all these depots, magazines, and rallying-points, were now lost to the Emperor; and the war could no longer be carried on as before at the cost of others. To complete his embarrassment, a dangerous insurrection broke out in the territory of the Ens, where the ill-timed religious zeal of the government had provoked the Protestants to resistance; and thus fanaticism lit its torch within the empire, while a foreign enemy was already on its frontier. After so long a con-

tinuance of good fortune, such brilliant victories and extensive conquests, such fruitless effusion of blood, the Emperor saw himself a second time on the brink of that abyss, into which he was so near falling at the commencement of his reign. If Bavaria should embrace the neutrality; if Saxony should resist the tempting offers he had held out; and France resolve to attack the Spanish power at the same time in the Netherlands, in Italy and in Catalonia, the ruin of Austria would be complete; the allied powers would divide its spoils, and the political system of Germany would undergo a total change.

The chain of these disasters began with the battle of Breitenfeld, the unfortunate issue of which plainly revealed the long decided decline of the Austrian power, whose weakness had hitherto been concealed under the dazzling glitter of a grand name. The chief cause of the Swedes' superiority in the field, was evidently to be ascribed to the unlimited power of their leader, who concentrated in himself the whole strength of his party; and, unfettered in his enterprises by any higher authority, was complete master of every favorable opportunity, could control all his means to the accomplishment of his ends, and was responsible to none but himself. But since Wallenstein's dismissal, and Tilly's defeat, the very reverse of this course was pursued by the Emperor and the League. The generals wanted authority over their troops, and liberty of acting at their discretion; the soldiers were deficient in discipline and obedience; the scattered corps in combined operation; the states in attachment to the cause; the leaders in harmony among themselves, in quickness to resolve, and firmness to execute. What gave the Emperor's enemy so decided an advantage over him, was not so much their superior power, as their manner of using it. The League and the Emperor did not want means, but a mind capable of directing them with energy and effect. Even had Count Tilly not lost his old renown, distrust of Bavaria would not allow the Emperor to place the fate of Austria in the hands of one who had never concealed his attachment to the Bavarian Elector. The urgent want which Ferdinand felt, was for a general possessed of sufficient experience to form and to command an army, and willing at the same time to dedicate his services, with blind devotion, to the Austrian monarchy.

This choice now occupied the attention of the Emperor's privy council, and divided the opinions of its members. In order to oppose one monarch to another, and by the presence of their sovereign to animate the courage of his troops, Ferdinand, in the ardor of the moment, had offered himself to be the leader of his army; but little trouble was required to overturn a resolution which was the offspring of despair alone, and which yielded at once to calm reflection. But the situation which his dignity, and the duties of administration, prevented the Emperor from holding, might be filled by his son, a youth of talents and bravery, and of whom the subjects of Austria had already formed great expectations. Called by his birth to the defense of a monarchy, of whose crowns he wore two already, Ferdinand III.,

King of Hungary and Bohemia, united, with the natural dignity of heir to the throne, the respect of the army, and the attachment of the people, whose co-operation was indispensable to him in the conduct of the war. None but the beloved heir to the crown could venture to impose new burdens on a people already severely oppressed; his personal presence with the army could alone suppress the pernicious jealousies of the several leaders, and by the influence of his name, restore the neglected discipline of the troops to its former rigor. If so young a leader was devoid of the maturity of judgment, prudence, and military experience, which practice alone could impart, this deficiency might be supplied by a judicious choice of counselors and assistants, who, under the cover of his name, might be vested with supreme authority.

But plausible as were the arguments with which a part of the ministry supported this plan, it was met by difficulties not less serious, arising from the distrust, perhaps even the jealousy, of the Emperor, and also from the desperate state of affairs. How dangerous was it to intrust the fate of the monarchy to a youth, who was himself in need of counsel and support! How hazardous to oppose to the greatest general of his age, a tyro, whose fitness for so important a post had never yet been tested by experience; whose name, as yet unknown to fame, was far too powerless to inspire a dispirited army with the assurance of future victory! What a new burden on the country, to support the state a royal leader was required to maintain, and which the prejudices of the age considered as inseparable from his presence with the army! How serious a consideration for the prince himself, to commence his political career, with an office which must make him the scourge of his people, and the oppressor of the territories which he was hereafter to rule.

But not only was a general to be found for the army; an army must also be found for the general. Since the compulsory resignation of Wallenstein, the Emperor had defended himself more by the assistance of Bavaria and the League, than by his own armies; and it was this dependence on equivocal allies, which he was endeavoring to escape, by the appointment of a general of his own. But what possibility was there of raising an army out of nothing, without the all-powerful aid of gold, and the inspiring name of a victorious commander; above all, an army which, by its discipline, warlike spirit, and activity, should be fit to cope with the experienced troops of the northern conqueror? In all Europe, there was but one man equal to this, and that one had been mortally affronted.

The moment had at last arrived, when more than ordinary satisfaction was to be done to the wounded pride of the Duke of Friedland. Fate itself had been his avenger, and an unbroken chain of disasters, which had assailed Austria from the day of his dismissal, had wrung from the Emperor the humiliating confession, that with this general he had lost his right arm. Every defeat of his troops opened afresh this wound; every town which he lost, revived in the mind of the deceived monarch the memory of his own weakness

and ingratitude. It would have been well for him, if, in the offended general, he had only lost a leader of his troops, and a defender of his dominions; but he was destined to find in him an enemy, and the most dangerous of all, since he was least armed against the stroke of treason.

Removed from the theatre of war, and condemned to irksome inaction, while his rivals gathered laurels on the field of glory, the haughty duke had beheld these changes of fortune with affected composure, and concealed, under a glittering and theatrical pomp, the dark designs of his restless genius. Torn by burning passions within, while all without bespoke calmness and indifference, he brooded over projects of ambition and revenge, and slowly, but surely, advanced toward his end. All that he owed to the Emperor was effaced from his mind; what he himself had done for the Emperor was imprinted in burning characters on his memory. To his insatiable thirst for power, the Emperor's ingratitude was welcome, as it seemed to tear in pieces the record of past favors, to absolve him from every obligation toward his former benefactor. In the disguise of a righteous retaliation, the projects dictated by his ambition now appeared to him just and pure. In proportion as the external circle of his operations was narrowed, the world of hope expanded before him, and his dreamy imagination reveled in boundless projects, which, in any mind but such as his, madness alone could have given birth to. His services had raised him to the proudest height which it was possible for a man, by his own efforts to attain. Fortune had denied him nothing which the subject and the citizen could lawfully enjoy. Till the moment of dismissal, his demands had met with no refusal, his ambition had met with no check; but the blow which, at the diet of Ratisbon, humbled him, showed him the difference between *original* and *deputed* power, the distance between the subject and his sovereign. Roused from the intoxication of his own greatness by this sudden reverse of fortune, he compared the authority which he had possessed, with that which had deprived him of it; and his ambition marked the steps which it had yet to surmount upon the ladder of fortune. From the moment he had so bitterly experienced the weight of sovereign power, his efforts were directed to attain it for himself; the wrong which he himself had suffered made him a robber. Had he not been outraged by injustice, he might have obediently moved in his orbit round the majesty of the throne, satisfied with the glory of being the brightest of its satellites. It was only when violently forced from its sphere, that his wandering star threw in disorder the system to which it belonged, and came in destructive collision with its sun.

Gustavus Adolphus had overrun the north of Germany; one place after another was lost; and at Leipsic, the flower of the Austrian army had fallen. The intelligence of this defeat soon reached the ears of Wallenstein, who, in the retired obscurity of a private station in Prague, contemplated from a calm distance the tumult of war. The news, which filled the breasts of the Roman Catholics with dismay, announced to him the re-

turn of greatness and good fortune. For him was Gustavus Adolphus laboring. Scarce had the king begun to gain reputation by his exploits, when Wallenstein lost not a moment to court his friendship, and to make common cause with this successful enemy of Austria. The banished Count Thurn, who had long entered the service of Sweden, undertook to convey Wallenstein's congratulations to the king, and to invite him to a close alliance with the duke. Wallenstein required fifteen thousand men from the king; and with these, and the troops he himself engaged to raise, he undertook to conquer Bohemia and Moravia, to surprise Vienna, and to drive his master, the Emperor, before him into Italy. Strong as was this unexpected proposition, its extravagant promises were naturally calculated to excite suspicion. Gustavus Adolphus was too good a judge of merit to reject with coldness the offers of one who might be so important a friend. But when Wallenstein, encouraged by the favorable reception of his first message, renewed it after the battle of Breitenfeld, and pressed for a decisive answer, the prudent monarch hesitated to trust his reputation to the chimerical projects of so daring an adventurer, and to commit so large a force to the honesty of a man who felt no shame in openly avowing himself a traitor. He excused himself, therefore, on the plea of the weakness of his army, which, if diminished by so large a detachment, would certainly suffer in its march through the empire; and thus, perhaps, by excess of caution, lost an opportunity of putting an immediate end to the war. He afterward endeavored to renew the negotiation; but the favorable moment was past, and Wallenstein's offended pride never forgave the first neglect.

But the king's hesitation, perhaps, only accelerated the breach, which their characters made inevitable sooner or later. Both framed by nature to give laws, not to receive them, they could not long have co-operated in an enterprise, which eminently demanded mutual submission and sacrifices. Wallenstein was *nothing* where he was not *everything*; he must either act with unlimited power, or not at all. So cordially, too, did Gustavus dislike control, that he had almost renounced his advantageous alliance with France, because it threatened to fetter his own independent judgment. Wallenstein was lost to a party, if he could not lead; the latter was, if possible, still less disposed to obey the instructions of another. If the pretensions of a rival would be so irksome to the Duke of Friedland, in the conduct of combined operations, in the division of spoil they would be insupportable. The proud monarch might condescend to accept the assistance of a rebellious subject against the Emperor, and to reward his valuable services with regal munificence; but he never could so far lose sight of his own dignity, and the majesty of royalty, as to bestow the recompense which the extravagant ambition of Wallenstein demanded; and requite an act of treason, however useful, with a crown. In him, therefore, even if all Europe should tacitly acquiesce, Wallenstein had reason to expect the most decided and formidable opponent to his views on the Bohemian crown; and in all Europe he was

the only one who could enforce his opposition. Constituted Dictator in Germany by Wallenstein himself, he might turn his arms against him, and consider himself bound by no obligations to one who was himself a traitor. There was no room for a Wallenstein under such an ally; and it was, apparently, this conviction, and not any supposed designs upon the imperial throne, that he alluded to, when, after the death of the King of Sweden, he exclaimed, "It is well for him and me that he is gone. The German empire does not require two such leaders."

His first scheme of revenge on the house of Austria had indeed failed; but the purpose itself remained unalterable; the choice of means alone was changed. What he had failed in effecting with the King of Sweden, he hoped to obtain with less difficulty and more advantage from the Elector of Saxony. Him he was as certain of being able to bend to his views, as he had always been doubtful of Gustavus Adolphus. Having always maintained a good understanding with his old friend Arnheim, he now made use of him to bring about an alliance with Saxony, by which he hoped to render himself equally formidable to the Emperor and the King of Sweden. He had reason to expect that a scheme, which, if successful, would deprive the Swedish monarch of his influence in Germany, would be welcomed by the Elector of Saxony, who he knew was jealous of the power and offended at the lofty pretensions of Gustavus Adolphus. If he succeeded in separating Saxony from the Swedish alliance, and in establishing, conjointly with that power, a third party in the Empire, the fate of the war would be placed in his hand; and by this single step he would succeed in gratifying his revenge against the Emperor, revenging the neglect of the Swedish monarch, and on the ruin of both, raising the edifice of his own greatness.

But whatever course he might follow in the prosecution of his designs, he could not carry them into effect without an army entirely devoted to him. Such a force could not be secretly raised without its coming to the knowledge of the imperial court, where it would naturally excite suspicion, and thus frustrate his design in the very outset. From the army, too, the rebellious purposes for which it was destined, must be concealed till the very moment of execution, since it could scarcely be expected that they would at once be prepared to listen to the voice of a traitor, and serve against their legitimate sovereign. Wallenstein, therefore, must raise it publicly and in the name of the Emperor, and be placed at its head, with unlimited authority, by the Emperor himself. But how could this be accomplished, otherwise than by his being appointed to the command of the army, and intrusted with full powers to conduct the war. Yet neither his pride, nor his interest, permitted him to sue in person for this post, and as a suppliant to accept from the favor of the Emperor a limited power, when an unlimited authority might be extorted from his fears. In order to make himself the master of the terms on which he would resume the command of the army, his course was to wait until the post should be forced upon him. This was

the advice he received from Arnheim, and this the end for which he labored with profound policy and restless activity.

Convinced that extreme necessity would alone conquer the Emperor's irresolution, and render powerless the opposition of his bitter enemies, Bavaria and Spain, he henceforth occupied himself in promoting the success of the enemy, and in increasing the embarrassments of his master. It was apparently by his instigation and advice, that the Saxons, when on the route to Lusatia and Silesia, had turned their march toward Bohemia, and overrun that defenseless kingdom, where their rapid conquests were partly the result of his measures. By the fears which he affected to entertain, he paralyzed every effort at resistance; and his precipitate retreat caused the delivery of the capital to the enemy. At a conference with the Saxon general, which was held at Kannitz under the pretext of negotiating for a peace, the seal was put to the conspiracy, and the conquest of Bohemia was the first fruits of this mutual understanding. While Wallenstein was thus personally endeavoring to heighten the perplexities of Austria, and while the rapid movements of the Swedes upon the Rhine effectually promoted his designs, his friends and bribed adherents in Vienna uttered loud complaints of the public calamities, and represented the dismissal of the general as the sole cause of all these misfortunes. "Had Wallenstein commanded, matters would never have come to this," exclaimed a thousand voices; while their opinions found supporters, even in the Emperor's privy council.

Their repeated remonstrances were not needed to convince the embarrassed Emperor of his general's merits, and of his own error. His dependence on Bavaria and the League had soon become insupportable; but hitherto this dependence permitted him not to show his distrust, or irritate the Elector by the recall of Wallenstein. But now when his necessities grew every day more pressing, and the weakness of Bavaria more apparent, he could no longer hesitate to listen to the friends of the duke, and to consider their overtures for his restoration to command. The immense riches Wallenstein possessed, the universal reputation he enjoyed, the rapidity with which six years before he had assembled an army of 40,000 men, the little expense at which he had maintained this formidable force, the actions he had performed at its head, and lastly, the zeal and fidelity he had displayed for his master's honor, still lived in the Emperor's recollection, and made Wallenstein seem to him the ablest instrument to restore the balance between the belligerent powers, to save Austria, and preserve the Catholic religion. However sensibly the imperial pride might feel the humiliation, in being forced to make so unequivocal an admission of past errors and present necessity; however painful it was to descend to humble entreaties, from the height of imperial command; however doubtful the fidelity of so deeply injured and implacable a character; however loudly and urgently the Spanish minister and the Elector of Bavaria protested against this step, the immediate pressure of necessity finally overcame every other consid-

ration, and the friends of the duke were empowered to consult him on the subject, and to hold out the prospect of his restoration.

Informed of all that was transacted in the Emperor's cabinet to his advantage, Wallenstein possessed sufficient self-command to conceal his inward triumph and to assume the mask of indifference. The moment of vengeance was at last come, and his proud heart exulted in the prospect of repaying with interest the injuries of the Emperor. With artful eloquence, he expatiated upon the happy tranquillity of a private station, which had blessed him since his retirement from a political stage. Too long, he said, had he tasted the pleasures of ease and independence, to sacrifice to the vain phantom of glory the uncertain favor of princes. All his desire of power and distinction was extinct: tranquillity and repose were now the sole object of his wishes. The better to conceal his real impatience, he declined the Emperor's invitation to the court, but at the same time, to facilitate the negotiations, came to Znaim in Moravia.

At first, it was proposed to limit the authority to be intrusted to him, by the presence of a superior, in order, by this expedient, to silence the objections of the Elector of Bavaria. The imperial deputies, Questenberg and Werdenberg, who, as old friends of the duke, had been employed in this delicate mission, were instructed to propose that the King of Hungary should remain with the army, and learn the art of war under Wallenstein. But the very mention of his name threatened to put a period to the whole negotiation. "No, never!" exclaimed Wallenstein, "will I submit to a colleague in my office. No—not even if it were God himself, with whom I should have to share my command." But even when this obnoxious point was given up, Prince Eggenberg, the Emperor's minister and favorite, who had always been the steady friend and zealous champion of Wallenstein, and was therefore expressly sent to him, exhausted his eloquence in vain to overcome the pretended reluctance of the duke. "The Emperor," he admitted, "had, in Wallenstein, thrown away the most costly jewel in his crown: but unwillingly and compulsorily only had he taken this step, which he had since deeply repented of; while his esteem for the duke had remained unaltered, his favor for him undiminished. Of these sentiments he now gave the most decisive proof, by reposing unlimited confidence in his fidelity and capacity to repair the mistakes of his predecessors, and to change the whole aspect of affairs. It would be great and noble to sacrifice his just indignation to the good of his country; dignified and worthy of him to refute the evil calumny of his enemies by the double warmth of his zeal. 'This victory over himself,' concluded the prince, 'would crown his other unparalleled services to the empire, and render him the greatest man of his age.'"

These humiliating confessions, and flattering assurance, seemed at least to disarm the anger of the duke; but not before he had disburdened his heart of his reproaches against the Emperor, pompously dwelt upon his own services, and humbled to the utmost the monarch who solicited his

assistance, did he condescend to listen to the attractive proposals of the minister. As if he yielded entirely to the force of their arguments, he condescended with a haughty reluctance to that which was the most ardent wish of his heart; and deigned to favor the ambassadors with a ray of hope. But far from putting an end to the Emperor's embarrassments, by giving at once a full and unconditional consent, he only acceded to a part of his demands, that he might exalt the value of that which still remained, and was of most importance. He accepted the command, but only for three months; merely for the purpose of raising, but not of leading, an army. He wished only to show his power and ability in its organization, and to display before the eyes of the Emperor the greatness of that assistance which he still retained in his hands. Convinced that an army raised by his name alone, would, if deprived of its creator, soon sink again into nothing, he intended it to serve only as a decoy to draw more important concessions from his master. And yet Ferdinand congratulated himself, even in having gained so much as he had.

Wallenstein did not long delay to fulfill those promises which all Germany regarded as chimerical, and which Gustavus Adolphus had considered as extravagant. But the foundation for the present enterprise had been long laid, and he now only put in motion the machinery, which many years had been prepared for the purpose. Scarcely had the news spread of Wallenstein's levies, when, from every quarter of the Austrian monarchy, crowds of soldiers repaired to try their fortunes under this experienced general. Many, who had before fought under his standards, had been admiring eye-witnesses of his great actions, and experienced his magnanimity, came forward from their retirement, to share with him the second time both booty and glory. The greatness of the pay he promised, attracted thousands, and the plentiful supplies the soldier was likely to enjoy at the cost of the peasant, was to the latter an irresistible inducement rather at once to embrace the military life, instead of being the victim of its oppression. All the Austrian provinces were compelled to assist in equipment. No class was exempt from taxation—no dignity or privilege from capitation. The Spanish court, as well as the King of Hungary, agreed to contribute a considerable sum. The ministers made large presents, while Wallenstein himself advanced 200,000 dollars from his own income to hasten the armament. The poorer officers he supported out of his own revenues; and, by his own example, by brilliant promotions, and still more brilliant promises, he induced all, who were able, to raise troops at their own expense. Whoever raised a corps at his own cost was to be its commander. In the appointment of officers, religion made no difference. Riches, bravery, and experience were more regarded than creed. By this uniform treatment of different religious sects, and still more by his express declaration, that his present levy had nothing to do with religion, the Protestant subjects of the empire were tranquilized, and reconciled to bear their share of the public burdens. The duke, at the same time, did not omit to treat

in his own name, with foreign states for men and money. He prevailed on the Duke of Lorraine, a second time, to espouse the cause of the Emperor. Poland was urged to supply him with Cossacks, and Italy with warlike necessities. Before the three months were expired, the army which was assembled in Moravia, amounted to no less than 40,000 men, chiefly drawn from the unconquered parts of Bohemia, from Moravia, Silesia, and the German provinces of the House of Austria. What to every one had appeared impracticable, Wallenstein, to the astonishment of all Europe, had in a short time effected. The charm of his name, his treasures, and his genius, had assembled thousands in arms, where before Austria had only looked for hundreds. Furnished, even to superfluity, with all necessities, commanded by experienced officers, and inflamed by enthusiasm which assured itself of victory, this newly created army only awaited the signal of their leader to show themselves, by the bravery of their deeds, worthy of his choice.

The duke had fulfilled his promise, and the troops were ready to take the field; he then retired, and left to the Emperor to choose a commander. But it would have been as easy to raise a second army like the first, as to find any other commander for it than Wallenstein. This promising army, the last hope of the Emperor, was nothing but an illusion, as soon as the charm was dissolved which had called it into existence; by Wallenstein it had been raised, and, without him, it sank like a creation of magic into its original nothingness. Its officers were either bound to him as his debtors, or, as his creditors, closely connected with his interests, and the preservation of his power. The regiments he had intrusted to his own relations, creatures, and favorites. He, and he alone, could discharge to the troops the extravagant promises by which they had been lured into his service. His pledged word was the only security on which their bold expectations rested; a blind reliance on his omnipotence, the only tie which linked together in one common life and soul the various impulses of their zeal. There was an end of the good fortune of each individual, if he retired, who alone was the voucher of its fulfillment.

However little Wallenstein was serious in his refusal, he successfully employed this means to terrify the Emperor into consenting to his extravagant conditions. The progress of the enemy every day increased the pressure of the Emperor's difficulties, while the remedy was also close at hand; a word from him might terminate the general embarrassment. Prince Eggenberg at length received orders, for the third and last time, at any cost and sacrifice, to induce his friend, Wallenstein, to accept the command.

He found him at Znaim, in Moravia, pompously surrounded by the troops, the possession of which he made the Emperor so earnestly to long for. As a suppliant, did the haughty subject receive the deputy of his sovereign. "He never could trust," he said, "to a restoration to command which he owed to the Emperor's necessities, and not to his sense of justice. He was now courted, because the danger had reached its height, and

safety was hoped for from his arm only; but his successful services would soon cause the servant to be forgotten, and the return of security would bring back renewed ingratitude. If he deceived the expectations formed of him, his long earned renown would be forfeited; even if he fulfilled them, his repose and happiness must be sacrificed. Soon would envy be excited anew, and the dependent monarch would not hesitate a second time to make an offering of convenience to a servant whom he could now dispense with. Better for him at once, and voluntarily, to resign a post from which sooner or later the intrigues of his enemies would expel him. Security and content were to be found in the bosom of private life; and nothing but the wish to oblige the Emperor had induced him, reluctantly enough, to relinquish for a time his blissful repose."

Tired of this long farce, the minister at last assumed a serious tone, and threatened the obstinate duke with the Emperor's resentment, if he persisted in his refusal. "Low enough had the imperial dignity," he added, "stooped already: and yet, instead of exciting his magnanimity by its condescension, had only flattered his pride and increased his obstinacy. If this sacrifice had been made in vain, he would not answer, but that the suppliant might be converted into the sovereign, and that the monarch might not avenge his injured dignity on his rebellious subject. However greatly Ferdinand may have erred, the Emperor at least had a claim to obedience; the man might be mistaken, but the monarch could not confess his error. If the Duke of Friedland had suffered by an unjust decree, he might yet be recompensed for all his losses; the wound which it had itself inflicted, the hand of Majesty might heal. If he asked security for his person and his dignities, the Emperor's equity would refuse him no reasonable demand. Majesty contemned, admitted not of any atonement; disobedience to its commands canceled the most brilliant services. The Emperor required his services, and as emperor he demanded them. Whatever price Wallenstein might set upon them, the Emperor would readily agree to; but he demanded obedience, or the weight of his indignation should crush the refractory servant."

Wallenstein, whose extensive possessions within the Austrian monarchy were momentarily exposed to the power of the Emperor, was keenly sensible that this was no idle threat; yet it was not fear that at last overcame his affected reluctance. This imperious tone of itself, was to his mind a plain proof of the weakness and despair which dictated it, while the Emperor's readiness to yield all his demands, convinced him that he had attained the summit of his wishes. He now made a show of yielding to the persuasions of Eggenberg; and left him, in order to write down the conditions on which he accepted the command.

Not without apprehension, did the minister receive the writing, in which the proudest of subjects had prescribed laws to the proudest of sovereigns. But however little confidence he had in the moderation of his friend, the extravagant contents of his writing surpassed even his worst

expectations. Wallenstein required the uncontrolled command over all the German armies of Austria and Spain, with unlimited powers to reward and punish. Neither the King of Hungary nor the Emperor himself, were to appear in the army, still less to exercise any act of authority over it. No commission in the army, no pension or letter of grace, was to be granted by the Emperor without Wallenstein's approval. All the conquests and confiscations that should take place, were to be placed entirely at Wallenstein's disposal, to the exclusion of every other tribunal. For his ordinary pay, an imperial hereditary estate was to be assigned him, with another of the conquered estates within the empire for his extraordinary expenses. Every Austrian province was to be opened to him if he required it in case of retreat. He further demanded the assurance of the possession of the Duchy of Mecklenburg, in the event of a future peace; and a formal and timely intimation, if it should be deemed necessary a second time to deprive him of the command.

In vain the minister entreated him to moderate his demands, which, if granted, would deprive the Emperor of all authority over his own troops, and make him absolutely dependent on his general. The value placed on his services had been too plainly manifested to prevent him dictating the price at which they were to be purchased. If the pressure of circumstances compelled the Emperor to grant demands, it was something more than a mere feeling of haughtiness and desire of revenge which induced the duke to make them. His plans of rebellion were formed; to its success, every one of the conditions for which Wallenstein stipulated in this treaty with the court, was indispensable. Those plans required that the Emperor should be deprived of all authority in Germany, and be placed at the mercy of his general; and this object would be attained, the moment Ferdinand subscribed the required conditions. The use which Wallenstein intended to make of his army, (widely different indeed from that for which it was intrusted to him,) brooked not of a divided power, and still less of an authority superior to his own. To be the sole master of the will of his troops, he must also be the sole master of their destinies; insensibly to supplant his sovereign, and to transfer permanently to his own person the rights of sovereignty, which were only lent to him for a time by a higher authority, he must cautiously keep the latter out of the view of the army. Hence his obstinate refusal to allow any prince of the house of Austria to be present with the army. The liberty of free disposal of all the conquered and confiscated estates in the empire, would also afford him fearful means of purchasing dependents and instruments of his plans, and of acting the dictator in Germany more absolutely than ever any Emperor did in time of peace. By the right to use any of the Austrian provinces as a place of refuge, in case of need, he had full power to hold the Emperor a prisoner by means of his own forces, and within his own dominions; to exhaust the strength and resources of these countries, and to undermine the power of Austria in its very foundation.

Whatever might be the issue, he had equally secured his own advantage, by the conditions he had

extorted from the Emperor. If circumstances proved favorable to his daring project, this treaty with the Emperor facilitated its execution; if on the contrary, the course of things ran counter to it, it would at least afford him a brilliant compensation for the failure of his plans. But how could he consider an agreement valid, which was extorted from him and based upon treason? How could he hope to bind the Emperor by a written agreement, in the face of a law which condemned to death every one who should have the presumption to impose conditions upon him? But this criminal was the most indispensable man in the empire, and Ferdinand, well practiced in dissimulation, granted him for the present all he required.

At last, then, the imperial army had found a commander-in-chief worthy of the name. Every other authority in the army, even that of the Emperor himself, ceased from the moment Wallenstein assumed the commander's baton, and every act was invalid which did not proceed from him. From the banks of the Danube, to those of the Weser and the Oder, was felt the life-giving dawning of this new star; a new spirit seemed to inspire the troops of the Emperor, a new epoch of the war began. The Papists form fresh hopes, the Protestant beholds with anxiety the changed course of affairs.

The greater the price at which the services of the new general had been purchased, the greater, justly, were the expectations from them which the court of the Emperor entertained. But the duke was in no hurry to fulfill these expectations. Already in the vicinity of Bohemia, and at the head of a formidable force, he had but to show himself there, in order to overpower the exhausted force of the Saxons, and brilliantly to commence his new career by the reconquest of that kingdom. But, contented with harassing the enemy with indecisive skirmishes of his Croats, he abandoned the best part of that kingdom to be plundered, and moved calmly forward in pursuit of his own selfish plans. His design was, not to conquer the Saxons, but to unite with them. Exclusively occupied with this important object, he remained inactive, in the hope of conquering more surely by means of negotiation. He left no expedient untried, to detach this prince from the Swedish alliance; and Ferdinand himself, ever inclined to an accommodation with this prince, approved of this proceeding. But the great debt which Saxony owed to Sweden, was as yet too freshly remembered to allow of such an act of perfidy; and even had the Elector been disposed to yield to the temptation, the equivocal character of Wallenstein, and the bad character of Austrian policy, precluded any reliance in the integrity of its promises. Notorious already as a treacherous statesman, he met not with faith upon the very occasion when perhaps he intended to act honestly; and, moreover, was denied, by circumstances, the opportunity of proving the sincerity of his intentions, by the disclosure of his real motives.

He, therefore, unwillingly resolved to extort, by force of arms, what he could not obtain by negotiation. Suddenly assembling his troops, he appeared before Prague ere the Saxons had time to advance to its relief. After a short resist-

ance, the treachery of some Capuchins opens the gates to one of his regiments; and the garrison, who had taken refuge in the citadel, soon laid down their arms upon disgraceful conditions. Master of the capital, he hoped to carry on more successfully his negotiations at the Saxon court; but even while he was renewing his proposals to Arnheim, he did not hesitate to give them weight by striking a decisive blow. He hastened to seize the narrow passes between Aussig and Pirna, with a view of cutting off the retreat of the Saxons into their own country; but the rapidity of Arnheim's operations fortunately extricated them from the danger. After the retreat of this general, Egra and Leutmeritz, the last strongholds of the Saxons, surrendered to the conqueror: and the whole kingdom was restored to its legitimate sovereign, in less time than it had been lost.

Wallenstein, less occupied with the interests of his master, than with the furtherance of his own plans, now purposed to carry the war into Saxony, and by ravaging his territories, compel the Elector to enter into a private treaty with the Emperor, or rather with himself. But, however little accustomed he was to make his will bend to circumstances, he now perceived the necessity of postponing his favorite scheme for a time, to a more pressing emergency. While he was driving the Saxons from Bohemia, Gustavus Adolphus had been gaining the victories, already detailed, on the Rhine and the Danube, and carried the war through Franconia and Lusatia, to the frontiers of Bavaria. Maximilian, defeated on the Lech, and deprived by death of Count Tilly, his best support, urgently solicited the Emperor to send with all speed the Duke of Friedland to his assistance, from Bohemia, and by the defense of Bavaria, to avert the danger from Austria itself. He also made the same request to Wallenstein, and entreated him, till he could himself come with the main force, to dispatch in the mean time a few regiments to his aid. Ferdinand seconded the request with all his influence, and one messenger after another was sent to Wallenstein, urging him to move toward the Danube.

It now appeared how completely the Emperor had sacrificed his authority, in surrendering to another the supreme command of his troops. Indifferent to Maximilian's entreaties, and deaf to the Emperor's repeated commands, Wallenstein remained inactive in Bohemia, and abandoned the Elector to his fate. The remembrance of the evil service which Maximilian had rendered him with the Emperor, at the Diet at Ratisbon, was deeply engraved on the implacable mind of the duke, and the Elector's late attempts to prevent his reinstatement, were no secret to him. The moment of revenging this affront had now arrived, and Maximilian was doomed to pay dearly for his folly, in provoking the most revengeful of men. Wallenstein maintained, that Bohemia ought not to be left exposed, and that Austria could not be better protected, than by allowing the Swedish army to waste its strength before the Bavarian fortress. Thus, by the arm of the Swedes, he chastised his enemy; and while one place after another fell into their hands, he allowed the Elector vainly to await his arrival in Ratisbon. It was only when the

complete subjugation of Bohemia left him without excuse, and the conquests of Gustavus Adolphus in Bavaria threatened Austria itself, that he yielded to the pressing entreaties of the Elector and the Emperor, and determined to effect the long-expected union with the former; an event, which, according to the general anticipation of the Roman Catholics, would decide the fate of the campaign.

Gustavus Adolphus, too weak in numbers to cope even with Wallenstein's force alone, naturally dreaded the junction of such powerful armies, and the little energy he used to prevent it; was the occasion of great surprise. Apparently he reckoned too much on the hatred which alienated the leaders, and seemed to render their effectual co-operation improbable: when the event contradicted his views, it was too late to repair his error. On the first certain intelligence he received of their designs, he hastened to the Upper Palatinate, for the purpose of intercepting the Elector; but the latter had already arrived there, and the junction had been effected at Egra.

This frontier town had been chosen by Wallenstein, for the scene of his triumph over his former rival. Not content with having seen him, as it were, a suppliant at his feet, he imposed upon him the hard condition of leaving his territories in his rear exposed to the enemy, and declaring by this long march to meet him, the necessity and distress to which he was reduced. Even to this humiliation, the haughty prince patiently submitted. It had cost him a severe struggle to ask for protection of the man who, if his own wishes had been consulted, would never have had the power of granting it: but having once made up his mind to it, he was ready to bear all the annoyances which were inseparable from that resolve, and sufficiently master of himself to put up with petty grievances, when an important end was in view.

But whatever pains it had cost to effect this junction, it was equally difficult to settle the conditions on which it was to be maintained. The united army must be placed under the command of one individual, if any object was to be gained by the union, and each general was equally averse to yield to the superior authority of the other. If Maximilian rested his claim on his electoral dignity, the nobleness of his descent, and his influence in the empire, Wallenstein's military renown, and the unlimited command conferred on him by the Emperor, gave an equally strong title to it. If it was deeply humiliating to the pride of the former to serve under an imperial subject, the idea of imposing laws on so imperious a spirit, flattered in the same degree the haughtiness of Wallenstein. An obstinate dispute ensued, which, however, terminated in a mutual compromise to Wallenstein's advantage. To him was assigned the unlimited command of both armies, particularly in battle, while the Elector was deprived of all power of altering the order of battle, or even the route of the army. He retained only the bare right of punishing and rewarding his own troops, and the free use of these, when not acting in conjunction with the Imperialists.

After these preliminaries were settled, the two generals at last ventured upon an interview; but

not until they had mutually promised to bury the past in oblivion, and all the outward formalities of a reconciliation had been settled. According to agreement, they publicly embraced in the sight of their troops, and made mutual professions of friendship, while in reality the hearts of both were overflowing with malice. Maximilian well versed in dissimulation, had sufficient command over himself, not to betray in a single feature his real feelings; but a malicious triumph sparkled in the eyes of Wallenstein, and the constraint which was visible in all his movements, betrayed the violence of the emotion which overpowered his proud soul.

The combined Imperial and Bavarian armies amounted to nearly 60,000 men, chiefly veterans. Before this force, the King of Sweden was not in a condition to keep the field. As his attempt to prevent their junction had failed, he commenced a rapid retreat into Franconia, and awaited there for some decisive moment on the part of the enemy, in order to form his own plans. The position of the combined armies between the frontiers of Saxony and Bavaria, left it for some time doubtful whether they would remove the war into the former, or endeavor to drive the Swedes from the Danube, and deliver Bavaria. Saxony had been stripped of troops by Arnheim, who was pursuing his conquests in Silesia: not without a secret design, it was generally supposed, of favoring the entrance of the Duke of Friedland into that electorate, and of thus driving the irresolute John George into peace with the Emperor. Gustavus Adolphus himself, fully persuaded that Wallenstein's views were directed against Saxony, hastily dispatched a strong reinforcement to the assistance of his confederate, with the intention, as soon as circumstances would allow, of following with the main body. But the movements of Wallenstein's army soon led him to suspect that he himself was the object of attack; and the Duke's march through the Upper Palatinate, placed the matter beyond a doubt. The question now was, how to provide for his own security, and the prize was no longer his supremacy, but his very existence. His fertile genius must now supply the means, not of conquest, but of preservation. The approach of the enemy had surprised him before he had time to concentrate his troops, which were scattered all over Germany, or to summon his allies to his aid. Too weak to meet the enemy in the field, he had no choice left, but either to throw himself into Nuremberg, and run the risk of being shut up in its walls, or to sacrifice that city, and await a reinforcement under the cannon of Donauwerth. Indifferent to danger or difficulty, while he obeyed the call of humanity or honor, he chose the first without hesitation, firmly resolved to bury himself with his whole army under the ruins of Nuremberg, rather than to purchase his own safety by the sacrifice of his confederates.

Measures were immediately taken to surround the city and suburbs with redoubts, and to form an intrenched camp. Several thousand workmen immediately commenced this extensive work, and an heroic determination to hazard life and property in the common cause, animated the inhabitants of Nuremberg. A trench, eight feet deep

and twelve broad, surrounded the whole fortification; the lines were defended by redoubts and batteries, the gates by half moons. The river Pegnitz, which flows through Nuremberg, divided the whole camp into two semicircles, whose communications was secured by several bridges. Above three hundred pieces of cannon defended the town walls and the intrenchments. The peasantry from the neighboring villages, and the inhabitants of Nuremberg, assisted the Swedish soldiers so zealously, that on the seventh day the army was able to enter the camp, and, in a fortnight, this great work was completed.

While these operations were carried on without the walls, the magistrates of Nuremberg were busily occupied in filling the magazines with provision and ammunition for a long siege. Measures were taken, at the same time, to secure the health of the inhabitants, which was likely to be endangered by the conflux of so many people; cleanliness was enforced by the strictest regulations. In order, if necessary, to support the king, the youth of the city were embodied and trained to arms, the militia of the town considerably reinforced, and a new regiment raised, consisting of four-and-twenty names, according to the letters of the alphabet. Gustavus had, in the mean time, called to his assistance his allies, Duke William of Weimar, and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel; and ordered his generals on the Rhine, in Thuringia, and Lower Saxony, to commence their march immediately, and join him with their troops in Nuremberg. His army, which was encamped within the lines, did not amount to more than sixteen thousand men, scarcely a third of the enemy.

The Imperialists had, in the mean time, by slow marches, advanced to Neumark, where Wallenstein made a general review. At the sight of this formidable force, he could not refrain from indulging in a childish boast: "In four days," said he, "it will be shown whether I or the King of Sweden is to be master of the world." Yet, notwithstanding his superiority, he did nothing to fulfill his promise; and even let slip the opportunity of crushing his enemy, when the latter had the hardihood to leave his lines to meet him. "Battles enough have been fought," was his answer to those who advised him to attack the king, "it is now time to try another method." Wallenstein's well-founded reputation required not any of those rash enterprises on which younger soldiers rush, in the hope of gaining a name. Satisfied that the enemy's despair would dearly sell a victory, while a defeat would irretrievably ruin the Emperor's affairs, he resolved to wear out the ardor of his opponent by a tedious blockade, and by thus depriving him of every opportunity of availing himself of his impetuous bravery, take from him the very advantage which had hitherto rendered him invincible. Without making any attack, therefore, he erected a strong fortified camp on the other side of the Pegnitz, and opposite Nuremberg; and, by this well chosen position, cut off from the city and the camp of Gustavus, all supplies from Franconia, Swabia, and Thuringia. Thus he held in siege at once the city and the king, and flattered himself with the

hope of slowly, but surely, wearing out by famine and pestilence the courage of his opponent whom he had no wish to encounter in the field.

Little aware, however, of the resources and the strength of his adversary, Wallenstein had not taken sufficient precautions to avert from himself the fate he was designing for others. From the whole of the neighboring country, the peasantry had fled with their property; and what little provision remained, must be obstinately contested with the Swedes. The king spared the magazines within the town, as long as it was possible to provision his army from without; and these forays produced constant skirmishes between the Croats and the Swedish cavalry, of which the surrounding country exhibited the most melancholy traces. The necessaries of life must be obtained sword in hand; and the foraging parties could not venture out without a numerous escort. And when this supply failed, the town opened its magazines to the king, but Wallenstein had to support his troops from a distance. A large convoy from Bavaria was on its way to him, with an escort of a thousand men. Gustavus Adolphus having received intelligence of its approach, immediately sent out a regiment of cavalry to intercept it; and the darkness of the night favored the enterprise. The whole convoy, with the town in which it was, fell into the hands of the Swedes; the Imperial escort was cut to pieces; about twelve thousand cattle carried off; and a thousand wagons, loaded with bread, which could not be brought away, were set on fire. Seven regiments, which Wallenstein had sent forward to Altdorp to cover the entrance of the long and anxiously expected convoy, were attacked by the king, who had, in like manner, advanced to cover the retreat of his cavalry, and routed after an obstinate action, being driven back into the Imperial camp, with the loss of four hundred men. So many checks and difficulties, and so firm and unexpected a resistance on the part of the king, made the Duke of Friedland repent that he had declined to hazard a battle. The strength of the Swedish camp rendered an attack impracticable; and the armed youth of Nuremberg served the king as a nursery from which he could supply his loss of troops. The want of provisions, which began to be felt in the imperial camp as strongly as in the Swedish, rendered it uncertain which party would be first compelled to give way.

Fifteen days had the two armies now remained in view of each other, equally defended by inaccessible intrenchments, without attempting anything more than slight attacks and unimportant skirmishes. On both sides, infectious diseases, the natural consequence of bad food, and a crowded population, had occasioned a greater loss than the sword. And this evil daily increased. But at length, the long expected succors arrived in the Swedish camp; and by this strong reinforcement, the king was now enabled to obey the dictates of his native courage, and to break the chains which had hitherto fettered him.

In obedience to his requisitions, the Duke of Weimar had hastily drawn together a corps from the garrisons in Lower Saxony and Thuringia, which, at Schweinfurt in Franconia, was joined

by four Saxon regiments, and at Kitzingen by the corps of the Rhine, which the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Palatine of Birkenfeld, dispatched to the relief of the king. The Chancellor, Oxenstiern, undertook to lead this force to its destination. After being joined at Windsheim by the Duke of Weimar himself, and the Swedish General Banner, he advanced by rapid marches to Pruck and Eltersdorf, where he passed the Rednitz, and reached the Swedish camp in safety. This reinforcement amounted to nearly fifty thousand men, and was attended by a train of sixty pieces of cannon, and four thousand baggage wagons. Gustavus now saw himself at the head of an army of nearly seventy thousand strong, without reckoning the militia of Nuremberg, which, in case of necessity, could bring into the field about thirty thousand fighting men; a formidable force, opposed to another not less formidable. The war seemed at length compressed to the point of a single battle, which was to decide its fearful issue. With divided sympathies, Europe looked with anxiety to this scene, where the whole strength of the two contending parties was fearfully drawn, as it were, to a focus.

If, before the arrival of the Swedish succors, a want of provisions had been felt, the evil was now fearfully increased to a dreadful height in both camps, for Wallenstein had also received reinforcements from Bavaria. Besides the one hundred and twenty thousand men confronted to each other, and more than fifty thousand horses, in the two armies, and besides the inhabitants of Nuremberg, whose number far exceeded the Swedish army, there were in the camp of Wallenstein about fifteen thousand women, with as many drivers, and nearly the same number in that of the Swedes. The custom of the time permitted the soldier to carry his family with him to the field. A number of prostitutes followed the Imperialists; while, with the view of preventing such excesses, Gustavus's care for the morals of his soldiers promoted marriages. For the rising generation, who had this camp for their home and country, regular military schools were established, which educated a race of excellent warriors, by which means the army might in a manner recruit itself in the course of a long campaign. No wonder, then, if these wandering nations exhausted every territory in which they encamped, and by their immense consumption raised the necessaries of life to an exorbitant price. All the mills of Nuremberg were insufficient to grind the corn required for each day; and fifteen thousand pounds of bread, which were daily delivered by the town into the Swedish camp, excited, without allaying, the hunger of the soldiers. The laudable exertions of the magistrates of Nuremberg could not prevent the greater part of the horses from dying for want of forage, while the increasing mortality in the camp consigned more than a hundred men daily to the grave.

To put an end to these distresses, Gustavus Adolphus, relying on his numerical superiority, left his lines on the 25th day, forming before the enemy in order of battle, while he cannonaded the duke's camp from three batteries erected on the side of the Rednitz. But the duke remained immov-

able in his intrenchments, and contented himself with answering this challenge by a distant fire of cannon and musketry. His plan was to wear out the king by his inactivity, and by the force of famine to overcome his resolute determination; and neither the remonstrance of Maximilian, and the impatience of his army, nor the ridicule of his opponent, could shake his purpose. Gustavus, deceived in his hope of forcing a battle, and compelled by his increasing necessities, now attempted impossibilities, and resolved to storm a position which art and nature had combined to render impregnable.

Intrusting his own camp to the militia of Nuremberg, on the fifty-eight day of his encampment, (the festival of St. Bartholomew,) he advanced in full order of battle, and passing the Rednitz at Furth, easily drove the enemy's outposts before him. The main army of the Imperialists was posted on the steep heights between the Biber and the Rednitz, called the Old Fortress and Altenberg; while the camp itself, commanded by these eminences, spread out immeasurably along the plain. On these heights, the whole of the artillery was placed. Deep trenches surrounded inaccessible redoubts, while thick barricades, with pointed palisades, defended the approaches to the heights, from the summits of which, Wallenstein, calmly and securely, discharged the lightnings of his artillery from amid the dark thunder-clouds of smoke. A destructive fire of musketry was maintained behind the breastworks, and a hundred pieces of cannon threatened the desperate assailant with certain destruction. Against this dangerous post Gustavus now directed his attack; five hundred musketeers, supported by a few infantry, (for a greater number could not act in the narrow space,) enjoyed the unenvied privilege of first throwing themselves into the open jaws of death. The assault was furious, the resistance obstinate. Exposed to the whole fire of the enemy's artillery, and infuriate by the prospect of inevitable death, these determined warriors rushed forward to storm the heights; which, in an instant, converted into a flaming volcano, discharged on them a shower of shot. At the same moment the heavy cavalry rushed forward into the openings which the artillery had made in the close ranks of the assailants, and divided them; till the intrepid band, conquered by the strength of nature and of man, took to flight, leaving a hundred dead upon the field. To Germans had Gustavus yielded this post of honor. Exasperated at their retreat, he now led on his Finlanders to the attack, thinking by their northern courage, to shame the cowardice of the Germans. But they, also, after a similar hot reception, yielded to the superiority of the enemy; and a third regiment succeeded them to experience the same fate. This was replaced by a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth; so that, during a ten hour's action, every regiment was brought to the attack, to retire with bloody loss from the contest. A thousand mangled bodies covered the field; yet Gustavus undauntedly maintained his attack, and Wallenstein held his position unshaken.

In the mean time, a sharp contest had taken place between the imperial cavalry and the left

wing of the Swedes, which was posted in a thicket on the Rednitz, with varying success, but with equal intrepidity and loss on both sides. The Duke of Friedland and Prince Bernard of Weimar had each a horse shot under them; the king himself had the sole of his boot carried off by a cannon ball. The combat was maintained with undiminished obstinacy, till the approach of night separated the combatants. But the Swedes had advanced too far to retreat without hazard. While the king was seeking an officer to convey to the regiments the order to retreat, he met Colonel Hepburn, a brave Scotchman, whose native courage alone had drawn him from the camp to share in the dangers of the day. Offended with the king for having not long before preferred a younger officer for some post of danger, he had rashly vowed never again to draw his sword for the king. To him Gustavus now addressed himself, praising his courage, and requesting him to order the regiments to retreat. "Sire," replied the brave soldier, "it is the only service I cannot refuse to your Majesty; for it is a hazardous one,"—and immediately hastened to carry the command. One of the heights above the old fortress had, in the heat of the action, been carried by the Duke of Weimar. It commanded the hills and the whole camp. But the heavy rain which fell during the night, rendered it impossible to draw up the cannon; and this post, which had been gained with so much bloodshed, was also voluntarily abandoned. Diffident of fortune, which forsook him on this decisive day, the king did not venture the following morning to renew the attack with his exhausted troops; and vanquished for the first time, even because he was not victor, he led back his troops over the Rednitz. Two thousand dead which he left behind him on the field, testified to the extent of his loss; and the Duke of Friedland remained unconquered within his lines.

For fourteen days after this action, the two armies still continued in front of each other, each in the hope that the other would be the first to give way. Every day reduced their provisions, and as scarcity became greater, the excesses of the soldiers, rendered furious, exercised the wildest outrages on the peasantry. The increasing distress broke up all discipline and order in the Swedish camp; and the German regiments, in particular, distinguished themselves for the ravages they practiced indiscriminately on friend and foe. The weak hand of a single individual could not check excesses, encouraged by the silence, if not the actual example, of the inferior officers. These shameful breaches of discipline, on the maintenance of which he had hitherto justly prided himself, severely pained the king; and the vehemence with which he reproached the German officers for their negligence, bespoke the liveliness of his emotion. "It is you yourselves, Germans," said he, "that rob your native country, and ruin your own confederates in the faith. As God is my judge, I abhor you, I loathe you; my heart sinks within, even when I look upon you, Ye break my orders; ye are the cause that the world curses me, that the tears of poverty follow me, that complaints ring in my ear—'The king, our friend, does us more harm

than even our worst enemies.' On your account I have stripped my own kingdom of its treasures, and spent upon you more than forty tons of gold*; while from your German empire I have not received the least aid. I gave you a share of all that God had given to me; and had ye regarded my orders, I would have gladly shared with you all my future acquisitions. Your want of discipline convinces me of your evil intentions, whatever cause I might otherwise have to applaud your bravery."

Nuremberg had exerted itself, almost beyond its power, to subsist for eleven weeks the vast crowd which was compressed within its boundaries; but its means were at length exhausted, and the king's more numerous party was obliged to determine on a retreat. By the casualties of war and sickness, Nuremberg had lost more than ten thousand of its inhabitants, and Gustavus Adolphus nearly twenty thousand of his soldiers. The fields around the city were trampled down, the villages lay in ashes, the plundered peasantry lay faint and dying on the highways; dead bodies infected the air, and bad food, the exhalations from so dense a population, and so many putrifying carcasses, together with the heat of the dog-days, produced a desolating pestilence which raged among men and beasts, and long after the retreat of both armies, continued to load the country with misery and distress. Affected by the general distress, and despairing of conquering the steady determination of the Duke of Friedland, the king broke up his camp on the 8th of September, leaving in Nuremberg a sufficient garrison. He advanced in full order of battle before the enemy, who remained motionless, and did not attempt in the least to harass his retreat. His route lay by the Aisch and Windsheim toward Neustadt, where he halted five days to refresh his troops, and also to be near to Nuremberg, in case the enemy should make an attempt upon the town. But Wallenstein, as exhausted as himself, had only awaited the retreat of the Swedes to commence his own. Five days afterward, he broke up his camp at Zirndorf, and set it on fire. A hundred columns of smoke, rising from all the burning villages in the neighborhood, announced his retreat, and showed the fate it had escaped. His march, which was directed on Forstheim, was marked by the most frightful ravages; but he was too far advanced to be overtaken by the king. The latter now divided his army, which the exhausted country was unable to support, and leaving one division to protect Franconia, with the other he prosecuted in person his conquests in Bavaria.

In the mean time the imperial Bavarian army had marched into the Bishopric of Bamberg, where the Duke of Friedland a second time mustered his troops. He found this force, which so lately had amounted to 60,000 men, diminished by the sword, desertion, and disease, to about 24,000, and of these, a fourth were Bavarians. Thus had the encampments before Nuremberg weakened both parties more than two great battles would have done, apparently without advancing the termination of the war, or satisfying, by any

decisive result, the expectations of Europe. The king's conquests in Bavaria, were, it is true, checked for a time by this diversion before Nuremberg, and Austria itself secured against the danger of immediate invasion; but by the retreat of the king from that city, he was again left at full liberty to make Bavaria the seat of war. Indifferent toward the fate of that country, and weary of the restraint which his union with the Elector imposed upon him, the Duke of Friedland eagerly seized the opportunity of separating from this burdensome associate, and prosecuting, with renewed earnestness, his favorite plans. Still adhering to his purpose of detaching Saxony from its Swedish alliance, he selected that country for his winter quarters, hoping by his destructive presence to force the Elector the more readily into his views.

No conjuncture could be more favorable for his designs. The Saxons had invaded Silesia, where, reinforced by troops from Brandenburg and Sweden, they had gained several advantages over the Emperor's troops. Silesia would be saved by a diversion against the Elector in his own territories, and the attempt was the more easy, as Saxony, left undefended during the war in Silesia, lay open on every side to attack. The pretext of rescuing from the enemy an hereditary dominion of Austria, would silence the remonstrances of the Elector of Bavaria, and, under the mask of a patriotic zeal for the Emperor's interests, Maximilian might be sacrificed without much difficulty. By giving up the rich country of Bavaria to the Swedes, he hoped to be left unmolested by them in his enterprise against Saxony, while the increasing coldness between Gustavus and the Saxon Court gave him little reason to apprehend any extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of John George. Thus a second time abandoned by his artful protector, the Elector separated from Wallenstein at Bamberg, to protect his defenseless territory with the small remains of his troops, while the imperial army, under Wallenstein, directed its march through Bayreuth and Coburg toward the Thuringian Forest.

An imperial general, Holk, had previously been dispatched into Vogtland, to lay waste this defenseless province with fire and sword; he was soon followed by Gallas, another of the Duke's generals, and an equally faithful instrument of his inhuman orders. Finally, Pappenheim, too, was recalled from Lower Saxony, to reinforce the diminished army of the duke, and to complete the miseries of the devoted country. Ruined churches, villages in ashes, harvests willfully destroyed, families plundered, and murdered peasants, marked the progress of these barbarians, under whose scourge the whole of Thuringia, Vogtland, and Meissen, lay defenseless. Yet this was but the prelude to greater sufferings, with which Wallenstein himself, at the head of the main army, threatened Saxony. After having left behind him fearful monuments of his fury, in his march through Franconia and Thuringia, he arrived with his whole army in the Circle of Leipsic, and compelled the city, after a short resistance, to surrender. His design was to push on to Dresden, and by the conquest of the whole country to pre-

* A ton of gold in Sweden amounts to 100,000 rix dollars.

scribe laws to the Elector. He had already approached the Mulda, threatening to overpower the Saxon army which had advanced as far as Torgau to meet him, when the King of Sweden's arrival at Erfurt gave an unexpected check to his operations. Placed between the Saxon and Swedish armies, which were likely to be further reinforced by the troops of George, Duke of Luneburg, from Lower Saxony, he hastily retired upon Merseburg; to form a junction there with Count Pappenheim, and to repel the further advance of the Swedes.

Gustavus Adolphus had witnessed, with great uneasiness, the arts employed by Spain and Austria to detach his allies from him. The more important his alliance with Saxony, the more anxiety the inconstant temper of John George caused him. Between himself and the Elector, a sincere friendship could never subsist. A prince, proud of his political importance, and accustomed to consider himself as the head of his party, could not see without annoyance the interference of a foreign power in the affairs of the Empire; and nothing, but the extreme danger of his dominions could overcome the aversion with which he had long witnessed the progress of this unwelcome intruder. The increasing influence of the king in Germany, his authority with the Protestant states, the unambiguous proofs which he gave of his ambitious views, which were of a character calculated to excite the jealousies of all the states of the Empire, awakened in the Elector's breast a thousand anxieties, which the imperial emissaries did not fail skillfully to keep alive and cherish. Every arbitrary step on the part of the king, every demand, however reasonable, which he addressed to the princes of the empire, was followed by bitter complaints from the Elector, which seemed to announce an approaching rupture. Even the generals of the two powers, whenever they were called upon to act in common, manifested the same jealousy as divided their leaders. John George's natural aversion to war, and a lingering attachment to Austria, favored the efforts of Arnheim; who, maintaining a constant correspondence with Wallenstein, labored incessantly to effect a private treaty between his master and the Emperor; and if his representations were long disregarded, still the event proved that they were not altogether without effect.

Gustavus Adolphus, naturally apprehensive of the consequences which the defection of so powerful an ally would produce on his future prospects in Germany, spared no pains to avert so pernicious an event; and his remonstrances had hitherto had some effect upon the Elector. But the formidable power with which the Emperor seconded his seductive proposals, and the miseries which, in the case of hesitation, he threatened to accumulate upon Saxony, might at length overcome the resolution of the Elector, should he be left exposed to the vengeance of his enemies; while an indifference to the fate of so powerful a confederate, would irreparably destroy the confidence of the other allies in their protector. This consideration induced the king a second time to yield to the pressing entreaties of the Elector, and to sacrifice his own brilliant prospects to the safety of

his ally. He had already resolved upon a second attack on Ingolstadt; and the weakness of the Elector of Bavaria gave him hopes of soon forcing this exhausted enemy to accede to a neutrality. An insurrection of the peasantry in Upper Austria, opened to him a passage into that country, and the capital might be in his possession before Wallenstein could have time to advance to its defense. All these views he now gave up for the sake of an ally, who, neither by his services nor his fidelity, was worthy of the sacrifice; who, on pressing occasions of common good, had steadily adhered to his own selfish projects; and who was important, not for the services he was expected to render, but merely for the injuries he had it in his power to inflict. Is it possible, then, to refrain from indignation, when we know that, in this expedition, undertaken for the benefit of such an ally, the great king was destined to terminate his career?

Rapidly assembling his troops in Franconia, he followed the route of Wallenstein through Thuringia. Duke Bernard of Weimar, who had been dispatched to act against Pappenheim, joined the king at Armstadt, who now saw himself at the head of twenty thousand veterans. At Erfurt he took leave of his queen, who was not again to behold him, save in his coffin, at Weissenfels. Their anxious adieus seemed to forbode an eternal separation.

He reached Naumberg on the 1st November, 1632, before the corps which the Duke of Friedland had dispatched for that purpose, could make itself master of that place. The inhabitants of the surrounding country flocked in crowds to look upon the hero, the avenger, the great king, who, a year before, had first appeared in that quarter, like a guardian angel. Shouts of joy everywhere attended his progress; the people knelt before him, and struggled for the honor of touching the sheath of his sword, or the hem of his garment. The modest hero disliked this innocent tribute which a sincerely grateful and admiring multitude paid him. "Is it not," said he, "as if this people would make a God of me? Our affairs prosper, indeed; but I fear the vengeance of Heaven will punish us for this presumption, and soon enough reveal to this deluded multitude my human weakness and mortality!" How amiable does Gustavus appear before us at this moment, when about to leave us for ever! Even in the plenitude of success, he honors an avenging Nemesis, declines that homage which is due only to the Immortal, and strengthens his title to our tears, the nearer the moment approaches that is to call them forth!

In the mean time, the Duke of Friedland had determined to advance to meet the king, as far as Weissenfels, and even at the hazard of a battle, to secure his winter-quarters in Saxony. His inactivity before Nuremberg had occasioned a suspicion that he was unwilling to measure his powers with those of the Hero of the North, and his hard-earned reputation would be at stake, if, a second time, he should decline a battle. His present superiority in numbers, though much less than what it was at the beginning of the siege of Nuremberg, was still enough to give him hopes of victory, if he could compel the king to give

battle before his junction with the Saxons. But his present reliance was not so much in his numerical superiority, as in the predictions of his astrologer Seni, who had read in the stars that the good fortune of the Swedish monarch would decline in the month of November. Besides, between Naumburg and Weissenfels there was also a range of narrow defiles, formed by a long mountainous ridge, and the river Saal, which ran at their foot, along which the Swedes could not advance without difficulty, and which might, with the assistance of a few troops, be rendered almost impassable. If attacked there, the king would have no choice but either to penetrate with great danger through the defiles, or commence a laborious retreat through Thuringia, and to expose the greater part of his army to a march through a desert country, deficient in every necessary for their support. But the rapidity with which Gustavus Adolphus had taken possession of Naumburg, disappointed this plan, and it was now Wallenstein himself who awaited the attack.

But in this expectation he was disappointed; for the king, instead of advancing to meet him at Weissenfels, made preparations for intrenching himself near Naumburg, with the intention of awaiting there the reinforcements which the Duke of Luneburg was bringing up. Undecided whether to advance against the king through the narrow passes between Weissenfels and Naumburg, or to remain inactive in his camp, he called a council of war, in order to have the opinion of his most experienced generals. None of these thought it prudent to attack the king in his advantageous position. On the other hand, the preparation which the latter made to fortify his camp, plainly showed that it was not his intention soon to abandon it. But the approach of winter rendered it impossible to prolong the campaign, and by a continued encampment to exhaust the strength of the army, already so much in need of repose. All voices were in favor of immediately terminating the campaign; and, the more so, as the important city of Cologne upon the Rhine was threatened by the Dutch, while the progress of the enemy in Westphalia and the Lower Rhine called for effective reinforcements in that quarter. Wallenstein yielded to the weight of these arguments, and almost convinced that, at this season, he had no reason to apprehend an attack from the king, he put his troops into winter-quarters, but so that, if necessary, they might be rapidly assembled. Count Pappenheim was dispatched, with great part of the army, to the assistance of Cologne, with orders to take possession on his march, of the fortress of Moritzburg, in the territory of Halle. Different corps took up their winter-quarters in the neighboring towns, to watch, on all sides, the motions of the enemy. Count Colleredo guarded the castle of Weissenfels, and Wallenstein himself encamped with the remainder not far from Merseburg, between Flotzgaben and the Saal, from whence he purposed to march to Leipsic, and to cut off the communication between the Saxons and the Swedish army.

Scarcely had Gustavus Adolphus been informed of Pappenheim's departure, when suddenly break-

ing up his camp at Naumburg, he hastened with his whole force to attack the enemy, now weakened to one half. He advanced, by rapid marches, toward Weissenfels, from whence the news of his arrival quickly reached the enemy, and greatly astonished the Duke of Friedland. But a speedy resolution was now necessary; and the measures of Wallenstein were soon taken. Though he had little more than twelve thousand men to oppose to the twenty thousand of the enemy, he might hope to maintain his ground until the return of Pappenheim, who could not have advanced further than Halle, five miles distant. Messengers were hastily dispatched to recall him, while Wallenstein moved forward into the wide plain between the Canal and Lutzen, where he awaited the king in full order of battle, and, by this position, cut off his communication with Leipsic and the Saxon auxiliaries.

Three cannon shots, fired by Count Colleredo from the castle of Weissenfels, announced the king's approach; and at this concerted signal, the light troops of the Duke of Friedland, under the command of the Croatian General Isolani, moved forward to possess themselves of the villages lying upon the Rippach. Their weak resistance did not impede the advance of the enemy, who crossed the Rippach, near the village of that name, and formed a line below Lutzen, opposite the Imperialists. The high road which goes from Weissenfels to Leipsic, is intersected between Lutzen and Markranstadt by the canal which extends from Zeitz to Merseberg, and unites the Elster with the Saal. On this canal, rested the right wing of the Imperialists, and the left of the King of Sweden; but so that the cavalry of both extended themselves along the opposite side. To the northward, behind Lutzen, was Wallenstein's right wing, and to the south of that town was posted the left wing of the Swedes; both armies fronted the high road, which ran between them, and divided their order of battle; but the evening before the battle, Wallenstein, to the great disadvantage of his opponent, had possessed himself of this highway, deepened the trenches which ran along its sides, and planted them with musketeers, so as to make the crossing of it both difficult and dangerous. Behind these, again, was erected a battery of seven large pieces of cannon, to support the fire from the trenches; and at the windmills, close behind Lutzen, fourteen smaller field pieces were ranged on an eminence, from which they could sweep the greater part of the plain. The infantry, divided into no more than five unwieldy brigades, was drawn up at the distance of three hundred paces, from the road, and the cavalry covered the flanks. All the baggage was sent to Lutzen, that it might not impede the movements of the army; and the ammunition-wagons alone remained, which were placed in rear of the line. To conceal the weakness of the Imperialists, all the followers of the camp and sutlers were mounted, and posted on the left wing. These arrangements were made during the darkness of the night; and when the morning dawned, every thing was in readiness for the reception of the enemy.

On the evening of the same day, Gustavus Adolphus appeared on the opposite plain, and

formed his troops in the order of attack. His disposition was the same as that which had been so successful the year before at Leipsic. Small squadrons of horse were interspersed among the divisions of the infantry, and troops of musketeers placed here and there among the cavalry. The army was arranged in two lines, the canal on the right and in its rear, the high road in front, and the town on the left. In the centre, the infantry was formed, under the command of Count Brahe; the cavalry on the wings; the artillery in front. To the German hero, Bernard, Duke of Wiemar, was intrusted the command of the German cavalry of the left wing; while, on the right, the king led on the Swedes in person, in order to excite the emulation of the two nations to a noble competition. The second line was formed in the same manner; and behind these was placed the reserve, commanded by Henderson, a Scotchman.

In this position they awaited the eventful dawn of morning, to begin a contest which long delay, rather than the probability of decisive consequences, and the picked body, rather than the number of combatants, was to render so terrible and remarkable. The strained expectation of Europe, so disappointed before Nuremberg, was now to be gratified on the plains of Lutzen. During the whole course of the war, two such generals, so equally matched in renown and ability, had not before been pitted against each other. Never, as yet, had daring been cooled by so awful a hazard, or hope animated by so glorious a prize. Europe was next day to learn who was her greatest general:—to-morrow, the leader, who had hitherto been invincible, must acknowledge a victor. This morning was to place it beyond a doubt, whether the victories of Gustavus at Leipsic and on the Lech, were owing to his own military genius, or to the incompetency of his opponent; whether the services of Wallenstein were to vindicate the Emperor's choice, and justify the high price at which they had been purchased. The victory was as yet doubtful, but certain were the labor and the bloodshed by which it must be earned. Every private, in both armies, felt a jealous share in their leader's reputation, and under every corslet beat the same emotions that inflamed the bosom of the generals. Each army knew the enemy to which it was to be opposed; and the anxiety which each in vain attempted to repress, was a convincing proof of their opponent's strength.

At last the fateful morning dawned; but an impenetrable fog, which spread over the plain, delayed the attack till noon. Kneeling in front of his lines, the king offered up his devotions; and the whole army, at the same moment dropping on their knees, burst into a moving hymn, accompanied by the military music. The king then mounted his horse, and clad only in a leathern doublet and surtout, (for a wound he had formerly received prevented his wearing armor,) rode along the ranks, to animate the courage of his troops with a joyful confidence, which, however, the foreboding presentiment of his own bosom contradicted. "God with us!" was the war-cry of the Swedes; "Jesus Maria!" that of the Imperialists. About eleven the fog began to disperse, and the

enemy became visible. At the same moment Lutzen was seen in flames, having been set on fire by command of the duke, to prevent his being outflanked on that side. The charge was now sounded; the cavalry rushed upon the enemy, and the infantry advanced against the trenches.

Received by a tremendous fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack with undaunted courage, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried and turned against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five imperial brigades was immediately routed, the second soon after, and the third put to flight. But here the genius of Wallenstein opposed itself to their progress. With the rapidity of lightning he was on the spot to rally his discomfited troops; and his powerful word was itself sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades, forming anew, faced the enemy, and pressed vigorously into the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. The nearness of the enemy left no room for fire-arms, the fury of the attack no time for loading; man was matched to man, the useless musket exchanged for the sword and pike, and science gave way to desperation. Overpowered by numbers, the wearied Swedes at last retire beyond the trenches; and the captured battery is again lost by the retreat. A thousand mangled bodies already strewed the plain, and as yet not a single step of ground had been won.

In the mean time the king's right wing, led by himself, had fallen upon the enemy's left. The first impetuous shock of the heavy Finland cuirassiers dispersed the lightly-mounted Poles and Croats, who were posted here, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment notice was brought the king, that his infantry were retreating over the trenches, and also that his left wing, exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's cannon posted at the windmills, was beginning to give way. With rapid decision he committed to General Horn the pursuit of the enemy's left, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His noble charger bore him with the velocity of lightning across the trenches, but the squadrons that followed could not come on with the same speed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, were able to keep up with the king. He rode directly to the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he was reconnoitring the enemy's line for an exposed point of attack, the shortness of his sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An imperial Gefreyter*, remarking that every one respectfully made way for him as he rode along, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. "Fire at him yonder," said he, "that must be a man of consequence." The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered.

* Gefreyter, a person exempt from watching duty, nearly corresponding to the corporal.

At that moment his squadron came hurrying up, and a confused cry of "the king bleeds! the king is shot!" spread terror and consternation through all the ranks. "It is nothing—follow me," cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested the Duke of Lanenburg, in French, to lead him unobserved out of the tumult. While the duke proceeded toward the right wing with the king, making a long circuit to keep this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, his majesty received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his remaining strength. "Brother," said he, with a dying voice, "I have enough! look only to your own life." At the same moment he fell from his horse pierced by several more shots; and abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amidst the plundering hands of the Croats. His charger, flying without its rider, and covered with blood, soon made known to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They rushed madly forward to rescue his sacred remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict ensued over the body, till his mangled remains were buried beneath a heap of slain.

The mournful tidings soon ran through the Swedish army; but instead of destroying the courage of these brave troops, it but excited it into a new, a wild, and consuming flame. Life had lessened in value, now that the most sacred life of all was gone; death had no terrors for the lowly, since the anointed head was not spared. With the fury of lions the Upland, Småland, Finland, East and West Gothland regiments rushed a second time upon the left wing of the enemy, which, already making but feeble resistance to General Horn, was now entirely beaten from the field. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, gave to the bereaved Swedes a noble leader in his own person; and the spirit of Gustavus led his victorious squadrons anew. The left wing quickly formed again, and vigorously pressed the right of the Imperialists. The artillery at the windmills, which had maintained so murderous a fire upon the Swedes, was captured and turned against the enemy. The centre, also, of the Swedish infantry, commanded by the duke and Knyphausen, advanced a second time against the trenches, which they successfully passed, and retook the battery of seven cannons. The attack was now renewed with redoubled fury upon the heavy battalions of the enemy's centre; their resistance became gradually less, and chance conspired with Swedish valor to complete the defeat. The imperial powder-wagons took fire, and with a tremendous explosion, grenades and bombs filled the air. The enemy, now in confusion, thought they were attacked in the rear, while the Swedish brigades pressed them in front. Their courage began to fail them. Their left wing was already beaten, their right wavering, and their artillery in the enemy's hands. The battle seemed to be almost decided; another moment would decide the fate of the day, when Pappenheim appeared on the field, with his cuirassiers and dragoons; all the advantages already gained were lost, and the battle was to be fought anew.

The order which recalled that general to Lut-

zen had reached him in Halle, while his troops were still plundering the town. It was impossible to collect the scattered infantry with that rapidity, which the urgency of the order, and Pappenheim's impatience required. Without waiting for it, therefore, he ordered eight regiments of cavalry to mount; and at their head he galloped at full speed for Lutzen; to share in the battle. He arrived in time to witness the flight of the imperial right wing, which Gustavus Horn was driving from the field, and to be at first involved in their rout. But with rapid presence of mind he rallied the flying troops, and led them once more against the enemy. Carried away by his wild bravery, and impatient to encounter the king, who, he supposed, was at the head of this wing, he burst furiously upon the Swedish ranks, which, exhausted by victory, and inferior in numbers, were, after a noble resistance, overpowered by this fresh body of enemies. Pappenheim's unexpected appearance revived the drooping courage of the Imperialists, and the Duke of Friedland quickly availed himself of the favorable moment to re-form his line. The closely serried battalions of the Swedes were, after a tremendous conflict, again driven across the trenches; and the battery, which had been twice lost, again rescued from their hands. The whole yellow regiment, the finest of all that distinguished themselves in this dreadful day, lay dead on the field, covering the ground in almost the same excellent order which, when alive, they maintained with such unyielding courage. The same fate befell another regiment of Blues, which Count Piccolomini attacked with the imperial cavalry, and cut down after a desperate contest. Seven times did this intrepid general renew the attack; seven horses were shot under him, and he himself was pierced with six musket balls; yet he would not leave the field, until he was carried along in the general rout of the whole army. Wallenstein himself was seen riding through his ranks with cool intrepidity, amidst a shower of balls, assisting the distressed, encouraging the valiant with praise, and the wavering by his fearful glance. Around and close by him, his men were falling thick, and his own mantle was perforated by several shots. But avenging destiny this day protected that breast, for which another weapon was reserved; on the same field where the noble Gustavus expired, Wallenstein was not allowed to terminate his guilty career.

Less fortunate was Pappenheim, the Telamon of the army, the bravest soldier of Austria and the church. An ardent desire to encounter the king in person, carried this daring leader into the thickest of the fight, where he thought his noble opponent was most surely to be met. Gustavus had also expressed a wish to meet his brave antagonist, but these hostile wishes remained ungratified; death first brought together these two great heroes. Two musket-balls pierced the breast of Pappenheim; and his men forcibly carried him from the field. While they were conveying him to the rear, a murmur reached him, that he whom he had sought, lay dead upon the plain. When the truth of the report was confirmed to him, his look became brighter, his dying eye sparkled with

a last gleam of joy. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," said he, "that I lie without hope of life, but that I die happy, since I know that the implacable enemy of my religion has fallen on the same day."

With Pappenheim, the good fortune of the Imperialists departed. The cavalry of the right wing, already beaten, and only rallied by his exertions, no sooner missed their victorious leader, than they gave up every thing for lost, and abandoned the field of battle in spiritless despair. The right wing fell into the same confusion, with the exception of a few regiments, which the bravery of their colonels Gotz, Terzky, Colleredo, and Piccolomini, compelled to keep their ground. The Swedish infantry, with prompt determination, profited by the enemy's confusion. To fill up the gaps which death had made in the front line, they formed both lines into one, and with it made the final and decisive charge. A third time they crossed the trenches, and a third time they captured the battery. The sun was setting when the two lines closed. The strife grew hotter as it drew to an end; the last efforts of strength were mutually exerted, and skill and courage did their utmost to repair in these precious moments the fortune of the day. It was in vain; despair endows every one with superhuman strength: no one can conquer, no one will give way. The art of war seemed to exhaust its powers on one side, only to unfold some new and untried masterpiece of skill on the other. Night and darkness at last put an end to the fight, before the fury of the combatants was exhausted; and the contest only ceased, when no one could any longer find an antagonist. Both armies separated, as if by tacit agreement; the trumpets sounded, and each party claiming the victory, quitted the field.

The artillery on both sides, as the horses could not be found, remained all night upon the field, at once the reward and the evidence of victory to him who should hold it. Wallenstein, in his haste to leave Leipsic and Saxony, forgot to remove his part. Not long after the battle was ended, Pappenheim's infantry, who had been unable to follow the rapid movements of their general, and who amounted to six regiments, marched on the field, but the work was done. A few hours earlier, so considerable a reinforcement would perhaps have decided the day in favor of the Imperialists; and, even now, by remaining on the field, they might have saved the duke's artillery, and made a prize of that of the Swedes. But they had received no orders to act; and, uncertain as to the issue of the battle, they retired to Leipsic, where they hoped to join the main body.

The Duke of Friedland had retreated thither, and was followed on the morrow by the scattered remains of his army, without artillery, without colors, and almost without arms. The Duke of Weimar, it appears, after the toils of this bloody day, allowed the Swedish army some repose, between Lutzen and Weissenfels, near enough to the field of battle to oppose any attempt the enemy might make to recover it. Of the two armies, more than 9,000 men lay dead; a still greater number were wounded, and among the Imperialists, scarcely a man escaped from the

field uninjured. The entire plain from Lutzen to the Canal was strewed with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Many of the principal nobility had fallen on both sides. Even the Abbot of Fulda, who had mingled in the combat as a spectator, paid for his curiosity and his ill-timed zeal with his life. History says nothing of prisoners; a further proof of the animosity of the combatants, who neither gave nor took quarter.

Pappenheim died the next day of his wounds at Leipsic; an irreparable loss to the imperial army, which this brave warrior had so often led on to victory. The battle of Prague, where, together with Wallenstein, he was present as colonel, was the beginning of his heroic career. Dangerously wounded, with a few troops, he made an impetuous attack on a regiment of the enemy, and lay for several hours mixed with the dead upon the field, beneath the weight of his horse, till he was discovered by some of his own men in plundering. With a small force he defeated, in three different engagements, the rebels in Upper Austria, though 40,000 strong. At the battle of Leipsic, he for a long time delayed the defeat of Tilly by his bravery, and led the arms of the Emperor on the Elbe and the Rhine to victory. The wild impetuous fire of his temperament, which no danger, however apparent, could cool, or impossibilities check, made him the most powerful arm of the imperial force, but unfitted him from acting at its head. The battle at Leipsic, if Tilly may be believed, was lost through his rash ardor. At the destruction of Magdeburg, his hands were deeply steeped in blood; war rendered savage and ferocious his disposition, which had been cultivated by youthful studies and various travels. On his forehead, two red streaks, like swords, were perceptible, with which nature had marked him at his very birth. Even in his later years, these became visible, as often as his blood was stirred by passion; and superstition easily persuaded itself, that the future destiny of the man was thus impressed upon the forehead of the child. As a faithful servant of the House of Austria, he had the strongest claims on the gratitude of both its lines, but he did not survive to enjoy the most brilliant proof of their regard. A messenger was already on his way from Madrid, bearing to him the order of the Golden Fleece, when death overtook him at Leipsic.

Though Te Deum, in all Spanish and Austrian lands, was sung in honor of a victory, Wallenstein himself, by the haste with which he quitted Leipsic, and soon after all Saxony, and by renouncing his original design of fixing there his winter quarters, openly confessed his defeat. It is true he made one more feeble attempt to dispute, even in his flight, the honor of victory, by sending out his Croats next morning to the field; but the sight of the Swedish army drawn up in order of battle, immediately dispersed these flying bands, and Duke Bernard, by keeping possession of the field, and soon after by the capture of Leipsic, maintained indisputably his claim to the title of victor.

But it was a dear conquest, a dearer triumph! It was not till the fury of the contest was over, that the full weight of the loss sustained was felt, and the shout of triumph died away into a silent,

gloomy despair. He, who had led them to the charge, returned not with them: there he lies upon the field which he had won, mingled with the dead bodies of the common crowd. After a long and almost fruitless search, the corpse of the king was discovered, not far from the great stone, which, for a hundred years before, had stood between Lutzen and the Canal, and which, from the memorable disaster of that day, still bears the name of the Stone of the Swede. Covered with blood and wounds, so as scarcely to be recognized, trampled beneath the horses' hoofs, stripped by the rude hands of plunderers of its ornaments and clothes, his body was drawn from beneath a heap of dead, conveyed to Weissenfels, and there delivered up to the lamentations of his soldiers, and the last embraces of his queen. The first tribute had been paid to revenge, and blood had atoned for the blood of the monarch; but now affection assumes its rights, and tears of grief must flow for the man. The universal sorrow absorbs all individual woes. The generals, still stupefied by the unexpected blow, stood speechless and motionless around his bier, and no one trusted himself enough to contemplate the full extent of their loss.

The Emperor, we are told by Khevenhuller, showed symptoms of deep, and apparently sincere feeling, at the sight of the king's doublet stained with blood, which had been stripped from him during the battle, and carried to Vienna. "Willingly," said he, "would I have granted to the unfortunate prince a longer life, and a safe return to his kingdom, had Germany been at peace." But when a trait, which is nothing more than a proof of a yet lingering humanity, and which a mere regard to appearances and even self-love, would have extorted from the most insensible, and the absence of which could exist only in the most inhuman heart, has, by a Roman Catholic writer of modern times and acknowledged merit, been made the subject of the highest eulogium, and compared with the magnanimous tears of Alexander for the fall of Darius, it excites our distrust of the other virtues of the writer's hero, and, what is still worse, of his own ideas of moral dignity. But even such praise, whatever its amount, is much for one, whose memory his biographer has to clear from the suspicion of being privy to the assassination of a king.

It was scarcely to be expected, that the strong leaning of mankind to the marvelous, would leave to the common course of nature the glory of ending the career of Gustavus Adolphus. The death of so formidable a rival was too important an event for the Emperor, not to excite in his bitter opponent a ready suspicion, that what was so much to his interests, was also the result of his instigation. For the execution, however, of this dark deed, the Emperor would require the aid of a foreign arm, and this it was generally believed he had found in Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg. The rank of the latter permitted him a free access to the king's person, while it at the same time seemed to place him above the suspicion of so foul a deed. This prince, however, was in fact not incapable of this atrocity, and he had moreover sufficient motives for the commission.

Francis Albert, the youngest of four sons of Francis II., Duke of Lauenburg, and related by the mother's side to the race of Vasa, had, in his early years, found a most friendly reception at the Swedish court. Some offense which he had committed against Gustavus Adolphus, in the queen's chamber, was, it is said, repaid by this fiery youth with a box on the ear; which, though immediately repented of and amply apologized for, laid the foundation of an irreconcilable hate in the vindictive heart of the duke. Francis Albert subsequently entered the imperial service, where he rose to the command of a regiment, and formed a close intimacy with Wallenstein, and condescended to be the instrument of a secret negotiation with the Saxon court, which did little honor to his rank. Without any sufficient cause being assigned, he suddenly quitted the Austrian service, and appeared in the king's camp at Nuremberg, to offer his services as a volunteer. By his show of zeal for the Protestant cause, and prepossessing and flattering deportment, he gained the heart of the king, who, warned in vain by Oxenstiern, continued to lavish his favor and friendship on this suspicious new comer. The battle of Lutzen soon followed, in which Francis Albert, like an evil genius, kept close to the king's side and did not leave him till he fell. He owed, it was thought, his own safety amidst the fire of the enemy, to a green sash which he wore, the color of the Imperialists. He was at any rate the first to convey to his friend Wallenstein the intelligence of the king's death. After the battle, he exchanged the Swedish service for the Saxon; and, after the murder of Wallenstein, being charged with being an accomplice of that general, he only escaped the sword of justice by abjuring his faith. His last appearance in life was as commander of an imperial army in Silesia, where he died of the wounds he had received before Schweidnitz. It requires some effort to believe in the innocence of a man, who had run through a career like this, of the act charged against him; but, however great may be the moral and physical possibility of his committing such a crime, it must still be allowed that there are no certain grounds for imputing it to him. Gustavus Adolphus, it is well known, exposed himself to danger, like the meanest soldier in his army, and where thousands fell, he, too, might naturally meet his death. How it reached him, remains indeed buried in mystery; but here, more than any where, does the maxim apply, that where the ordinary course of things is fully sufficient to account for the fact, the honor of human nature ought not to be stained by any suspicion of moral atrocity.

But by whatever hand he fell, his extraordinary destiny must appear a great interposition of Providence. History, too often confined to the ungrateful task of analyzing the uniform play of human passions, is occasionally rewarded by the appearance of events, which strike like a hand from heaven, into the nicely adjusted machinery of human plans, and carry the contemplative mind to a higher order of things. Of this kind, is the sudden retirement of Gustavus Adolphus from the scene;—stopping for a time the whole movement of the political machine, and disappointing



all the calculations of human prudence. Yesterday, the very soul, the great and animating principle of his own creation; to-day, struck unpitifully to the ground in the very midst of his eagle flight; untimely torn from a whole world of great designs, and from the ripening harvest of his expectations, he left his bereaved party disconsolate; and the proud edifice of his past greatness sunk into ruins. The Protestant party had identified its hopes with its invincible leader, and scarcely can it now separate them from him; with him, they now fear all good fortune is buried. But it was no longer the benefactor of Germany who fell at Lutzen: the beneficent part of his career, Gustavus Adolphus had already terminated; and now the greatest service which he could render to the liberties of Germany was—to die. The all-engrossing power of an individual was at an end, but many came forward to essay their strength; the equivocal assistance of an over-powerful protector, gave place to a more noble self-exertion on the part of the Estates; and those who were formerly the mere instruments of his aggrandizement, now began to work for themselves. They now looked to their own exertions for the emancipation, which could not be received without danger from the hand of the mighty; and the Swedish power, now incapable of sinking into the oppressor, was henceforth restricted to the more modest part of an ally.

The ambition of the Swedish monarch aspired unquestionably to establish a power within Germany, and to attain a firm footing in the centre of the empire, which was inconsistent with the liberties of the Estates. His aim was the imperial crown; and this dignity, supported by his power, and maintained by his energy and activity, would in his hands be liable to more abuse than had ever been feared from the House of Austria. Born in a foreign country, educated in the maxims of arbitrary power, and by principles and enthusiasm a determined enemy to Popery, he was ill qualified to maintain inviolate the constitution of the German States, or to respect their liberties. The coercive homage which Augsburg, with many other cities, was forced to pay to the Swedish crown, bespoke the conqueror, rather than the protector of the empire; and this town, prouder of the title of a royal city, than of the higher dignity of the freedom of the empire, flattered itself with the anticipation of becoming the capital of his future kingdom. His ill-disguised attempts upon the Electorate of Mentz, which he first intended to bestow upon the Elector of Brandenburg, as the dower of his daughter Christina, and afterward destined for his chancellor and friend Oxenstiern, evinced plainly what liberties he was disposed to take with the constitution of the empire. His allies, the Protestant princes, had claims on his gratitude, which could be satisfied only at the expense of their Roman Catholic neighbors, and particularly of the immediate Ecclesiastical Chapters; and it seems probable a plan was early formed for dividing the conquered provinces, (after the precedent of the barbarian hordes who overran the German empire,) as a common spoil, among the German and Swedish confederates. In his treatment of the Elector

Palatine, he entirely belied the magnanimity of the hero, and forgot the sacred character of a protector. The Palatinate was in his hands, and the obligations both of justice and honor demanded its full and immediate restoration to the legitimate sovereign. But, by a subtilty unworthy of a great mind, and disgraceful to the honorable title of protector to the oppressed, he eluded that obligation. He treated the Palatinate as a conquest wrested from the enemy, and thought that this circumstance gave him a right to deal with it as he pleased. He surrendered it to the Elector as a favor, not as a debt; and that, too, as a Swedish fief, fettered by conditions which diminished half its value, and degraded this unfortunate prince into a humble vassal of Sweden. One of these conditions obliged the Elector, after the conclusion of the war, to furnish, along with the other princes, his contribution toward the maintenance of the Swedish army, a condition which plainly indicates the fate which, in the event of the ultimate success of the king, awaited Germany. His sudden disappearance secured the liberties of Germany, and saved his reputation, while it probably spared him the mortification of seeing his own allies in arms against him, and all the fruits of his victories torn from him by a disadvantageous peace. Saxony was already disposed to abandon him, Denmark viewed his success with alarm and jealousy; and even France, the firmest and most potent of his allies, terrified at the rapid growth of his power, and the imperious tone which he assumed, looked around at the very moment he past the Lech, for foreign alliances, in order to check the progress of the Goths, and restore to Europe the balance of power.

BOOK IV.

THE weak bond of union by which Gustavus Adolphus continued to hold together the Protestant members of the Empire, was dissolved by his death; the allies were now again at liberty, and their alliance, to last, must be formed anew. By the former event, if unremedied, they would lose all the advantages they had gained at the cost of so much bloodshed, and expose themselves to the inevitable danger of becoming one after the other the prey of an enemy, whom, by their union alone, they had been able to oppose and to master. Neither Sweden, nor any of the states of the empire, was singly a match with the Emperor and the League; and, by seeking a peace under the present state of things, they would necessarily be obliged to receive laws from the enemy. Union, was, therefore, equally indispensable, either for concluding a peace or continuing the war. But a peace, sought under the present circumstances, could not fail to be disadvantageous to the allied powers. With the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the enemy had formed new hopes; and however gloomy might be the situation of his affairs after the battle of Lutzen, still the death of his dreaded rival was an event too disastrous to the allies, and too favorable for the Emperor, not to justify him in entertaining the most brilliant expectations,

and not to encourage him to the prosecution of the war. Its inevitable consequence, for the moment at least, must be want of union among the allies, and what might not the Emperor and the League gain from such a division of their enemies? He was not likely to sacrifice such prospects, as the present turn of affairs held out to him, for any peace, not highly beneficial to himself; and such a peace the allies would not be disposed to accept. They naturally determined, therefore, to continue the war, and for this purpose, the maintenance of the existing union was acknowledged to be indispensable.

But how was this union to be renewed? and whence were to be derived the necessary means for continuing the war? It was not the power of Sweden, but the talents and personal influence of its late king, which had given him so overwhelming an influence in Germany, so great a command over the minds of men; and even he had innumerable difficulties to overcome, before he could establish among the states even a weak and wavering alliance. With his death vanished all which his personal qualities alone had rendered practicable; and the mutual obligations of the states seemed to cease with the hopes on which it had been founded. Several impatiently threw off the yoke which had always been irksome; others hastened to seize the helm which they had unwillingly seen in the hands of Gustavus, but which, during his lifetime, they did not dare to dispute with him. Some were tempted, by the seductive promises of the Emperor, to abandon the alliance; others, oppressed by the heavy burdens of a fourteen years' war, longed for the repose of peace, upon any conditions, however ruinous. The generals of the army, partly German princes, acknowledged no common head, and no one would stoop to receive orders from another. Unanimity vanished alike from the cabinet and the field, and their common weal was threatened with ruin, by the spirit of disunion.

Gustavus had left no male heir to the crown of Sweden; his daughter Christina, then six years old, was the natural heir. The unavoidable weakness of a regency suited ill with that energy and resolution, which Sweden would be called upon to display in this trying conjuncture. The wide-reaching mind of Gustavus Adolphus had raised this unimportant and hitherto unknown kingdom, to a rank among the powers of Europe, which it could not retain without the fortune and genius of its author, and from which it could not recede without a humiliating confession of weakness. Though the German war had been conducted chiefly on the resources of Germany, yet even the small contribution of men and money, which Sweden furnished, had sufficed to exhaust the finances of that poor kingdom, and the peasantry groaned beneath the imposts necessarily laid upon them. The plunder gained in Germany enriched only a few individuals, among the nobles and the soldiers, while Sweden itself remained poor as before. For a time, it is true, the national glory reconciled the subject to these burdens, and the sums exacted, seemed but as a loan placed at interest, in the fortunate hand of Gustavus Adolphus, to be richly repaid by the grateful monarch

at the conclusion of a glorious peace. But with the king's death this hope vanished, and the deluded people now loudly demanded relief from their burdens.

But the spirit of Gustavus Adolphus still lived in the men to whom he had confided the administration of the kingdom. However dreadful to them, and unexpected, was the intelligence of his death, it did not deprive them of their manly courage; and the spirit of ancient Rome, under the invasion of Brennus and Hannibal, animated this noble assembly. The greater the price, at which these hard-gained advantages had been purchased, the less readily could they reconcile themselves to renounce them: not unrevenged was a king to be sacrificed. Called on to choose between a doubtful and exhausting war, and a profitable but disgraceful peace, the Swedish council of state boldly espoused the side of danger and honor; and with agreeable surprise, men beheld this venerable senate acting with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth. Surrounded with watchful enemies, both within and without, and threatened on every side with danger, they armed themselves against them all, with equal prudence and heroism, and labored to extend their kingdom, even at the moment when they had to struggle for its existence.

The decease of the king, and the minority of his daughter Christina, renewed the claims of Poland to the Swedish throne; and King Ladislaus, the son of Sigismund, spared no intrigues to gain a party in Sweden. On this ground, the regency lost no time in proclaiming the young queen, and arranging the administration of the regency. All the officers of the kingdom were summoned to do homage to their new princess; all correspondence with Poland prohibited, and the edicts of previous monarchs against the heirs of Sigismund, confirmed by a solemn act of the nation. The alliance with the Czar of Muscovy was carefully renewed, in order, by the arms of this prince, to keep the hostile Poles in check. The death of Gustavus Adolphus had put an end to the jealousy of Denmark, and removed the grounds of alarm which had stood in the way of a good understanding between the two states. The representations by which the enemy sought to stir up Christian IV. against Sweden were no longer listened to; and the strong wish the Danish monarch entertained for the marriage of his son Ulrick with the young princess, combined, with the dictates of a sounder policy, to incline him to a neutrality. At the same time, England, Holland, and France came forward with the gratifying assurances to the regency of continued friendship and support, and encouraged them, with one voice, to prosecute with activity the war, which hitherto had been conducted with so much glory. Whatever reason France might have to congratulate itself on the death of the Swedish conqueror, it was as fully sensible of the expediency of maintaining the alliance with Sweden. Without exposing itself to great danger, it could not allow the power of Sweden to sink in Germany. Want of resources of its own, would either drive Sweden to conclude a hasty and disadvantageous peace with Austria, and then all

the past efforts to lower the ascendancy of this dangerous power would be thrown away; or necessity and despair would drive the armies to extort from the Roman Catholic states the means of support, and France would then be regarded as the betrayer of those very states who had placed themselves under her powerful protection. The death of Gustavus, far from breaking up the alliance between France and Sweden, had only rendered it more necessary for both, and more profitable for France. Now, for the first time, since he was dead who had stretched his protecting arm over Germany, and guarded its frontiers against the encroaching designs of France, could the latter safely pursue its designs upon Alsace, and thus be enabled to sell its aid to the German Protestants at a dearer rate.

Strengthened by these alliances, secured in its interior, and defended from without by strong frontier garrisons, and fleets, the regency did not delay an instant to continue a war, by which Sweden had little of its own to lose, while, if success attended its arms, one or more of the German provinces might be won, either as a conquest, or indemnification of its expenses. Secure amidst its seas, Sweden, even if driven out of Germany, would scarcely be exposed to greater peril, than if it voluntarily retired from the contest, while the former measure was as honorable, as the latter was disgraceful. The more boldness the regency displayed, the more confidence would they inspire among their confederates, the more respect among their enemies, and the more favorable conditions might they anticipate in the event of peace. If they found themselves too weak to execute the wide-ranging projects of Gustavus, they at least owed it to this lofty model to do their utmost, and to yield to no difficulty short of absolute necessity. Alas, that motives of self-interest had too great a share in this noble determination, to demand our unqualified admiration! For those who had nothing themselves to suffer from the calamities of war, but were rather to be enriched by it, it was an easy matter to resolve upon its continuation; for the German empire was, in the end, to defray the expenses; and the provinces on which they reckoned, would be cheaply purchased with the few troops they sacrificed to them, and with the generals who were placed at the head of armies, composed for the most part of Germans, and with the honorable superintendence of all the operations, both military and political.

But this superintendence was irreconcilable with the distance of the Swedish regency from the scene of action, and with the slowness which necessarily accompanies all the movements of a council.

To one comprehensive mind must be intrusted the management of Swedish interests in Germany, and with full powers to determine at discretion all questions of war and peace, the necessary alliances and the requisite levies. With dictatorial power, and with the whole influence of the crown which he was to represent, must this important magistrate be invested, in order to maintain its dignity, to enforce united and combined operations, to give effect to his orders, and to supply the place of the monarch whom he succeeded.

Such a man was found in the Chancellor Oxenstiern, the first minister, and what is more, the friend of the deceased king, who, acquainted with all the secrets of his master, versed in the politics of Germany, and in the relations of all the states of Europe, was unquestionably the fittest instrument to carry out the plans of Gustavus Adolphus in their full extent.

Oxenstiern was on his way to Upper Germany, in order to assemble the four Upper Circles, when the news of the king's death reached him at Hanau. This was a heavy blow, both to the friend and the statesman. Sweden, indeed, had lost but a king, Germany a protector; but Oxenstiern, the author of his fortunes, the friend of his soul, and the object of his admiration. Though the greatest sufferer in the general loss, he was the first who by his energy rose from the blow, and the only one qualified to repair it. His penetrating glance foresaw all the obstacles which would oppose the execution of his plans, the discouragement of the estates, the intrigues of hostile courts, the breaking up of the confederacy, the jealousy of the leaders, and the dislike of princes of the empire to submit to foreign authority. But even this deep insight into the existing state of things, which revealed the whole extent of the evil, showed him also the means by which it might be overcome. It was essential to revive the drooping courage of the weaker states, to meet the secret machinations of the enemy, to allay the jealousy of the more powerful allies, to rouse the friendly powers, and France in particular, to active assistance; but above all, to repair the ruined edifice of the German alliance, and to reunite the scattered strength of the party by a close and permanent bond of union. The dismay which the loss of their leader occasioned the German Protestants, might as readily dispose them to a closer alliance with Sweden, as to a hasty peace with the Emperor; and it depended entirely upon the course pursued, which of these alternatives they would adopt. Every thing might be lost by the slightest sign of despondency; nothing, but the confidence which Sweden showed in herself, could kindle among the Germans a similar feeling of self-confidence. All the attempts of Austria to detach these princes from the Swedish alliance would be unavailing, the moment their eyes became opened to their true interests, and they were instigated to a public and formal breach with the Emperor.

Before these measures could be taken, and the necessary points settled between the regency and their minister, a precious opportunity of action would, it is true, be lost to the Swedish army, of which the enemy would be sure to take the utmost advantage. It was, in short, in the power of the Emperor totally to ruin the Swedish interest in Germany, and to this he was actually invited by the prudent councils of the Duke of Friedland. Wallenstein advised him to proclaim a universal amnesty, and to meet the Protestant states with favorable conditions. In the first consternation produced by the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, such a declaration would have had the most powerful effects, and probably would have brought the wavering states back to their al-

legiance. But blinded by this unexpected turn of fortune and infatuated by Spanish counsels, he anticipated a more brilliant issue from war, and, instead of listening to these propositions of an accommodation, he hastened to augment his forces. Spain, enriched by the grant of the tenth of the ecclesiastical possessions, which the pope confirmed, sent him considerable supplies, negotiated for him at the Saxon court, and hastily levied troops for him in Italy to be employed in Germany. The Elector of Bavaria also considerably increased his military force; and the restless disposition of the Duke of Lorraine did not permit him to remain inactive in this favorable change of fortune. But while the enemy were thus busy to profit by the disaster of Sweden, Oxenstiern was diligent to avert its most fatal consequences.

Less apprehensive of open enemies, than of the jealousy of the friendly powers, he left Upper Germany, which he had secured by conquests and alliances, and set out in person to prevent a total defection of the Lower German states, or, what would have been almost equally ruinous to Sweden, a private alliance among themselves. Offended at the boldness with which the chancellor assumed the direction of affairs, and inwardly exasperated at the thought of being dictated to by a Swedish nobleman, the Elector of Saxony again meditated a dangerous separation from Sweden; and the only question in his mind was, whether he should make full terms with the Emperor, or place himself at the head of the Protestants and form a third party in Germany. Similar ideas were cherished by Duke Ulric of Brunswick, who, indeed, showed them openly enough by forbidding the Swedes from recruiting within his dominions, and inviting the Lower Saxon states to Luneburg, for the purpose of forming a confederacy among themselves. The Elector of Brandenburg, jealous of the influence which Saxony was likely to attain in Lower Germany, alone manifested any zeal for the interests of the Swedish throne, which, in thought, he already destined for his son. At the court of Saxony, Oxenstiern was no doubt honorably received; but, notwithstanding the personal efforts of the Elector of Brandenburg, empty promises of continued friendship were all which he could obtain. With the Duke of Brunswick he was more successful, for with him he ventured to assume a bolder tone. Sweden was at the time in possession of the See of Magdeburg, the bishop of which had the power of assembling the Lower Saxon circle. The chancellor now asserted the rights of the crown, and by this spirited proceeding, put a stop for the present to this dangerous assembly designed by the duke. The main object, however, of his present journey and of his future endeavors, a general confederacy of the Protestants, miscarried entirely; and he was obliged to content himself with some unsteady alliances in the Saxon circles, and with the weaker assistance of Upper Germany.

As the Bavarians were too powerful on the Danube, the assembly of the four Upper Circles, which should have been held at Ulm, was removed to Heilbronn, where deputies of more than twelve cities of the empire, with a brilliant crowd of doctors, counts, and princes, attended. The am-

bassadors of foreign powers likewise, France, England, and Holland, attended this Congress, at which Oxenstiern appeared in person, with all the splendor of the crown whose representative he was. He himself opened the proceedings, and conducted the deliberations. After receiving from all the assembled estates assurances of unshaken fidelity, perseverance, and unity, he required of them solemnly and formally to declare the Emperor and the League as enemies. But desirable as it was for Sweden to exasperate the ill-feeling between the emperor and the estates into a formal rupture, the latter, on the other hand, were equally indisposed to shut out the possibility of reconciliation, by so decided a step, and to place themselves entirely in the hands of the Swedes. They maintained, that any formal declaration of war was useless and superfluous, where the act would speak for itself, and their firmness on this point silenced at last the chancellor. Warmer disputes arose on the third and principal article of the treaty, concerning the means of prosecuting the war, and the quota which the several states ought to furnish for the support of the army. Oxenstiern's maxim, to throw as much as possible of the common burden on the states, did not suit very well with their determination to give as little as possible. The Swedish chancellor now experienced, what had been felt by thirty emperors before him, to their cost, that of all difficult undertakings, the most difficult was to extort money from the Germans. Instead of granting the necessary sums for the new armies to be raised, they eloquently dwelt upon the calamities which had befallen the former, and demanded relief from the old burdens, when they were required to submit to new. The irritation which the chancellor's demand for money raised among the states, gave rise to a thousand complaints; and the outrages committed by the troops, in their marches and quarters, were dwelt upon with a startling minuteness and truth.

In the service of two absolute monarchs, Oxenstiern had but little opportunity to become accustomed to the formalities and cautious proceedings of republican deliberations, or to bear opposition with patience. Ready to act, the instant the necessity of action was apparent, and inflexible in his resolution, when he had once taken it, he was at a loss to comprehend the inconsistency of most men, who, while they desire the end, are yet averse to the means. Prompt and impetuous by nature, he was so on this occasion from principle; for every thing depended on concealing the weakness of Sweden, under a firm and confident speech, and by assuming the tone of a lawgiver, really to become so. It was nothing wonderful, therefore, if, amidst these interminable discussions with German doctors and deputies, he was entirely out of his sphere, and if the inconstancy, which distinguishes the character of the Germans in their public deliberations, had driven him almost to despair. Without respecting a custom, to which even the most powerful of the emperors had been obliged to conform, he rejected all written deliberations which suited so well with the national slowness of resolve. He could not conceive how ten days could be spent in debating a measure, which with himself was de-

cided upon its bare suggestion. Harshly, however, as he treated the States, he found them ready enough to assent to his fourth motion, which concerned himself. When he pointed out the necessity of giving a head and a director to the new confederation, that honor was unanimously assigned to Sweden, and he himself was humbly requested to give to the common cause the benefit of his enlightened experience, and to take upon himself the burden of the supreme command. But in order to prevent his abusing the great powers thus conferred upon him, it was proposed, not without French influence, to appoint a number of overseers, in fact, under the name of assistants, to control the expenditure of the common treasure, and to consult with him as to the levies, marches, and quarterings of the troops. Oxenstiern long and strenuously resisted this limitation of his authority, which could not fail to trammel him in the execution of every enterprise requiring promptitude or secrecy, and at last succeeded, with difficulty, in obtaining so far a modification of it, that his management in affairs of war was to be uncontrolled. The chancellor finally approached the delicate point of the indemnification which Sweden was to expect, at the conclusion of the war, from the gratitude of the allies, and flattered himself with the hope that Pomerania, the main object of Sweden, would be assigned to her, and that he would obtain from the provinces, assurances of effectual co-operation in its acquisition. But he could obtain nothing more than a vague assurance, that in a general peace the interests of all parties would be attended to. That on this point, the caution of the estates was not owing to any regard for the constitution of the empire, became manifest from the liberality they evinced toward the chancellor, at the expense of the free cities of the empire. They were ready to grant him the archbishopric of Mentz, (which he already held as a conquest,) and only with difficulty did the French ambassador succeed in preventing a step, which was as impolitic as it was disgraceful. Though on the whole, the result of the congress had fallen far short of Oxenstiern's expectations, he had at least gained for himself and his crown his main object, namely, the direction of the whole confederacy; he had also succeeded in strengthening the bond of union between the four upper circles, and obtained from the states a yearly contribution of two millions and a half of dollars, for the maintenance of the army.

These concessions on the part of the States, demanded some return from Sweden. A few weeks after the death of Gustavus Adolphus, sorrow ended the days of the unfortunate Elector Palatine. For eight months he had swelled the pomp of his protector's court, and expended on it the small remainder of his patrimony. He was, at last, approaching the goal of his wishes, and the prospect of a brighter future was opening, when death deprived him of his protector. But what he regarded as the greatest calamity, was highly favorable to his heirs. Gustavus might venture to delay the restoration of his dominions, or to load the gift with hard conditions; but Oxenstiern, to whom the friendship of England, Holland, and Brandenburg, and the good opinion of the Reformed States

was indispensable, felt the necessity of immediately fulfilling the obligations of justice. At this assembly, at Heilbronn, therefore, he engaged to surrender to Frederick's heirs the whole Palatinate, both the part already conquered, and that which remained to be conquered, with the exception of Mannheim, which the Swedes were to hold, until they should be indemnified for their expenses. The chancellor did not confine his liberality to the family of the Palatine alone; the other allied princes received proofs, though at a later period, of the gratitude of Sweden, which, however, she dispensed a little cost to herself.

Impartiality, the most sacred obligation of the historian, here compels us to an admission, not much to the honor of the champions of German liberty. However the Protestant Princes might boast of the justice of their cause, and the sincerity of their conviction, still the motives from which they acted were selfish enough; and the desire of stripping others of their possessions, had at least as great a share in the commencement of hostilities, as the fear of being deprived of their own. Gustavus soon found that he might reckon much more on these selfish motives, than on their patriotic zeal, and did not fail to avail himself of them. Each of his confederates received from him the promise of some possession, either already wrested, or to be afterward taken from the enemy; and death alone prevented him from fulfilling these engagements. What prudence had suggested to the king, necessity now prescribed to his successor. If it was his object to continue the war, he must be ready to divide the spoil among the allies, and promise them advantages from the confusion which it was his object to continue. Thus he promised to the Landgrave of Hesse, the abbacies of Paderborn, Corvey, Munster, and Fulda; to Duke Bernard of Weimar, the Franconian bishoprics; to the Duke of Wirtemberg, the ecclesiastical domains, and the Austrian counties lying within his territories, all under the title of fiefs of Sweden. This spectacle, so strange and so dishonorable to the German character, surprised the chancellor, who found it difficult to repress his contempt, and on one occasion exclaimed, "Let it be writ in our records, for an everlasting memorial, that a German prince made such a request of a Swedish nobleman, and that the Swedish nobleman granted it to the German upon German ground!"

After these successful measures, he was in a condition to take the field and prosecute the war with fresh vigor. Soon after the victory at Lutzen, the troops of Saxony and Luneburg united with the Swedish main body; and the Imperialists were, in a short time, totally driven from Saxony. The united army again divided: the Saxons marched toward Lusatia and Silesia, to act in conjunction with Count Thurn against the Austrians in that quarter; a part of the Swedish army was led by the Duke of Weimar into Franconia, and the other by George, Duke of Brunswick, into Westphalia and Lower Saxony.

The conquests on the Lech and the Danube, during Gustavus's expedition into Saxony, had been maintained by the Palatine of Birkenfeld, and the Swedish General Banner, against the Bava-

rians; but unable to hold their ground against the victorious progress of the latter, supported as they were by the bravery and military experience of the Imperial General Altringer, they were under the necessity of summoning the Swedish General Horn to their assistance, from Alsace. This experienced general having captured the towns of Benfeld, Schlettstadt, Colmar, and Hagenau, committed the defense of them to the Rhinegrave Otto Louis, and hastily crossed the Rhine to form a junction with Banner's army. But although the combined force amounted to more than 16,000, they could not prevent the enemy from obtaining a strong position on the Swabian frontier, taking Kempten, and being joined by seven regiments from Bohemia. In order to retain the command of the important banks of the Lech and the Danube, they were under the necessity of recalling the Rhinegrave Otto Louis from Alsace, where he had, after the departure of Horn, found it difficult to defend himself against the exasperated peasantry. With his army he was now summoned to strengthen the army on the Danube; and as even this reinforcement was insufficient, Duke Bernard of Weimar was earnestly pressed to turn his arms into this quarter.

Duke Bernard, soon after the opening of the campaign of 1633, had made himself master of the town and territory of Bamberg, and was now threatening Wurtzburg. But on receiving the summons of General Horn, without delay he began his march toward the Danube, defeated on his way a Bavarian army under John de Werth, and joined the Swedes near Donauwerth. This numerous force, commanded by excellent generals, now threatened Bavaria with a fearful inroad. The bishopric of Eichstadt was completely overrun, and Ingolstadt was on the point of being delivered up by treachery to the Swedes. Altringer, fettered in his movements by the express order of the Duke of Friedland, and left without assistance from Bohemia, was unable to check the progress of the enemy. The most favorable circumstances combined to further the progress of the Swedish arms in this quarter, when the operations of the army were at once stopped by a mutiny among the officers.

All the previous successes in Germany were owing altogether to arms; the greatness of Gustavus himself was the work of the army, the fruit of their discipline, their bravery, and their persevering courage under numberless dangers and privations. However wisely his plans were laid in the cabinet, it was to the army ultimately that he was indebted for their execution; and the expanding designs of the general did but continually impose new burdens on the soldiers. All the decisive advantages of the war, had been violently gained by a barbarous sacrifice of the soldiers' lives in winter campaigns, forced marches, stormings, and pitched battles; for it was Gustavus's maxim never to decline a battle, so long as it cost him nothing but men. The soldiers could not long be kept ignorant of their own importance, and they justly demanded a share in the spoil which had been won by their own blood. Yet, frequently, they hardly received their pay; and the rapacity of individual generals, or the wants

of the state, generally swallowed up the greater part of the sums raised by contributions, or levied upon the conquered provinces. For all the privations he endured, the soldier had no other recompense than the doubtful chance either of plunder or promotion, in both of which he was often disappointed. During the life time of Gustavus Adolphus, the combined influences of fear and hope had suppressed any open complaint, but after his death, the murmurs were loud and universal; and the soldiery seized the most dangerous moment to impress their superiors with a sense of their importance. Two officers, Pfnhl and Mitschefal, notorious as restless characters, even during the king's life, set the example in the camp on the Danube, which in a few days was imitated by almost all the officers of the army. They solemnly bound themselves to obey no orders, till these arrears, now outstanding for months, and even years, should be paid up, and a gratuity, either in money or lands, made to each man, according to his services. "Immense sums," they said, "were daily raised by contributions, and all dissipated by a few. They were called out to serve amidst frost and snow, and no reward requited their incessant labors. The soldiers' excesses at Heilbronn had been blamed, but no one ever talked of their services. The world rung with the tidings of conquests and victories, but it was by their hands that they had been fought and won."

The number of the malcontents daily increased; and they even attempted by letters, (which were fortunately intercepted,) to seduce the armies on the Rhine and in Saxony. Neither the representations of Bernard of Weimar, nor the stern reproaches of his harsher associate in command, could suppress this mutiny, while the vehemence of Horn seemed only to increase the insolence of the insurgents. The conditions they insisted on were that certain towns should be assigned to each regiment for the payment of arrears. Four weeks were allowed to the Swedish Chancellor to comply with these demands; and in case of refusal, they announced that they would pay themselves, and never more draw a sword for Sweden.

These pressing demands, made at the very time when the military chest was exhausted, and credit at a low ebb, greatly embarrassed the chancellor. The remedy, he saw, must be found quickly, before the contagion should spread to the other troops, and he should be deserted by all his armies at once. Among all the Swedish generals, there was only one of sufficient authority and influence with the soldiers to put an end to this dispute. The Duke of Weimar was the favorite of the army, and his prudent moderation had won the good-will of the soldiers, while his military experience had excited their admiration. He now undertook the task of appeasing the discontented troops; but, aware of his importance, he embraced the opportunity to make advantageous stipulations for himself, and to make the embarrassment of the chancellor subservient to his own views.

Gustavus Adolphus had flattered him with the promise of the Duchy of Franconia, to be formed out of the Bishoprics of Wurtzburg and Bamberg,

and he now insisted on the performance of this pledge. He at the same time demanded the chief command, as generalissimo of Sweden. The abuse which the Duke of Weimar thus made of his influence, so irritated Oxenstiern, that, in the first moment of his displeasure, he gave him his dismissal from the Swedish service. But he soon thought better of it, and determined, instead of sacrificing so important a leader, to attach him to the Swedish interests at any cost. He therefore granted to him the Franconian bishoprics, as a fief of the Swedish crown, reserving, however, the two fortresses of Wurtzburg and Königshofen, which were to be garrisoned by the Swedes: and also engaged, in the name of the Swedish crown, to secure these territories to the duke. His demand of the supreme authority was evaded on some specious pretext. The duke did not delay to display his gratitude for this valuable grant and by his influence and activity soon restored tranquillity to the army. Large sums of money, and still more extensive estates, were divided among the officers, amounting in value to about five millions of dollars, and to which they had no other right but that of conquest. In the mean time, however, the opportunity for a great undertaking had been lost, and the united generals divided their forces to oppose the enemy in other quarters.

Gustavus Horn, after a short inroad into the Upper Palatinate, and the capture of Neumark, directed his march toward the Swabian frontier, where the Imperialists, strongly reinforced, threatened Wirtemberg. Alarmed at his approach, the enemy retired to the Lake of Bode, but only to show the Swedes the road into a district hitherto unvisited by war. A post on the entrance to Switzerland would be highly serviceable to the Swedes, and the town of Kostnitz seemed peculiarly well fitted to be a point of communication between him and the confederated cantons. Accordingly, Gustavus Horn immediately commenced the siege of it; but destitute of artillery, for which he was obliged to send to Wirtemberg, he could not press the attack with sufficient vigor to prevent the enemy from throwing supplies into the town, which the lake afforded them convenient opportunity of doing. He, therefore, after an ineffectual attempt, quitted the place and its neighborhood, and hastened to meet a more threatening danger upon the Danube.

At the Emperor's instigation, the Cardinal Infante, the brother of Philip IV. of Spain, and the Viceroy of Milan, had raised an army of fourteen thousand men, intended to act upon the Rhine, independently of Wallenstein, and to protect Alsace. This force now appeared in Bavaria, under the command of the Duke of Feria, a Spaniard; and, that they might be directly employed against the Swedes, Altringer was ordered to join them with his corps. Upon the first intelligence of their approach, Horn had summoned to his assistance the Palsgrave of Birkenfeld, from the Rhine; and being joined by him at Stockach, boldly advanced to meet the enemy's army of thirty thousand men.

The latter had taken the route across the Danube into Swabia, where Gustavus Horn came so close upon them, that the two armies were only

separated from each other by half a German mile. But instead of accepting the offer of battle, the Imperialists moved by the Black Forest toward Breslau and Alsace, where they arrived in time to relieve Breysack, and to arrest the victorious progress of the Rhinegrave, Otto Louis. The latter had, shortly before, taken the Forest towns, and, supported by the Palatine of Birkenfeld, who had liberated the Lower Palatinate and beaten the Duke of Lorraine out of the field, had once more given the superiority to the Swedish arms in that quarter. He was now forced to retire before the superior numbers of the enemy; but Horn and Birkenfeld quickly advanced to his support, and the Imperialists, after a brief triumph, were again expelled from Alsace. The severity of the autumn, in which this hapless retreat had to be conducted, proved fatal to most of the Italians; and their leader, the Duke of Feria, died of grief at the failure of his enterprise.

In the mean time, Duke Bernard of Weimar had taken up his position on the Danube, with eighteen regiments of infantry and one hundred and forty squadrons of horse, to cover Franconia, and to watch the movements of the Imperial Bavarian army upon that river. No sooner had Altringer departed, to join the Italians under Feria, than Bernard, profiting by his absence, hastened across the Danube, and with the rapidity of lightning appeared before Ratisbon. The possession of this town would insure the success of the Swedish designs upon Bavaria and Austria; it would establish them firmly on the Danube, and provide a safe refuge in case of defeat, while it alone could give permanence to their conquests in that quarter. To defend Ratisbon, was the urgent advice which the dying Tilly left to the Elector; and Gustavus Adolphus had lamented it as an irreparable loss, that the Bavarians had anticipated him in taking possession of this place. Indescribable, therefore, was the consternation of Maximilian, when Duke Bernard suddenly appeared before the town, and prepared in earnest to besiege it.

The garrison consisted of not more than fifteen companies, mostly newly-raised soldiers; although that number was more than sufficient to weary out an enemy of far superior force, if supported by well-disposed and warlike inhabitants. But this was the greatest danger which the Bavarian garrison had to contend against. The Protestant inhabitants of Ratisbon, equally jealous of their civil and religious freedom, had unwillingly submitted to the yoke of Bavaria, and had long looked with impatience for the appearance of a deliverer. Bernard's arrival before the walls filled them with lively joy; and there was much reason to fear that they would support the attempts of the besiegers without, by exciting a tumult within. In this perplexity, the Elector addressed the most pressing entreaties to the Emperor and the Duke of Friedland to assist him, were it only with five thousand men. Seven messengers in succession were dispatched by Ferdinand to Wallenstein, who promised immediate succors, and even announced to the Elector the near advance of twelve thousand men under Gallas; but at the same time forbade that general, under pain of death, to

march. Meanwhile the Bavarian commandant of Ratisbon, in the hope of speedy assistance, made the best preparations for defense, armed the Roman Catholic peasants, disarmed and carefully watched the Protestant citizens, lest they should attempt any hostile design against the garrison. But as no relief arrived, and the enemy's artillery incessantly battered the walls, he consulted his own safety, and that of the garrison, by an honorable capitulation, and abandoned the Bavarian officials and ecclesiastics to the conqueror's mercy.

The possession of Ratisbon, enlarged the projects of the duke, and Bavaria itself now appeared too narrow a field for his bold designs. He determined to penetrate to the frontiers of Austria, to arm the Protestant peasantry against the Emperor, and restore to them their religious liberty. He had already taken Straubingen, while another Swedish army was advancing successfully along the northern bank of the Danube. At the head of his Swedes, bidding defiance to the severity of the weather, he reached the mouth of the Iser, which he passed in the presence of the Bavarian General Werth, who was encamped on that river. Passau and Lintz trembled for their fate; the terrified Emperor redoubled his entreaties and commands to Wallenstein, to hasten with all speed to the relief of the hard-pressed Bavarians. But here the victorious Bernard, of his own accord, checked his career of conquest. Having in front of him the river Inn, guarded by a number of strong fortresses, and behind him two hostile armies, a disaffected country, and the river Iser, while his rear was covered by no tenable position, and no entrenchment could be made in the frozen ground, and threatened by the whole force of Wallenstein, who had at last resolved to march to the Danube, by a timely retreat he escaped the danger of being cut off from Ratisbon, and surrounded by the enemy. He hastened across the Iser to the Danube, to defend the conquests he had made in the Upper Palatinate against Wallenstein, and fully resolved not to decline a battle, if necessary, with that general. But Wallenstein, who was not disposed for any great exploits on the Danube, did not wait for his approach; and before the Bavarians could congratulate themselves on his arrival, he suddenly withdrew again into Bohemia. The duke thus ended his victorious campaign, and allowed his troops their well-earned repose in winter quarters upon an enemy's country.

While in Swabia the war was thus successfully conducted by Gustavus Horn, and on the Upper and Lower Rhine by the Palatine of Birkenfeld, Generals Baudissen, and the Rhinegrave Otto Louis, and by Duke Bernard on the Danube; the reputation of the Swedish arms was as gloriously sustained in Lower Saxony and Westphalia by the Duke of Luneberg and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. The fortress of Hamel was taken by Duke George, after a brave defense, and a brilliant victory obtained over the imperial General Gronsfeld, by the united Swedish and Hessian armies, near Oldendorf. Count Wassaburg, a natural son of Gustavus Adolphus, showed himself in this battle worthy of his descent. Sixteen

pieces of cannon, the whole baggage of the Imperialists, together with seventy-four colors, fell into the hands of the Swedes; three thousand of the enemy perished on the field, and nearly the same number were taken prisoners. The town of Osnaburg surrendered to the Swedish Colonel Knyphausen, and Paderborn to the Landgrave of Hesse; while, on the other hand, Bückeburg, a very important place for the Swedes, fell into the hands of the Imperialists. The Swedish banners were victorious in almost every quarter of Germany; and the year after the death of Gustavus, left no trace of the loss which had been sustained in the person of that great leader.

In a review of the important events which signalized the campaign of 1633, the inactivity of a man, of whom the highest expectations had been formed, justly excites astonishment. Among all the generals who distinguished themselves in this campaign, none could be compared with Wallenstein, in experience, talents, and reputation; and yet, after the battle of Lutzen, we lose sight of him entirely. The fall of his great rival had left the whole theatre of glory open to him; all Europe was now attentively awaiting those exploits, which should efface the remembrance of his defeat, and still prove to the world his military superiority. Nevertheless, he continued inactive in Bohemia, while the Emperor's losses in Bavaria, Lower Saxony, and the Rhine, pressing for his presence—a conduct equally unintelligible to friend and foe—the terror, and, at the same time, the last hope of the Emperor. After the defeat of Lutzen he had hastened into Bohemia, where he instituted the strictest inquiry into the conduct of his officers in that battle. Those whom the council of war declared guilty of misconduct, were put to death without mercy, those who had behaved with bravery, rewarded with princely munificence, and the memory of the dead honored by splendid monuments. During the winter, he oppressed the imperial provinces by enormous contributions, and exhausted the Austrian territories by his winter quarters, which he purposely avoided taking up in an enemy's country. And in the spring of 1633, instead of being the first to open the campaign, with this well-chosen and well-appointed army, and to make a worthy display of his great abilities, he was the last who appeared in the field; and even then, it was a hereditary province of Austria, which he selected as the seat of war.

Of all the Austrian provinces, Silesia was most exposed to danger. Three different armies, a Swedish under Count Thurn, a Saxon under Arnheim and the Duke of Lauenburg, and one of Brandenburg under Bergsdorf, had at the same time carried the war into this country; they had already taken possession of the most important places, and even Breslau had embraced the cause of the allies. But this crowd of commanders and armies was the very means of saving this province to the Emperor; for the jealousy of the generals, and the mutual hatred of the Saxons and the Swedes, never allowed them to act with unanimity. Arnheim and Thurn contended for the chief command; the troops of Brandenburg and Saxony combined against the Swedes, whom they

looked upon as troublesome strangers, who ought to be got rid of as soon as possible. The Saxons, on the contrary, lived on a very intimate footing with the Imperialists, and the officers of both these hostile armies visited and entertained each other. The Imperialists were allowed to remove their property without hindrance, and many did not affect to conceal that they had received vast sums from Vienna. Among such equivocal allies, the Swedes saw themselves sold and betrayed; and any great enterprise was out of the question, while so bad an understanding prevailed between the troops. General Arnheim, too, was absent the greater part of the time; and when he at last returned, Wallenstein was fast approaching the frontiers with a formidable force.

His army amounted to forty thousand men, while to oppose him the allies had only twenty-four thousand men. They nevertheless resolved to give him battle, and marched to Munsterberg, where he had formed an intrenched camp. But Wallenstein remained inactive for eight days; he then left his intrenchments, and marched slowly and with composure to the enemy's camp. But even after quitting his position, and when the enemy, emboldened by his past delay, manfully prepared to receive him, he declined the opportunity of fighting. The caution with which he avoided a battle was imputed to fear; but the well-established reputation of Wallenstein enabled him to despise this suspicion. The vanity of the allies allowed them not to see that he purposely saved them a defeat, because a victory at that time would not have served his own ends. To convince them of his superior power, and that his inactivity proceeded not from any fear of them, he put to death the commander of a castle that fell into his hands, because he had refused at once to surrender an untenable place.

For nine days, did the two armies remain within musket-shot of each other, when Count Terzky, from the camp of the Imperialists, appeared with a trumpeter in that of the allies, inviting General Arnheim to a conference. The purport was, that Wallenstein, notwithstanding his superiority, was willing to agree to a cessation of arms for six weeks. "He was come," he said, "to conclude a lasting peace with the Swedes, and with the princes of the empire, to pay the soldiers, and to satisfy every one. All this was in his power; and if the Austrian court hesitated to confirm his agreement, he would unite with the allies, and (as he privately whispered to Arnheim) hunt the Emperor to the devil." At the second conference, he expressed himself still more plainly to Count Thurn. "All the privileges of the Bohemians," he engaged, "should be confirmed anew, the exiles recalled and restored to their estates, and he himself would be the first to resign his share of them. The Jesuits, as the authors of all past grievances, should be banished, the Swedish crown indemnified by stated payments, and all the superfluous troops on both sides employed against the Turks." The last article explained the whole mystery. "If," he continued, "he should obtain the crown of Bohemia, all the exiles would have reason to applaud his generosity; perfect toleration of religions should be established within the kingdom, the

Palatine family be reinstated in its rights, and he would accept the Margraviate of Moravia as a compensation for Mecklenburg. The allied armies would then, under his command, advance upon Vienna, and sword in hand, compel the Emperor to ratify the treaty."

Thus was the veil at last removed from the schemes, over which he had brooded for years in mysterious silence. Every circumstance now convinced him that not a moment was to be lost in its execution. Nothing but a blind confidence in the good fortune and military genius of the Duke of Friedland, had induced the Emperor, in the face of the remonstrances of Bavaria and Spain, and at the expense of his own reputation, to confer upon this imperious leader such an unlimited command. But this belief in Wallenstein's being invincible, had been much weakened by his inaction, and almost entirely overthrown by the defeat at Lutzen. His enemies at the imperial court now renewed their intrigues; and the Emperor's disappointment at the failure of his hopes, procured for their remonstrances a favorable reception. Wallenstein's whole conduct was now reviewed with the most malicious criticism; his ambitious haughtiness, his disobedience to the Emperor's orders, were recalled to the recollection of that jealous prince, as well as the complaints of the Austrian subjects against his boundless oppression; his fidelity was questioned, and alarming hints thrown out as to his secret views. These insinuations, which the conduct of the duke seemed but too well to justify, failed not to make a deep impression on Ferdinand; but the step had been taken, and the great power with which Wallenstein had been invested, could not be taken from him without danger. Insensibly to diminish that power, was the only course that now remained, and, to effect this, it must in the first place be divided; but, above all, the Emperor's present dependence on the good will of his general put an end to. But even this right had been resigned in his engagement with Wallenstein, and the Emperor's own handwriting secured him against every attempt to unite another general with him in the command, or to exercise any immediate act of authority over the troops. As this disadvantageous contract could neither be kept nor broken, recourse was had to artifice. Wallenstein was Imperial Generalissimo in Germany, but his command extended no further, and he could not presume to exercise any authority over a foreign army. A Spanish army was accordingly raised in Milan, and marched into Germany under a Spanish general. Wallenstein now ceased to be indispensable because he was no longer supreme, and in case of necessity, the Emperor was now provided with the means of support even against him.

The duke quickly and deeply felt whence this blow came, and whither it was aimed. In vain did he protest against this violation of the compact, to the Cardinal Infaute; the Italian army continued its march, and he was forced to detach General Altringer to join it with a reinforcement. He took care, indeed, so closely to fetter the latter, as to prevent the Italian army from acquiring any great reputation in Alsace and Swabia; but this bold step of the court awakened him from his

security, and warned him of the approach of danger. That he might not a second time be deprived of his command, and lose the fruit of all his labors, he must accelerate the accomplishment of his long meditated designs. He secured the attachment of his troops by removing the doubtful officers, and by his liberality to the rest. He had sacrificed to the welfare of the army every other order in the state, every consideration of justice and humanity, and therefore he reckoned upon their gratitude. At the very moment when he meditated an unparalleled act of ingratitude against the author of his own good fortune, he founded all his hopes upon the gratitude which was due to himself.

The leaders of the Silesian armies had no authority from their principals to consent, on their own discretion, to such important proposals as those of Wallenstein, and they did not even feel themselves warranted in granting, for more than a fortnight, the cessation of hostilities which he demanded. Before the duke disclosed his designs to Sweden and Saxony, he had deemed it advisable to secure the sanction of France to his bold undertaking. For this purpose, a secret negotiation had been carried on with the greatest possible caution and distrust, by Count Kinsky with Feuquieres, the French ambassador at Dresden, and had terminated according to his wishes. Feuquieres received orders from his court to promise every assistance on the part of France, and to offer the duke a considerable pecuniary aid in case of need.

But it was this excessive caution to secure himself on all sides, that led to his ruin. The French ambassador with astonishment discovered that a plan, which, more than any other, required secrecy, had been communicated to the Swedes and the Saxons. And yet it was generally known that the Saxon ministry was in the interests of the Emperor, and on the other hand, the conditions offered to the Swedes fell too far short of their expectations to be likely to be accepted. Feuquieres, therefore, could not believe that the duke could be serious in calculating upon the aid of the latter, and the silence of the former. He communicated accordingly his doubts and anxieties to the Swedish chancellor, who equally distrusted the views of Wallenstein, and disliked his plans. Although it was no secret to Oxenstiern, that the duke had formerly entered into a similar negotiation with Gustavus Adolphus, he could not credit the possibility of inducing a whole army to revolt, and of his extravagant promises. So daring a design, and such imprudent conduct, seemed not to be consistent with the duke's reserved and suspicious temper, and he was the more inclined to consider the whole as the result of dissimulation and treachery, because he had less reason to doubt his prudence than his honesty.

Oxenstiern's doubts at last affected Arnheim himself, who, in full confidence in Wallenstein's sincerity, had repaired to the chancellor at Gelnhausen, to persuade him to lend some of his best regiments to the duke, to aid him in the execution of the plan. They began to suspect that the whole proposal was only a snare to disarm the allies, and to betray the flower of their troops into

the hands of the Emperor. Wallenstein's well-known character did not contradict the suspicion, and the inconsistencies in which he afterward involved himself, entirely destroyed all confidence in his sincerity. While he was endeavoring to draw the Swedes into this alliance, and requiring the help of their best troops, he declared to Arnheim that they must begin with expelling the Swedes from the empire; and while the Saxon officers, relying upon the security of the truce, repaired in great numbers to his camp, he made an unsuccessful attempt to seize them. He was the first to break the truce, which some months afterward he renewed, though not without great difficulty. All confidence in his sincerity was lost; his whole conduct was regarded as a tissue of deceit and low cunning, devised to weaken the allies and repair his own strength. This indeed he actually did effect, as his own army daily augmented, while that of the allies was reduced nearly one half by desertion and bad provisions. But he did not make that use of his superiority which Vienna expected. When all men were looking for a decisive blow to be struck, he suddenly renewed the negotiations; and when the truce lulled the allies into security, he as suddenly recommenced hostilities. All these contradictions arose out of the double and irreconcilable designs to ruin at once the Emperor and the Swedes, and to conclude a separate peace with the Saxons.

Impatient at the ill success of his negotiations, he at last determined to display his strength; the more so, as the pressing distress within the empire, and the growing dissatisfaction of the Imperial court, admitted not of his making any longer delay. Before the last cessation of hostilities, General Holk, from Bohemia, had attacked the circle of Meissen, laid waste every thing on his route with fire and sword, driven the Elector into his fortresses, and taken the town of Leipzig. But the truce in Bohemia put a period to his ravages, and the consequences of his excesses brought him to the grave at Adorf. As soon as hostilities were recommenced, Wallenstein made a movement, as if he designed to penetrate through Lusatia into Saxony, and circulated the report that Piccolomini had already invaded that country. Arnheim immediately broke up his camp in Silesia, to follow him, and hastened to the assistance of the Electorate. By this means the Swedes were left exposed, who were encamped in small force under Count Thurn, at Steinau, on the Oder, and this was exactly what Wallenstein desired. He allowed the Saxon general to advance sixteen miles toward Meissen, and then suddenly turning toward the Oder, surprised the Swedish army in the most complete security. Their cavalry was first beaten by General Schafgotsch, who was sent against them, and the infantry completely surrounded at Steinau by the duke's army which followed. Wallenstein gave Count Thurn half an hour to deliberate whether he would defend himself with two thousand five hundred men, against more than twenty thousand, or surrender at discretion. But there was no room for deliberation. The army surrendered, and the most complete victory was obtained with-

out bloodshed. Colors, baggage, and artillery, all fell into the hands of the victors, the officers were taken into custody, the privates drafted into the army of Wallenstein. And now at last, after a banishment of fourteen years, after numberless changes of fortune, the author of the Bohemian insurrection, and the remote origin of this destructive war, the notorious Count Thurn, was in the power of his enemies. With blood-thirsty impatience, the arrival of this great criminal was looked for in Vienna, where they already anticipated the malicious triumph of sacrificing so distinguished a victim to public justice. But to deprive the Jesuits of this pleasure, was a still sweeter triumph to Wallenstein, and Thurn was set at liberty. Fortunately for him, he knew more than it was prudent to have divulged in Vienna, and his enemies were also those of Wallenstein. A defeat might have been forgiven in Vienna, but this disappointment of their hopes they could not pardon. "What should I have done with this madman?" he writes, with a malicious sneer, to the minister who called him to account for this unseasonable magnanimity. "Would to Heaven the enemy had no generals but such as he. At the head of the Swedish army, he will render us much better service than in prison."

The victory of Steinau was followed by the capture of Leignitz, Grossglogau, and even of Frankfort on the Oder. Schafgotsch, who remained in Silesia to complete the subjugation of that province, blockaded Brieg, and threatened Breslau, though in vain, as that free town was jealous of its privileges, and devoted to the Swedes. Colonels Illo and Goetz were ordered by Wallenstein to the Warta, to push forward into Pomerania, and to the coasts of the Baltic, and actually obtained possession of Landsberg, the key of Pomerania. While thus the Elector of Brandenburg and the Duke of Pomerania were made to tremble for their dominions, Wallenstein himself, with the remainder of his army, burst suddenly into Lusatia, where he took Goerlitz by storm, and forced Bautzen to surrender. But his object was merely to alarm the Elector of Saxony, not to follow up the advantages already obtained; and therefore, even with the sword in his hand, he continued his negotiations for peace with Brandenburg and Saxony, but with no better success than before, as the inconsistencies of his conduct had destroyed all confidence in his sincerity. He was therefore on the point of turning his whole force in earnest against the unfortunate Saxons, and effecting his object by force of arms, when circumstances compelled him to leave these territories. The conquests of Duke Bernard upon the Danube, which threatened Austria itself with immediate danger, urgently demanded his presence in Bavaria; and the expulsion of the Saxons and Swedes from Silesia, deprived him of every pretext for longer resisting the Imperial orders, and leaving the Elector of Bavaria without assistance. With his main body, therefore, he immediately set out for the Upper Palatinate, and his retreat freed Saxony forever of this formidable enemy.

So long as was possible, he had delayed to move to the rescue of Bavaria, and on every pretext

evaded the commands of the Emperor. He had, indeed, after reiterated remonstrances, dispatched from Bohemia a reinforcement of some regiments to Count Altringer, who was defending the Lech and the Danube against Horn and Bernard, but under the express condition of his acting merely on the defensive. He referred the Emperor and the Elector, whenever they applied to him for aid, to Altringer, who, as he publicly gave out, had received unlimited powers; secretly, however, he tied up his hands by the strictest injunctions, and even threatened him with death if he exceeded his orders. When Duke Bernard had appeared before Ratisbon, and the Emperor as well as the Elector repeated still more urgently their demand for succour, he pretended he was about to dispatch General Gallas with a considerable army to the Danube; but this movement also was delayed, and Ratisbon, Saubingen, and Cham, as well as the bishopric of Eichstadt, fell into the hands of the Swedes. When at last he could no longer neglect the orders of the Court, he marched slowly toward the Bavarian frontier, where he recovered the town of Cham, which had been taken by the Swedes. But no sooner did he learn that on the Swedish side a diversion was contemplated, by an inroad of the Saxons into Bohemia, than he availed himself of the report, as a pretext for immediately retreating into that kingdom. Every consideration, he urged, must be postponed to the defense and preservation of the hereditary dominions of the Emperor; and on this plea, he remained firmly fixed in Bohemia, which he guarded as if it had been his own property. And when the Emperor laid upon him his commands to move toward the Danube, and prevent the Duke of Weimar from establishing himself in so dangerous a position on the frontiers of Austria, Wallenstein thought proper to conclude the campaign a second time, and quartered his troops for the winter in this exhausted kingdom.

Such continued insolence and unexampled contempt of the Imperial orders, as well as obvious neglect of the common cause, joined to his equivocal behavior toward the enemy, tended at last to convince the Emperor of the truth of those unfavorable reports with regard to the duke, which were current through Germany. The latter had, for a long time, succeeded in glozing over his criminal correspondence with the enemy, and persuading the Emperor, still prepossessed in his favor, that the sole object of his secret conferences was to obtain peace for Germany. But impenetrable as he himself believed his proceedings to be, in the course of his conduct, enough transpired to justify the insinuations with which his rivals incessantly loaded the ear of the Emperor. In order to satisfy himself of the truth or falsehood of these rumors, Ferdinand had already, at different times, sent spies into Wallenstein's camp; but as the duke took the precaution never to commit any thing to writing, they returned with nothing but conjectures. But when, at last, those ministers who formerly had been his champions at the court, in consequence of their estates not being exempted by Wallenstein from the general exactions, joined his enemies; when the Elector of Bavaria threatened, in case of Wallenstein being any longer re-

tained in the supreme command, to unite with the Swedes; when the Spanish ambassador insisted on his dismissal, and threatened, in case of refusal, to withdraw the subsidies furnished by his Crown, the Emperor found himself a second time compelled to deprive him of the command.

The Emperor's authoritative and direct interference with the army, soon convinced the duke that the compact with himself was regarded as at an end, and that his dismissal was inevitable. One of his inferior generals in Austria, whom he had forbidden, under pain of death, to obey the orders of the court, received the positive commands of the Emperor to join the Elector of Bavaria; and Wallenstein himself was imperiously ordered to send some regiments to reinforce the army of the Cardinal Infante, who was on his march from Italy. All these measures convinced him that the plan was finally arranged to disarm him by degrees, and at once, when he was weak and defenseless, to complete his ruin.

In self-defense, must he now hasten to carry into execution the plans which he had originally formed only with the view of aggrandizement. He had delayed too long, either because the favorable configuration of the stars had not yet presented itself, or, as he used to say, to check the impatience of his friends, because *the time was not yet come*. The time, even now, was not come: but the pressure of circumstances no longer allowed him to await the favor of the stars. The first step was to assure himself of the sentiments of his principal officers, and then to try the attachment of the army, which he had so long confidently reckoned on. Three of them, Colonels Kinsky, Terzky, and Illo, had long been in his secrets, and the two first were further united to his interests by the ties of relationship. The same wild ambition, the same bitter hatred of the government, and the hope of enormous rewards, bound them in the closest manner to Wallenstein, who, to increase the number of his adherents, could stoop to the lowest means. He had once advised Colonel Illo to solicit, in Vienna, the title of Count, and had promised to back his application with his powerful mediation. But he secretly wrote to the ministry, advising them to refuse his request, as to grant it would give rise to similar demands from others, whose services and claims were equal to his. On Illo's return to the camp, Wallenstein immediately demanded to know the success of his mission; and when informed by Illo of its failure, he broke out into the bitterest complaints against the court. "Thus," said he, "are our faithful services rewarded. My recommendation is disregarded, and your merit denied so trifling a reward! Who would any longer devote his services to so ungrateful a master? No, for my part, I am henceforth the determined foe of Austria." Illo agreed with him, and a close alliance was cemented between them.

But what was known to these three confidants of the duke was long an impenetrable secret to the rest; and the confidence with which Wallenstein spoke of the devotion of his officers, was founded merely on the favors he had lavished on them, and on their known dissatisfaction with the Court. But this vague presumption must be converted into certainty, before he could venture to lay aside

the mask, or take any open step against the Emperor. Count Piccolomini, who had distinguished himself by his unparalleled bravery at Lutzen, was the first whose fidelity he put to the proof. He had, he thought, gained the attachment of this general by large presents, and preferred him to all others, because born under the same constellations with himself. He disclosed to him, that, in consequence of the Emperor's ingratitude, and the near approach of his own danger, he had irrevocably determined entirely to abandon the party of Austria, to join the enemy with the best part of his army, and to make war upon the House of Austria, on all sides of its dominions, till he had wholly extirpated it. In the execution of this plan, he principally reckoned on the services of Piccolomini, and had beforehand promised him the greatest rewards. When the latter, to conceal his amazement at this extraordinary communication, spoke of the dangers and obstacles which would oppose so hazardous an enterprize, Wallenstein ridiculed his fears. "In such enterprizes," he maintained, "nothing was difficult but the commencement. The stars were propitious to him, the opportunity the best that could be wished for, and something must be always trusted to fortune. His resolution was taken, and if it could not be otherwise, he would encounter the hazard at the head of a thousand horse." Piccolomini was careful not to excite Wallenstein's suspicions by longer opposition, and yielded apparently to the force of his reasoning. Such was the infatuation of the duke, that notwithstanding the warnings of Count Terzky, he never doubted the sincerity of this man, who lost not a moment in communicating to the court of Vienna this important conversation.

Preparatory to taking the last decisive step, he, in January, 1634, called a meeting of all the commanders of the army at Pilsen, whither he had marched after his retreat from Bavaria. The Emperor's recent orders to spare his hereditary dominions from winter quarterings, to recover Ratisbon in the middle of winter, and to reduce the army by a detachment of six thousand horse to the Cardinal Infante, were matters sufficiently grave to be laid before a council of war; and this plausible pretext served to conceal from the curious the real object of the meeting. Sweden and Saxony received invitations to be present, in order to treat with the Duke of Friedland for a peace; to the leaders of more distant armies, written communications were made. Of the commanders thus summoned, twenty appeared; but three most influential, Gallas, Colloredo and Altringer, were absent. The Duke reiterated his summons to them, and in the mean time, in expectation of their speedy arrival, proceeded to execute his designs.

It was no light task that he had to perform: a nobleman, proud, brave, and jealous of his honor, was to declare himself capable of the basest treachery, in the very presence of those who had been accustomed to regard him as the representative of majesty, the judge of their actions, and the supporter of their laws, and to show himself suddenly as a traitor, a cheat, and a rebel. It was no easy task, either, to shake to its foundations a legitimate sovereignty, strengthened by time and

consecrated by laws and religion; to dissolve all the charms of the senses and the imagination, those formidable guardians of an established throne, and to attempt forcibly to uproot those invincible feelings of duty, which plead so loudly and so powerfully in the breast of the subject, in favor of his sovereign. But, blinded by the splendor of a crown, Wallenstein observed not the precipice that yawned beneath his feet; and in full reliance on his own strength, the common case with energetic and daring minds, he stopped not to consider the magnitude and the number of the difficulties that opposed him. Wallenstein saw nothing but an army, partly indifferent and partly exasperated against the court, accustomed, with a blind submission, to do homage to his great name, to bow to him as their legislator and judge, and with trembling reverence to follow his orders as the decrees of fate. In the extravagant flatteries which were paid to his omnipotence, in the bold abuse of the court government, in which a lawless soldiery indulged, and which the wild license of the camp excused, he thought he read the sentiments of the army; and the boldness with which they were ready to censure the monarch's measures, passed with him for a readiness to renounce their allegiance to a sovereign so little respected. But that which he had regarded as the lightest matter, proved the most formidable obstacle with which he had to contend; the soldiers' feelings of allegiance were the rock on which his hopes were wrecked. Deceived by the profound respect in which he was held by these lawless bands, he ascribed the whole to his own personal greatness, without distinguishing how much he owed to himself, and how much to the dignity with which he was invested. All trembled before him, while he exercised a legitimate authority, while obedience to him was a duty, and while his consequence was supported by the majesty of the sovereign. Greatness, in and of itself, may excite terror and admiration; but legitimate greatness alone can inspire reverence and submission; and of this decisive advantage he deprived himself, the instant he avowed himself a traitor.

Field-Marshal Illo undertook to learn the sentiments of the officers, and to prepare them for the step which was expected of them. He began by laying before them the new orders of the court to the general and the army; and by the obnoxious turn he skillfully gave to them, he found it easy to excite the indignation of the assembly. After this well chosen introduction, he expatiated with much eloquence upon the merits of the army and the general, and the ingratitude with which the Emperor was accustomed to requite them. Spanish influence, he maintained, governed the court; the ministry were in the pay of Spain; the Duke of Friedland alone had hitherto opposed this tyranny, and had thus drawn down upon himself the deadly enmity of the Spaniards. To remove him from the command, or to make away with him entirely, he continued, had long been the end of their desires; and, until they could succeed in one or other, they endeavored to abridge his power in the field. The command was to be placed in the hands of the King of Hungary, for no other reason than the better to

promote the Spanish power in Germany; because this prince, as the ready instrument of foreign counsels, might be led at pleasure. It was merely with the view of weakening the army, that the six thousand troops were required for the Cardinal Infante; it was solely for the purpose of harassing it by a winter campaign, that they were now called on, in this inhospitable season, to undertake the recovery of Ratisbon. The means of subsistence were everywhere rendered difficult, while the Jesuits and the ministry enriched themselves with the sweat of the provinces, and squandered the money intended for the pay of the troops. The general, abandoned by the court, acknowledges his inability to keep his engagements to the army. For all the services which, for two and twenty years, he had rendered the House of Austria; for all the difficulties with which he had struggled; for all the treasures of his own, which he had expended in the imperial service, a second disgraceful dismissal awaited him. But he was resolved the matter should not come to this; he was determined voluntarily to resign the command, before it should be wrested from his hands; and this, continued the orator, is what, through me, he now makes known to his officers. It was now for them to say whether it would be advisable to lose such a general. Let each consider who was to refund him the sums he had expended in the Emperor's service, and where he was now to reap the reward of their bravery, when he who was their evidence removed from the scene."

A universal cry, that they would not allow their general to be taken from them, interrupted the speaker. Four of the principal officers were deputed to lay before him the wish of the assembly, and earnestly to request that he would not leave the army. The duke made a show of resistance, and only yielded after the second deputation. This concession on his side, seemed to demand a return on theirs; as he engaged not to quit the service without the knowledge and consent of the generals, he required of them, on the other hand, a written promise to truly and firmly adhere to him, neither to separate nor to allow themselves to be separated from him, and to shed their last drop of blood in his defense. Whoever should break this covenant, was to be regarded as a perfidious traitor, and treated by the rest as a common enemy. The express condition which was added, "*As long as Wallenstein shall employ the army in the Emperor's service,*" seemed to exclude all misconception, and none of the assembled generals hesitated at once to accede to a demand, apparently so innocent and so reasonable.

This document was publicly read before an entertainment, which Field-Marshal Illo had expressly prepared for the purpose; it was to be signed, after they rose from table. The host did his utmost to stupefy his guests by strong potations; and it was not until he saw them affected with the wine, that he produced the paper for signature. Most of them wrote their names, without knowing what they were subscribing; a few only, more curious or more distrustful, read the paper over again, and discovered with astonishment that the clause "*as long as Wallenstein*

shall employ the army for the Emperor's service," was omitted. Illo had, in fact, artfully contrived to substitute for the first another copy, in which these words were wanting. The trick was manifest, and many refused now to sign. Piccolomini, who had seen through the whole cheat, and had been present at this scene merely with the view of giving information of the whole to the court, forgot himself so far in his cups as to drink the Emperor's health. But Count Terzky now rose, and declared that all were perjured villains who should recede from their engagement. His menaces, the idea of the inevitable danger to which they who resisted any longer would be exposed, the example of the rest, and Illo's rhetoric, at last overcame their scruples; and the paper was signed by all without exception.

Wallenstein had now effected his purpose; but the unexpected resistance he had met with from the commanders roused him at last from the fond illusions in which he had hitherto indulged. Besides, most of the names were scrawled so illegibly, that some deceit was evidently intended. But instead of being recalled to his discretion by this warning, he gave vent to his injured pride in undignified complaints and reproaches. He assembled the generals next day, and undertook personally to confirm the whole tenor of the agreement which Illo had submitted to them the day before. After pouring out the bitterest reproaches and abuse against the court, he reminded them of their opposition to the proposition of the previous day, and declared that this circumstance had induced him to retract his own promise. The generals withdrew in silence and confusion; but after a short consultation in the antechamber, they returned to apologize for their late conduct, and offered to sign the paper anew.

Nothing now remained, but to obtain a similar assurance from the absent generals, or, on their refusal, to seize their persons. Wallenstein renewed his invitation to them, and earnestly urged them to hasten their arrival. But a rumor of the doings at Pilsen reached them on their journey, and suddenly stopped their further progress. Altringer, on pretense of sickness, remained in the strong fortress of Frauenberg. Gallas made his appearance, but merely with the design of better qualifying himself as an eyewitness, to keep the Emperor informed of all Wallenstein's proceedings. The intelligence which he and Piccolomini gave, at once converted the suspicions of the court into an alarming certainty. Similar disclosures, which were at the same time made from other quarters, left no room for further doubt; and the sudden change of the commanders in Austria and Silesia, appeared to be the prelude to some important enterprise. The danger was pressing, and the remedy must be speedy, but the court was unwilling to proceed at once to the execution of the sentence, till the regular forms of justice were complied with. Secret instructions were therefore issued to the principal officers, on whose fidelity reliance could be placed, to seize the persons of the Duke of Friedland and of his two associates, Illo and Terzky, and keep them in close confinement, till they should have an opportunity of being heard, and of answering for their

conduct; but if this could not be accomplished quietly, the public danger required that they should be taken dead or alive. At the same time, General Gallas received a patent commission, by which these orders of the Emperor were made known to the colonels and officers, and the army was released from its obedience to the traitor, and placed under Lieutenant-General Gallas, till a new generalissimo could be appointed. In order to bring back the seduced and deluded to their duty, and not to drive the guilty to despair, a general amnesty was proclaimed, in regard to all offenses against the imperial majesty committed at Pilsen.

General Gallas was not pleased with the honor which was done him. He was at Pilsen, under the eye of the person whose fate he was to dispose of; in the power of an enemy, who had a hundred eyes to watch his motions. If Wallenstein once discovered the secret of his commission, nothing could save him from the effects of his vengeance and despair. But if it was thus dangerous to be the secret depositary of such a commission, how much more so to execute it? The sentiments of the generals were uncertain; and it was at least doubtful whether, after the step they had taken, they would be ready to trust the Emperor's promises, and at once to abandon the brilliant expectations they had built upon Wallenstein's enterprise. It was also hazardous to attempt to lay hands on the person of the man who, till now, had been considered inviolable; who from long exercise of supreme power and from habitual obedience, had become the object of deepest respect: who was invested with every attribute of outward majesty and inward greatness; whose very aspect inspired terror, and who by a nod disposed of life and death! To seize such a man, like a common criminal, in the midst of the guards by whom he was surrounded, and in a city apparently devoted to him; to convert the object of this deep and habitual veneration into a subject of compassion, or of contempt, was a commission calculated to make even the boldest hesitate. So deeply was fear and veneration for their general engraven in the breasts of the soldiers, that even the atrocious crime of high treason could not wholly eradicate these sentiments.

Gallas perceived the impossibility of executing his commission under the eyes of the duke; and his most anxious wish was, before venturing on any steps, to have an interview with Altringer. As the long absence of the latter had already begun to excite the duke's suspicions, Gallas offered to repair in person to Frauenberg, and to prevail on Altringer, his relation, to return with him. Wallenstein was so pleased with this proof of his zeal, that he even lent him his own equipage for journey. Rejoicing at the success of his stratagem, he left Pilsen without delay, leaving to Count Piccolomini the task of watching Wallenstein's further movements. He did not fail, as he went along, to make use of the imperial patent, and the sentiments of the troops proved more favorable than he had expected. Instead of taking back his friend to Pilsen, he despatched him to Vienna, to warn the Emperor against the intended attack, while he himself repaired to Upper Austria, of

which the safety was threatened by the near approach of Duke Bernard. In Bohemia, the towns of Budweiss and Tabor were again garrisoned for the Emperor, and every precaution taken to oppose with energy the designs of the traitor.

As Gallas did not appear disposed to return, Piccolomini determined to put Wallenstein's credulity once more to the test. He begged to be sent to bring back Gallas, and Wallenstein suffered himself to be a second time overreached. This inconceivable blindness can only be accounted for as the result of his pride, which never retracted the opinion it had once formed of any person, and would not acknowledge, even to itself, the possibility of being deceived. He conveyed Count Piccolomini in his own carriage to Lintz, where the latter immediately followed the example of Gallas, and even went a step further. He had promised the duke to return. He did so, but it was at the head of an army, intending to surprise the duke in Pilsen. Another army under General Suys hastened to Prague, to secure that capital in its allegiance, and to defend it against the rebels. Gallas, at the same time, announced himself to the different imperial armies as the commander-in-chief, from whom they were henceforth to receive orders. Placards were circulated through all the imperial camps, denouncing the duke and his four confidants, and absolving the soldiers from all obedience to him.

The example which had been set at Lintz, was universally followed; imprecations were showered on the traitor, and he was forsaken by all the armies. At last, when even Piccolomini returned no more, the mist fell from Wallenstein's eyes, and in consternation he awoke from his dream. Yet his faith in the truth of astrology, and in the fidelity of the army was unshaken. Immediately after the intelligence of Piccolomini's defection, he issued orders, that in future no commands were to be obeyed, which did not proceed directly from himself, or from Terzky, or Illo. He prepared, in all haste, to advance upon Prague, where he intended to throw off the mask, and openly to declare against the Emperor. All the troops were to assemble before that city, and from thence to pour down with rapidity upon Austria. Duke Bernard, who had joined the conspiracy, was to support the operations of the duke, with the Swedish troops, and to effect a diversion upon the Danube.

Terzky was already upon his march toward Prague: and nothing, but the want of horses, prevented the duke from following him with the regiments who still adhered faithfully to him. But when, with the most anxious expectation, he awaited the intelligence from Prague, he suddenly received information of the loss of that town, the defection of his generals, the desertion of his troops, the discovery of his whole plot, and the rapid advance of Piccolomini, who was sworn to his destruction. Suddenly and fearfully had all his projects been ruined—all his hopes annihilated. He stood alone, abandoned by all to whom he had been a benefactor, betrayed by all on whom he had depended. But it is under such circumstances that great minds reveal themselves. Though deceived in all his expectations, he refused to aban-

don one of his designs; he despaired of nothing, so long as life remained. The time was now come, when he absolutely required that assistance, which he had so often solicited from the Swedes and the Saxons, and when all doubts of the sincerity of his purposes must be dispelled. And now, when Oxenstiern and Arnheim were convinced of the sincerity of his intentions, and were aware of his necessities, they no longer hesitated to embrace the favorable opportunity, and to offer him their protection. On the part of Saxony, the Duke Francis Albert of Saxe Lauenberg was to join him with 4,000 men; and Duke Bernard, and the Palatine Christian of Birkenfeld, with 6,000 from Sweden, all chosen troops.

Wallenstein left Pilsen, with Terzky's regiment, and the few who either were, or pretended to be, faithful to him, and hastened to Egra, on the frontiers of the kingdom, in order to be near the Upper Palatinate, and to facilitate his junction with Duke Bernard. He was not yet informed of the decree by which he was proclaimed a public enemy and traitor; this thunder-stroke awaited him at Egra. He still reckoned on the army, which General Schafgotsch was preparing for him in Silesia, and flattered himself with the hope that many even of those who had forsaken him, would return with the first dawning of success. Even during his flight to Egra (so little humility had he learned from melancholy experience) he was still occupied with the colossal scheme of dethroning the Emperor. It was under these circumstances, that one of his suite asked leave to offer him his advice. "Under the Emperor," said he, "your highness is certain of being a great and respected noble; with the enemy, you are at best but a precarious king. It is unwise to risk certainty for uncertainty. The enemy will avail themselves of your personal influence, while the opportunity lasts; but you will ever be regarded with suspicion, and they will always be fearful lest you should treat them as you have done the Emperor. Return, then, to your allegiance, while there is yet time."—"And how is that to be done?" said Wallenstein, interrupting him: "You have 40,000 men-at-arms," rejoined he, (meaning ducats, which were stamped with the figure of an armed man,) "take them with you, and go straight to the Imperial Court; then declare that the steps you have hitherto taken were merely designed to test the fidelity of the Emperor's servants, and of distinguishing the loyal from the doubtful; and since most have shown a disposition to revolt, say you are come to warn his Imperial Majesty against those dangerous men. Thus you will make those appear as traitors, who are laboring to represent you as a false villain. At the Imperial Court, a man is sure to be welcome with 40,000 ducats, and Friedland will be again as he was at the first."—"The advice is good," said Wallenstein, after a pause, "but let the devil trust to it."

While the duke, in his retirement in Egra, was energetically pushing his negotiations with the enemy, consulting the stars, and indulging in new hopes, the dagger which was to put an end to his existence was unsheathed almost under his very eyes. The imperial decree which proclaimed him an outlaw, had not failed of its effect; and an

avenging Nemesis ordained that the ungrateful should fall beneath the blow of ingratitude. Among his officers, Wallenstein had particularly distinguished one Leslie,* an Irishman, and had made his fortune. This was the man who now felt himself called on to execute the sentence against him, and to earn the price of blood. No sooner had he reached Egra, in the suite of the duke, than he disclosed to the commandant of the town, Col. Butler, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, two Protestant Scotchmen, the treasonable designs of the duke, which the latter had imprudently enough communicated to him during the journey. In these two individuals, he had found men capable of a determined resolution. They were now called on to choose between treason and duty, between their legitimate sovereign and a fugitive abandoned rebel; and though the latter was their common benefactor, the choice could not remain for a moment doubtful. They were solemnly pledged to the allegiance of the Emperor, and this duty required them to take the most rapid measures against the public enemy. The opportunity was favorable; his evil genius seemed to have delivered him into the hands of vengeance. But not to encroach on the province of justice, they resolved to deliver up their victim alive; and they parted with the bold resolve to take their general prisoner. This dark plot was buried in the deepest silence; and Wallenstein, far from suspecting his impending ruin, flattered himself that in the garrison of Egra he possessed his bravest and most faithful champions.

At this time he became acquainted with the Imperial proclamations containing his sentence, and which had been published in all the camps. He now became aware of the full extent of the danger which encompassed him, the utter impossibility of retracing his steps, his fearfully forlorn condition, and the absolute necessity of at once trusting himself to the faith and honor of the Emperor's enemies. To Leslie he poured forth all the anguish of his wounded spirit, and the vehemence of his agitation extracted from him his last remaining secret. He disclosed to this officer his intention to deliver up Egra and Ellenbogen, the passes of the kingdom, to the Palatine of Birkenfeld, and at the same time, informed him of the near approach of Duke Bernard, of whose arrival he hoped to receive tidings that very night. These disclosures, which Leslie immediately communicated to the conspirators, made them change their original plan. The urgency of the danger admitted not of half measures. Egra might in a moment be in the enemy's hands, and a sudden revolution set their prisoner at liberty. To anticipate this mischance, they resolved to assassinate him and his associates the following night.

In order to execute this design with less noise, it was arranged that the fearful deed should be perpetrated at an entertainment which Colonel Butler, should give in the Castle of Egra. All

the guests, except Wallenstein, made their appearance, who being in too great anxiety of mind to enjoy company, excused himself. With regard to him, therefore, their plan must be again changed; but they resolved to execute their design against the others. The three Colonels, Illo, Terzky, and William Kinsky, came in with careless confidence, and with them Captain Neumann, an officer of ability, whose advice Terzky sought in every intricate affair. Previous to their arrival, trusty soldiers of the garrison, to whom the plot had been communicated, were admitted into the Castle, all the avenues leading from it guarded, and six of Butler's dragoons concealed in an apartment close to the banqueting-room, who, on a concerted signal, were to rush in and kill the traitors. Without suspecting the danger that hung over them, the guests gaily abandoned themselves to the pleasures of the table, and Wallenstein's health was drunk in full bumpers, not as a servant of the Emperor, but as a sovereign prince. The wine opened their hearts, and Illo, with exultation, boasted that in three days an army would arrive, such as Wallenstein had never before been at the head of. "Yes," cried Neumann, "and then he hopes to bathe his hands in Austrian blood." During this conversation, the dessert was brought in, and Leslie gave the concerted signal to raise the drawbridges, while he himself received the keys of the gates. In an instant, the hall was filled with armed men, who, with the unexpected greeting of "Long live Ferdinand!" placed themselves behind the chairs of the marked guests. Surprised, and with a presentiment of their fate, they sprang from the table. Kinsky and Terzky were killed upon the spot, and before they could put themselves upon their guard. Neumann, during the confusion in the hall, escaped into the court, where, however, he was instantly recognized and cut down. Illo alone had the presence of mind to defend himself. He placed his back against a window, from whence he poured the bitterest reproaches upon Gordon, and challenged him to fight him fairly and honorably. After a gallant resistance, in which he slew two of his assailants, he fell to the ground overpowered by numbers, and pierced with ten wounds. The deed was no sooner accomplished, than Leslie hastened into the town to prevent a tumult. The sentinels at the castle gate, seeing him running and out of breath, and believing he belonged to the rebels, fired their muskets after him, but without effect. The firing, however, aroused the town-guard, and all Leslie's presence of mind was requisite to allay the tumult. He hastily detailed to them all the circumstances of Wallenstein's conspiracy, the measures which had been already taken to counteract it, the fate of the four rebels, as well as that which awaited their chief. Finding the troops well disposed, he exacted from them a new oath of fidelity to the Emperor, and to live and die for the good cause. A hundred of Butler's dragoons were sent from the Castle into the town to patrol the streets, to overawe the partisans of the Duke, and to prevent tumult. All the gates of Egra were at the same time seized, and every avenue to Wallenstein's residence, which adjoined the market-place, guarded by a numerous and trusty body

* Schiller is mistaken as to this point. Leslie was a Scotchman, and Butler an Irishman and a papist. He died a general in the Emperor's service, and founded, at Prague, a convent of Irish Franciscans which still exists.

of troops, sufficient to prevent either his escape or his receiving any assistance from without.

But before they proceeded finally to execute the deed, a long conference was held among the conspirators in the Castle, whether they should kill him, or content themselves with making him prisoner. Besprinkled as they were with the blood, and deliberating almost over the very corpses of his murdered associates, even these furious men yet shuddered at the horror of taking away so illustrious a life. They saw before their mind's eye him their leader in battle, in the days of his good fortune, surrounded by his victorious army, clothed with all the pomp of military greatness, and long-accustomed awe again seized their minds. But this transitory emotion was soon effaced by the thought of the immediate danger. They remembered the hints which Neumann and Illo had thrown out at table, the near approach of a formidable army of Swedes and Saxons, and they clearly saw that the death of the traitor was their only chance of safety. They adhered, therefore to their first resolution, and Captain Deveroux, an Irishman, who had already been retained for the murderous purpose, received decisive orders to act.

While these three officers were thus deciding upon his fate in the castle of Egra, Wallenstein was occupied in reading the stars with Seni. "The danger is not yet over," said the astrologer with prophetic spirit. "*It is*," replied the duke, who would give the law even to heaven. "But," he continued with equally prophetic spirit, "that thou friend Seni thyself shall soon be thrown into prison, that also is written in the stars." The astrologer had taken his leave, and Wallenstein had retired to bed, when Captain Deveroux appeared before his residence with six halberdiers, and was immediately admitted by the guard, who were accustomed to see him visit the general at all hours. A page who met him upon the stairs, and attempted to raise an alarm, was run through the body with a pike. In the antechamber, the assassins met a servant, who had just come out of the sleeping-room of his master, and had taken with him the key. Putting his finger upon his mouth, the terrified domestic made a sign to them to make no noise, as the Duke was asleep. "Friend," cried Deveroux, "it is time to awake him;" and with these words he rushed against the door, which was bolted from within, and burst it open.

Wallenstein had been roused from his first sleep, by the report of a musket which had accidentally gone off, and had sprung to the window to call the guard. At the same moment, he heard, from the adjoining building, the shrieks of the Countesses Terzky and Kinsky, who had just learnt the violent fate of their husbands. Ere he had time to reflect on these terrible events, Deveroux, with the other murderers, was in his chamber. The duke was in his shirt, as he had leaped out of bed, and leaning on a table near the window. "Art thou the villain," cried Deveroux to him, "who intends to deliver up the Emperor's troops to the enemy, and to tear the crown from the head of his Majesty? Now thou must die!" He paused for a few moments, as if expecting an

answer; but rage and astonishment kept Wallenstein silent. Throwing his arms wide open, he received in his breast, the deadly blow of the halberds, and without uttering a groan, fell weltering in his blood.

The next day, an express arrived from the Duke of Lauenberg, announcing his approach. The messenger was secured, and another in Wallenstein's livery dispatched to the Duke, to decoy him into Egra. The stratagem succeeded, and Francis Albert fell into the hands of the enemy. Duke Bernard of Weimar, who was on his march toward Egra, was nearly sharing the same fate. Fortunately, he heard of Wallenstein's death, in time to save himself by a retreat. Ferdinand shed a tear over the fate of his general, and ordered three thousand masses to be said for his soul at Vienna; but at the same time, he did not forget to reward his assassins with gold chains, chamberlains' keys, dignities, and estates.

Thus did Wallenstein, at the age of fifty, terminate his active and extraordinary life. To ambition, he owed both his greatness and his ruin; with all his failings, he possessed great and admirable qualities, and had he kept himself within due bounds, he would have lived and died without an equal. The virtues of the ruler and of the hero, prudence, justice, firmness, and courage, are strikingly prominent features in his character; but he wanted the gentler virtues of the man, which adorn the hero, and make the ruler beloved. Terror was the talisman with which he worked; extreme in his punishments as in his rewards, he knew how to keep alive the zeal of his followers, while no general of ancient or modern times could boast of being obeyed with equal alacrity. Submission to his will was more prized by him than bravery; for, if the soldiers work by the latter, it is on the former that the general depends. He continually kept up the obedience of his troops by capricious orders, and profusely rewarded the readiness to obey even in trifles; because he looked rather to the act itself, than its object. He once issued a decree, with the penalty of death on disobedience, that none but red sashes should be worn in the army. A captain of horse no sooner heard the order, than pulling off his gold-embroidered sash, he trampled it under foot; Wallenstein, on being informed of the circumstance, promoted him on the spot to the rank of colonel. His comprehensive glance was always directed to the whole, and in all his apparent caprice, he steadily kept in view some general scope or bearing. The robberies committed by the soldiers in a friendly country, had led to the severest orders against marauders; and all who should be caught thieving, were threatened with the halter. Wallenstein himself having met a straggler in the open country upon the field, commanded him to be seized without trial, as a transgressor of the law, and in his usual voice of thunder, exclaimed, "Hang the fellow," against which no opposition ever availed. The soldier pleaded and proved his innocence, but the irrevocable sentence had gone forth. "Hang the innocent," cried the inexorable Wallenstein, "the guilty will have then more reason to tremble." Preparations were already making to execute the sentence, when the

soldier, who gave himself up for lost, formed the desperate resolution of not dying without revenge. He fell furiously upon his judge, but was overpowered by numbers, and disarmed before he could fulfill his design. "Now let him go," said the duke, "it will excite sufficient terror."

His munificence was supported by an immense income, which was estimated at three millions of florins yearly, without reckoning the enormous sums which he raised under the name of contributions. His liberality and clearness of understanding, raised him above the religious prejudices of his age; and the Jesuits never forgave him for having seen through their system, and for regarding the pope as nothing more than a bishop of Rome.

But as no one ever yet came to a fortunate end who quarreled with the Church, Wallenstein also must augment the number of its victims. Through the intrigues of monks, he lost at Ratisbon the command of the army, and at Egra his life; by the same arts, perhaps, he lost what was of more consequence, his honorable name and good repute with posterity.

For in justice it must be admitted, that the pens which have traced the history of this extraordinary man are not untinged with partiality, and that the treachery of the duke, and his designs upon the throne of Bohemia, rest not so much upon proven facts, as upon probable conjecture. No documents have yet been brought to light, which disclose with historical certainty the secret motives of his conduct; and among all his public and well-attested actions, there is, perhaps, not one which could not have had an innocent end. Many of his most obnoxious measures proved nothing but the earnest wish he entertained for peace; most of the others are explained and justified by the well-founded distrust he entertained of the Emperor, and the excusable wish of maintaining his own importance. It is true, that his conduct toward the Elector of Bavaria, and the dictates of an implacable spirit, look too like an unworthy revenge; but still, none of his actions perhaps warrant us in holding his treason to be proved. If necessity and despair at last forced him to deserve the sentence which had been pronounced against him while innocent, still this, if true, will not justify that sentence. Thus Wallenstein fell, not because he was a rebel, but he became a rebel because he fell. Unfortunate in life that he made a victorious party his enemy, and still more unfortunate in death, that the same party survived him and wrote his history.

BOOK V.

WALLENSTEIN'S death rendered necessary the appointment of a new generalissimo; and the Emperor yielded at last to the advice of the Spaniards, to raise his son Ferdinand, King of Hungary, to that dignity. Under him, Count Gallas commanded, who performed the functions of commander-in-chief, while the prince brought to this post nothing but his name and dignity. A considerable force was soon assembled under Ferdi-

nand; the Duke of Lorraine brought up a considerable body of auxiliaries in person, and the Cardinal Infante joined him from Italy with ten thousand men. In order to drive the enemy from the Danube, the new general undertook the enterprise in which his predecessor had failed, the siege of Ratisbon. In vain did Duke Bernard of Weimar penetrate into the interior of Bavaria, with a view to draw the enemy from the town; Ferdinand continued to press the siege with vigor, and the city, after a most obstinate resistance, was obliged to open its gates to him. Donauwerth soon shared the same fate, and Nordlingen in Swabia was now invested. The loss of so many of the imperial cities was severely felt by the Swedish party; as the friendship of these towns had so largely contributed to the success of their arms, indifference to their fate would have been inexcusable. It would have been an indelible disgrace, had they deserted their confederates in their need, and abandoned them to the revenge of an implacable conqueror. Moved by these considerations, the Swedish army, under the command of Horn, and Bernard of Weimar, advanced upon Nordlingen, determined to relieve it, even at the expense of a battle.

The undertaking was a dangerous one, for in numbers the enemy was greatly superior to that of the Swedes. There was also a further reason for avoiding a battle at present; the enemy's force was likely soon to divide, the Italian troops being destined for the Netherlands. In the mean time, such a position might be taken up, as to cover Nordlingen, and cut off their supplies. All these grounds were strongly urged by Gustavus Horn in the Swedish council of war; but his remonstrances were disregarded by men who, intoxicated by a long career of success, mistook the suggestions of prudence for the voice of timidity. Overborne by the superior influence of Duke Bernard, Gustavus Horn was compelled to risk a contest, whose unfavorable issue, a dark foreboding seemed already to announce. The fate of the battle depended upon the possession of a height which commanded the imperial camp. An attempt to occupy it during the night failed, as the tedious transport of the artillery through woods and hollow ways delayed the arrival of the troops. When the Swedes arrived about midnight, they found the heights in possession of the enemy, strongly intrenched. They waited, therefore, for daybreak, to carry them by storm. Their impetuous courage surmounted every obstacle; the intrenchments, which were in the form of a crescent, were fortunately scaled by each of the two brigades appointed to the service; but as they entered at the same moment from opposite sides, they met and threw each other into confusion. At this unfortunate moment, a barrel of powder blew up, and created the greatest disorder among the Swedes. The imperial cavalry charged upon their broken ranks, and the flight became universal. No persuasion on the part of their general could induce the fugitives to renew the assault.

He resolved, therefore, in order to carry this important post, to lead fresh troops to the attack. But in the interim, some Spanish regiments had marched in, and every attempt to gain it was re-

pulsed by their heroic intrepidity. One of the duke's own regiments advanced seven times, and was as often driven back. The disadvantage of not occupying this post in time, was quickly and sensibly felt. The fire of the enemy's artillery from the heights, caused such slaughter in the adjacent wing of the Swedes, that Horn, who commanded there, was forced to give orders to retire. Instead of being able to cover the retreat of his colleague, and to check the pursuit of the enemy, Duke Bernard, overpowered by numbers, was himself driven into the plain, where his routed cavalry spread confusion among Horn's brigade, and rendered the defeat complete. Almost the entire infantry were killed or taken prisoners. More than twelve thousand men remained dead upon the field of battle; eighty field pieces, about four thousand wagons, and three hundred standards and colors fell into the hands of the Imperialists. Horn himself, with three other generals, were taken prisoners. Duke Bernard with difficulty saved a feeble remnant of his army, which joined him at Frankfort.

The defeat at Nordlingen, cost the Swedish Chancellor the second sleepless night* he had passed in Germany. The consequences of this disaster were terrible. The Swedes had lost by it at once their superiority in the field, and with it the confidence of their confederates, which they had gained solely by their previous military success. A dangerous division threatened the Protestant Confederation with ruin. Consternation and terror seized upon the whole party; while the Papists arose with exulting triumph from the deep humiliation into which they had sunk. Swabia and the adjacent circles first felt the consequences of the defeat of Nordlingen; and Wirtemberg, in particular, was overrun by the conquering army. All the members of the League of Heilbronn trembled at the prospect of the Emperor's revenge; those who could, fled to Strasburg, while the helpless free cities awaited their fate with alarm. A little more of moderation toward the conquered, would have quickly reduced all the weaker states under the Emperor's authority; but the severity which was practiced, even against those who voluntarily surrendered, drove the rest to despair, and roused them to a vigorous resistance.

In this perplexity, all looked to Oxenstiern for counsel and assistance; Oxenstiern applied for both to the German States. Troops were wanted; money likewise, to raise new levies, and to pay to the old the arrears which the men were clamorously demanding. Oxenstiern addressed himself to the Elector of Saxony; but he shamefully abandoned the Swedish cause, to negotiate for a separate peace with the Emperor at Pirna. He solicited aid from the Lower Saxon States; but they, long wearied of the Swedish pretensions and demands for money, now thought only of themselves; and George, Duke of Lunenburg, in place of flying to the assistance of Upper Germany, laid siege to Minden, with the intention of keeping possession of it for himself. Abandoned

by his German allies, the chancellor exerted himself to obtain the assistance of foreign powers. England, Holland, and Venice were applied to for troops and money; and, driven to the last extremity, the chancellor reluctantly resolved to take the disagreeable step which he had so long avoided, and to throw himself under the protection of France.

The moment had at last arrived which Richelieu had long waited for with impatience. Nothing, he was aware, but the impossibility of saving themselves by any other means, could induce the Protestant States in Germany to support the pretensions of France upon Alsace. This extreme necessity had now arrived; the assistance of that power was indispensable, and she was resolved to be well paid for the active part which she was about to take in the German war. Full of lustre and dignity, it now came upon the political stage. Oxenstiern, who felt little reluctance in bestowing the rights and possessions of the empire, had already ceded the fortress of Philipsburg, and the other long coveted places. The Protestants of Upper Germany now, in their own names, sent a special embassy to Richelieu, requesting him to take Alsace, the fortress of Breysach, which was still to be recovered from the enemy, and all the places upon the Upper Rhine, which were the keys of Germany, under the protection of France. What was implied by French protection had been seen in the conduct of France toward the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, which it had held for centuries against the rightful owners. Treves was already in the possession of French garrisons; Lorraine was in a manner conquered, as it might at any time be overrun by an army, and could not alone, and with its own strength, withstand its formidable neighbor. France now entertained the hope of adding Alsace to its large and numerous possessions, and, as a treaty was soon to be concluded with the Dutch for the partition of the Spanish Netherlands, it likewise entertained the prospect of making the Rhine its natural boundary toward Germany. Thus shamefully were the rights of Germany sacrificed by the German States to this treacherous and grasping power, which, under the mask of a disinterested friendship, aimed only at its own aggrandizement; and while it boldly claimed the honorable title of a Protectress, was solely occupied with promoting its own schemes, and advancing its own interests, amid the general confusion.

In return for these important cessions, France engaged to effect a diversion in favor of the Swedes, by commencing hostilities against the Spaniards; and if this should lead to an open breach with the Emperor, to maintain an army upon the German side of the Rhine, which was to act in conjunction with the Swedes and Germans against Austria. For a war with Spain, the Spaniards themselves soon afforded the desired pretext. Making an inroad from the Netherlands, upon the city of Treves, they cut in pieces the French garrison; and, in open violation of the law of nations, made prisoner the Elector, who had placed himself under the protection of France, and carried him into Flanders. When the Cardinal Infante, as Viceroy of the Spanish

* The first was occasioned by the death of Gustavus Adolphus.

Netherlands, refused satisfaction for these injuries, and delayed to restore the prince to liberty, Richelieu, after the old custom, formally proclaimed war at Brussels by a herald, and the war was at once opened by three different armies in Milan, in the Valteline, and in Flanders. The French minister was less anxious to commence hostilities with the Emperor, which promised fewer advantages, and threatened greater difficulties. A fourth army, however, was detached across the Rhine into Germany, under the command of Cardinal Lavalette, which was to act in conjunction with Duke Bernard, against the Emperor, without a previous declaration of war.

A heavier blow for the Swedes, than even the defeat of Nordlingen, was the reconciliation of the Elector of Saxony with the Emperor. After many fruitless attempts both to bring about and to prevent it, it was at last effected in 1634, at Pirna, and, the following year, reduced into a formal treaty of peace, at Prague. The Elector of Saxony had always viewed with jealousy the pretensions of the Swedes in Germany; and his aversion to this foreign power, which now gave laws within the Empire, had grown with every fresh requisition that Oxenstiern was obliged to make upon the German states. This ill-feeling was kept alive by the Spanish court, who labored earnestly to effect a peace between Saxony and the Emperor. Wearied with the calamities of a long and destructive contest, which had selected Saxony above all others for its theatre; grieved by the miseries which both friend and foe inflicted upon his subjects; and seduced by the tempting propositions of the House of Austria, the Elector at last abandoned the common cause; and, caring little for the fate of his confederates, or the liberties of Germany, thought only of securing his own advantages, even at the expense of the whole body.

In fact, the misery of Germany had risen to such a height, that all clamorously vociferated for peace; and even the most disadvantageous pacification would have been hailed as a blessing from heaven. The plains, which formerly had been thronged with a happy and industrious population, where nature had lavished her choicest gifts, and plenty and prosperity had reigned, were now a wild and desolate wilderness. The fields, abandoned by the industrious husbandman, lay waste and uncultivated; and no sooner had the young crops given the promise of a smiling harvest, than a single march destroyed the labors of a year, and blasted the last hope of an afflicted peasantry. Burned castles, wasted fields, villages in ashes, were to be seen extending far and wide on all sides, while the ruined peasantry had no resource left but to swell the horde of incendiaries, and fearfully to retaliate upon their fellows, who had hitherto been spared the miseries which they themselves had suffered. The only safeguard against oppression was to become an oppressor. The towns groaned under the licentiousness of undisciplined and plundering garrisons, who seized and wasted the property of the citizens, and, under the license of their position, committed the most remorseless devastation and cruelty. If the march of an army converted whole provinces into deserts, if others were

impoverished by winter quarters, or exhausted by contributions, these still were but passing evils, and the industry of a year might efface the miseries of a few months. But there was no relief for those who had a garrison within their walls, or in the neighborhood; even the change of fortune could not improve their unfortunate fate, since the victor trod in the steps of the vanquished, and friends were not more merciful than enemies. The neglected farms, the destruction of the crops, and the numerous armies which overran the exhausted country, were inevitably followed by scarcity and the high price of provisions, which in the later years was still further increased by a general failure in the crops. The crowding together of men in camps and quarters—want upon one side, and excess on the other, occasioned contagious distempers, which were more fatal than even the sword. In this long and general confusion, all the bonds of social life were broken up; respect for the rights of their fellow-men, the fear of the laws, purity of morals, honor, and religion, were laid aside, where might ruled supreme with iron sceptre. Under the shelter of anarchy and impunity, every vice flourished, and men became as wild as the country. No station was too dignified for outrage, no property too holy for rapine and avarice. In a word, the soldier reigned supreme; and that most brutal of despots often made his own officer feel his power. The leader of an army was a far more important person within any country where he appeared, than its lawful governor, who was frequently obliged to fly before him into his own castles for safety. Germany swarmed with these petty tyrants, and the country suffered equally from its enemies and its protectors. These wounds rankled the deeper, when the unhappy victims recollected that Germany was sacrificed to the ambition of foreign powers, who, for their own ends, prolonged the miseries of war. Germany bled under the scourge, to extend the conquests and influence of Sweden; and the torch of discord was kept alive within the Empire, that the services of Richelieu might be rendered indispensable in France.

But, in truth, it was not merely interested voices which opposed a peace; and if both Sweden and the German states were anxious, from corrupt motives, to prolong the conflict, they were seconded in their views by sound policy. After the defeat of Nordlingen, an equitable peace was not to be expected from the Emperor; and, this being the case, was it not too great a sacrifice, after sixteen years of war, with all its miseries, to abandon the conquest, not only without advantage, but even with loss? What would avail so much bloodshed, if all was to remain as it had been; if their rights and pretensions were neither larger nor safer; if all that had been won with so much difficulty was to be surrendered for a peace at any cost? Would it not be better to endure, for two or three years more, the burdens they had borne so long, and to reap at last some recompense for twenty years of suffering? Neither was it doubtful, that peace might at last be obtained on favorable terms, if only the Swedes and the German Protestants should continue united in the cabinet and in the field, and pursue their

common interests with a reciprocal sympathy and zeal. Their divisions alone, had rendered the enemy formidable, and protracted the acquisition of a lasting and general peace. And this great evil the Elector of Saxony had brought upon the Protestant cause by concluding a separate treaty with Austria.

He, indeed, had commenced his negotiations with the Emperor, even before the defeat of Nordlingen; and the unfortunate issue of that battle only accelerated their conclusion. By it, all his confidence in the Swedes was lost; and it was even doubted whether they would ever recover from the blow. The jealousies among their generals, the insubordination of the army, and the exhaustion of the Swedish kingdom, shut out any reasonable prospect of effective assistance on their part. The Elector hastened, therefore, to profit by the Emperor's magnanimity, who, even after the battle of Nordlingen, did not recall the conditions previously offered. While Oxenstiern, who had assembled the states in Frankfort, made further demands upon them and him, the Emperor, on the contrary, made concessions; and therefore it required no long consideration to decide between them.

In the mean time, however, he was anxious to escape the charge of sacrificing the common cause and attending only to his own interests. All the German states, and even the Swedes, were publicly invited to become parties to this peace, although Saxony and the Emperor were the only powers who deliberated upon it, and who assumed the right to give law to Germany. By this self-appointed tribunal, the grievances of the Protestants were discussed, their rights and privileges decided, and even the fate of religions determined, without the presence of those who were most deeply interested in it. Between them, a general peace was resolved on, and it was to be enforced by an imperial army of execution, as a formal decree of the Empire. Whoever opposed it, was to be treated as a public enemy: and thus, contrary to their rights, the states were to be compelled to acknowledge a law, in the passing of which they had no share. Thus, even in form, the pacification at Prague was an arbitrary measure; nor was it less so in its contents. The Edict of Restitution had been the chief cause of dispute between the Elector and the Emperor; and therefore it was first considered in their deliberations. Without formally annulling it, it was determined by the treaty of Prague, that all the ecclesiastical domains holding immediately of the Empire, and, among the mediate ones, those which had been seized by the Protestants subsequently to the treaty at Passau, should, for forty years, remain in the same position as they had been in before the Edict of Restitution, but without any formal decision of the Diet to that effect. Before the expiration of this term a commission, composed of equal numbers of both religions, should proceed to settle the matter peaceably and according to law; and if this commission should be unable to come to a decision, each party should remain in possession of the rights which it had exercised before the Edict of Restitution. This arrangement, therefore far from removing the grounds of

dissension, only suspended the dispute for a time; and this article of the treaty of Prague only covered the embers of a future war.

The bishopric of Magdeburg was to remain in possession of Prince Augustus of Saxony, and Halberstadt in that of the Archduke Leopold William. Four estates were taken from the territory of Magdeburg, and given to Saxony, for which the Administrator of Magdeburg, Christian William of Brandenburg, was otherwise to be indemnified. The Dukes of Mecklenburg, upon acceding to this treaty, were to be acknowledged as rightful possessors of their territories, in which the magnanimity of Gustavus Adolphus had long ago reinstated them. Donauwerth recovered its liberties. The important claims of the heirs of the Palatine, however important it might be for the Protestant cause not to lose this electoral vote in the diet, were passed over in consequence of the animosity subsisting between the Lutherans and the Calvinists. All the conquests which, in the course of the war, had been made by the German states, or by the League and the Emperor, were to be mutually restored; all which had been appropriated by the foreign powers of France and Sweden, was to be forcibly wrested from them by the united powers. The troops of the contracting parties were to be formed into one imperial army, which, supported and paid by the Empire, was, by force of arms, to carry into execution the covenants of the treaty.

As the peace of Prague was intended to serve as a general law of the Empire, those points which did not immediately affect the latter, formed the subject of a separate treaty. By it, Lusatia was ceded to the Elector of Saxony as a fief of Bohemia, and special articles guaranteed the freedom of religion of this country and of Silesia.

All the Protestant states were invited to accede to the treaty of Prague, and on that condition were to benefit by the amnesty. The princes of Wurtemberg and Baden, whose territories the Emperor was already in possession of, and which he was not disposed to restore unconditionally; and such vassals of Austria as had borne arms against their sovereign; and those states which, under the direction of Oxenstiern, composed the council of the Upper German Circle, were excluded from the treaty,—not so much with the view of continuing the war against them as of compelling them to purchase peace at a dearer rate. Their territories were to be retained in pledge, till every thing should be restored to its former footing. Such was the treaty of Prague. Equal justice, however, toward all, might perhaps have restored confidence between the head of the Empire and its members—between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics—between the Reformed and the Lutheran party; and the Swedes, abandoned by all their allies, would in all probability have been driven from Germany with disgrace. But this inequality strengthened, in those who were more severely treated, the spirit of mistrust and opposition, and made it an easier task for the Swedes to keep alive the flame of war, and to maintain a party in Germany.

The peace of Prague, as might have been expected, was received with very various feelings

throughout Germany. The attempt to conciliate both parties, had rendered it obnoxious to both. The Protestants complained of the restraints imposed upon them; the Roman Catholics thought that these hated sectaries had been favored at the expense of the true church. In the opinion of the latter, the church had been deprived of its inalienable rights, by the concession to the Protestants of forty years' undisturbed possession of the ecclesiastical benefices; while the former murmured that the interests of the Protestant church had been betrayed, because toleration had not been granted to their co-religionists in the Austrian dominions. But no one was so bitterly reproached as the Elector of Saxony, who was publicly denounced as a deserter, a traitor to religion and the liberties of the Empire, and a confederate of the Emperor.

In the mean time, he consoled himself with the triumph of seeing most of the Protestant states compelled by necessity to embrace this peace. The Elector of Brandenburg, Duke William of Weimar, the princes of Anhalt, the dukes of Mecklenburg, the dukes of Brunswick, Lunenburg, the Hanse towns, and most of the imperial cities, acceded to it. The Landgrave William of Hesse long wavered, or affected to do so, in order to gain time, and to regulate his measures by the course of events. He had conquered several fertile provinces of Westphalia, and derived from them principally the means of continuing the war; these, by the terms of the treaty, he was bound to restore. Bernard, Duke of Weimar, whose states, as yet, existed only on paper, as a belligerent power was not affected by the treaty, but as a general was so materially; and, in either view, he must equally be disposed to reject it. His whole riches consisted in his bravery, his possessions in his sword. War alone gave him greatness and importance, and war alone could realize the projects which his ambition suggested.

But of all who declaimed against the treaty of Prague, none were so loud in their clamors as the Swedes, and none had so much reason for their opposition. Invited to Germany by the Germans themselves, the champions of the Protestant Church, and the freedom of the States, which they had defended with so much bloodshed, and with the sacred life of their king, they now saw themselves suddenly and shamefully abandoned, disappointed in all their hopes, without reward and without gratitude driven from the empire for which they had toiled and bled, and exposed to the ridicule of the enemy by the very princes who owed every thing to them. No satisfaction, no indemnification for the expenses which they had incurred, no equivalent for conquests which they were to leave behind them, was provided by the treaty of Prague. They were to be dismissed poorer than they came, or, if they resisted, to be expelled by the very powers who had invited them. The Elector of Saxony at last spoke of a pecuniary indemnification, and mentioned the small sum of two millions five hundred thousand florins; but the Swedes had already expended considerably more, and this disgraceful equivalent in money was both contrary to their true interests, and injurious to their pride. The Electors of Bavaria

and Saxony," replied Oxenstiern, "have been paid for their services, and which, as vassals, they were bound to render the Emperor, with the possession of important provinces; and shall we, who have sacrificed our king for Germany, be dismissed with the miserable sum of two millions five hundred thousand florins?" The disappointment of their expectations was the more severe, because the Swedes had calculated upon being recompensed with the Duchy of Pomerania, the present possessor of which was old and without heirs. But the succession of this territory was confirmed by the treaty of Prague to the Elector of Brandenburg; and all the neighboring powers declared against allowing the Swedes to obtain a footing within the empire.

Never, in the whole course of the war, had the prospects of the Swedes looked more gloomy, than in the year 1635, immediately after the conclusion of the treaty of Prague. Many of their allies, particularly among the free cities, abandoned them to benefit by the peace; others were compelled to accede to it by the victorious arms of the Emperor. Augsburg, subdued by famine, surrendered under the severest conditions; Wurtzburg and Coburg were lost to the Austrians. The League of Heilbronn was formally dissolved. Nearly the whole of Upper Germany, the chief seat of the Swedish power, was reduced under the Emperor. Saxony, on the strength of the treaty of Prague, demanded the evacuation of Thuringia, Halberstadt, and Magdeburg. Philipsburg, the military depot of France, was surprised by the Austrians, with all the stores it contained; and this severe loss checked the activity of France. To complete the embarrassments of Sweden, the truce with Poland was drawing to a close. To support a war at the same time with Poland and in Germany, was far beyond the power of Sweden; and all that remained was to choose between them. Pride and ambition declared in favor of continuing the German war, at whatever sacrifice on the side of Poland. An army, however, was necessary to command the respect of Poland, and to give weight to Sweden in any negotiations for a truce or a peace.

The mind of Oxenstiern, firm, and inexhaustible in expedients, set itself manfully to meet these calamities, which all combined to overwhelm Sweden; and his shrewd understanding taught him how to turn even misfortunes to his advantage. The defection of so many German cities of the empire deprived him, it is true, of a great part of his former allies, but at the same time it freed him from the necessity of paying any regard to their interests. The more the number of his enemies increased, the more provinces and magazines were opened to his troops. The gross ingratitude of the States, and the haughty contempt with which the Emperor behaved, (who did not even condescend to treat directly with him about a peace,) excited in him the courage of despair, and a noble determination to maintain the struggle to the last. The continuance of war, however unfortunate it might prove, could not render the situation of Sweden worse than it now was; and if Germany was to be evacuated, it was at least

better and nobler to do so sword in hand, and to yield to force rather than to fear.

In the extremity in which the Swedes were now placed by the desertion of their allies, they addressed themselves to France, who met them with the greatest encouragement. The interest of the two crowns were closely united, and France would have injured herself by allowing the Swedish power in Germany to decline. The helpless situation of the Swedes, was rather an additional motive with France to cement more closely their alliance, and to take a more active part in the German war. Since the alliance with Sweden at Beerwald, in 1632, France had maintained the war against the Emperor, by the arms of Gustavus Adolphus, without any open or formal breach, by furnishing subsidies and increasing the number of his enemies. But alarmed at the unexpected rapidity and success of the Swedish arms, France, in anxiety to restore the balance of power, which was disturbed by the preponderance of the Swedes, seemed, for a time, to have lost sight of its original designs. She endeavored to protect the Roman Catholic princes of the empire against the Swedish conqueror, by the treaties of neutrality, and when this plan failed, she even meditated herself to declare war against him. But no sooner had the death of Gustavus Adolphus, and the desperate situation of the Swedish affairs, dispelled this apprehension, than she returned with fresh zeal to her first design, and readily afforded in this misfortune the aid which, in the hour of success, she had refused. Freed from the checks which the ambition and vigilance of Gustavus Adolphus placed upon her plans of aggrandizement France availed herself of the favorable opportunity afforded by the defeat of Nordlingen, to obtain the entire direction of the war, and to prescribe laws to those who sued for her powerful protection. The moment seemed to smile upon her boldest plans, and those who had formerly seemed chimerical, now appeared to be justified by circumstances. She now turned her whole attention to the war in Germany; and, as soon as she had secured her own private ends by a treaty with the Germans, she suddenly entered the political arena as an active and a commanding power. While the other belligerent states had been exhausting themselves in a tedious contest, France had been reserving her strength, and maintained the contest by money alone; but now, when the state of things called for more active measures, she seized the sword, and astonished Europe by the boldness and magnitude of her undertakings. At the same moment, she fitted out two fleets, and sent six different armies into the field, while she subsidized a foreign crown and several of the German princes. Animated by this powerful co-operation, the Swedes and Germans awoke from the consternation, and hoped, sword in hand, to obtain a more honorable peace than that of Prague. Abandoned by their confederates, who had been reconciled to the Emperor, they formed a still closer alliance with France, which increased her support with their growing necessities, at the same time taking a more active, although secret share in the German war, until at last, she threw off the mask altogether, and in her own name

made an unequivocal declaration of war against the Emperor.

To leave Sweden at full liberty to act against Austria, France commenced her operations by liberating it from all fear of a Polish war. By means of the Count d'Avaux, its minister, an agreement was concluded between the two powers at Stummsdorf in Prussia, by which the truce was prolonged for twenty-six years, though not without a great sacrifice on the part of the Swedes, who ceded, by a single stroke of the pen almost the whole of Polish Prussia, the dear-bought conquest of Gustavus Adolphus. The treaty of Beerwald was, with certain modifications, which circumstances rendered necessary, renewed at different times at Compiègne, and afterward at Wismar and Hamburg. France had already come to a rupture with Spain, in May, 1635, and the vigorous attack which she made upon that power, deprived the Emperor of his most valuable auxiliaries from the Netherlands. By supporting the Landgrave William of Cassel, and Duke Bernard of Weimar, the Swedes were enabled to act with more vigor upon the Elbe and the Danube, and a diversion upon the Rhine compelled the Emperor to divide his force.

The war was now prosecuted with increasing activity. By the treaty of Prague, the Emperor had lessened the number of his adversaries within the Empire; though, at the same time, the zeal and activity of his foreign enemies had been augmented by it. In Germany, his influence was almost unlimited, for, with the exception of a few states, he had rendered himself absolute master of the German body and its resources, and was again enabled to act in the character of emperor and sovereign. The first fruit of his power was the elevation of his son, Ferdinand III., to the dignity of King of the Romans, to which he was elected by a decided majority of votes, notwithstanding the opposition of Treves, and of the heirs of the Elector Palatine. But, on the other hand, he had exasperated the Swedes to desperation, had armed the power of France against him, and drawn its troops into the heart of the kingdom. France and Sweden, with their German allies, formed, from this moment, one firm and compactly united power; the Emperor, with the German states which adhered to him, were equally firm and united. The Swedes, who no longer fought for Germany, but for their own lives, showed no more indulgence; relieved from the necessity of consulting their German allies, or accounting to them for the plans which they adopted, they acted with more precipitation, rapidity, and boldness. Battles, though less decisive, became more obstinate and bloody; greater achievements, both in bravery and military skill, were performed; but they were but insulated efforts; and being neither dictated by any consistent plan, nor improved by any commanding spirit, had comparatively little influence upon the course of the war.

Saxony had bound herself, by the treaty of Prague, to expel the Swedes from Germany. From this moment, the banners of the Saxons and Imperialists were united: the former confederates were converted into implacable enemies. The bishopric of Magdeburg, which, by the treaty,

was ceded to a prince of Saxony, was still held by the Swedes, and every attempt to acquire it by negotiation had proved ineffectual. Hostilities commenced, by the Elector of Saxony recalling all his subjects from the army of Banner, which was encamped upon the Elbe. The officers, long irritated by the accumulation of their arrears, obeyed the summons, and evacuated one quarter after another. As the Saxons, at the same time, made a movement toward Mecklenburg, to take Dömitz, and to drive the Swedes from Pomerania and the Baltic, Banner suddenly marched thither, relieved Dömitz, and totally defeated the Saxon General Baudissin, with seven thousand men, of whom one thousand were slain, and about the same number taken prisoners. Reinforced by the troops and artillery, which had hitherto been employed in Polish Prussia, but which the treaty of Stummsdorf rendered unnecessary, this brave and impetuous general made, the following year (1636), a sudden inroad into the Electorate of Saxony, where he gratified his inveterate hatred of the Saxons by the most destructive ravages. Irritated by the memory of old grievances which, during their common campaigns, he and the Swedes had suffered from the haughtiness of the Saxons, and now exasperated to the utmost by the late defection of the Elector, they wreaked upon the unfortunate inhabitants all their rancor. Against Austria and Bavaria, the Swedish soldier had fought from a sense, as it were, of duty; but against the Saxons, they contended with all the energy of private animosity and personal revenge, detesting them as deserters and traitors; for the hatred of former friends is of all the most fierce and irreconcilable. The powerful diversion made by the Duke of Weimar, and the Landgrave of Hesse, upon the Rhine and in Westphalia, prevented the Emperor from affording the necessary assistance to Saxony, and left the whole Electorate exposed to the destructive ravages of Banner's army.

At length, the Elector, having formed a junction with the Imperial General Hatzfeld, advanced against Magdeburg, which Banner in vain hastened to relieve. The united army of the Imperialists and the Saxons had spread itself over Brandenburg, wrested several places from the Swedes, and almost drove them to the Baltic. But, contrary to all expectation, Banner, who had been given up as lost, attacked the allies, on the 24th of September, 1636, at Wittsbach, where a bloody battle took place. The onset was terrific; and the whole force of the enemy was directed against the right wing of the Swedes, which was led by Banner in person. The contest was long maintained with equal animosity and obstinacy on both sides. Scarcely a squadron among the Swedes, which did not return ten times to the charge, and was as often repulsed; when at last, Banner was obliged to retire before the superior numbers of the enemy. His left wing sustained the combat until night, and the second line of the Swedes, which had not as yet been engaged, was prepared to renew it the next morning. But the Elector did not wait for a second attack. His army was exhausted by the efforts of the preceding day; and, as the drivers had fled with the horses,

his artillery was unserviceable. He accordingly retreated in the night, with Count Hatzfeld, and relinquished the ground to the Swedes. About five thousand of the allies fell upon the field, exclusive of those who were killed in the pursuit, or who fell into the hands of the exasperated peasantry. One hundred and fifty standards and colors, twenty-three pieces of cannon, the whole baggage and silver plate of the Elector, were captured, and more than two thousand men taken prisoners. This brilliant victory, achieved over an enemy far superior in numbers, and in a very advantageous position, restored the Swedes at once to their former reputation; their enemies were discouraged, and the friends inspired with new hopes. Banner instantly followed up this decisive success, and hastily crossing the Elbe, drove the Imperialists before him, through Thuringia and Hesse, into Westphalia. He then returned, and took up his winter quarters in Saxony.

But, without the material aid furnished by the diversion upon the Rhine, and the activity there of Duke Bernard and the French, these important successes would have been unattainable. Duke Bernard, after the defeat of Nordlingen, reorganized his broken army at Wetterau; but, abandoned by the confederates of the League of Heilbronn, which had been dissolved by the peace of Prague, and receiving little support from the Swedes, he found himself unable to maintain an army, or to perform any enterprise of importance. The defeat of Nordlingen had terminated all his hopes on the Duchy of Franconia, while the weakness of the Swedes, destroyed the chance of retrieving his fortunes through their assistance. Tired, too, of the constraint imposed upon him by the imperious chancellor, he turned his attention to France, who could easily supply him with money, the only aid which he required, and France readily acceded to his proposals. Richelieu desired nothing so much as to diminish the influence of the Swedes in the German war, and to obtain the direction of it for himself. To secure this end, nothing appeared more effectual than to detach from the Swedes their bravest general, to win him to the interests of France, and to secure for the execution of its projects the services of his army. From a prince like Bernard, who could not maintain himself without foreign support, France had nothing to fear, since no success, however brilliant, could render him independent of that crown. Bernard himself came into France, and in October, 1635, concluded a treaty at St. Germain en Laye, not as a Swedish general, but in his own name, by which it was stipulated that he should receive for himself a yearly pension of one million five hundred thousand livres, and four millions for the support of his army, which he was to command under the orders of the French king. To inflame his zeal, and to accelerate the conquest of Alsace, France did not hesitate, by a secret article, to promise him that province for his services; a promise which Richelieu had little intention of performing, and which the duke also estimated at its real worth. But Bernard confided in his good fortune, and in his arms, and met artifice with dissimulation. If he could once succeed in wrest-

ing Alsace from the enemy, he did not despair of being able, in case of need, to maintain it also against a friend. He now raised an army at the expense of France, which he commanded nominally under the orders of that power, but in reality without any limitation whatever, and without having wholly abandoned his engagements with Sweden. He began his operations upon the Rhine, where another French army, under Cardinal Lavalette, had already, in 1635, commenced hostilities against the Emperor.

Against this force, the main body of the Imperialists, after the great victory of Nordlingen, and the reduction of Swabia and Franconia, had advanced under the command of Gallas, had driven them as far as Mentz, cleared the Rhine, and took from the Swedes the towns of Mentz and Frankenthal, of which they were in possession. But frustrated by the vigorous resistance of the French, in his main object, of taking up his winter quarters in France, he led back his exhausted troops into Alsace and Swabia. At the opening of the next campaign, he passed the Rhine at Breysach, and prepared to carry the war into the interior of France. He actually entered Burgundy, penetrated into Picardy; and John De Werth, a formidable general of the League, and a celebrated partisan, pushed his march into Champagne, and spread consternation even to the gates of Paris. But an insignificant fortress in Franche Comté completely checked the progress of the Imperialists; and they were obliged, a second time, to abandon their enterprise.

The activity of Duke Bernard had hitherto been impeded by his dependence on a French general, more suited to the priestly robe, than to the baton of command; and although, in conjunction with him, he conquered Alsace Saverne, he found himself unable, in the years 1636 and 1637, to maintain his position upon the Rhine. The ill success of the French arms in the Netherlands had checked the activity of operations in Alsace and Breisgau; but in 1638, the war in that quarter took a more brilliant turn. Relieved from his former restraint, and with an unlimited command of his troops, Duke Bernard, in the beginning of February, left his winter quarters, in the bishopric of Basle, and unexpectedly appeared upon the Rhine, where, at this rude season of the year, an attack was little anticipated. The forest towns of Laufenburg, Waldschut, and Seckingen, were surprised, and Rhinefeldt besieged. The Duke of Savelli, the Imperial general who commanded in that quarter, hastened by forced marches to the relief of this important place, succeeded in raising the siege, and compelled the Duke of Weimar, with great loss, to retire. But, contrary to all human expectation, he appeared on the third day after, (21st February, 1638,) before the Imperialists, in order of battle, and defeated them in a bloody engagement, in which the four Imperial generals, Savelli, John De Werth, Enkeford, and Sperreuter, with two thousand men, were taken prisoners. Two of these, De Werth and Enkeford, were afterward sent by Richelieu's orders into France, in order to flatter the vanity of the French by the sight of such distinguished prisoners, and by the pomp of military trophies, to withdraw the atten-

tion of the populace from the public distress. The captured standards and colors were, with the same view, carried in solemn procession to the church of Notre Dame, thrice exhibited before the altar, and committed to sacred custody.

The taking of Rhinefeldt, Röteln, and Fribourg, was the immediate consequence of the duke's victory. His army now increased by considerable recruits, and his projects expanded in proportion as fortune favored him. The fortress of Breysach upon the Rhine was looked upon as holding the command of that river, and as the key of Alsace. No place in this quarter was of more importance to the Emperor, and upon none had more care been bestowed. To protect Breysach, was principally the determination of the Italian army, under the Duke of Feria; the strength of its works, and its natural defenses, bade defiance to assault, while the Imperial generals who commanded in that quarter had orders to retain it at any cost. But the duke, trusting to his good fortune, resolved to attempt the siege. Its strength rendered it impregnable; it could, therefore, only be starved into a surrender; and this was facilitated by the carelessness of the commandant, who, expecting no attack, had been selling off his stores. As under these circumstances the town could not long hold out, it must be immediately relieved or victualled. Accordingly, the Imperial General Goetz rapidly advanced at the head of 12,000 men, accompanied by 3,000 wagons loaded with provisions, which he intended to throw into the place. But he was attacked with such vigor by Duke Bernard at Witteweyer, that he lost his whole force, except 3,000 men, together with the entire transport. A similar fate at Ochsenfeld, near Thann, overtook the Duke of Lorraine, who, with 5,000 or 6,000 men, advanced to relieve the fortress. After a third attempt of General Goetz for the relief of Breysach had proved ineffectual, the fortress, reduced to the greatest extremity by famine, surrendered, after a blockade of four months, on the 17th December, 1638, to its equally persevering and humane conqueror.

The capture of Breysach opened a boundless field to the ambition of the Duke of Weimar, and the romance of his hopes was fast approaching to reality. Far from intending to surrender his conquests to France, he destined Breysach for himself, and revealed this intention, by exacting allegiance from the vanquished, in his own name, and not, in that of any other power. Intoxicated by his past success, and excited by the boldest hopes, he believed that he should be able to maintain his conquests, even against France herself. At a time when every thing depended upon bravery, when even personal strength was of more value than territories, it was natural for a hero like Bernard to place confidence in his own powers, and, at the head of an excellent army, who under his command had proved invincible, to believe himself capable of accomplishing the boldest and largest designs. In order to secure himself one friend among the crowd of enemies whom he was about to provoke, he turned his eyes upon the Landgravine Amelia of Hesse, the widow

of the lately deceased Landgrave William, a princess whose talents were equal to her courage, and who, along with her hand, would bestow valuable conquests, an extensive principality, and a well disciplined army. By the union of the conquests of Hesse, with his own upon the Rhine, and the junction of their forces, a power of some importance, and perhaps a third party, might be formed in Germany, which might decide the fate of the war. But a premature death put a period to these extensive schemes.

"Courage, Father Joseph, Breysach is ours!" whispered Richelieu in the ear of the Capuchin, who had long held himself in readiness to be dispatched into that quarter; so delighted was he with this joyful intelligence. Already in imagination he held Alsace, Breisgau, and all the frontiers of Austria in that quarter, without regard to his promise to Duke Bernard. But the firm determination which the latter had unequivocally shown, to keep Breysach for himself, greatly embarrassed the cardinal, and no efforts were spared to retain the victorious Bernard in the interests of France. He was invited to court, to witness the honors by which his triumph was to be commemorated; but he perceived and shunned the seductive snare. The cardinal even went so far as to offer him the hand of his niece in marriage; but the proud German prince declined the offer, and refused to sully the blood of Saxony by a misalliance. He was now considered as a dangerous enemy, and treated as such. His subsidies were withdrawn; and the Governor of Breysach, and his principal officers were bribed, at least upon the event of the duke's death, to take possession of his conquests, and to secure his troops. These intrigues were no secret to the duke, and the precautions he took in the conquered places, clearly bespoke the distrust of France. But this misunderstanding with the French court had the most prejudicial influence upon his future operations. The preparations he was obliged to make, in order to secure his conquests against an attack on the side of France, compelled him to divide his military strength, while the stoppage of his subsidies delayed his appearance in the field. It had been his intention to cross the Rhine, to support the Swedes, and to act against the Emperor and Bavaria on the banks of the Danube. He had already communicated his plan of operations to Banner, who was about to carry the war into the Austrian territories, and had promised to relieve him so, when a sudden death cut short his heroic career, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, at Neuburg upon the Rhine (in July, 1639).

He died of a pestilential disorder, which, in the course of two days, had carried off nearly 400 men in his camp. The black spots which appeared upon his body, his own dying expressions, and the advantages which France was likely to reap from his sudden decease, gave rise to a suspicion that he had been removed by poison—a suspicion sufficiently refuted by the symptoms of his disorder. In him, the allies lost their greatest general after Gustavus Adolphus, France a formidable competitor for Alsace, and the Emperor his most dangerous enemy. Trained to the duties of a soldier and a general in the school of Gustavus

Adolphus; he successfully imitated his eminent model, and wanted only a longer life to equal, if not to surpass it. With the bravery of the soldier, he united the calm and cool penetration of the general; the persevering fortitude of the man, with the daring resolution of youth; with the wild ardor of the warrior, the sober dignity of the prince, the moderation of the sage, and the conscientiousness of the man of honor. Discouraged by no misfortune, he quickly rose again in full vigor from the severest defeats: no obstacles could check his enterprise, no disappointments conquer his indomitable perseverance. His genius, perhaps, soared after unattainable objects; but the prudence of such men, is to be measured by a different standard from that of ordinary people. Capable of accomplishing more, he might venture to form more daring plans. Bernard affords, in modern history, a splendid example of those days of chivalry, when personal greatness had its full weight and influence, when individual bravery could conquer provinces, and the heroic exploits of a German knight raised him even to the Imperial throne.

The best part of the duke's possessions were his army, which, together with Alsace, he bequeathed to his brother William. But to this army, both France and Sweden thought that they had well-grounded claims; the latter, because it had been raised in the name of that crown, and had done homage to it; the former, because it had been supported by its subsidies. The Electoral Prince of the Palatinate also negotiated for its services, and attempted, first by his agents, and latterly in his own person, to win it over to his interests, with the view of employing it in the reconquest of his territories. Even the Emperor endeavored to secure it,—a circumstance the less surprising, when we reflect that at this time the justice of the cause was comparatively unimportant, and the extent of the recompense the main object to which the soldier looked; and when bravery, like every other commodity, was disposed of to the highest bidder. But France, richer and more determined, outbade all competitors: it bought over General Erlach, the commander of Breysach, and the other officers, who soon placed that fortress, with the whole army, in their hands.

The young Palatine, Prince Charles Louis, who had already made an unsuccessful campaign against the Emperor, saw his hopes again deceived. Although intending to do France so ill a service, as to compete with her for Bernard's army, he had the imprudence to travel through that kingdom. The cardinal, who dreaded the justice of the Palatine's cause, was glad to seize any opportunity to frustrate his views. He accordingly caused him to be seized at Moulin, in violation of the law of nations, and did not set him at liberty, until he learned that the army of the duke of Weimar had been secured. France was now in possession of a numerous and well-disciplined army in Germany, and from this moment began to make open war upon the Emperor.

But it was no longer against Ferdinand II. that its hostilities were to be conducted; for that prince had died in February, 1637, in the 59th year of his age. The war which his ambition had

kindled, however, survived him. During a reign of eighteen years he had never once laid aside the sword, nor tasted the blessings of peace as long as his hand swayed the imperial sceptre. Endowed with the qualities of a good sovereign, adorned with many of those virtues which insure the happiness of a people, and by nature gentle and humane, we see him, from erroneous ideas of the monarch's duty, become at once the instrument and the victim of the evil passions of others; his benevolent intentions frustrated, and the friend of justice converted into the oppressor of mankind, the enemy of peace, and the scourge of his people. Amiable in domestic life, and respectable as a sovereign, but in his policy ill advised, while he gained the love of his Roman Catholic subjects, he incurred the execration of the Protestants. History exhibits many and greater despots than Ferdinand II., yet he alone has had the unfortunate celebrity of kindling a thirty years' war; but to produce its lamentable consequences, his ambition must have been seconded by a kindred spirit of the age, a congenial state of previous circumstances, and existing seeds of discord. At a less turbulent period, the spark would have found no fuel; and the peacefulness of the age would have choked the voice of individual ambition; but now the flash fell upon a pile of accumulated combustibles, and Europe was in flames.

His son, Ferdinand III., who, a few months before his father's death, had been raised to the dignity of King of the Romans, inherited his throne, his principles, and the war which he had caused. But Ferdinand III. had been a closer witness of the sufferings of the people, and the devastation of the country, and felt more keenly and ardently the necessity of peace. Less influenced by the Jesuits and the Spaniards, and more moderate toward the religious views of others, he was more likely than his father to listen to the voice of reason. He did so, and ultimately restored to Europe the blessing of peace, but not till after a contest of eleven years waged with sword and pen; not till after he had experienced the impossibility of resistance, and necessity had laid upon him its stern laws.

Fortune favored him at the commencement of his reign, and his arms were victorious against the Swedes. The latter, under the command of the victorious Banner, had, after their success at Wittstock, taken up their winter quarters in Saxony; and the campaign of 1637 opened with the siege of Leipsic. The vigorous resistance of the garrison, and the approach of the Electoral and Imperial armies, saved the town, and Banner, to prevent his communication with the Elbe being cut off, was compelled to retreat into Torgau. But the superior number of the Imperialists drove him even from that quarter; and, surrounded by the enemy, hemmed in by rivers, and suffering from famine, he had no course opened to him but to attempt a highly dangerous retreat into Pomerania, of which, the boldness and successful issue bordered upon romance. The whole army crossed the Oder, at a ford near Furstenberg; and the soldiers, wading up to the neck in water, dragged the artillery across, when the horses refused to draw. Banner had expected to be joined by Ge-

neral Wrangel, on the further side of the Oder in Pomerania; and, in conjunction with him, to be able to make head against the enemy. But Wrangel did not appear; and in his stead, he joined an Imperial army posted at Landsberg, with a view to cut off the retreat of the Swedes. Banner now saw that he had fallen into a dangerous snare, from which escape appeared impossible. In his rear lay an exhausted country, the Imperialists, and the Oder on his left; the Oder, too, guarded by the Imperial General Bucheim, offered no retreat; in front, Landsberg, Custrin, the Warta, and a hostile army; and on the right, Poland, in which, notwithstanding the truce, little confidence could be placed. In these circumstances, his position seemed hopeless, and the Imperialists were already triumphing in the certainty of his fall. Banner, with just indignation, accused the French as the authors of this misfortune. They had neglected to make, according to their promise, a diversion upon the Rhine; and, by their inaction, allowed the Emperor to combine his whole force upon the Swedes. "When the day comes," cried the incensed general to the French Commissioner, who followed the camp, "that the Swedes and Germans join their arms against France, we shall cross the Rhine with less ceremony." But reproaches were now useless; what the emergency demanded was energy and resolution. In the hope of drawing the enemy by stratagem from the Oder, Banner pretended to march toward Poland, and dispatched the greater part of his baggage in this direction, with his own wife and those of the other officers. The Imperialists immediately broke up their camp, and hurried toward the Polish frontier to block up the route; Bucheim left his station, and the Oder was stripped of its defenders. On a sudden, and under cloud of night, Banner turned toward that river, and crossed it about a mile above Custrin, with his troops, baggage, and artillery, without bridges or vessels, as he had done before at Furstenberg. He reached Pomerania without loss, and prepared to share with Wrangel the defense of that province.

But the Imperialists, under the command of Gallas, entered that duchy at Ribses, and overran it by their superior strength. Usedom and Wolgast were taken by storm, Demmin capitulated, and the Swedes were driven far into Lower Pomerania. It was, too, more important for them at this moment than ever, to maintain a footing in that country, for Bogislaus XIV. had died that year, and Sweden must prepare to establish its title to Pomerania. To prevent the Elector of Brandenburg from making good the title to that duchy, which the treaty of Prague had given him, Sweden exerted her utmost energies, and supported its generals to the extent of her ability, both with troops and money. In other quarters of the kingdom, the affairs of the Swedes began to wear a more favorable aspect, and to recover from the humiliation into which they had been thrown by the inaction of France, and the desertion of their allies. For, after their hasty retreat into Pomerania, they had lost one place after another in Upper Saxony; the princes of Mecklenburg, closely pressed by the troops of the Emperor, began to lean to the side of Austria, and even

George, Duke of Lunenburg, declared against them. Ehrenbreitstein was starved into a surrender by the Bavarian General De Werth, and the Austrians possessed themselves of all the works which had been thrown up on the Rhine. France had been the sufferer in the contest with Spain; and the event had by no means justified the pompous expectations which had accompanied the opening of the campaign. Every place which the Swedes had held in the interior of Germany was lost: and only the principal towns in Pomerania still remained in their hands. But a single campaign raised them from this state of humiliation; and the vigorous diversion which the victorious Bernard had effected upon the Rhine, gave quite a new turn to affairs.

The misunderstandings between France and Sweden were now at last adjusted, and the old treaty between these powers confirmed at Hamburg, with fresh advantages for Sweden. In Hesse, the politic Landgravine Amelia had, with the approbation of the States, assumed the government after the death of her husband, and resolutely maintained her rights against the Emperor and the House of Darmstadt. Meantime, the Swedish-Protestant party, zealously attached to their religion, only awaited a favorable opportunity openly to declare themselves. By artful delays, and by prolonging the negotiations with the Emperor, they had succeeded in keeping him inactive, till they had concluded a secret compact with France, and the victories of Duke Bernard had given a favorable turn to the affairs of the Protestants. They now at once threw off the mask, and renewed their former alliance with the Swedish crown. The Electoral Prince of the Palatinate was also stimulated, by the success of Bernard, to try his fortune against the common enemy. Raising troops in Holland with English money, he formed a magazine at Meppen, and joined the Swedes in Westphalia. His magazine was, however, quickly lost; his army defeated near Flotha, by Count Hatzfeld; but his attempt served to occupy for some time the attention of the enemy, and thereby facilitated the operations of the Swedes in other quarters. Other friends began to appear, as fortune declared in their favor; and the circumstance that the States of Lower Saxony embraced a neutrality, was of itself no inconsiderable advantage.

Under these advantages, and reinforced by fourteen thousand fresh troops from Sweden and Livonia, Banner opened, with the most favorable prospects, the campaign of 1638. The Imperialists who were in possession of Upper Pomerania and Mecklenburg, either abandoned their positions, or deserted in crowds to the Swedes, to avoid the horrors of famine, the most formidable enemy in this exhausted country. The whole country betwixt the Elbe and the Oder was so desolated by the past marchings and quarterings of the troops, that, in order to support his army on its march into Saxony and Bohemia, Banner was obliged to take a circuitous route from Lower Pomerania into Lower Saxony, and then into the Electorate of Saxony through the territory of Halberstadt. The impatience of the Lower Saxon States to get rid of such troublesome guests, pro-

cured him so plentiful a supply of provisions, that he was provided with bread in Magdeburg itself, where famine had even overcome the natural antipathy of men to human flesh. His approach spread consternation among the Saxons; but his views were directed not against this exhausted country, but against the hereditary dominions of the Emperor. The victories of Bernard encouraged him, while the prosperity of the Austrian provinces excited his hopes of booty. After defeating the Imperial General, Salis, at Elsterberg, totally routing the Saxon army at Chemnitz, and taking Pirna, he penetrated with irresistible impetuosity into Bohemia, crossed the Elbe, threatened Prague, took Brandeis and Leutmeritz, defeated General Hofkirchen with ten regiments, and spread terror and devastation through that defenseless kingdom. Booty was his sole object, and whatever he could not carry off he destroyed. In order to remove more of the corn, the ears were cut from the stalks, and the latter burned. Above a thousand castles, hamlets, and villages, were laid in ashes; sometimes more than a hundred were seen burning in one night. From Bohemia he crossed into Silesia, and it was his intention to carry his ravages even into Moravia and Austria. But to prevent this, Count Hatzfeld was summoned from Westphalia, and Piccolomini from the Netherlands, to hasten with all speed to this quarter. The Archduke Leopold, brother to the Emperor, assumed the command, in order to repair the errors of his predecessor Gallas, and to raise the army from the low ebb to which it had fallen.

The result justified the change, and the campaign of 1640 appeared to take a most unfortunate turn for the Swedes. They were successively driven out of all their posts in Bohemia, and anxious only to secure their plunder, they precipitately crossed the heights of Meissen. But being followed into Saxony by the pursuing enemy, and defeated at Plauen, they were obliged to take refuge in Thuringia. Made masters of the field in a single summer, they were as rapidly dispossessed; but only to acquire it a second time, and to hurry from one extreme to another. The army of Banner, weakened and on the brink of destruction in its camp at Erfurt, suddenly recovered itself. The Duke of Lunenburg abandoned the treaty of Prague, and joined Banner with the very troops which, the year before, had fought against him. Hesse Cassel sent reinforcements, and the Duke of Longueville came to his support with the army of the late Duke Bernard. Once more numerically superior to the Imperialists, Banner offered them battle near Saalfeld; but their leader, Piccolomini, prudently declined an engagement, and had chosen too strong a position to be forced. When the Bavarians at length separated from the Imperialists, and marched toward Franconia, Banner attempted an attack upon this divided corps, but the attempt was frustrated by the skill of the Bavarian general Von Mercy, and the near approach of the main body of the Imperialists. Both armies now moved into the exhausted territory of Hesse, where they formed intrenched camps near each other, till at last famine and the severity of the winter com-



pelled them both to retire. Piccolomini chose the fertile banks of the Weser for his winter quarters, but being outflanked by Banner, he was obliged to give way to the Swedes, and to impose on the Franconian sees the burden of maintaining his army.

At this period, a Diet was held in Ratisbon, where the complaints of the states were to be heard, measures taken for securing the repose of the empire, and the question of peace or war finally settled. The presence of the Emperor, the majority of the Roman Catholic voices in the Electoral College, the great number of bishops, and the withdrawal of several of the Protestant votes, gave the Emperor a complete command of the deliberations of the assembly, and rendered this Diet any thing but a fair representative of the opinions of the German Empire. The Protestants, with reason, considered it as a mere combination of Austria and its creatures against their party; and it seemed to them a laudable effort to interrupt its deliberations, and to dissolve the Diet itself.

Banner undertook this bold enterprise. His military reputation had suffered by his last retreat from Bohemia, and it stood in need of some great exploit to restore its former lustre. Without communicating his designs to any one, in the depth of the winter of 1641, as soon as the roads and rivers were frozen, he broke up from his quarters in Lunenburg. Accompanied by Marshal Guebriant, who commanded the armies of France and Weimar, he took the route toward the Danube, through Thuringia and Vogtland, and appeared before Ratisbon, ere the Diet could be apprised of his approach. The consternation of the assembly was indescribable; and, in the first alarm, the deputies prepared for flight. The Emperor alone declared that he would not leave the town, and encouraged the rest by his example. Unfortunately for the Swedes, a thaw came on, which broke up the ice upon the Danube, so that it was no longer passable on foot, while no boats could cross it on account of the quantities of ice which were swept down by the current. In order to preform something, and to humble the pride of the Emperor, Banner discourteously fired five hundred cannon shots into the town, which, however, did little mischief. Baffled in his designs, he resolved to penetrate further into Bohemia, and the defenseless province of Moravia, where a rich booty and comfortable quarters awaited his troops. Guebriant, however, began to fear that the purpose of the Swedes was to draw the army of Bernard away from the Rhine, and to cut off its communication with France, till it should be either entirely won over, or incapacitated from acting independently. He therefore separated from Banner to return to the Maine; and the latter was exposed to the whole force of the Imperialists, which had been secretly drawn together between Ratisbon and Ingolstadt, and was on its march against him. It was now time to think of a rapid retreat, which, having to be effected in the face of an army superior in cavalry, and betwixt woods and rivers, through a country entirely hostile, appeared almost impracticable. He hastily retired toward the Forest intending to

penetrate through Bohemia into Saxony; but he was obliged to sacrifice three regiments at Neuburg. These, with a truly Spartan courage, defended themselves for four days behind an old wall, and gained time for Banner to escape. He retreated by Egra to Annaberg; Piccolomini took a shorter route in pursuit, by Schlackenwald; and Banner succeeded, only by a single half hour, in clearing the Pass of Prisnitz, and saving his whole army from the Imperialists. At Zwickau he was again joined by Guebriant; and both generals directed their march toward Halberstadt, after in vain attempting to defend the Saale, and to prevent the passage of the Imperialists.

Banner, at length, terminated his career at Halberstadt, in May 1641, a victim to vexation and disappointment. He sustained with great renown, though with varying success, the reputation of the Swedish arms in Germany, and by a train of victories showed himself worthy of his great master in the art of war. He was fertile in expedients, which he planned with secrecy, and executed with boldness; cautious in the midst of dangers, greater in adversity than in prosperity, and never more formidable than when upon the brink of destruction. But the virtues of the hero were united with all the failings and vices which a military life creates, or at least fosters. As imperious in private life as he was at the head of his army, rude as his profession, and proud as a conqueror; he oppressed the German princess no less by his haughtiness, than their country by his contributions. He consoled himself for the toils of war in voluptuousness and the pleasures of the table, in which he indulged to excess, and was thus brought to an early grave. But though as much addicted to pleasure as Alexander or Mohammed the Second, he hurried from the arms of luxury into the hardest fatigues, and placed himself in all his vigor at the head of his army at the very moment his soldiers were murmuring at his luxurious excesses. Nearly eighty thousand men fell in the numerous battles which he fought, and about six hundred hostile standards and colors, which he sent to Stockholm, were the trophies of his victories. The want of this great general was soon severely felt by the Swedes, who feared, with justice, that the loss would not readily be replaced. The spirit of rebellion and insubordination, which had been overawed by the imperious demeanor of this dreaded commander, awoke upon his death. The officers, with an alarming unanimity, demanded payment of their arrears; and none of the four generals who shared the command, possessed influence enough to satisfy these demands, or to silence the malcontents. All discipline was at an end, increasing want, and the imperial citations were daily diminishing the number of the army; the troops of France and Weimar showed little zeal; those of Lunenburg forsook the Swedish colors, as the Princes of the House of Brunswick, after the death of Duke George, had formed a separate treaty with the Emperor; and at last even those of Hesse quitted them, to seek better quarters in Westphalia. The enemy profited by these calamitous divisions; and although defeated by loss in two pitched battles, succeeded in making considerable progress in Lower Saxony.

At length appeared the new Swedish generalissimo, with fresh troops and money. This was Bernard Torstensohn, a pupil of Gustavus Adolphus, and his most successful imitator, who had been his page during the Polish war. Though a martyr to the gout, and confined to a litter, he surpassed all his opponents in activity; and his enterprises had wings, while his body was held by the most frightful of fetters. Under him, the scene of war was changed, and new maxims adopted, which necessity dictated, and the issue justified. All the countries in which the contest had hitherto raged were exhausted, while the House of Austria, safe in its most distant territories, felt not the miseries of the war under which the rest of Germany groaned. Torstensohn first furnished them with this bitter experience, glutted his Swedes on the fertile produce of Austria, and carried the torch of war to the very footsteps of the imperial throne.

In Silesia, the enemy had gained considerable advantages over the Swedish general Stalhantsch, and driven him as far as Neumark. Torstensohn, who had joined the main body of the Swedes in Lunenburg, summoned him to unite with his force, and in the year 1642, hastily marched into Silesia through Brandenburg, which, under its great Elector, had begun to maintain an armed neutrality. Glogau was carried, sword in hand, without a breach, or formal approaches: the Duke Francis Albert, of Lauenburg, defeated and killed at Schweidnitz; and Schweidnitz itself, with almost all the towns on that side of the Oder, taken. He now penetrated with irresistible violence into the interior of Moravia, where no enemy of Austria had hitherto appeared, took Olmutz, and threw Vienna itself into consternation.

But, in the mean time, Piccolomini and the Archduke Leopold had collected a superior force, which speedily drove the Swedish conquerors from Moravia, and after a fruitless attempt upon Breig, from Silesia. Reinforced by Wrangel, the Swedes again attempted to make head against the enemy, and relieved Grossglogau; but could neither bring the Imperialists to an engagement, nor carry into effect their own views upon Bohemia. Overrunning Lusatia, they took Zittau, in presence of the enemy, and after a short stay in that country, directed their march toward the Elbe, which they passed at Torgau. Torstensohn now threatened Leipsic with a siege, and hoped to raise a large supply of provisions and contributions from that prosperous town, which for ten years had been unvisited with the scourge of war.

The Imperialists, under Leopold and Piccolomini, immediately hastened by Dresden to its relief, and Torstensohn, to avoid being inclosed between this army and the town, boldly advanced to meet them in order of battle. By a strange coincidence, the two armies met upon the very spot which, eleven years before, Gustavus Adolphus had rendered remarkable by a decisive victory; and the heroism of their predecessors, now kindled in the Swedes a noble emulation on this consecrated ground. The Swedish generals, Stalhantsch and Wellenberg, led their divisions with such impetuosity upon the left wing of the Impe-

rialists, before it was completely formed, that the whole cavalry that covered it were dispersed and rendered unserviceable. But the left of the Swedes was threatened with a similar fate, when the victorious right advanced to its assistance, took the enemy in flank and rear, and divided the Austrian line. The infantry on both sides stood firm as a wall, and when their ammunition was exhausted, maintained the combat with the butt-ends of their muskets, till at last the Imperialists, completely surrounded, after a contest of three hours, were compelled to abandon the field. The generals on both sides had more than once to rally their flying troops; and the Archduke Leopold, with his regiment, was the first in the attack, and last in flight. But this bloody victory cost the Swedes more than 3,000 men, and two of their best generals, Schlangen and Lilienhoeck. More than 5,000 of the Imperialists were left upon the field, and nearly as many taken prisoners. Their whole artillery, consisting of 46 field-pieces, the silver plate and portfolio of the archduke, with the whole baggage of the army, fell into the hands of the victors. Torstensohn, too greatly disabled by his victory to pursue the enemy, moved upon Leipsic. The defeated army retired into Bohemia, where its shattered regiments reassembled. The Archduke Leopold could not recover from the vexation caused by this defeat; and the regiment of cavalry which, by its premature flight, had occasioned the disaster, experienced the effects of his indignation. At Raconitz in Bohemia, in presence of the whole army, he publicly declared it infamous, deprived it of its horses, arms, and ensigns, ordered its standards to be torn, condemned to death several of the officers, and decimated the privates.

The surrender of Leipsic, three weeks after the battle, was its brilliant result. The city was obliged to clothe the Swedish troops anew, and to purchase an exemption from plunder, by a contribution of 300,000 rix dollars, to which all the foreign merchants, who had warehouses in the city, were to furnish their quota. In the middle of winter, Torstensohn advanced against Freyburg, and for several weeks defied the inclemency of the season, hoping by his perseverance to weary out the obstinacy of the besieged. But he found that he was merely sacrificing the lives of his soldiers; and at last, the approach of the imperial general, Piccolomini, compelled him, with his weakened army, to retire. He considered it, however, as equivalent to a victory, to have disturbed the repose of the enemy in their winter quarters, who, by the severity of the weather, sustained a loss of three thousand horses. He now made a movement toward the Oder, as if with the view of reinforcing himself with the garrisons of Pomerania and Silesia; but, with the rapidity of lightning, he again appeared upon the Bohemian frontier, penetrated through that kingdom, and relieved Olmutz in Moravia, which was hard pressed by the Imperialists. His camp at Döditschau, two miles from Olmutz, commanded the whole of Moravia, on which he levied heavy contributions, and carried his ravages almost to the gates of Vienna. In vain did the Emperor attempt to arm the Hungarian nobility in defense

of this province; they appealed to their privileges, and refused to serve beyond the limits of their own country. Thus, the time that should have been spent in active resistance, was lost in fruitless negotiation, and the entire province was abandoned to the ravages of the Swedes.

While Torstensohn, by his marches and his victories, astonished friend and foe, the armies of the allies had not been inactive in other parts of the empire. The troops of Hesse, under Count Eberstein, and those of Weimar, under Mareschal de Guebriant, had fallen into the Electorate of Cologne, in order to take up their winter quarters there. To get rid of these troublesome guests, the Elector called to his assistance the imperial general, Hatzfeld, and assembled his own troops under General Lamboy. The latter was attacked by the allies in January, 1642, and in a decisive action near Kempen, defeated, with the loss of about two thousand men killed, and about twice as many prisoners. This important victory opened to them the whole Electorate and neighboring territories, so that the allies were not only enabled to maintain their winter quarters there, but drew from the country large supplies of men and horses.

Guebriant left the Hessians to defend their conquests on the lower Rhine against Hatzfeld, and advanced toward Thuringia, as if to second the operations of Torstensohn in Saxony. But instead of joining the Swedes, he soon hurried back to the Rhine and the Maine, from which he seemed to think he had removed further than was expedient. But being anticipated in the Landgraviate of Baden, by the Bavarians under Mercy and John de Werth, he was obliged to wander about for several weeks, exposed, without shelter, to the inclemency of the winter, and generally encamping upon the snow, till he found a miserable refuge in Breisgau. He at last took the field; and, in the next summer, by keeping the Bavarian army employed in Swabia, prevented it from relieving Thionville, which was besieged by Condé. But the superiority of the enemy soon drove him back to Alsace, where he awaited a reinforcement.

The death of Cardinal Richelieu took place in November, 1642, and the subsequent change in the throne and in the ministry, occasioned by the death of Louis XIII., had for some time withdrawn the attention of France from the German war, and was the cause of the inaction of its troops in the field. But Mazarine, the inheritor, not only of Richelieu's power, but also of his principles and his projects, followed out with renewed zeal the plans of his predecessor, though the French subject was destined to pay dearly enough for the political greatness of his country. The main strength of its armies, which Richelieu had employed against the Spaniards, was by Mazarine directed against the Emperor; and the anxiety with which he carried on the war in Germany, proved the sincerity of his opinion, that the German army was the right arm of his king, and a wall of safety around France. Immediately upon the surrender of Thionville, he sent a considerable reinforcement to Field-Marshal Guebriant in Alsace; and to encourage the troops to bear the

fatigues of the German war, the celebrated victor of Rocroi, the Duke of Enguien, afterward Prince of Condé, was placed at their head. Guebriant now felt himself strong enough to appear again in Germany with repute. He hastened across the Rhine with the view of procuring better winter quarters in Swabia, and actually made himself master of Rothweil, where a Bavarian magazine fell into his hands. But the place was too dearly purchased for its worth, and was again lost even more speedily than it had been taken. Guebriant received a wound in the arm, which the surgeon's unskillfulness rendered mortal, and the extent of his loss was felt on the very day of his death.

The French army, sensibly weakened by an expedition undertaken at so severe a season of the year, had, after the taking of Rothweil, withdrawn into the neighborhood of Duttlingen, where it lay in complete security, without expectation of a hostile attack. In the mean time, the enemy collected a considerable force, with a view to prevent the French from establishing themselves beyond the Rhine, and posted it so near to Bavaria as to protect that quarter from their ravages. The Imperialists, under Hatzfeld, had formed a junction with the Bavarians under Mercy; and the Duke of Lorraine, who, during the whole course of the war, was generally found everywhere except in his own Duchy, joined their united forces. It was resolved to force the quarters of the French in Duttlingen, and the neighboring villages, by surprise; a favorite mode of proceeding in this war, and which, being commonly accompanied by confusion, occasioned more bloodshed than a regular battle. On the present occasion, there was the more to justify it, as the French soldiers, unaccustomed to such enterprises, conceived themselves protected by the severity of the winter against any surprise. John de Werth, a master in this species of warfare, which he had often put in practice against Gustavus Horn, conducted the enterprise, and succeeded, contrary to all expectation.

The attack was made on a side where it was least looked for, on account of the woods and narrow passes, and a heavy snow storm which fell upon the same day, (the 24th November, 1643,) concealed the approach of the vanguard till it halted before Duttlingen. The whole of the artillery without the place, as well as the neighboring Castle of Homberg, were taken without resistance, Duttlingen itself was gradually surrounded by the enemy, and all connection with the other quarters in the adjacent villages silently and suddenly cut off. The French were vanquished without firing a cannon. The cavalry owed their escape to the swiftness of their horses, and the few minutes in advance, which they had gained upon their pursuers. The infantry were cut to pieces, or voluntarily laid down their arms. About 2,000 men were killed; and 7,000, with 25 staff-officers and 90 captains, taken prisoners. This was, perhaps, the only battle in the whole course of the war, which produced nearly the same effect upon the party which gained, and that which lost;—both these parties were Germans; the French disgraced themselves. The memory of this unfortunate day, which was renewed 100 years after at

Rosbach, was indeed erased by the subsequent heroism of a Turenne and Condé; but the Germans may be pardoned, if they indemnified themselves for the miseries which the policy of France had heaped upon them, by these severe reflections upon her intrepidity.

Meantime, this defeat of the French was calculated to prove highly disastrous to Sweden, as the whole power of the Emperor might now act against them, while the number of their enemies was increased by a formidable accession. Torstensohn had, in September, 1643, suddenly left Moravia, and moved into Silesia. The cause of this step was a secret, and the frequent changes which took place in the direction of his march, contributed to increase this perplexity. From Silesia: after numberless circuits, he advances toward the Elbe, while the Imperialists followed him into Lusatia. Throwing a bridge across the Elbe at Torgan, he gave out that he intended to penetrate through Meissen into the Upper Palatinate in Bavaria; at Barby he also made a movement, as if to pass that river, but continued to move down the Elbe as far as Havelburg, where he astonished his troops by informing them that he was leading them against the Danes in Holstein.

The partiality which Christian IV. had displayed against the Swedes in his office of mediator, the jealousy which led him to do all in his power to hinder the progress of their arms, the restraints which he laid upon their navigation of the Sound, and the burdens which he imposed upon their commerce, had long roused the indignation of Sweden; and at last, when these grievances increased daily, had determined the Regency to measures of retaliation. Dangerous as it seemed, to involve the nation in a new war, when, even amidst its conquests, it was almost exhausted by the old, the desire of revenge, and the deep-rooted hatred which subsisted between Danes and Swedes, prevailed over all other considerations; and even the embarrassment in which hostilities with Germany had plunged it, only served as an additional motive to try its fortune against Denmark.

Matters were, in fact, arrived at last to that extremity, that the war was prosecuted merely for the purpose of furnishing food and employment to the troops; that good winter quarters formed the chief subject of contention; and that success, in this point, was more valued than a decisive victory. But now the provinces of Germany were almost all exhausted and laid waste. They were wholly destitute of provisions, horses, and men, which in Holstein were to be found in profusion. If by this movement, Torstensohn should succeed merely in recruiting his army, providing subsistence for his horses and soldiers, and remounting his cavalry, all the danger and difficulty would be well repaid. Besides, it was highly important, on the eve of negotiations for peace, to diminish the injurious influence which Denmark might exercise upon these deliberations, to delay the treaty itself, which threatened to be prejudicial to the Swedish interests, by sowing confusion among the parties interested, and with a view to the amount of indemnification, to increase the number of her

conquests, in order to be the more sure of securing those which alone she was anxious to retain. Moreover, the present state of Denmark justified even greater hopes, if only the attempt were executed with rapidity and silence. The secret was in fact so well kept in Stockholm, that the Danish minister had not the slightest suspicion of it; and neither France nor Holland were let into the scheme. Actual hostilities commenced with the declaration of war; and Torstensohn was in Holstein, before even an attack was expected. The Swedish troops, meeting with no resistance, quickly overran this duchy, and made themselves masters of all its strong places, except Rensburg and Gluckstadt. Another army penetrated into Schonen, which made as little opposition; and nothing but the severity of the season prevented the enemy from passing the Lesser Baltic, and carrying the war into Funen and Zealand. The Danish fleet was unsuccessful at Femern; and Christian himself, who was on board, lost his right eye by a splinter. Cut off from all communication with the distant force of the Emperor, his ally, this king was on the point of seeing his whole kingdom overrun by the Swedes; and all things threatened the speedy fulfillment of the old prophecy of the famous Tycho Brahe, that in the year 1644, Christian IV. should wander in the greatest misery from his dominions.

But the Emperor could not look on with indifference, while Denmark was sacrificed to Sweden, and the latter strengthened by so great an acquisition. Notwithstanding great difficulties lay in the way of so long a march through desolated provinces, he did not hesitate to dispatch an army into Holstein under Count Gallas, who, after Piccolomini's retirement, had resumed the supreme command of the troops. Gallas accordingly appeared in the duchy, took Kiel, and hoped, by forming a junction with the Danes, to be able to shut up the Swedish army in Jutland. Meantime, the Hessians, and the Swedish General Koenigsmark, were kept in check by Hatzfeld, and the Archbishop of Bremen, the son of Christian IV.; and afterward the Swedes drawn into Saxony by an attack upon Meissen. But Torstensohn, with his augmented army, penetrated through the unoccupied pass betwixt Schleswig and Stapelholm, met Gallas, and drove him along the whole course of the Elbe, as far as Bernburg, where the Imperialists took up an intrenched position. Torstensohn passed the Saale, and by posting himself in the rear of the enemy, cut off their communication with Saxony and Bohemia. Scarcity and famine began now to destroy them in great numbers, and forced them to retreat to Magdeburg, where, however, they were not much better off. The cavalry, which endeavored to escape into Silesia, was overtaken and routed by Torstensohn, near Juterbock; the rest of the army, after a vain attempt to fight its way through the Swedish lines, was almost wholly destroyed near Magdeburg. From this expedition, Gallas brought back only a few thousand men of all his formidable force, and the reputation of being a consummate master in the art of ruining an army. The King of Denmark, after this unsuccessful effort to re-

lieve him, sued for peace, which he obtained at Bremsebor in the year 1645, under very unfavorable conditions.

Torstensohn rapidly followed up his victory; and while Axel Lilienstern, one of the generals who commanded under him, overawed Saxony, and Koenigsmark subdued the whole of Bremen, he himself penetrated into Bohemia with 16,000 men and 80 pieces of artillery, and endeavored a second time to remove the seat of war into the hereditary dominions of Austria. Ferdinand, upon this intelligence, hastened in person to Prague, in order to animate the courage of the people by his presence; and as a skillful general was much required, and so little unanimity prevailed among the numerous leaders, he hoped in the immediate neighborhood of the war to be able to give more energy and activity. In obedience to his orders, Hatzfeld assembled the whole Austrian and Bavarian force, and contrary to his own inclination and advice, formed the Emperor's last army, and the last bulwark of his states, in order of battle, to meet the enemy, who were approaching, at Jankowitz, on the 24th of February, 1645. Ferdinand depended upon his cavalry, which outnumbered that of the enemy by 3,000, and upon the promise of the Virgin Mary, who had appeared to him in a dream, and given him the strongest assurances of a complete victory.

The superiority of the Imperialists did not intimidate Torstensohn, who was not accustomed to number his antagonists. On the very first onset, the left wing, which Goetz, the general of the League, had entangled in a disadvantageous position among marshes and thickets, was totally routed; the general, with the greater part of his men, killed, and almost the whole ammunition of the army taken. This unfortunate commencement decided the fate of the day. The Swedes, constantly advancing, successively carried all the most commanding heights. After a bloody engagement of eight hours, a desperate attack on the part of the Imperial cavalry, and a vigorous resistance by the infantry, the latter remained in possession of the field. 2,000 Austrians were killed upon the spot, and Hatzfeld himself, with 3,000 men, taken prisoners. Thus, on the same day, did the Emperor lose his best general and his last army.

This decisive victory at Jankowitz, at once exposed all the Austrian territory to the enemy. Ferdinand hastily fled to Vienna, to provide for its defense, and to save his family and his treasures. In a very short time, the victorious Swedes poured, like an inundation, upon Moravia and Austria. After they had subdued nearly the whole of Moravia, invested Brunn, and taken almost all the strongholds upon the Danube, and carried the intrenchments at the Wolf's Bridge, near Vienna, they at last appeared in sight of that capital, while the care which they had taken to fortify their conquests, showed that their visit was not likely to be a short one. After a long and destructive circuit through every province of Germany, the stream of war had at last rolled backward to its source, and the roar of the Swedish artillery now reminded the terrified inhabitants of those balls which twenty-seven years before, the Bohemian

rebels had fired into Vienna. The same theatre of war brought again similar actors on the scene, Torstensohn invited Ragotsky, the successor of Bethlem Gabor, to his assistance, as the Bohemian rebels had solicited that of his predecessor; Upper Hungary was already inundated by his troops, and his union with the Swedes was daily apprehended. The Elector of Saxony, driven to despair by the Swedes taking up their quarters within his territories, and abandoned by the Emperor, who, after the defeat at Jankowitz, was unable to defend himself, at length adopted the last and only expedient which remained, and concluded a truce with Sweden, which was to be renewed from year to year till a general peace. The Emperor thus lost a friend, while a new enemy was appearing at his very gates, his armies dispersed, and his allies in other quarters of Germany defeated. The French army had effaced the disgrace of their defeat at Deutlingen by a brilliant campaign, and had kept the whole force of Bavaria employed upon the Rhine and in Swabia. Reinforced with fresh troops from France, which the great Turenne, already distinguished by his victories in Italy, brought to the assistance of the Duke of Enguien, they appeared on the 4th of August, 1644, before Freyburg, which Mercy had lately taken, and now covered, with his whole army strongly intrenched. But against the steady firmness of the Bavarians, all the impetuous valor of the French was exerted in vain, and after a fruitless sacrifice of 6,000 men, the Duke of Enguien was compelled to retreat. Mazarine shed tears over this great loss, which Condé, who had no feeling for any thing but glory, disregarded. "A single night in Paris," said he, "gives birth to more men than this action has destroyed." The Bavarians, however were so disabled by this murderous battle, that, far from being in a condition to relieve Austria from the menaced dangers, they were too weak even to defend the banks of the Rhine. Spire, Worms, and Mannheim capitulated; the strong fortress of Philipsburg was forced to surrender by famine; and, by a timely submission, Mentz hastened to disarm the conquerors.

Austria and Moravia, however, were now freed from Torstensohn, by a similar means of deliverance, as in the beginning of the war had saved them from the Bohemians. Ragotsky, at the head of 25,000 men, had advanced into the neighborhood of the Swedish quarters upon the Danube. But these wild undisciplined hordes, instead of seconding the operations of Torstensohn by any vigorous enterprise, only ravaged the country, and increased the distress which, even before their arrival, had begun to be felt in the Swedish camp. To extort tribute from the Emperor, and money and plunder from his subjects, was the sole object that had allured Ragotsky, or his predecessor, Bethlem Gabor, into the field; and both departed as soon as they had gained their end. To get rid of him, Ferdinand granted the barbarian whatever he asked, and, by a small sacrifice, freed his states of this formidable enemy.

In the mean time, the main body of the Swedes had been greatly weakened by a tedious encampment before Brunn. Torstensohn, who commanded

in person, for four entire months employed in vain all his knowledge of military tactics; the obstinacy of the resistance was equal to that of the assault; while despair roused the courage of Souches, the commandant, a Swedish deserter, who had no hope of pardon. The ravages caused by pestilence, arising from famine, want of cleanliness, and the use of unripe fruit, during their tedious and unhealthy encampment, with the sudden retreat of the Prince of Transylvania, at last compelled the Swedish leader to raise the siege. As all the passes on the Danube were occupied, and his army greatly weakened by famine and sickness, he at last relinquished his intended plan of operations against Austria and Moravia, and contented himself with securing a key to these provinces, by leaving behind him Swedish garrisons in the conquered fortresses. He then directed his march into Bohemia, whither he was followed by the Imperialists, under the Archduke Leopold. Such of the lost places as had not been retaken by the latter, were recovered, after his departure, by the Austrian General Bucheim; so that, in the course of the following year, the Austrian frontier was again cleared of the enemy, and Vienna escaped with mere alarm. In Bohemia and Silesia too, the Swedes maintained themselves only with a very variable fortune; they traversed both countries, without being able to hold their ground in either. But if the designs of Torstensohn were not crowned with all the success which they were promised at the commencement, they were, nevertheless, productive of the most important consequences to the Swedish party. Denmark had been compelled to a peace, Saxony to a truce. The Emperor, in the deliberations for a peace, offered greater concession; France became more manageable; and Sweden itself bolder and more confident in its bearing toward these two crowns. Having thus nobly performed his duty, the author of these advantages retired, adorned with laurels, into the tranquillity of private life, and endeavored to restore his shattered health.

By the retreat of Torstensohn, the Emperor was relieved from all fears of an irruption on the side of Bohemia. But a new danger soon threatened the Austrian frontier from Swabia and Bavaria. Turenne, who had separated from Condé, and taken the direction of Swabia, had, in the year 1645, been totally defeated by Mercy, near Mergentheim; and the victorious Bavarians, under their brave leader, poured into Hesse. But the Duke of Enguien hastened with considerable succors from Alsace, Koenigsmark from Moravia, and the Hessians from the Rhine, to recruit the defeated army, and the Bavarians were in turn compelled to retire to the extreme limits of Swabia. Here they posted themselves at the village of Allersheim, near Nordlingen, in order to cover the Bavarian frontier. But no obstacle could check the impetuosity of the Duke of Enguien. In person he led on his troops against the enemy's intrenchments, and a battle took place, which the heroic resistance of the Bavarians rendered most obstinate and bloody; till at last the death of the great Mercy, the skill of Turenne, and the iron firmness of the Hessians, decided the day in favor of the allies. But even this

second barbarous sacrifice of life had little effect either on the course of the war, or on the negotiations for peace. The French army, exhausted by this bloody engagement, was still further weakened by the departure of the Hessians, and the Bavarians being reinforced by the Archduke Leopold, Turenne was again obliged hastily to recross the Rhine.

The retreat of the French, enabled the enemy to turn his whole force upon the Swedes in Bohemia. Gustavus Wrangel, no unworthy successor of Banner and Torstensohn, had, in 1646, been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Swedish army, which, besides Koenigsmark's flying corps and the numerous garrisons dispersed throughout the empire, amounted to about eight thousand horse, and fifteen thousand foot. The Archduke, after reinforcing his army, which already amounted to twenty-four thousand men, with twelve Bavarian regiments of calvary, and eighteen regiments of infantry, moved against Wrangel, in the hope of being able to overwhelm him by his superior force before Koenigsmark could join him, or the French effect a diversion in his favor. Wrangel, however, did not await him, but hastened through Upper Saxony to the Weser, where he took Hoester and Paderborn. From thence he marched into Hesse, in order to join Turenne, and at his camp at Weimar, was joined by the flying corps of Koenigsmark. But Turenne, fettered by the instructions of Mazarine, who had seen with jealousy the warlike prowess and increasing power of the Swedes, excused himself on the plea of a pressing necessity to defend the frontier of France on the side of the Netherlands, in consequence of the Flemings having failed to make the promised diversion. But as Wrangel continued to press his just demand, and a longer opposition might have excited distrust on the part of the Swedes, or induce them to conclude a private treaty with Austria, Turenne at last obtained the wished-for permission to join the Swedish army.

This junction took place at Giessen, and they now felt themselves strong enough to meet the enemy. The latter had followed the Swedes into Hesse, in order to intercept their commissariat, and to prevent their union with Turenne. In both designs they had been unsuccessful; and the Imperialists now saw themselves cut off from the Maine, and exposed to great scarcity and want from the loss of their magazines. Wrangel took advantage of their weakness, to execute a plan by which he hoped to give a new turn to the war. He, too, had adopted the maxim of his predecessor, to carry the war into the Austrian States. But discouraged by the ill success of Torstensohn's enterprise, he hoped to gain his end with more certainty by another way. He determined to follow the course of the Danube, and to break into the Austrian territories through the midst of Bavaria. A similar design had been formerly conceived by Gustavus Adolphus, which he had been prevented carrying into effect by the approach of Wallenstein's army, and the danger of Saxony. Duke Bernard moving in his footsteps, and more fortunate than Gustavus, had spread his victorious banners between the Iser and the Inn; but the near approach of the enemy, vastly supe-

rior in force, obliged him to halt in his victorious career, and lead back his troops. Wrangel now hoped to accomplish the object in which his predecessors had failed, the more so, as the Imperial and Bavarian army was far in his rear upon Lahn, and could only reach Bavaria by a long march through Franconia and the Upper Palatinate. He moved hastily upon the Danube, defeated a Bavarian corps near Donauwerth, and passed that river, as well as the Lech, unopposed. But by wasting his time in the unsuccessful siege of Augsburg, he gave opportunity to the Imperialists; not only to relieve that city, but also to repulse him as far as Lauingen. No sooner, however, had they turned toward Swabia, with a view to remove the war from Bavaria, than, seizing the opportunity, he repassed the Lech, and guarded the passage of it against the Imperialists themselves. Bavaria now lay open and defenseless before him; the French and Swedes quickly overran it; and the soldiery indemnified themselves for all dangers by frightful outrages, robberies, and extortions. The arrival of the Imperial troops, who at last succeeded in passing the Lech at Thierhaupten, only increased the misery of this country, which friend and foe indiscriminately plundered.

And now, for the first time during the whole course of this war, the courage of Maximilian, which for eight-and-twenty years had stood unshaken amidst fearful dangers, began to waver. Ferdinand II., his school-companion at Ingolstadt, and the friend of his youth, was no more; and with the death of his friend and benefactor, the strong tie was dissolved which had linked the Elector to the House of Austria. To the father, habit, inclination, and gratitude had attached him; the son was a stranger to his heart, and political interests alone could preserve his fidelity to the latter prince.

Accordingly, the motives which the artifices of France now put in operation, in order to detach him from the Austrian alliance, and to induce him to lay down his arms, were drawn entirely from political considerations. It was not without a selfish object that Mazarine had so far overcome his jealousy of the growing power of the Swedes, as to allow the French to accompany them into Bavaria. His intention was to expose Bavaria to all the horrors of war, in the hope that the persevering fortitude of Maximilian might be subdued by necessity and despair, and the Emperor deprived of his first and last ally. Brandenburg had, under its great sovereign, embraced the neutrality; Saxony had been forced to accede to it; the war with France prevented the Spaniards from taking any part in that of Germany; the peace with Sweden had removed Denmark from the theatre of war; and Poland had been disarmed by a long truce. If they could succeed in detaching the Elector of Bavaria also from the Austrian alliance, the Emperor would be without a friend in Germany, and left to the mercy of the allied powers.

Ferdinand III. saw his danger, and left no means untried to avert it. But the Elector of Bavaria was unfortunately led to believe that the Spaniards alone were disinclined to peace, and

that nothing but Spanish influence had induced the Emperor so long to resist a cessation of hostilities. Maximilian detested the Spaniards, and could never forgive their having opposed his application for the Palatine Electorate. Could it then be supposed that, in order to gratify this hated power, he would see his people sacrificed, his country laid waste, and himself ruined, when, by a cessation of hostilities, he could at once emancipate himself from all these distresses, procure for his people the repose of which they stood so much in need, and perhaps accelerate the arrival of a general peace? All doubts disappeared; and, convinced of the necessity of this step, he thought he should sufficiently discharge his obligations to the Emperor, if he invited him also to share in the benefit of the truce.

The deputies of the three crowns, and of Bavaria, met at Ulm, to adjust the conditions. But it was soon evident, from the instructions of the Austrian ambassador, that it was not the intention of the Emperor to second the conclusion of a truce, but if possible to prevent it. It was obviously necessary to make the terms acceptable to the Swedes, who had the advantage, and had more to hope than to fear from the continuance of the war. They were the conquerors; and yet the Emperor presumed to dictate to them. In the first transports of their indignation, the Swedish ambassadors were on the point of leaving the congress, and the French were obliged to have recourse to threats in order to detain them.

The good intentions of the Elector of Bavaria, to include the Emperor in the benefit of the truce, having been thus rendered unavailing, he felt himself justified in providing for his own safety. However hard were the conditions on which the truce was to be purchased, he did not hesitate to accept it on any terms. He agreed to the Swedes extending their quarters in Swabia and Franconia, and to his own being restricted to Bavaria and the Palatinate. The conquests which he had made in Swabia were ceded to the allies, who, on their part, restored to him what they had taken from Bavaria. Cologne and Hesse Cassel were also included in the truce. After the conclusion of this treaty, upon the 14th March, 1647, the French and Swedes left Bavaria, and in order not to interfere with each other, took up different quarters; the former in Wurtemberg, the latter in Upper Swabia, in the neighborhood of the Lake of Bode. On the extreme north of this lake, and on the most southern frontier of Swabia, the Austrian town of Bregentz, by its steep and narrow passes, seemed to defy attack; and in this persuasion, the whole peasantry of the surrounding villages had with their property taken refuge in this natural fortress. The rich booty, which the store of provisions it contained, gave reason to expect, and the advantage of possessing a pass into the Tyrol, Switzerland, and Italy, induced the Swedish general to venture an attack upon this supposed impregnable post and town. Meantime, Turenne, according to agreement, marched into Wurtemberg, where he forced the Landgrave of Darmstadt and the Elector of Mentz to imitate the example of Bavaria, and to embrace the neutrality.

And now, at last, France seemed to have attained the great object of its policy, that of depriving the Emperor of the support of the League, and of his Protestant allies, and of dictating to him, sword in hand, the conditions of peace. Of all his once formidable power, an army, not exceeding 12,000, was all that remained to him; and this force he was driven to the necessity of intrusting to the command of a Calvinist, the Hessian deserter Melander, as the casualties of war had stripped him of his best generals. But as this war had been remarkable for the sudden changes of fortune it displayed; and as every calculation of state policy had been frequently baffled by some unforeseen event, in this case also the issue disappointed expectation; and after a brief crisis, the fallen power of Austria rose again to a formidable strength. The jealousy which France entertained of Sweden, prevented it from permitting the total ruin of the Emperor, or allowing the Swedes to obtain such a preponderance in Germany, which have been destructive to France herself. Accordingly the French minister declined to take advantage of the distresses of Austria; and the army of Turenne, separating from that of Wrangel, retired to the frontiers of the Netherlands. Wrangel, indeed, after moving from Swabia into Franconia, taking Schweinfurt, and incorporating the imperial garrison of that place with his own army, attempted to make his way into Bohemia, and laid siege to Egra, the key of that kingdom. To relieve this fortress, the Emperor put his last army in motion, and placed himself at its head. But obliged to take a long circuit, in order to spare the lands of Von Schlick, the president of the council of war, he protracted his march; and on his arrival, Egra was already taken. Both armies were now in sight of each other; and a decisive battle was momentarily expected, as both were suffering from want, and the two camps were only separated from each other by the space of the intrenchments. But the Imperialists, although superior in numbers, contented themselves with keeping close to the enemy, and harassing them by skirmishes, by fatiguing marches and famine, until the negotiations which had been opened with Bavaria, were brought to a bearing.

The neutrality of Bavaria, was a wound under which the Imperial court writhed impatiently; and after in vain attempting to prevent it, Austria now determined, if possible, to turn it to advantage. Several officers of the Bavarian army had been offended by this step of their master, which at once reduced them to inaction, and imposed a burdensome restraint on their restless disposition. Even the brave John de Werth was at the head of the malcontents, and encouraged by the Emperor, he formed a plot to seduce the whole army from their allegiance to the Elector, and leading it over to the Emperor. Ferdinand did not blush to patronize this act of treachery against his father's most trusty ally. He formally issued a proclamation to the Bavarian troops, in which he recalled them to himself, reminded them that they were the troops of the empire, which the Elector had merely commanded in the name of the Emperor. Fortunately for Maximilian, he detected

the conspiracy time enough to anticipate and prevent it by the most rapid and effective measures.

This disgraceful conduct of the Emperor might have justified a reprisal, but Maximilian was too old a statesman to listen to the voice of passion, where policy alone ought to be heard. He had not derived from the truce the advantages he expected. Far from tending to accelerate a general peace, it had a pernicious influence upon the negotiations at Munster and Osnaburg, and had made the allies bolder in their demands. The French and Swedes had indeed removed from Bavaria; but, by the loss of his quarters in the Swabian circle, he found himself compelled either to exhaust his own territories by the subsistence of his troops, or at once to disband them, and to throw aside the shield and spear, at the very moment when the sword alone seemed to be the arbiter of right. Before embracing either of these certain evils, he determined to try a third step, the unfavorable issue of which was at least not so certain, viz., to renounce the truce and resume the war.

This resolution, and the assistance which he immediately dispatched to the Emperor in Bohemia, threatened materially to injure the Swedes, and Wrangel was compelled in haste to evacuate that kingdom. He retired through Thuringia into Westphalia and Lunenburg, in the hope of forming a junction with the French army under Turenne, while the Imperial and Bavarian army followed him to the Weser, under Melander and Gronsfeld. His ruin was inevitable, if the enemy should overtake him before his junction with Turenne; but the same consideration which had just saved the Emperor, now proved the salvation of the Swedes. Even amidst all the fury of the conquest, cold calculations of prudence guided the course of the war, and the vigilance of the different courts increased, as the prospect of peace approached. The Elector of Bavaria could not allow the Emperor to obtain so decisive a preponderance as, by the sudden alteration of affairs, might delay the chances of a general peace. Every change of fortune was important now, when a pacification was so ardently desired by all, and when the disturbance of the balance of power among the contracting parties might at once annihilate the work of years, destroy the fruit of long and tedious negotiations, and indefinitely protract the repose of Europe. If France sought to restrain the Swedish crown within due bounds, and measured out her assistance according to her successes and defeats, the Elector of Bavaria silently undertook the same task with the Emperor his ally, and determined, by prudently dealing out his aid, to hold the fate of Austria in his own hands. And now that the power of the Emperor threatened once more to attain a dangerous superiority, Maximilian at once ceased to pursue the Swedes. He was also afraid of reprisals from France, who had threatened to direct Turenne's whole force against him, if he allowed his troops to cross the Weser.

Melander, prevented by the Bavarians from further pursuing Wrangel, crossed by Jena and Erfurt into Hesse, and now appeared as a dan-

gerous enemy in the country which he had formerly defended. If it was the desire of revenge upon his former sovereign, which led him to choose Hesse for the scene of his ravages, he certainly had his full gratification. Under this scourge, the miseries of that unfortunate state reached their height. But he had soon reason to regret that, in the choice of his quarters, he had listened to the dictates of revenge rather than of prudence. In this exhausted country, his army was oppressed by want, while Wrangel was recruiting his strength, and remounting his cavalry in Lunenburg. Too weak to maintain his wretched quarters against the Swedish general, when he opened the campaign in the winter of 1648 and marched against Hesse, he was obliged to retire with disgrace, and take refuge on the banks of the Danube.

France had once more disappointed the expectations of Sweden; and the army of Turenne, disregarding the remonstrances of Wrangel, had remained upon the Rhine. The Swedish leader revenged himself, by drawing into his service the cavalry of Weimar, which had abandoned the standard of France, though, by this step, he further increased the jealousy of that power. Turenne received permission to join the Swedes; and the last campaign of this eventful war was now opened by the united armies. Driving Melander before them along the Danube, they threw supplies into Egra, which was besieged by the Imperialists, and defeated the Imperial and Bavarian armies on the Danube, which ventured to oppose them at Susmarshausen, where Melander was mortally wounded. After this overthrow, the Bavarian general, Gronsfield, placed himself on the further side of the Lech, in order to guard Bavaria from the enemy.

But Gronsfield was not more fortunate than Tilly, who, in this same position, had sacrificed his life for Bavaria. Wrangel and Turenne chose the same spot for passing the river, which was so gloriously marked by the victory of Gustavus Adolphus, and accomplished it by the same means, too, which had favored their predecessor. Bavaria was now a second time overrun, and the breach of the truce punished by the severest treatment of its inhabitants. Maximilian sought shelter in Salzburg, while the Swedes crossed the Iser, and forced their way as far as the Inn. A violent and continued rain, which in a few days swelled this inconsiderable stream into a broad river, saved Austria once more from the threatened danger. The enemy ten times attempted to form a bridge of boats over the Inn, and as often it was destroyed by the current. Never, during the whole course of the war, had the Imperialists been in so great consternation as at present, when the enemy were in the centre of Bavaria, and when they had no longer a general left who could

be matched against a Turenne, a Wrangel, and a Koenigsmark. At last the brave Piccolomini arrived from the Netherlands, to assume the command of the feeble wreck of the Imperialists. By their own ravages in Bohemia, the allies had rendered their subsistence in that country impracticable, and were at last driven by scarcity to retreat into the Upper Palatinate, where the news of the peace put a period to their activity.

Koenigsmark, with his flying corps, advanced toward Bohemia, where Ernest Odowalsky, a disbanded captain, who, after being disabled in the imperial service, had been dismissed without a pension, laid before him a plan for surprising the lesser side of the city of Prague. Koenigsmark successfully accomplished the bold enterprise, and acquired the reputation of closing the thirty years' war by the last brilliant achievement. This decisive stroke, which vanquished the Emperor's irresolution, cost the Swedes only the loss of a single man. But the old town, the larger half of Prague, which is divided into two parts by the Moldau, by its vigorous resistance wearied out the efforts of the Palatine, Charles Gustavus, the successor of Christina on the throne, who had arrived from Sweden with fresh troops, and had assembled the whole Swedish force in Bohemia and Silesia before its walls. The approach of winter at last drove the besiegers into their quarters, and in the mean time, the intelligence arrived that a peace had been signed at Munster, on the 24th October.

The colossal labor of concluding this solemn, and ever memorable and sacred treaty, which is known by the name of the peace of Westphalia; the endless obstacles which were to be surmounted; the contending interests which it was necessary to reconcile; the concatenation of circumstances which must have co-operated to bring to a favorable termination this tedious, but precious and permanent work of policy; the difficulties which beset the very opening of the negotiations, and maintained them, when opened, during the ever-fluctuating vicissitudes of the war; finally, arranging the conditions of peace, and, still more, the carrying them into effect;—what were the conditions of this peace; what each contending power gained or lost, by the toils and sufferings of a thirty years' war; what modification it wrought upon the general system of European policy;—these are matters which must be relinquished to another pen. The history of the peace of Westphalia constitutes a whole, as important as the history of the war itself. A mere abridgment of it, would reduce to a mere skeleton one of the most interesting and characteristic monuments of human policy and passions, and deprive it of every feature calculated to fix the attention of the public, for which I write, and of which I now respectfully take my leave.

PROSE WRITINGS.

FIRST PERIOD.

ON THE CONNECTION OF MAN'S ANIMAL
AND SPIRITUAL NATURES.*

INTRODUCTION.

§ 1.

MORE than one philosopher has maintained that the body is, so to say, the prison-house of the spirit; that it binds the latter too much to things earthly, and that it arrests its so-called flight to perfection. Again, some philosophers have more or less positively expressed the opinion that science and virtue are not the aim, but that they are the means of happiness, and that all human perfection is concentrated in the improvement of man's body.

It seems to me that neither of these doctrines is a complete exposition of the truth. The latter doctrine is almost entirely banished from our ethical and philosophical systems, and has been repudiated, in my judgment at least, with too much fanatical zeal,—nothing is more dangerous to truth than the one-sided refutation of one-sided opinions; the former doctrine has, upon the whole, found the largest number of adherents, for it is most capable of exciting the heart to virtue, and its worth has been substantiated by truly great souls. Who does not admire the firmness of Cato, the high virtue of Brutus and Aurelius, the equanimity of Epictetus and Seneca? Nevertheless, it is only a beautiful aberration of the understanding, a real extreme tending to degrade one part of man with too much zeal, and to exalt us to the rank of ideal beings, without freeing us at the same time from our humanity; a system diametrically opposed to whatever we historically know, or are capable of philosophically explaining concerning the evolution of the individual and of the race, and utterly averse to the finiteness of the human soul. It is therefore advisable to counterbalance these two doctrines with each other, in order to arrive at the mean line of truth. Inasmuch as philosophers have generally erred in slighting the body by laying undue stress upon the mental power as existing independently of the bodily life, it shall be the object of this essay to exhibit in a clearer light the remarkable part which the body plays in the actions of the soul, and to show the large and real influence of the animal sentient system upon the mind. Such an attempt, however, can no more be regarded as the philosophy of Epicurus than it is Stoicism to look upon virtue as the highest good.

* This essay, which had not hitherto formed part of Schiller's Complete Works, but has been incorporated in this collection by his sons, appeared in print as early as the year 1780, under the following title: "A Treatise which is to be defended in presence of his Royal Highness the Duke, during the public academical examinations, by Johann Christoph Friederich Schiller, candidate for the degree of Medicine in the Ducal Military Academy."

Before attempting to investigate the higher moral ends which are attained with the aid of man's animal nature, it behooves us first to determine its physical necessity, and to agree upon certain fundamental definitions. Hence we are led to the first point of view from which we shall consider the connection of the two natures.

PHYSICAL CONNECTION.

THE ANIMAL NATURE FORTIFIES THE AC-
TIVITY OF THE MIND.

§ 2.

Organism of Soul-action—Nutrition—Generation.

All the arrangements in the moral, as well as in the physical world, which are designed for the perfection of man, seem to unite in this elementary proposition: "*Man achieves perfection by exercising his powers in studying the laws of the universe; inasmuch as the most perfect agreement must necessarily exist between the measure of power and the object upon which it acts, perfection must consist in the highest possible activity of his powers, and in their reciprocal relation of dependence upon each other.*" From a necessity of which I have as yet no rational perception, and in a manner which I do not yet comprehend, the action of the human soul is allied to the agency of matter. The changes in the physical world have to be modified and refined, as it were by means of a special class of mediating organic powers, the *senses*, before those changes become capable of exciting a perception within me; other organic powers, the engines of voluntary motion, have to step between the soul and the world, in order to cause the changes in the former to reach the latter; even the operations of thought and sensation have to correspond with certain movements of the internal sensorium. All this constitutes the organism of soul-action.

But matter is subject to perpetual change, and uses itself up by action. Motion displaces and expels the elementary atom, and separates it from its whole. On the contrary, the soul, a simple substance, being endowed with inherent permanency and sameness, and neither gaining nor losing in its essence, matter cannot hold equal pace with the activity of the mind, so that the organism of mental life, and consequently all soul-action, would soon cease to exist. In order to prevent this result, a new system of organic powers had to be joined to the former, whose waste it is designed to repair, and whose sinking tissues it preserves by a continuous chain of new creations. This is the organism of nutrition.

This is not all. After a short period of action, after the equilibrium between waste and supply has ceased, man leaves the stage of life, and the

law of mortality depopulates the earth. The number of sentient beings whom the eternal love and wisdom has designed should be blessed with the happiness of existence, would not find sufficient space within the narrow boundaries of this world, and the life of the present generation would exclude that of the next. For this reason it became necessary that new men should take the place of the departed, and that life should be preserved by an uninterrupted succession of generations. But nothing is any longer *created*; the new is new by development. The development of mankind had to be the work of man, if it was to be proportionate to the waste, and if the creator designed the realization of the human ideal. For this reason a new system of organic powers was added to the two former, whose object was the vivification and development of the human germ. This is the organism of generation. These three organisms, by their exact connection as regards locality and relation; form the human body.

§ 3.

The Body.

The organic powers of the human body are naturally comprehended under two leading heads. In the first division we class the powers which we are unable to comprehend by the known laws and phenomena of the physical world; to this class belong nervous sensibility and muscular irritability. It having been impossible, so far, to penetrate into the economy of the invisible, the system of unknown mechanics has been sought to be explained by the known; a nerve, for instance, has been regarded as a canal, through which courses an extremely volatile and active fluid, which is said to surpass the ether and electricity in rapidity and subtilty; this fluid has been regarded as the primary principle of sensibility and mobility, on which account it has been denominated "vital spirit." The irritability of the muscular fibre has been interpreted as a certain endeavor, in consequence of some external stimulus, to contract and to bring about an approximation of the terminal points. These two orders of principles constitute the specific character of the animal organism.

The second class comprehends the powers which we may consider subject to the general known laws of physics. Among these powers we class the mechanics of motion, and the chemistry of the human body, which lie at the foundation of vegetative life. The physical life of the human body is therefore a most perfect mingling of vegetative growth and animal mechanics.

§ 4.

Animal Life.

Neither is this all. The waste being more or less depending upon the control of the spirit, the supply had necessarily to be so likewise. Again, inasmuch as the body is subject to all the consequences of composition, and, within the circle of the objects which act upon it, exposed to innumerable hostile agencies, the soul must have power to protect it against their hurtful influence, and to establish such relations between it and the physical world as are most suitable to its preservation;

hence the soul had to acquaint itself with the actually existing good or bad condition of its organs; from their bad condition the soul necessarily derived displeasure, from their well-being pleasure; and it would endeavor to prolong and to seek the one, or to flee from the other. Already here the organism is united, as it were, to the sentient faculty, and the soul becomes interested in its body. Here we have something more than the mere vegetative, something more than the mechanical motion of the nervous or muscular power. Here we have animal life.* The state of animal life is, as we are well aware, exceedingly important to the condition of soul-action; the former can never be entirely discontinued, without leading to a total discontinuance of the latter. The former must, therefore, have a firm basis, which cannot easily be shaken; in other words, the soul must be determined to the acts of the physical life by an irresistible power. Could the sensations of the animal life, whether agreeable or disagreeable, be spiritual sensations produced by thought, how often would they be obscured by the overwhelming light of the passions, buried by indolence or stupidity, overlooked by absence of mind, or the hurry of business?

Again, would not the man-animal have to be possessed of a most perfect knowledge of his organization; would not the child have to be a master of the science, in which our Harvey's, our Boerhaves, and our Hallers, have remained tyros after an inquiry of half a century? It was, therefore, absolutely impossible that the soul should have had an idea of the condition which it is called upon to change. How is it to come to a knowledge of this condition? How is its activity to be excited?

§ 5.

Animal sensations.

As yet we are unacquainted with any other sensations than those which emanate from some previous operation of the understanding; but now sensations are to arise where the understanding is to be entirely excluded. These sensations are not to manifest, but to specifically define, or rather to accompany, the present condition of my organs. These sensations are to determine the will promptly and intensely, either to abhor or to desire; but they are to hover only upon the surface of the soul—they are never to penetrate into the domain of reason. The part which is enacted by thought in the range of spiritual sensations, is here enacted by such a modification in the animal organs, as either threatens them with dissolution, or secures their preservation; in other words, with a condi-

* Not the animal life of the animal. The animal lives to enjoy agreeable sensations; it enjoys agreeable sensations in order to preserve the animal life. Hence it lives to-day in order to live again to-morrow. It is happy to-day in order to be again happy to-morrow. This is a simple and unreliable happiness, which imitates the periods of the organism, and is exposed to blind choice, since it is solely founded in sensation. Man, too, has an animal life, whose pleasures he enjoys and whose pains he feels. But why? He enjoys and he suffers that he may preserve his animal life. He preserves his animal life in order to perpetuate his spiritual. In his case the means differ from the end; in the case of the animal the means and the end are one. This is one of the boundary lines between man and the animal.

tion of the organs which fortifies their structure, an agreeable emotion of the soul has been united by an eternal law of wisdom; whereas, on the other hand, a painful emotion accompanies the condition that undermines their well-being, and accelerates their ruin. At the same time, the sensation itself does not bear the least analogy to the nature of the organs where the sensation is felt. Thus it is that animal sensations originate. Hence they are founded, first, in the actual condition of the organs, and, secondly, in the sentient faculty.

This shows why the animal sensations may drag the soul with an irresistible and often tyrannical power, into the vortex of passions and acts, and may even gain a victory over the most spiritual. The latter are developed in the soul by annihilated by thought. This is the power of abstraction, and of philosophy generally, over the passions, over opinions, in short, over every situation of life, whereas animal sensations are forced upon us by a blind necessity—by mechanical laws; the understanding, which did not create these sensations, cannot remove them, although it may obscure them considerably by turning the attention into an opposite direction. The most obstinate Stoician who is afflicted with stone, will never be able to boast of not having experienced any pain; but, absorbed in speculations concerning its first cause, he may divert the sentient faculty; and the overwhelming delight of a perfect plan, which renders even pain subordinate to the general happiness, will subdue the discomfort. It was not for want of sensation, or because sensation was annihilated, that Mucius, with his hand roasting in the fire, was able to stare at the enemy with a look of proud repose; but the thought of Rome's admiration which ruled his soul, held it captive within itself, and prevented the violent irritation of the physical suffering from disturbing the soul's equilibrium. For all that, the pain of the Roman was no less than that of the most effeminate sensualist. It is true, he who is habitually living in a state of mental obtuseness, may be less capable of manly firmness at the critical moment of physical pain than he whose ideas are habitually lucid and precise; but neither the highest virtue, nor the deepest philosophy, nor even the sublimest religion, can abrogate the law of necessity, although her worshipers may be borne upward by ecstasy while chained to the burning pile.

This very power of animal sensations over the sentient faculty of the soul, is determined by the wisest design. The spirit once familiarized with the secrets of a higher delight, would look down with contempt upon the movements of its companion, and would hardly be willing to devote the least attention to the low necessities of the physical life, if animal sensations did not secure its ministering office. The mathematician who had been roving through the regions of the infinite, and had lost sight of the real world amid the dreams of his abstractions, is roused by hunger from his intellectual slumber; the astronomer who analyses the mechanics of the solar system, and accompanies the planet on its wanderings through immeasurable space, is brought back to the sphere

of earth-life by the prick of a pin; the philosopher who unfolds the nature of deity, and fancies he has broken through the boundaries of mortality, is reminded of his intermediate position between beast and angel by a cold northeaster which happens to blow through his frail cottage.

If the animal sensations are overwhelming, the highest effort of the mind against them becomes powerless; in proportion as they become more intense, the reason is more and more blunted, and the soul is violently chained to the physical organism. In order to gratify hunger and thirst, man will commit acts that cause humanity to shudder; against his own will he becomes a traitor, a murderer, a cannibal—

“Tiger, wouldst thou tear thy mother's bosom with thy own teeth.”

With such violence does the animal sensation act upon the mind; with so much care has the preservation of the bodily organism been guarded by the Creator; the pillars upon which it rests are the firmest, and we know from experience that it is the excess of animal sensations rather than their deficiency, that has led to corruption.

Animal sensations fortify the well-being of animal nature, as moral and intellectual sensations strengthen the well-being of man's spiritual nature. The system of animal sensations and movements bounds the idea of animal nature. This is the basis upon which the condition of the soul's instruments rests, and their condition determines the ease and continuance of soul-action. We have thus shown the first link of the connection of the two natures.

§ 6.

Objections against the connection of the two natures suggested by moral considerations.

All this may be granted; but then it may be added, here ends the office of the body. Beyond this, the body is a burdensome companion to the soul, with whom it has to keep up a continual warfare, whose wants deprive it of all leisure for thought; whose assaults tear the thread of the most profound speculation, and plunge the mind into sensual confusion at the very moment when it is filled with the clearest and most lucid perceptions; whose lusts remove the greatest number of our fellow-creatures from their high prototype and debase them to the level of brutes,—in short, who imposes upon the soul a bondage from which it can only be freed by death. Is it not absurd and unjust, we might complainingly ask, to entangle a being which is simple and necessary, and endowed with an independent existence, with another being whirled about in unceasing changes, exposed to every chance, and a victim to necessity? Calm reflection may perhaps enable us to discover great beauty in the midst of this apparent confusion and absence of design.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONNECTION. ANIMAL INSTINCTS AWAKEN AND DEVELOP THE MENTAL.

§ 7.

Method.

In order to throw some light upon this point,

it may perhaps be best to adopt the following method. Let us suppose man separated from every trace of organization; in other words, let us suppose that the body is separated from the spirit, in such a manner, however, that the spirit is not deprived of the possibility of acquiring perceptions and producing acts in the physical world; and let us afterward examine how it produced these acts, how it developed its powers, what steps it would have taken to become perfect; the result of such an examination has to be confirmed by facts. Overlooking the formation of the individual, let us cast a glance at the development of the race. First let us consider the abstract case: we have percipient power and volition, a sphere of action, a free transition from soul to world, from world to soul. Let us inquire how this transition will manifest itself.

§ 8.

The soul considered without its connection with the body.

We cannot suppose a conception without a previous volition, to form it; no volition without sensation, that is, without a corresponding experience of the modifications which the act has realized in our condition; no sensation without a previous idea, (for in excluding the body we necessarily exclude the bodily sensations); hence no idea without an idea.

Let us consider the child, or, in accordance with our supposition, a spirit containing within itself the faculty of forming ideas, and called upon to use this faculty for the first time. What will induce the child to think unless it is the pleasant sensation resulting from this performance? What can have given it the experience of this agreeable sensation? Have we not seen that this very experience must have been the result of thought, and now this child-spirit is supposed to think for the first time. Again, what else can induce it to contemplate the world, unless it is the experience of its perfection, which gratifies its desire for action, and by this gratification affords it delight? What can induce it to use its powers, unless it is the experience of their existence? Yet all these experiences it is now to make for the first time. Hence it must have been active from all eternity, which is contrary to our supposition, or else its activity will never have a beginning any more than that of a machine which remains forever motionless, unless it receives an impetus from without.

§ 9.

The soul considered in connection with the body.

Now let us unite the spirit with the animal. Let us unite these two natures as intimately as they really are united, and then let some unknown something, issuing from the economy of the physical body, assist the sentient faculty,—let the soul be transferred into the condition of physical pain. This is the first impetus, the first ray of light in the darkness of slumbering powers—a ringing sound in the chords of nature. Now we have *sensation*, the very thing which was wanting before. This sort of sensation seems to be especially designed to remove all the difficulties of our former

supposition. There we were unable to arrive at sensations, because we were not authorized to presuppose an idea; here the modification in the bodily organ is a substitute for the idea, and in this way the animal sensation helps, if I may be permitted the expression, to set the internal mechanism of the spirit in motion. The transition from pain to horror is a fundamental law of the soul. The will is active, and the activity of a single power suffices to set all the rest in motion. The subsequent operations follow as a matter of course, nor do they belong to this chapter.

§ 10.

History of the individual.

Now let us trace the soul-growth of the individual man, with reference to the proposition which we have made the subject of our demonstration, and we shall see how all his mental faculties develop themselves from sensual instincts.

a. CHILDHOOD.—The child is still an animal, or rather is more or even less than an animal; a man-animal, (for a being which is to be called man at any future period, can never have been exclusively an animal). More miserable than an animal, because it has not even instinct. The animal may leave its young more safely than the mother her babe. Pain may extort from the latter cries, but the source of pain will never be revealed to it. The milk may afford it delight, but will never be sought by it. It is entirely passive—

“Its thinking amounts to mere feeling,
Its knowledge is confined to pain, hunger and bandages.”

b. BOYHOOD.—Here we see reflection, whose only object, however, is the gratification of animal instincts. “He only learns,” as Garve remarks in his notes to Ferguson’s Moral Philosophy, “to value the things of other men and his own acts toward them, in so far as they afford him sensual pleasure.” The love of work, of parents, friends, even of the Deity, reaches the soul by the road of sensuality. “That alone is a sun which,” as Garve states elsewhere, “derives from itself its own light and warmth. All other objects are dark and cold, but they may be illumined and warmed by being placed in such relations to the sun as will enable them to receive his rays.” In the case of a boy, the goods of the spirit only acquire a little value by transmission, or mediately; they constitute a spiritual means for the attainment of a physical end.

c. ADOLESCENCE AND MANHOOD.—The frequent repetition of these inferences habituates the mind to them, which discovers, in the *transmitted means, traces of beauty, although perhaps imaginary*. The grown man likes to dwell upon the means, without knowing why he is imperceptibly led to reflect upon it. Now the rays of spiritual beauty itself, are enabled to touch his open soul. He is delighted with manifesting his power; and this feeling gives him an inclination for the object which had been a simple means hitherto. The first end is forgotten. Enlightenment and an increase of ideas finally reveal to him the whole dignity of spiritual delights; the means has become the highest aim.

This is what we are taught by the history of every individual that has acquired some education.

and it might have been difficult for wisdom to choose a better path upon which man can be led. Are not the common people led even now as we have supposed our boy to be? Has not the prophet of Medina shown us how the rude impulses of Saracens can be bridled?

On this head nothing can be advanced which is more to the point than the following in Garve's notes to Ferguson's *Moral Philosophy*: "The instinct of preservation and the stimulus of sensual delight first impel both man and animal to action; he first learns to estimate the things of others, and his own acts toward them, by the delight which they afford him. In proportion as the number of objects that act upon him, increases, his desires multiply; as the road upon which these effects reach him, is longer, his desires become more artificial. Here is the first boundary line between man and animal, and here we discover a difference between one species of animals and another. But few animals eat immediately after experiencing the sensation of hunger; the heat of the chase or the industry of gathering precedes. But in the case of no animal does the gratification of the desire take place as slowly after the preparations for this gratification have commenced, as in the case of man; in the case of no animal is its endeavor to attain this gratification continued through such a long series of means and intentions as in the case of man. How far are the labors of a mechanic or farmer removed from their object which is to procure for him bread or clothing! This is not all. After the means of preservation have been multiplied by the organization of society; after he has become blessed with an abundance, the procuring of which does not employ his whole time and strength; after he has become enlightened by an interchange of ideas: it is then that man commences to discover an ultimate object for his acts within himself; it is then that he perceives that, although he may be possessed of all the food, raiment, shelter, or domestic utensils he requires, something is still left for him to do. He makes another step forward. He becomes aware that these acts emanating from certain powers of the mind, and giving rise to their exercise, lead to a higher good than the simple realization of the external aim, which is the procurement of food and shelter. It is true that from this moment he endeavors, in company with the rest of the race and with the empire of all living beings, to preserve himself and to procure for himself and his friends the means of physical life; for what else is he to do? What other sphere of action could he enter upon, if he stepped out of this one! But he has learned that Nature has not so much excited these instincts in him for the purpose of affording him those comforts, as for the purpose of availing herself of these delights and advantages as incentives, in order to set these instincts in motion; her object is to furnish a thinking being material for ideas, a sentient spirit material for sensations, a benevolent spirit the means of well-doing, an active spirit opportunities for occupation. Under these circumstances every thing, whether animate or inanimate, appears to him under a different form. At first objects were only regarded by him with reference to the pleasure

or pain which they caused him; but now he measures their value with reference to the acts and manifestations of his moral nature which they determine. Considered from the former point of view, events are at times good, at other times bad; but, if considered from the latter point of view, they are all equally good. For there is no event, where the practice of some virtue, or the employment of some particular faculty is not possible. First, he loved mankind because he imagined that they might be useful to him; now, he loves them still more, because he regards benevolence as the condition of a perfect spirit."

§ 11.

Suggestions drawn from the History of the Human Race.

Let us now cast a more daring glance at the history of the whole human race, from its cradle to its manhood, and the truth of what we have advanced so far, will be seen in its clearest light.

Hunger and exposure first made man a hunter, fisherman, herdsman, farmer, and builder. Sexual delight founded families, and the defenseless condition of individuals united them into hordes. This is the commencement of social life. Soon the increase of numbers exceeded the supply of the field; hunger drove men to distant climes and countries which displayed their productions to the searching eye of the new settlers, and taught them new contrivances to improve the soil and to meet its various influences. Tradition transmitted isolated experiences from the grandsire to his descendants, who enlarged their application. Man learned to use the forces of nature against herself; new applications and relations of these forces were discovered, and the simple and beneficent arts were invented. It is true, the object of art went as yet no further than the well-being of the animal, but there was exercise of power, increase of knowledge; and by the same fire which helped the rude man of Nature to roast his fish, Boerhave was afterward assisted in his inquiries into the composition of bodies; the same knife with which the savage cut up his game, assisted Lionet in dissecting the nerves of insects; with the same circle with which only hoofs were measured at first, Newton afterward measured heaven and earth. Thus it is that the body compelled the spirit to observe phenomena, and to take an interest in, and study the importance of Nature which had become indispensable to man. The impulse of an internal active nature, accompanied by the indigence of the mother-country, taught our ancestors to think more boldly, and to contrive a house in which, under the guidance of stars, they glided along safely on rivers and oceans toward new zones.

Fluctibus ignotis insultavere carinæ.

In the new countries new productions were discovered, new dangers had to be met, new wants to be gratified, new mental efforts to be made. The collision of the animal instincts brings one horde in conflict with another, forges the raw ore into swords, gives rise to adventurers, heroes, and despots. Cities are fortified, states are or-

ganized, and these develop civil duties and rights, arts, numbers, laws, cunning priests, and gods.

Wants increasing and degenerating into luxury!—What an immense field is opened up before our eyes! Now the veins of the earth are dug up, the bottom of the ocean is explored, commerce and social intercourse flourish.

Latet sub classibus æquor.

The East is admired in the West, the West in the East, the productions of foreign zones are acclimated under an artificial sky, and horticulture unites in one garden the productions of three continents. Artists are taught to imitate Nature's works, music softens the savage, beauty and harmony ennoble manners and taste, and art conducts man to science and virtue. "Man," says Schlözer, in his *IDEA OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY*, "this powerful demi-god, removes rocks from his path, diverts lakes and rivers, and plows the field where ships floated before. By means of canals he separates continents and provinces, unites rivers, and conducts them through sandy deserts which are changed by this means into smiling fields; he robs three continents of their productions, and transplants them to a fourth. Even climate, air, and weather obey his power. By uprooting forests and draining marshes, he clears up the sky above him, humidity and fogs disappear, the winters become milder and shorter, the rivers cease to freeze." And, with the refinements of the climate, the spirit becomes more refined.

The state gives the citizen employment in attending to the wants and comforts of life. Industry renders the state secure and peaceful without and within, and thinkers and artists are afforded the leisure which converted the age of Augustus into a golden era. The arts take a bolder, unimpeded flight; knowledge acquires a purer light, the natural sciences crush superstition, history shows us the first ages of man reflected in a mirror, and philosophy smiles at human folly. Luxury having degenerated into effeminacy and debauchery, having caused epidemic diseases to rage in the human frame, and to poison the atmosphere: man, in his need, fled from one kingdom of Nature to another, in search of the means of relief; then it was that he discovered the divine bark of Peru, that he dug the powerful mercury from the bowels of the earth, and squeezed the precious juice out of the oriental pavot. The most hidden corners of Nature are searched, chemistry breaks up her productions into atoms, creates worlds of her own, alchemists enrich natural history, the microscopic glance of Swammerdam surprises Nature in her most secret processes. Man goes further. Necessity and curiosity overleap the bounds of superstition, he seizes the scalpel, and enters upon the discovery of the greatest work of Nature—man. Thus the worst had to aid in attaining the best, disease had to urge us onward to the γυναι σφαυρον "Know thyself." The plague formed our Hippocrates and Sydenhams, as war gave rise to generals; to the spread of syphilis we are indebted for a complete reform of medical doctrines.

We set out with the intention of illustrating

the perfection of the soul by the legitimate enjoyment of sensual delights; what wonderful aspects has the subject presented in our hands! We have found, that even sensual excesses and abuses have helped man on the road to positive good. The aberrations from the original simplicity of Nature, merchants, conquerors and luxury, have undoubtedly accelerated the progress which a more simple mode of life would have achieved with more regularity, but also much more slowly. Contrast the old world with the new! In the former the desires were simple and their gratification easy; but what horrid views were entertained about Nature and her laws! Now the gratification of our desires is impeded by a thousand inflections, but how clear have our perceptions become!

Let us repeat: man had to be an animal before he could be a spirit; he had to crawl in the dust before he dared to undertake the Newtonian flight. *The body was the first incentive to action; sensuality the first step to perfection.*

ANIMAL SENSATIONS ACCOMPANYING THE SPIRITUAL.

§ 12.

Law.

Man's understanding is exceedingly limited; hence all the sensations resulting from its activity, must necessarily be so likewise. In order to enlarge the sphere of these sensations, to impel the will with a redoubled energy toward that which is perfect, and to remove it from evil, these two natures, the spiritual and the animal, are so intimately blended, that the modifications which are impressed upon either, are communicated to the other. From their union we derive a fundamental law for the two natures, which may be expressed in the following general formula: "*The activities of the body correspond with the activities of the spirit; in other words, every tension of the mental faculties is succeeded by a tension of certain bodily functions, whereas, on the other hand, the equilibrium or harmonious activity of the mental powers is accompanied by the most perfect harmony of the bodily.* Again: *Mental indolence induces indolence of body; complete inaction of the soul may even lead to the extinction of the bodily functions.* Perfection being always united with a feeling of comfort, and imperfection with a feeling of discomfort, this law may likewise be formulated in this proposition: *Spiritual comfort is always accompanied by animal comfort, and spiritual discomfort by animal discomfort.*

§ 13.

Spiritual delight promotes the well-being of the organs.

A sensation which pervades the whole soul, affects in a corresponding degree, the whole structure of the body,—heart, blood-vessels and blood, muscular fibres and nerves; from the powerful and important impulse of the heart to the insignificant tension of the hairs on the skin, every organic movement feels the sensations of the soul. Every part of the bodily life becomes more intensely active. If the sensation is agreeable, the

organs acquire a higher degree of harmonious activity ; the heart beats with more freedom, more uniformity and vigor ; the blood, according as the sensation is more or less gentle or intense, courses undisturbedly, gently or fiercely, through its yielding canals ; digestion, secretion, and excretion, take place without hinderance ; the irritable fibres, bathed in their mild exhalations, perform their play without rigidity ; irritability, as well as sensibility, becomes exalted. Therefore it is that a condition of the most exalted soul-delight becomes for the time being, a condition of the highest bodily welfare.

As many as there are of these partial activities, (and is not every pulsation the result of perhaps thousands,) in like manner a corresponding number of obscure sensations will be experienced by the soul, each of which implies the perfection of the mechanism. From the confused mass of these sensations, springs the sum total of animal harmony ; that is, the most compound sensation of animal delight, which, uniting itself, as it were, with the original intellectual or moral delight, intensifies it by this union. Hence, every agreeable emotion becomes the source of innumerable bodily delights.

This conclusion is corroborated most evidently by those patients who are cured by joy. Send him whom home-sickness has reduced to a skeleton, back to his native country, and he will again be blessed with blooming health. Enter the dungeon where wretches have been buried for ten or twenty years, amidst the foul emanations of their own excrements, and have scarcely retained strength enough to stir ; surprise them with a sudden announcement of their delivery. One word will send the vigor of youth through their limbs ; the vacant eye will sparkle with fire and life. Sailors, drifting about on the ocean, and prostrated by disease and the want of bread and water, recover almost their health and strength on hearing "*land*," shouted from the mast-head ; it would be a great mistake to ascribe this change exclusively to fresh food. The sight of a friend for whom we had been pining, will not only dispel the agony caused by the long separation, but will likewise cause an immediate improvement in our physical condition. Joy will bring about a more intense action in the nervous system, than any tonic which the pharmacies can furnish, and may even remove infarctions in the labyrinthian canals of the intestines, which no dissolvents, not even mercury, could reach. Who does not see that a state of the soul, which knows how to extract delight from every event, and how to trace even in every pain the perfection of the universe, must be best adapted to the functions of the organs ? This state of the soul is virtue.

§ 14.

Spiritual pain undermines the well-being of the organs.

For similar reasons, the contrary occurs in consequence of unpleasant emotions ; the ideas which assume so much intensity during a paroxysm of wrath or fright, might be regarded as convulsions of the intellect with the same propriety that Plato

denominates the passions fever of the soul. These convulsions are rapidly communicated to the whole structure of the nervous system ; they disharmonize the forces of life, and disturb the equilibrium of the functions. The beats of the heart become irregular and impetuous ; the blood is pressed into the lungs, whereas there is hardly enough of it in the extremities, to keep up the pulse. All the chemical processes of the organism are set against each other. The secretions miss their proper channels, acting as hostile principles in strange tissues ; and substances which should have been excreted through the appropriate channels, are returned into the bosom of the organism. In one word, a condition of the most intense soul-pain is likewise a condition of the highest bodily suffering.

By a thousand obscure sensations, the soul is warned of the threatened ruin of its organs, and is inundated by a sensation of pain which unites itself with the original spiritual sensation to which it imparts a higher degree of intensity.

§ 15.

Examples.

Deep chronic pains of the soul, especially if accompanied by intense mental exertions—among which the slow anger termed *indignation* holds a prominent rank—gnaw, as it were, at the foundations of the body, and dry up the vital fluids. Such people look pale and thin, and the internal suffering is seen in their hollow sunken eyes. "I must have fat people around me," says Cesar, "people with plump cheeks, who sleep at night. Cassius has a famished countenance ; he thinks too much ; such people are dangerous." Fear, uneasiness, anguish of conscience, despair, have the same bad effects as the most acute fevers. Richard, tortured by anxiety, loses his accustomed cheerfulness ; he fancies he can call it back by a glass of wine. It is not a soul-pain alone that deprives him of his cheerfulness ; it is a sensation of discomfort felt in the inmost recesses of his being, a sensation which is likewise the precursor of some malignant fever. Moor, oppressed by crime, though at other times sufficiently acute to resolve the sensations of the human soul into nothing by dissecting the definitions, suddenly starts up from some frightful dream, pale, breathless, with his brow bathed in cold sweat. The phantoms of future punishment which had been impressed upon him in his childhood, and which he had covered up as with the silence of sleep during his manhood, have surprised his clouded understanding in a dream. The *sensations* are so confused, that the slowly-progressing reason is unable to overtake and analyze them. It is still struggling with phantasy, the mind with the terrors of memory :

"MOOR. No, I do not tremble. It was only a dream. The dead do not rise. Who says that I tremble and look pale ? I feel so light, so well.

"SERVANT. You are pale as death ; your voice is the voice of fear, you stutter.

"MOOR. I have a fever ; I must be bled to-morrow ; tell the priest, when he comes, that I have a fever.

"SERVANT. Oh, you are very sick.

"MOOR. Yes, yes, that is all ; sickness deranges the brain, and breeds strange, foolish dreams—dreams do not mean any thing. Fie, fie, away with this womanly

cowardice!—dreams arise from the belly, and signify nothing. I just now had a merry dream.

[“*He falls down in a swoon.*”*]

Here the phantoms of the dream suddenly starting up before his recollection, agitate the whole system of obscure ideas, shaking, as it were, the foundations of the organ of thought. The sum of these sensations gives rise to an extremely compound sensation of pain, which racks the soul to its foundation, and paralyses the whole structure of the nervous system by a principle of sympathy.

The shiverings that seize the one who is about to commit, or has just committed, a vicious deed, are the same chill that shakes the fever-patient. The nightly startings of those who are tormented by remorse, which is always accompanied by a feverish beating of the pulse, are real fevers, occasioned by the agreement with which the organs respond to the soul; if Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep, it is because she is a prey to delirium. Even the imitated emotion makes the actor sick for the time being; after playing Lear or Othello, Garrick had to lie down, and was tormented for a few hours by convulsive twitchings. The illusion of the spectator, sympathy with artificial passions, has caused shudderings, convulsions and fainting fits.

Is not he who is tormented by ill-humor, and extracts poison and bile from every circumstance of life; is not the vicious who is a prey to chronic wrath and hatred; is not the envious, whom every perfection of his fellow-man disturbs; are not such people the greatest enemies of their health? Can any thing be wanting to render vice repulsive, if it not only destroys happiness, but health?

§ 16.

Exceptions.

But also an agreeable emotion has destroyed life; and disagreeable emotions have effected wonderful cures. Both these propositions have been confirmed by experience. Does this alter the boundaries of the law which we have set up?

Joy destroys life, if it ceases to be simple joy, but is changed to ecstasy. Nature is unable to bear this instantaneous concussion of the whole nervous system; the movement of the brain is not harmony but convulsion; a supreme, instantaneous paroxysm of action which at once leads to the ruin of the organic whole, because it transgresses the fundamental boundary of health, (for the idea of health implies the idea of a normal condition of the natural movements); even the joy of finite beings has its limits, as well as pain: if it transgresses these limits, it perishes.

As regards the second case, we have many instances of moderate paroxysms of wrath, which, if permitted to vent themselves freely, have terminated the most obstinate constipation; paroxysms of fright, at a fire, for instance, which have relieved old pains in the limbs and incurable paralysis. Dysentery has removed infarctions of the portal system; the itch has cured melancholy and rage. Is the itch on this account any the less a disease? or is dysentery health?

* Life of Moor.—Tragedy by Krake, Act V. Sc. 1.

§ 17.

Indolence of soul retards the movements of organs.

Since, according to Haller's testimony, mental activity, consequent upon the business of the day, has power to accelerate the pulse toward evening, will not mental indolence weaken the pulse? may not a complete cessation of mental action lead to a cessation of the pulse? For, although the movement of the blood does not seem to be altogether dependent upon the soul, we may, however, infer, not without reason, that the heart which derives the best portion of its energy from the brain, must necessarily undergo a great loss of power, *if the soul no longer keeps up the movement of the brain.* A phlegmatic temperament is characterized by a sluggish pulse; the blood is watery and viscid; the abdominal circulation is embarrassed. The imbeciles of whom Muzell has left us a description in his “*Medical and Chirurgical Notices*,” breathed slowly and heavily, had no desire to eat or drink, or to perform the natural excretory functions; the pulse was slow, all the bodily functions were performed with a sleepy languor. The concussion of the soul by fright, surprise, &c., is sometimes attended by a general discontinuance of all physical action. Is the soul the cause of this condition, or is it the body which leads to this stupor of the soul? But this subject leads to subtleties: it need not be discussed in this place.

§ 18.

Second Law.

What has been said concerning the transmission of spiritual sensations to animal, likewise applies to the opposite case, the transmission of animal to spiritual sensations. Bodily diseases, generally the natural consequences of excess, punish themselves by physical pain; but in such a case, the soul had likewise to be attacked in its foundations, in order to be reminded by the double pain so much more urgently of the necessity of restraining its desires. For similar reasons the physical delight of bodily health had to be intensified by the more refined sensations of a spiritual improvement, in order that man might be stimulated so much more energetically to preserve the normal condition of his body. From these facts, we deduce a second law of the two natures: *That the free activity of the organs is united with a spontaneous development of sensations and ideas; and, that a disorganization of the organs leads to a disorganization of the intellectual and emotive faculties.* Or, more briefly: *That the universal sensation of physical harmony is the source of spiritual delight; and, that animal discomfort is the source of spiritual discomfort.*

In all these respects, body and soul may be compared to two equally tuned string-instruments, placed side by side. If a string on one instrument is touched, and a certain sound is elicited, a corresponding string of the other instrument vibrates spontaneously, and the same sound is elicited, though more feebly. Thus, to speak figuratively, a joyous chord of the body awakens a corresponding chord of the soul, and a gloomy sound of the former

elicits a similar sound from the latter. This is the wonderful sympathy which combines the heterogeneous principles of man into *one* being; man is not soul and body, he is these two substances inmosty united.

§ 19.

The state of the spirit is dependent upon the state of the body.

Hence the *heaviness*, the *absent-mindedness*, the *peevish mood*, consequent upon overloading the stomach, upon sensual excesses of any kind; hence the marvelous effects of wine in the case of those who drink it in moderation. "After drinking wine," says brother Martin, "you are every thing double; your thoughts flow twice as lightly, you undertake and carry out a thing twice as readily." Hence the good humor, the feeling of comfort in bright and fair weather, which undoubtedly depends to some extent upon the association of ideas, but more particularly upon the easier performance of the natural functions. Such people are in the habit of saying: I feel well; at such a time they are better disposed to every kind of mental labor, their hearts are more open to the ordinary feelings of humanity, and they take a higher interest in the performance of their moral duties. These statements likewise apply to the character of nations. The inhabitants of gloomy countries mourn with surrounding nature; in wild and stormy climes man grows hard and unfeeling; under a smiling sky he feels friendly, and in a pure atmosphere his sympathies become keener. Only under a Grecian sky, a Homer, a Plato, and a Phidias could be born; it is there only that Muses and Graces could exist, whereas foggy Lapland hardly brings forth *men*, much less men of genius. When our Germany was still covered with forests and marshes, the German was a hunter, raw like the game whose hide he wrapped round his shoulders. As soon as industry had changed the face of the country, the epoch of his moral life commenced. I do not mean to assert that climate is the sole source of character; but it is certain that if we wish to civilize a people, we have to pay particular attention to refining the climate.

Bodily derangements may derange the whole system of moral emotions; and may pave the way for the worst passions. A person whom lust has ruined, is more readily impelled to extreme resolves than one who keeps his body healthy. This is an abominable trick of those who ruin the young, and yonder pirate must have possessed a profound knowledge of human nature, whose motto was: "Body and soul must be corrupted." Catilina was a debauchee, before he became a murderer; and Doria was greatly mistaken, when he imagined that he need not dread the debauched Fiesco. In general, we often find that wickedness inhabits diseased bodies.

In sickness this sympathy is still more striking. All diseases of any importance, especially those which emanate from derangements of the abdominal organs, are accompanied by a more or less remarkable revolution in the patient's character. At a time when the disease is still crawling along in the hidden recesses of the system, slowly un-

dermining the nervous power, the soul experiences obscure forebodings of the fall of its companion. These forebodings constitute a feature of the condition which a great physician has described to us under the name of "*horrores*." Hence the morose character of such people, for which nobody can assign a reason, the change in their disposition, the loathing of every thing that they liked best heretofore. A person of meek disposition becomes quarrelsome; one who is fond of laughing becomes peevish; a person who had found delight in a crowd now flees from the sight of man, and seeks refuge in melancholy silence. Under this insidious quiet, the disease is preparing for a fatal outbreak. The general tumult of the organs consequent upon the breaking out of the disease in all its fury, furnishes the most palpable evidence to what an extent the soul is dependent upon the body. The sensation characterizing the general subversion of the organs, and resulting from the commingling of a thousand feelings of pain, causes a frightful disorder in the system of spiritual sensations. The most frightful ideas torment the patient. The wicked man who could not be moved by any thing, succumbs to the power of animal terrors. A dying Winchester utters the piercing howls of despair. The soul seems purposely to catch at every thing that may plunge it into a more gloomy despair; it seems to start back from every attempt at consolation, with the repugnance of rage. The diapason of pain is universal, and as the soul's deep suffering has arisen from derangements of the organs, so it helps in its turn to render these derangements more violent and more general.

§ 20.

Limitation of the former remarks.

Every day furnishes instances of patients whose courage seems to exalt them above their bodily sufferings; instances of dying mortals who, in the midst of the agony of the struggling organism, ask the question: "Death, where is thy sting?" Is not wisdom, we might be tempted to ask, sufficient to arm us against the blind terrors of the organism? And, what is still more than wisdom, is not religion sufficient to protect her friends against the assaults of the dust? Does it not depend upon the previous condition of the soul, how it is to be affected by the changes in the movements of the physical life?

This is an undeniable truth. Philosophy, and still more, a heart exalted by religion, are capable of weakening the animal sensations, which assail the moral sense of the patient, and of tearing the soul, as it were, loose from its association with matter. The thought of the Deity who pervades the hours of death as well as the universe, the harmony of the past life, and the presentiments of an ever-blissful future, spread a halo of light over the ideas, whereas the soul of the fool and infidel is veiled by the night of the darkening sensations of the dying body. Even if pains are involuntarily experienced by the Christian and the sage, (for is he any the less a man?) he will be delighted at the approaching decay of the organs,

"The soul secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

This uncommon cheerfulness of patients afflicted with a fatal disease, frequently depends upon a physical cause, and is extremely important to the practical physician. It is often associated with the most prominent symptoms of the hippocratic condition, although no preceding crisis may account for it; it is a most ominous symptom. The nerves which, during the acme of the fever, had been assailed with the most intense virulence, have lost their sensibility; it is well known that the inflamed parts cease to be painful as soon as gangrene has set in; but what physician would rejoice, under such circumstances, at the stage of inflammation being passed? The nervous sensibility has become extinguished, and a fatal indolence presents the deceitful appearance of approaching recovery. The soul is plunged into the illusion of a pleasant sensation, because it has become relieved of a long-lasting pain. It is free from pain, not because the vigor of its organs is restored, but because it no longer feels their disharmony. Sympathy ceases as soon as the union of soul and body is dissolved.

§ 21.

Further developments concerning this union.

If I were to penetrate into this subject still further; if I were to speak of mania, sopor, and stupor, epilepsy, or catalepsy, &c., where the free spirit is subject to the despotism of the abdomen; if I were to enter upon the vast field of hysteria and hypochondria; if I were to talk of temperaments, idiosyncracies, and consensual conditions, where physicians and philosophers may lose themselves as if in an abyss; in one word, if I were to undertake to prove the truth of these propositions by clinical experience, which is of chief importance to the psychologist, my subject would become endless. It seems to me that the union of the spiritual and animal natures has been sufficiently demonstrated, and that this union is the perfect realization of the human idea.

BODILY PHENOMENA BETRAY THE MOVEMENTS OF THE SPIRIT.

§ 22.

Physiognomy of sensations.

It is upon this intimate union of the two natures that the whole doctrine of physiognomy is founded. By this nervous connection which, as we have shown, constitutes the channel through which sensations are communicated, the most secret emotions of the soul are exposed to the light of day, and passion shines even through the veil of hypocrisy. Every emotion has its specific manifestations, and its peculiar dialect as it were, by which it is known. By an admirable law of wisdom every noble and beneficent emotion *beautifies* the body, whereas low and odious passions degrade it by brutish appearances. The more the spirit recedes from the divine image, the more the external form seems to assume the manner of a brute, more especially of the brute

which rejoices in similar propensities. Thus the meek expression of the philanthropist attracts the indigent, whereas the defiant look of wrath repels every one. This is an indispensable guide in social life. It is remarkable what an analogy exists between the bodily phenomena and the emotions; heroism and daring pour life and vigor through the blood-vessels and muscles; the eyes sparkle, the breast expands, every limb prepares, as it were, for battle, man looks like a fiery steed. Terror and fear extinguish the fire of the eyes, the limbs feel heavy and powerless, the marrow of the bones seems congealed, the heart feels oppressed, a general sense of fainting paralyses the organs. A great, bold, and exalted thought compels us to stand on tiptoe, to raise our heads, to dilate our nostrils, and to open widely our mouths. The feeling of infinitude, the unobstructed view of a far-reaching horizon, the sea, and similar scenes, compel us to extend our arms as if we would give ourselves up to the infinite. At the sight of mountains we want to reach upward to the skies; we feel like rushing onward with hurricanes and waves; a precipice hurls us into the yawning abyss; hatred manifests itself in the bodily life by a repelling power, whereas friendship desires to realize a oneness with the friend's body by every shake of the hand, every embrace, even as the souls form a one; pride raises the body; pusillanimity lowers the head, the limbs become relaxed; a servile fear is shown by the crawling gait; the idea of pain distorts our features, whereas the thought of delight embellishes our whole form; anger has torn the most powerful bonds, and necessity has almost conquered impossibilities. By what system of mechanics, I would inquire, does it happen that precisely such movements succeed such sensations, and that it is these organs which such emotions call into play? Is there any difference between these inquiries and the question: How does tetanus result from such an injury?

If the emotion which, by sympathy, gave rise to these movements of the organs, is so frequently renewed that it becomes a habit of the soul, the movements of the organs will likewise become habitual manifestations of the bodily life. If the emotion has become a *permanent feature of the character*, the consensual manifestations of the organs become likewise more distinct, or, to use a pathological technicality, they remain behind as deuteropathic impressions, and finally become organic conditions. Thus it is that man's physiognomy becomes fixed, and that it becomes almost easier to change the soul than to alter the features. In this sense we may say, without swearing by Stahl, that the soul forms the body; the first years of man's life determine perhaps the form of his features during the whole course of his existence, and generally constitute the basis of his moral character. An inactive and feeble soul, which is never inflamed by the fire of passion, is without any physiognomy, unless we regard this absence as the physiognomonic mark of imbeciles. The features which they originally derived from Nature, and which nutrition had consolidated, remains unaltered. The face is smooth, it has never reflected a soul. The arch

of the eyebrows remains perfect, for no passion has disturbed it. The whole form retains its rotundity, for the adipose deposit remains undisturbed; the face has a regular shape, it may even be beautiful, but the soul is wanting.

A physiognomy of organs, such as of the shape and size of the nose, of the eyes, mouth, ears, &c.; of the color of the skin, of the height of the neck, &c., may not be impossible, but is highly improbable, even if Lavater should rove through an additional ten quarto volumes. He who should undertake to class the capricious formations of Nature, be they the inflictions of a stepmother, or the gifts of a loving mother, would surpass Linne's boldness, and would have to be careful lest he, too, should have to take his place as one of the originals that exhibit an almost endless and laughable variety.

(Another species of sympathy may be mentioned which is of importance in physiology; I mean the sympathy of certain sensations with the organs to which they belong. A cramp of the stomach causes a sensation of nausea; the nausea in its turn may re-excite the cramp. How does this happen?)

EVEN THE DECREASE OF THE ANIMAL LIFE IS A SOURCE OF PERFECTION.

§ 23.

It seems to hinder this perfection.

It may be said that even if the animal organism affords man all the advantages which we have enumerated, it nevertheless remains objectionable in other respects. The soul being fettered to the action of its organs, their periodical relaxation imposes upon the soul a state of inaction, annihilates it, as it were, from time to time. I allude to sleep, which deprives us of at least one-third of our existence. Our thinking faculty is so completely dependent upon the laws of the organs, that our thoughts are suddenly arrested by a remission of the organic life at the very moment when we are on the point of reaching the goal of truth. Scarcely has the understanding dwelled upon one idea, when the indolent matter refuses its service; the fibres of the thinking organ become relaxed, after they have been strained ever so little; the body leaves us in the lurch when we are most in need of it. What astonishing progress, we may object, would man make in self-culture, if he could remain in a condition of uninterrupted intensity! How he would analyse every idea into its ultimate elements, how he would pursue every phenomenon to its remotest beginnings, if he could keep his soul unceasingly fixed upon these objects! But it is otherwise. Why is it otherwise?

§ 24.

Necessity of a remission.

The following propositions may lead us to the truth:

1. The sensation of pleasure was necessary in order to lead man to perfection; he is perfect in order that he may have pleasant sensations.

2. The nature of a finite being renders unpleasant sensations unavoidable. Evil cannot be exiled even from the best of worlds; philosophers

regard this very circumstance as a sign of perfection.

3. The nature of a *mixed* being leads to unpleasant sensations, upon which it is measurably founded.

Hence pain and pleasure are necessary.

This seems a harder lot, but is not in reality.

4. It is the nature of every pain and of every pleasure to grow infinitely.

5. Every pain and every pleasure of a mixed being tends to its dissolution.

§ 25.

Explanation.

We mean by this, it is a well-known law of the association of ideas that any sensation of whatever kind, calls up another similar sensation, increasing it by this addition. The more the sensation expands and multiplies, the more the number of analogous sensations which it rouses up in every direction of the thinking faculty increases, until this one sensation gradually becomes universal, filling up the measure of the soul. Thus every sensation grows by its own power of association; every present state of the sentient faculty gives rise to a similar and more intense state. This seems to be self-evident. We know that every spiritual sensation is associated with a similar animal sensation, or in other words, is associated with nervous movements, the number of which depends upon the strength and extension of the spiritual sensation. Hence, in proportion as the spiritual sensations increase, the movements of the nervous system must likewise increase. This is likewise evident. Pathology teaches us that no nerve suffers singly, and the proposition: here is an excess of power, would be equivalent to, yonder is a deficiency of power. Hence every nervous movement expands by its own power. Moreover we have stated above that the movements of the nervous system react upon the soul and increase the spiritual sensations; the increased sensations of the spirit in their turn increase and fortify the nervous movements. Here we have a circle in consequence of which the sensations must be continually growing, and the nervous movements must be continually becoming more universal and more intense. We know that the organic movements which cause pain, are contrary to the harmonious evolution of organs; they constitute diseases. But disease cannot develop itself infinitely, and must end in the complete destruction of the organic mechanism. As regards pain, it is evident that it aims at the death of the individual.

On the other hand, the movements of the nervous system, when determined by sensations of pleasure, being harmonious and favorable to the preservation of the organism—a condition of supreme soul-rest implying a condition of supreme bodily well-being—does it not follow that agreeable sensations should prolong the existence of the organic tissues indefinitely? This conclusion is too hasty. Within certain limits, these nervous movements are useful to, and imply a state of health. If they exceed this limit, they may constitute a high degree of activity, a high state of momentary perfection, but they are no longer

health, but an excess thereof. We call health the normal condition of natural functions which develop similar functions in the future; in other words, which fortify the perfection of the subsequent functions; hence the determination of subsequent developments forms an integral portion of the idea of health. The body of the enervated debauchee reaches its highest degree of harmony at the acme of the debauch; but this harmony only lasts a moment; the subsequent depression abundantly demonstrates that excessive tension is not health. It may therefore be asserted that the excessive vigor of physical functions accelerates the hour of death as much as the greatest disharmony or the most violent sickness. Thus it is that both pain and joy would drag us onward toward an inevitable end, unless their growth were limited by an inherent law.

§ 26.

Excellency of this remission.

This limitation is effected by the remission of the animal functions. This limitation of our frail organism which has furnished its adversaries such a powerful objection against its perfection, had to remedy the injurious consequences which otherwise would have sprung from its mechanism. This depression and relaxation of the organs which constitute subjects of complaint in the minds of thinkers, prevent us from using up our energies in a short space of time, and from allowing the passions to develop themselves increasingly until our ruin is accomplished. This limitation assigns to every emotion periods of growth, of acme, and decline, unless it should become completely extinguished by a total relaxation of the body, which leaves the exhausted spirit time to resume its harmonious tone, and enables the organs to recuperate their energies. Hence it is that the highest degrees of delight, terror and wrath, result in the same condition—exhaustion, debility, or syncope.

“Now he either had to sink down in a swoon.” &c. But a more powerful restorer is sleep, who, as Shakespeare informs us, “dissolves the entangled knot of care, is a bath for bruising labor, the birth of every day’s life, and the second course of great Nature.” During sleep the vital spirits resume that healthful equilibrium which is so necessary to the continuance of our existence; all spasmodic ideas and sensations, the excessive tension of our powers, which had tormented us in the daytime, cease during this relaxation of the sensorium, the harmony of soul-action is restored, and, with a calm spirit, the newly-awakening man greets the coming morning.

With respect to the constitution of society, we cannot sufficiently admire the value and importance of this remission. It is owing to this arrangement that many who were likewise destined for happiness, are sacrificed to public order, and are burdened with the lot of oppression. Many, again, whom we envy perhaps unjustly, have to unceasingly torture their bodily and spiritual powers, in order that the whole fabric might be preserved. This applies to the sick, to the brute creation. Sleep seals, as it were, the eye of grief, relieves the prince and statesman of the

heavy load of government, pours life into the veins of the sick, and rest into his anguished soul; the laborer no longer hears the voice of his oppressor, and the abused cattle escape from human tyranny. Sleep buries the cares and burdens of the creatures, restores the equilibrium of things, inspires man with new vigor, and enables him to bear the joy and grief of the coming day.

§ 27.

Separation of the Connection.

When the period has arrived, where the spirit has fulfilled the end of its existence within the limits which we have traced, an inherent and incomprehensible mechanism incapacitates the body from remaining any longer subservient to the behests of the spirit. All arrangements for the preservation of the bodily vigor seem to be limited to this period; it seems to me that, in founding our physical organism, Eternal Wisdom has followed certain laws by means of which, in spite of the continual compensations, the waste exceeds the supply, *freedom abuses the mechanism of the organs, and death unfolds itself from life as from a germ*. Matter relapses into its ultimate molecules which, in other forms and relations, penetrate the kingdoms of Nature, in order to become subservient to other ends. The soul continues to exercise its powers in other spheres, and to contemplate the universe from another point of view. It may indeed be said that this sphere had not yet been exhausted by the soul, and that the soul ought to have reached a higher degree of perfection before leaving it? But do we know whether this sphere is lost to the soul? We now lay down many a book that we do not understand; perhaps we may understand it better a few years hence.

ON THE PRESENT GERMAN STAGE.

(From the Wurtemberg Repertory of Literature, 1782.)

THE spirit of the present decade in Germany is distinguished from the period immediately preceding it by the higher development which it has imparted to the drama in almost every province of our fatherland; and it is remarkable that at no previous period of our history have we had more opportunities of applauding soul-greatness, or of ridiculing weaknesses of character. It is a pity that this should only be seen on the stage. The Egyptians had a physician for every organ, and thus the patient perished under a load of physicians. We keep for every passion a special executioner, and every day we have to deplore a new victim of passion. Every virtue has its eulogist among us; while admiring, we seem to forget it. It seems to me that the case in this respect is the same as that of the subterranean treasures in the ghost-stories. *Do not overwhelm the ghost with your cries!* is the everlasting warning of the conjuror. Silently the gold is raised; utter a single sound, and the box descends into the ground to the depth of tens of thousands of fathoms.

It would indeed seem as though an open mirror of human life, where the most secret recesses

of the heart are illumined and reflected with all their genuineness like fresco paintings upon the wall; where the evolutions of virtue and vice, the most complicated intrigues of fortune, the wonderful management of a supreme Providence, whose endless chain frequently disappears from view in actual life; where all these things, concentrated upon a narrower field and presented in a smaller compass, can be surveyed by the feeblest eye; like a temple where the true Apollo speaks to the heart with a living voice as he was wont to do at Dodona and Delphos; it would seem as though such an institution should impress the idea of happiness or misery upon the soul, with so much more force as the actual perception is more living than tradition and phrases. *Should* not this be so, I ask? What *should* not the seller's wares accomplish, if his words were believed! What should not these drops and powders effect, if the patient's stomach did not turn against them? So many Don Quixote's see their own crazy heads pop out of the show-box of a comedy, so many Tartuffe's their masks, so many Falstaff's their horns; and yet they are not aware that they are duped, and they applaud the poet who is making fools of them. Tableaux full of emotion which melt a crowd into tears; groups of horror, the sight of which tears the tender web of hysteric nerves; situations replete with uncertain expectation, which holds the half-suppressed respiration in check, and causes the rhythm of the oppressed heart to be disturbed by irregular pulsations: are not these effects produced by the kaleidoscopic appearances on the surface, like the delightful trembling of the sunbeam upon the water? The whole sky seems to be absorbed in the flood; you jump in, and find it to be cold water. When the infernal Macbeth, his brow bathed in cold sweat, staggers out of the bed-chamber where he has committed the murder, with trembling feet, and with his eye still riveted on the spot of the crime, what spectator does not feel an icy shudder crawl through his marrow? And yet what Macbeth among the people will let his dagger fall from under his garment previous to committing the deed, or his mask after the deed had been committed? Why, it is not King Duncan whom he is about to destroy. Are less girls seduced because Sara Samson pays for her fault with poison? Does a single husband show less passion, because the Moor of Venice murdered his suspected spouse? Is Nature less tyrannized over by conventionalism because yonder unnatural mother repenting of her deed, causes her maniacal laughter to resound in your ears? I might multiply these examples. If Odoardo throws his dagger, which is still smoking with the blood of his slaughtered child, at the feet of the *miserable princely sinner*, to whom he thus conducts his mistress, what prince restores to the father his degraded daughter? Be content if your play shakes his guilty heart with redoubled force beneath the ribbon of his crosses. Very soon a tumultuous allegro drowns the trivial emotion. Be content if your Emilia who moans so seductively, who sinks upon the boards with so much beautiful carelessness, who spends her last breath with so much delicate gracefulness, does not inflame the

fire of lust by her dying charms, and your tragic art is not humiliated by an improvised profanation behind the scenes. We might feel tempted to again advocate the puppet-show, and to encourage machinists to communicate the arts of Garrick to their wooden heroes; for in such a case the attention of the public which is generally divided between the play, the poet, and the actor, would be withdrawn from the last in order to be more fully concentrated upon the first. A cunning Italian Iphigenia, who had succeeded by her play in charming us off to Aulis, understands the art of designedly destroying the work of her own magic, by a roguish look beneath her assumed expression; Iphigenia and Aulis disappear like a mere breath, sympathy is extinguished by the admiration which is felt for her who had excited it. We should have studied the inclinations of the fair sex by those of its model. Elizabeth would rather have forgiven an insult to her majesty than a doubt of her beauty. Can an actress be expected to think more philosophically? Can we expect her,—in case a sacrifice should be demanded,—to be more careful of her glory before than behind the scenes? As long as the victims of lust are played by the daughters of lust; as long as the scenes of grief, fear and fright serve to exhibit the slender form, the neat feet, the grateful motions of the actress; as long as the theatre is simply used as a place of assignation for depraved lusts; or, to speak more moderately, as long as the drama is not so much a school as an amusement; as long as it is principally resorted to as a means of dispelling ennui, of whiling away unpleasant winter-evenings, and of enriching the legions of our idle crew with the froth of wisdom, and the paper-money of sentiment and the phrases of fashionable gallantry; as long as the drama is principally employed in the service of the toilet and the drinking-shop, our dramatic authors may safely renounce the vanity of being teachers of the people. Before the public is formed for the stage, it is doubtful whether the stage will be able to form its public.

However, let us not go too far in this respect. Let us not hold the public responsible for the faults of the poet. I observe two extreme fashions in the drama, between which nature and truth occupy the mean position. The men of Pierre Corneille are cold observers of their passion, wiseacres and pedants in matters of sentiment. I hear the oppressed Roderick lecture about his embarrassment before his audience, and review his emotions with the same care with which a Parisian belle studies her grimaces in the looking-glass. In France the unfortunate conventionalism has distorted the man of nature. Their cothurnus has been changed to an elegant pair of pumps. In England and Germany (in the latter country only after Goethe had driven the smugglers in haste back across the Rhine) nature is presented in her nudity, her freckles are magnified in the concave mirror of an unbridled wit, the wanton fancy of fiery poets distorts her as a monster and spreads the most infamous anecdotes on her account. In Paris people like smooth and elegant dolls whom the polish of art has robbed of every appearance of bold nature. Sentiment

is weighed in gold scales, and the food of mind is served up according to the rules of diet in order to spare the delicate stomach of a marchioness; we Germans, like the lion-hearted Britons, venture to imbibe larger doses; our heroes resemble the Goliath upon old wall-paper, coarse and gigantic, intended for a distant view. A good copy of nature implies both the *generous boldness* of sucking her marrow and attaining her elasticity, but likewise a *becoming timidity* which in miniature representations seeks to moderate the coarse features of large wall-pieces. We men stand before the universe as the ant before a majestic palace. It is an enormous edifice; our insect-like dwells upon one wing, and finds perhaps a few columns or statues badly placed; the eye of a higher being embraces the opposite wing within the scope of its vision, and perceives the statues and columns which correspond with those of the former wing in perfect symmetry. But let the poet paint for ants' eyes, and let him bring the other half, of a diminished size, within the scope of our horizon; let him prepare us by the harmony of small, to study the harmony of great things; let him prepare us to study the symmetry of the whole by the symmetry of a part, and to admire the former in the latter. A mistake in this respect is an injustice against the Eternal Being who should be judged by the infinite design of the world, not by a few isolated, detached fragments.

Let our copy of Nature be ever so faithful, as far as our eyes can track her, Providence will be the loser, because he may not choose to complete until the next century the work which he has commenced in the present.

On the other hand, the poet may be guiltless if the end of the drama remains unattained. Step upon the stage and observe how the creatures of fancy become embodied in the *actor*. Two things are necessary to him, although difficult. He has to forget himself and the listening crowd, in order to identify himself with his part; and then again he has to imagine himself and the spectators present, he has to study the taste of the latter and moderate Nature. Ten times I find the former circumstance sacrificed to the latter, and yet if the actor's genius is not adequate to both, the latter rule might safely be violated for the benefit of the former. From sentiment to its expression we observe the same and ever definite succession as from the lightning to the thunder-clap, and if I am full of the emotion, I am so little permitted to attune the body to its expression that I might find it difficult or even impossible to retain the spontaneous vibration of the latter. The actor is, so to say, like a somnambulist; there is a remarkable similarity between the two. If the somnambulist, in spite of an *apparently* complete absence of consciousness, in spite of the sepulchral silence of the external senses upon his midnight ramble, is capable of weighing with the most incomprehensible correctness the danger of every step he takes, which would tax all the presence of mind that a waking person is capable of; if habit has power to secure his steps in such a wonderful manner; if a mere dawn, a superficial and passing movement of the senses—we will suppose such a condition in order to facilitate the explanation of

this phenomenon—is capable of effecting such results, why should the body which is otherwise such a faithful companion of the soul in all its changes, transgress the boundaries of its own propriety until a discord results from this excess? If passion does not permit itself any extravagances, (indeed no genuine passion can or ought to do so, nor will it do so in a cultivated soul,) I am equally certain that the organs will not be guilty of any monstrous manifestation. Is it not possible that in spite of the utmost absence of perception of which the illusion may render the actor capable, a scarcely noticeable perception of the actual may still continue which may enable the actor to pass by all extravagances and improprieties, over the narrow bridge of truth and beauty? I do not see any impossibility in this. What an inconvenience, on the other hand, if the actor, taking care anxiously to foster the consciousness of his artistic situation, annihilates the artificial phantom by the idea of his *actual* surroundings! It is a bad thing for him if he knows that a thousand and more eyes contemplate his gestures, and a thousand and more ears listen to every sound he utters. I happened to be present on a certain occasion when the thought: "I am observed," hurled the tender Romeo from the embrace of his ecstatic delight. It was like the fall of a somnambulist whom the call of the night-watcher roused from his sleep on the top of the roof. The hidden danger was no danger to him, but the sudden sight of the precipitous height brought him down all at once. The frightened actor stood rigid and foolish, the natural gracefulness of position degenerated into a bow as if he were going to have his measure taken for a new coat. The sympathy of the spectators exploded in a fit of laughter.

Generally our actors study a separate movement of the body for every species of passion, which becomes so familiar to them that they execute it even before the moment for the emotion has arrived. Pride always indulges in a twist of the head toward one shoulder, and pressing the hand on the side. Anger is known by a clenched fist, and by the gritting of the teeth. Upon a certain stage I have seen contempt expressed by a kick; the sadness of our heroines retreats behind a white handkerchief; and fright, which comes off cheapest, throws itself on the first seat it encounters, thus freeing itself of a load and the public of a blunderer. Those who act high tragical parts—and they are generally the basses, the matadors of the stage—are in the habit of growling out their sentiment, and hiding their imperfect acquaintance with emotions which they break upon the rack like a condemned criminal, under a tumult of sound and motion, whereas the soft and touching actors drawl out their tenderness and grief in a strain of monotonous complaint, which fatigues the ears even unto disgust. Declamation is always the first rock upon which most of our actors strand, and declamation makes up two-thirds of the whole illusion. The ear is the most certain and the nearest road to the heart. Music tamed the rude conqueror of Bagdad, where Meng and Correggio would have exhausted their talent in vain. We find it easier to close the of-

fended eyes, than to stop our abused ears with cotton.*

If poets, actors, and the public should fail, only a miserable fraction would remain of the sum, which some patriotic advocate of the stage might manage to figure up on paper. Should such a misfortune impel us for one moment to deprive such a meritorious institution of our attention? Let the stage take comfort with its worthy sisters, morality, and—I utter this comparison very timidly—religion, both of which, although they appear before us in a sacred garb, are not above the pollutions of the silly and vulgar crowd. Let it be satisfied, if now and then a friend of truth and sound nature finds his own world back in the theatre; if the fate of others again reminds him of his own; if his courage is fortified by scenes of woe, and his sensibility is exercised by the sight of unhappiness. A noble and unsophisticated heart derives new life and warmth from the scenes upon the stage; in the hearts of the vulgar crowd a distant hum at least is elicited from some abandoned chord of humanity.

THE WALK UNDER THE LINDEN.

(From the Wurtemberg Repertory, 1782.)

WOLMAR and Edwin were friends who resided together in a peaceful cottage, to which they had retreated from the busy world, in order to reflect with philosophic leisure upon the remarkable events of their lives. The happy Edwin embraced the world with joyous warmth, whereas the gloomy Wollmar clothed it in the sable hues of his disappointments. An avenue of linden trees was the favorite resort for their contemplations. They had resumed their walk on some lovely May-morning, when they conversed as follows:

EDWIN. The day is so beautiful; all nature looks cheerful, and you, Wollmar, so pensive?

WOLLMAR. Leave me; you know that it is my fashion to spoil Nature's caprice.

EDWIN. But is it possible thus to loathe the cup of joy?

WOLLMAR. If we discover a spider in the cup, why not? Look; to you Nature appears like a rosy-cheeked girl on her wedding-day. To me she seems like a decrepit matron, who daubs her livid cheeks with rouge, and wreathes her hair with inherited diamonds. How approvingly she smiles at herself in this holiday-dress! But they are threadbare garments that have been turned

* It is questionable whether a part does not gain more by a mere amateur than by an actor. At any rate, the latter loses the sentiment as readily as a physician of large practice ceases to reflect on disease. All that remains is mechanical routine, a certain affectation, a coquetting with the grimaces of passion. We recollect how well the part of Zaire was played in France by beginners without much experience (see "Lessing's Hamburger Dramaturgie," sixteenth essay, p. 121 and 122). Would that everywhere the prejudice were abandoned which supposes that persons of family and honor are disgraced by theatrical performances. This would spread good taste, animate and refine more universally the sense of the beautiful, the good, and the true; at the same time professional actors would seek to uphold with more zeal the glory of their profession.

thousands of times. This same green train she wore before Deucalion's time, laden with the same perfumes and embroidered with the same hues. For thousands of years she has been feasting on the leavings of the table of death, has been distilling rouge from the bones of her own children, and has been trimming corruption itself to glittering rags. She is like an uncouth monster growing fat on its own substance served up time and again, stitching its tattered fragments together into new garments, which it displays in public, and then pulls apart like common rags. Young man, knowest thou in what company thou mayst happen to walk about here? Hast thou ever reflected that this endless orb is the tomb of thy ancestors; that the winds which waft the fragrance of these linden trees toward thee, drive perhaps the scattered virtue of Arminius into thy nostrils; that with the refreshing water of these springs thou imbibest perhaps the atomized bones of our great Heinrich? Fie, fie! the world-shakers of Rome who tore this majestic world into three parts, as boys pull a bouquet to pieces and place the flowers on their hats, are perhaps doomed to do homage to a plaintive aria in the throats of their emasculated descendants. The atom which in Plato's brain seemed vivified by the thought of Deity, which vibrated with mercy in Titus' heart, is now perhaps quivering with beastly lust in the breast of some modern Sardanapalus, or is scattered about by buzzards as the carrion of some hung scoundrel! Shame! shame! out of the sacred remains of our forefathers we have fashioned our carnival-masks; we have lined our fools' caps with the wisdom of antiquity. You seem to smile at all this, Edwin.

EDWIN: Pardon me! Your reflections open before me comical scenes. What if our bodies should emigrate according to the same laws which are supposed to be imposed upon our spirits? if, after the dissolution of the organism, we should have to continue the same employment that they filled under the orders of the soul? even as the spirits of the departed resume the occupations of their former lives, *quæ cura fuit vivis, eadem sequitur tellure repostos*.

WOLLMAR. At that rate the ashes of Lycurgus may remain forever lying in the ocean.

EDWIN. Do you hear yonder warble of the tender nightingale? Suppose it were the urn of Tibullus' ashes who sang tenderly as herself? Does perhaps the sublime Pindar elevate himself in yonder eagle to the azure sky? Does perhaps an atom of Anacreon flutter in yonder wooing Zephyr? Who knows whether the bodies of sweet *petit maitres* do not fly in the shape of delicate powder-flakes to the curls of their mistresses? whether the remains of usurers do not attach themselves to buried coins as the rust of a hundred years? Whether the bodies of authors are not doomed to be cast into type or made into paper, and to be eternally groaning under the pressure of a press, or to assist in perpetuating the nonsense of their writings! Who can prove that the stone in my neighbor's bladder is not the remnant of some clumsy physician who is incarcerated there as a punishment for the abusive treatment that he inflicted upon the urinary pas-

sages at some former period, and has to remain in his dungeon until the adroit hand of a surgeon releases him from his confinement? See, Wollmar, from the same cup from which you draw gall and wormwood, my humor extracts mirth and jests.

WOLLMAR. Edwin! Edwin! How you white-wash earnest thoughts with your laughing wit! Tell it our princes who fancy they can send forth annihilation by knitting their eyebrows; tell it our belles who undertake to fool our wisdom by bedaubing their faces with the hues of a landscape! Tell it our dandies who make a handful of dyed hair their god. Let them see how roughly Yorick's skull is handled by the spade of the grave-digger. Let a woman brag of her beauty, if the great Caesar is seen mending a broken wall to keep off the wind.

EDWIN. What do you mean to prove with all this?

WOLLMAR. Miserable catastrophe of a miserable farce! See, Edwin! the fate of the soul is inscribed upon the fate of matter. Draw your own inference.

EDWIN. Hold on, Wollmar. You plunge into phantasies. You know how apt you are to abuse Providence in this particular.

WOLLMAR. Let me continue. A good cause need not fear a close inspection.

EDWIN. Let Wollmar inspect when he is happier.

WOLLMAR. Oh fie! This is probing the most dangerous wound! Should wisdom be a mere gossip, a fawning lick-spittle that humors every caprice, with the unhappy calumniates mercy itself, and with the happy sugars over even misery? A spoiled stomach makes us look upon this planet like a perfect hell, a glass of wine induces us to deify its devils. If our caprice is the mould for our philosophy, tell me, Edwin, in what mould is truth cast? I fear, Edwin, you will become wiser if you first become more gloomy.

EDWIN. I should not like to become so, in order to acquire more wisdom.

WOLLMAR. You have named the word "happy." How do we become happy? Labor is the condition of life; wisdom is the object, and happiness the reward. A thousand sails are floating on the boundless ocean in search of the happy isle, where they intend to conquer this golden fleece. Tell me, O sage, how many are they who find it? I see here a fleet whirled about in the everlasting circle of want, ever pushing off from this shore, and ever again driven back toward it. It is tossed about in the anti-courts of its destination, cruising timidly along shore, looking out for provisions and engaged in repairing its sails, but never reaching the high seas. They are those who weary to-day, in order that they may again weary to-morrow. Deduct these, and the number is reduced one half. Others again are dragged by the whirlpool of sensuality into an inglorious grave. These are they who squander the whole force of their existence in order to enjoy the sweat of the former. Deduct these, and hardly a fourth part of the whole number will be found remaining. Timidly and full of anxiety this small balance, without a compass, and guided by the deceitful

stars, drifts about on the terrific ocean; already, like a white cloud, the happy coast is seen glimmering on the border of the horizon; "land," cries the pilot, but behold a miserable plank gets loose, the ship springs a leak, and sinks in sight of port. *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.* Exhausted the most skillful swimmer struggles toward the shore, and lands a stranger in a tropical zone, where he wanders about, sighing for his northern home with tearful eyes. Thus I deduct one million after another from the sum of your liberal systems. Children rejoice at the prospects of being invested with the cuirass of manhood, and manhood sighs for the golden days of childhood. The river of knowledge winds backward toward its source, the evening is dusky like morning, Aurora and Hesperus embrace each other in the same night, and the sage who would fain pierce through the walls of mortality, descends again to the plays of boyhood. Now, Edwin, justify the potter against the pot; answer me, Edwin!

EDWIN. The potter is already justified, if the pot can argue with him.

WOLLMAR. Answer me!

EDWIN. Even if the isle should be missed, the voyage is no loss.

WOLLMAR. Is it a gain to feast the eye on the picturesque landscape which hies away from us on the right and the left? Does this pay us for being tossed about in storms, for passing tremblingly by the projecting rock, for hovering upon the foaming billows round the jaws of a three-fold death? Say nothing more, my grief is more eloquent than your contentment.

EDWIN. Am I to tread upon the violet, because I cannot pluck the rose? or, am I to renounce this spring-day, because it may be darkened by a thunder cloud? I find serenity under the cloudless sky, and improve it to shorten the ennui of the tempest. Am I to leave the flower untouched, because it may lose its fragrance to-morrow? I throw it away if it fades, and pluck its young sister that is just unfolding from the bud.

WOLLMAR. Insane! Wherever a seed-grain of pleasure is cast, a thousand germs of woe are already sprouting. Where one tear of joy is shed, a thousand tears of despair are already moistening the ground. Here, on the very spot, where man is shouting with joy, a thousand insects are writhing in agony. At the very moment when our joyous shouts are rushing upward to the skies, a thousand imprecations vibrate through the air. It is a deceitful lottery, the few miserable prizes disappear among the numberless blanks. Every drop of time is a dying moment of joy, every floating atom the tombstone of a buried delight. Upon every point in the universe death has pressed his monarchical seal. Upon every atom I read the saddening inscription: *Past!*

EDWIN. And why not, *Been?* Let every sound be the dirge of some bliss—it is likewise the hymn of the all-pervading love—Wollmar, under this linden-tree my Juliet pressed her first kiss upon my lips.

WOLLMAR (*leaving him abruptly*). Under this linden-tree I lost my Laura.

A GENEROUS ACT FROM MODERN HISTORY.

(From the Wurtemberg Repertory of Literature, 1782.)

DRAMAS and romances reveal to us the most brilliant features of the human heart; our fancy is inflamed; our heart remains cold; at any rate the glow which is enkindled in it by these means, is only momentary, and is of no practical advantage. At the very moment when the unadorned naïveté of the honest clown moves us perhaps to tears, we send away a ragged beggar with heartless impetuosity. Who knows whether this artificial existence in an ideal world does not weaken our existence in actual life? Here we hover as it were around the two extremes of morality, angel and devil; and man, who holds the middle rank, is left unnoticed.

The present anecdote of two Germans—I mention this fact with a proud joy—has one indisputable merit: it is true. I trust it will leave the hearts of my readers warmer than all the volumes of Grandison and Pamela.

Two brothers, Barons W—— had both fallen in love with the charming Lady W——, without either of them knowing of the other's inclination. Each loved her tenderly and intensely, it was his first love. The young lady was beautiful and made for love. Each allowed his inclination to grow up to a burning passion, because neither knew the danger which was the most terrible to his heart, to have a brother for a rival. Both spared the young lady a premature avowal of their passion, and thus they deceived each other, until an unexpected event led each to a knowledge of the other's love.

The love of each had reached the highest degree; the disastrous passion which has almost caused as cruel devastations among the human race as its abominable opposite, had taken possession of their hearts so completely that it was useless to deem a sacrifice possible from either brother. The lady, full of compassion for the sad situation of these unfortunate lovers, had not the courage to decide exclusively for either, and subjected her own inclination to the judgment of brotherly love.

Conquering in this doubtful struggle of duty and sentiment, which our philosophers are so ready to decide, and which the practical man undertakes so cautiously, the elder brother said to the younger: "I know that thou lovest this girl intensely, as I do. I shall not inquire for whom an older right decides. Remain thou, I shall go far away; I shall die, so that I forget her. If I succeed, brother, she is thine, and may heaven bless thy love. If I do not succeed, well, then go thou and do likewise!"

He left Germany suddenly, and went to Holland; but the image of the loved girl hastened after him. Away from the country of his love, exiled from the region which inclosed the whole bliss of his heart, where he alone was able to live, the unfortunate man became a prey to disease, even as the plant withers which the European snatches with a ruthless hand from its tropical clime, and forces into rude beds under an uncongenial sky. In a state of despair he reached Amsterdam, where an acute disease confined him

to a dangerous couch. The image of his beloved ruled in his delirium, his recovery depended upon possessing her. The physicians despaired of his life; nothing saved him but the assurance that he should be restored to his beloved. A wandering skeleton, the frightful image of gnawing grief, he returned to his native city, staggered back across the threshold of his beloved and his brother.

"Brother, I have come back. God knows what I have endeavored to accomplish; I can do no more."

Fainting, he sank into the arms of the lady.

The younger brother was no less resolute. In a few weeks he was ready for the journey.

"Brother, thou hast carried thy pain as far as Holland; I shall endeavor to carry mine still further. Do not lead her to the altar, until I write to thee. This is the only condition that my brotherly love imposes. If I succeed better than thou hast done, well, then she is thine, and Heaven bless your love. If I do not, well then let Heaven decide further. Farewell. Keep this sealed package; do not open it until I am gone. I sail for the Indies."

Here he rushed into his carriage.

Almost lifeless, the friends stared after him. He had surpassed his brother in magnanimity. The elder brother was crushed down by his love and by the pain of losing the most noble friend. The noise of the rolling carriage thundered through his heart. His life was in danger. The lady—but no! the end will tell her story.

The package was opened. It contained a transfer of all his German estates which the brother was to own, in case the exile should succeed in the Indies. He sailed on board a Dutch merchant-vessel, and arrived in Batavia. In a few months his brother received the following letter:

"Here, where I give thanks to Almighty God; here, upon this new soil, I think of thee and of our loved-one with all the bliss of a martyr. The new scenes and events have expanded my soul. God has given me power to make the greatest sacrifice to friendship, thine is—God! here I dropped a tear—the last—I have conquered—*thine is the lady*. Brother, it was not designed that I should possess her; she might not have been happy with me. If she should ever think that she might have been. Brother! brother! I confide her to thy soul like a solemn trust. Forget not the sacrifice that purchased her for thee. Treat the angel ever as thy young love now teaches thee. Treat her as the precious legacy of a brother whom thy arms will never embrace again. Do not write to me when thou solemnizest thy marriage. My wound is still bleeding. Write to me that thou art happy. My deed is my guarantee that God will not forsake me in this distant world."

The marriage took place. For one year they enjoyed together the bliss of love—then the lady died. On her death-bed she revealed to her most intimate friend the fatal secret of her bosom: she had loved the younger brother best.

Both brothers are still living. The elder brother, on his estates in Germany, again married. The younger brother remained in Batavia, a

happy and brilliant man. He made a vow never to marry, and has kept it.

THE STAGE CONSIDERED AS A MORAL INSTITUTION.

(Read at a public sitting of the Electoral German Society in Mannheim, in the year 1784.)

ACCORDING to Sulzer's statement, the stage owes its origin to a general, irresistible propensity to things new and extraordinary, to a desire to enjoy the sensations of passion. Exhausted by the higher efforts of the mind; wearied by the monotonous and frequently prostrating duties of his calling; satiated by sensuality, man must have experienced an emptiness in his nature which was opposed to his inextinguishable desire for action. Human nature, equally incapable of continually leading an animal life, or of giving itself up exclusively to the higher labors of the understanding, demanded a middle condition which would unite these antagonistic extremes, soften the rigid tension down to gentle harmony, and facilitate the reciprocal transition of these two states from one to the other. This use is afforded by the æsthetic sense or the sentiment of the beautiful. Since it should be the first object of a wise legislator, to select the highest of two effects, he will not content himself with simply disarming the inclinations of his people; if possible, he will use them as the instruments of higher plans, and endeavor to convert them into sources of happiness; to this end he selected the stage as the best means of opening an endless sphere to the spirit thirsting for action, of feeding every power of the soul without straining any, and uniting the cultivation of the understanding and the heart with the noblest entertainment.

He who first started the assertion that *religion* is the firmest pillar of a state; that without religion the laws would lose their force, has, perhaps without designing it, defended the stage in its noblest aspect. This insufficiency, this uncertainty of political laws which renders religion indispensable to the state, likewise determines the moral influence of the stage. He meant to convey the idea that laws only revolve round negative duties, religion extends her demands to positive acts. Laws only arrest actions which tend to disorganize society, religion prescribes actions whose tendency is to consolidate the structure of society. Laws only control the manifestations of the will, only deeds are subject to them; religion extends her jurisdiction to the remotest corners of the heart, and traces thought to its innermost sources. Laws are smooth and flexible, changeable as caprice and passion; religion binds rigidly and eternally. If we now suppose, which is not the case, that religion possesses this great power over every man's heart, will she, or can she achieve the whole of human culture? Upon the whole, religion, whose political aspect I here separate from the divine, acts more upon the senses of the people; it is probably through the senses that she becomes so infallible. Her power is gone, if we take away the senses. And by what does the stage act? Religion ceases to be

any thing for most men, if we extirpate her images, her problems, if we annihilate her pictures of heaven and hell; and yet they are pictures of the fancy, riddles without a solution, phantoms, and allurements from a distance. What strength do religion and laws acquire from a union with the stage, where life is exhibited to the view, where vice and virtue, happiness and misery, folly and wisdom are successfully shown in all their various forms, according to truth and in a manner accessible to the popular understanding; where Providence disentangles her web and gives us the solution of his mysterious designs, where the human heart confesses its gentlest emotions as well as its racking passions, where every mask must fall, where all artificial appearances are at an end, and where truth sits in judgment incorruptibly like Rhadamanthus?

The jurisdiction of the stage commences where the tribunal of civil laws is powerless. If justice is blinded by gold, and has become subservient to the debauchery of vice; if the crimes of the mighty scorn her impotence, and the dread of human power fetters the arm of legal authority, then it is that the stage grasps the sword and the balance, and drags vice before a terrible tribunal. The whole empire of fancy and history, the past and the future obey its nod. Bold criminals whom the work of ages had converted into dust, are summoned by the all-powerful voice of poesy, and are made to live over again an infamous life for the benefit of a revolted posterity. Powerless like shadows the terrors of their century pass before our eyes, and while we heap imprecations upon their memory, we delight upon the stage at the very horror which they excite. If no morality is any longer taught; if religion is no longer believed in; if laws have ceased to exist, *Medea* will still horrify us as she staggers down the steps of her palace after committing the infanticide. Salutary shudderings will seize the heart, and each will congratulate himself upon his good conscience on seeing lady *Macbeth*, an affrighted somnambulist, wash her hands, and on hearing her call for all the perfumes of Arabia in order to annihilate the horrid smell of murder. As surely as a visible representation has a more powerful effect than the dead letter or a cold narrative, certainly the stage acts more profoundly and more lastingly than morality and law.

Here, however, the stage only *assists* human justice. It has a much wider field opened to it. A thousand vices, which are tolerated by human justice, are punished by the stage; a thousand virtues which the human law ignores, are recommended by the stage. Here it serves as a companion to wisdom and religion. From this pure fountain the stage draws its teachings and examples, and clothes the rigid duty in a charming, attractive garb. With what glorious sentiments, resolutions, passions is our soul swelled; what a godlike ideal it holds up to us as an example, when the divine Augustus, great like his gods, reaches his hand to the traitor Cinna, who fancies he reads the fatal sentence upon Cesar's lips, and greets him with the words: "Let us be friends, Cinna!" who, at that moment, would not be will-

ing to shake hands with his mortal enemy, in order to resemble the Roman! If Francis von Sickingen, on his road to chastise a prince and to struggle for the rights of a stranger, looks round as if by chance, and happens to see the smoke arising from his castle, where his helpless wife and children are confined; and if, true to his word, he continues on his journey; how great then seems man, how little and contemptible dreaded and irresistible fate!

Vices, as reflected by the mirror of the stage, are just as hideous as virtue is amiable. If the helpless and childish Lear, in night and tempest, in vain knocks at the door of his daughters, if his gray hair is streaming in the wind, and he relates to the raging elements the unnatural conduct of his Regan; if he at least vents his poignant grief in these accents of despair: "I have given you every thing!" How abominable does ingratitude then appear to us! How solemnly do we commend reverence and filial love!

But the sphere of the stage is still more extended. Even where religion and laws deem it beneath their dignity to accompany human sensations, the stage still continues to work for our culture. The happiness of society is disturbed by folly as much as by crimes and vices. It is an experience as old as the world that, in the web of human events, the heaviest weights are often suspended by the most delicate threads, and, in tracing actions back to their first beginnings, we have to laugh ten times before we experience one movement of horror. My list of criminals becomes less every day of my life, but my list of fools increases in number. If the moral guilt of one sex emanates from *one* source; if the enormous extremes of vice which have branded it, are nothing but altered forms, higher grades of a quality which, after all, ultimately excites our unanimous smile and sympathy, why has not Nature adopted the same course in the case of the other sex? I know of but *one* secret to guard man against depravity: it is to guard his heart against weaknesses.

We may expect from the stage a considerable portion of this effect. The stage is like a mirror where fools see themselves reflected, and see their manifold forms of folly covered with ridicule and shame. What it effected before through emotion and terror, it effects here, and perhaps more speedily and infallibly, by jest and satire. If we would undertake to estimate comedy and tragedy by the measure of the effect obtained, experience would probably decide in favor of the former. Derision and contempt wound man's pride more keenly than detestation tortures his conscience. Our cowardice hides away from terrors, but this very cowardice exposes us to the sting of satire. Law and conscience frequently protect us from crime and vice; the ludicrous demands a peculiarly fine perception which we exercise nowhere more than in front of the stage. We may perhaps authorize a friend to attack our morals and our hearts, but we can scarcely prevail upon ourselves to forgive him a single laugh. Our transgressions may be willing to put up with a mentor and a judge, but we cannot bear any comments upon our vulgarities from witnesses. The stage

alone is empowered to ridicule our weaknesses, because it spares our sensibilities, and does not care to know the guilty fool. Without blushing we see our masks reflected to us and are quietly grateful for the gentle rebuke.

The great sphere of the stage is not bounded here. The stage, more than any other public institution, is a school of practical wisdom, a guide through civil life, an unfailing key to the most secret avenues of the human soul. I admit that self-love and mental obduracy sometimes neutralize its best effect; that a thousand vices maintain themselves with an impudent mien in spite of the castigations of the stage; that a thousand praiseworthy sentiments rebound from the cold heart of the spectator. I am even of opinion that Molière's Harpagon has never yet changed the heart of a usurer; that the suicide Beverley has as yet saved few of his companions from the gaming-table; that Carl Moor's unfortunate end will not increase the safety of travelers upon public roads; but even if we limit the great effect of the stage, even if we commit the injustice of denying it altogether: what a large share of influence will it still retain! Even if the stage neither augments nor diminishes the sum of vices, has it not made us acquainted with them? With these vicious and foolish people we have to live. We have to avoid or to meet them; we have to undermine their agency or else succumb to it. Now they no longer surprise us. The stage has shown us the secret of finding them out and rendering them harmless. It is the stage that drew the mask from the hypocrite's face, and revealed the net with which cunning and intrigue have entangled us. It has dragged deception and falsehood from their tortuous hiding-places, and has shown their frightful countenance to the light of day. It may be that the dying Sara does not frighten a single debauchee; that all the pictures of punished seduction do not quench his fire, and that the artful actress is seriously endeavoring to prevent this effect; let us be thankful if unguarded innocence has been shown his snares, and has been taught by the stage to mistrust his oaths and to tremble as she listened to his vows of adoration.

Not only to men and human character but to the blows of fate, the stage directs our attention, and teaches us the great art to bear them. In the web of life, *chance* and *design* play an equally great part; the latter is conducted by us, to the former we have to submit blindly. We have to regard it as a gain, if an inevitable fate does not find us wholly unprepared, if our courage and our discretion had been exercised by similar events, if our heart had been hardened for the blow. The stage brings before us manifold scenes of human woe. It involves us artificially in the troubles of strangers, and rewards us for the momentary pain by tears of delight, and a splendid increase of courage and experience. In company with the abandoned Ariadne, the stage leads us through the re-echoing Naxos, upon it we descend into Ugolino's tower of starvation, upon it we ascend the frightful scaffold, and witness the solemn hour of death. What has passed through our soul as a distant presentiment, is presented to us upon the stage as the loud and irresistible

voice of Nature. In the vault of the tower the deceived favorite is abandoned by the favor of his queen. Now, when he is to die, the intimidated Moor is forsaken by his treacherous sophistry. Eternity sends forth the dead in order to reveal things which can only be known to the living, and the assured villain loses his last horrid refuge because even tombs divulge secrets.

But the stage not only familiarizes us with the fate of mankind; it likewise teaches us to be more just toward the unfortunate, and to judge him more leniently. It is only after fathoming the whole depth of his necessities, that we become empowered to pronounce sentence over him. No crime is more humiliating than that of a thief, but do we not soften our verdict with the tear of pity, after identifying ourselves with the horrid necessity which compels Edward Ruhberg to commit the horrid deed? Suicide is generally detested as a crime, but if, assailed by the threats of an enraged father, assailed by love and by the thought of the horrid walls of a convent, Marianne empties the poisoned chalice, who would be the first to condemn the deplorable victim of an infamous tyranny? Humanity and toleration commence to become the ruling principles of our age: their rays have penetrated into the courts of justice, yea, into the hearts of our princes. What share in this divine work is due to the stage? Is it not the stage that acquaints man with man, and discloses the secret springs which moved him to act?

One class of men has especial cause to be more grateful to the stage than any other class. It is only here that the great of the world hear what they scarcely ever hear any where else,—truth; what they scarcely ever or never see, they see here,—man.

So greatly and variedly has man's moral culture been promoted by the higher order of drama; his intellectual culture is no less indebted to it for its advancement. It is in this high range that the exalted mind and the warm-hearted patriot improve the stage to the greatest advantage.

Casting a glance over the human race, and comparing nations with nations, and centuries with centuries, he sees the mass of the people fettered by the chains of prejudice and opinion, and prevented by such antagonists from the enjoyment of happiness; the pure rays of truth illumine only a few isolated minds that had perhaps to purchase the trifling gain by the expenditure of a life. By what means is the wise legislator to secure to the nation a share in these advantages?

The stage is a channel through which the light of wisdom diffuses itself from the thoughtful, better portion of the people in milder rays over the whole face of society. More correct notions, purer principles and sentiments, emanate from the stage through all the avenues of life; the mist of barbarism, of gloomy superstition, disappears; night yields before the triumphant light. Among the many splendid fruits of the better stage, let me signalize only two. How universal has the toleration of religious systems and sects become for some years past! Even before Nathan the Jew and Saladin the Saracen confounded us with shame and preached to us the divine doc-

trine that resignation to the will of God did not depend upon our fancied belief concerning God's nature; even before Joseph II. combated the dreadful hydra of pious hatred, the stage was engaged in planting the seeds of humanity and meekness in our hearts; the horrid pictures of priestly fanaticism taught us to avoid religious hatred; in this frightful mirror Christianity washed off its stains. With the same success we might combat upon the stage errors of education; we have as yet to hope for the piece where this remarkable subject shall be treated. By its consequences no subject is of more importance to the state than this, and yet no interest is more completely abandoned to the illusions and caprice of the individual citizen than education. The stage might pass in review before him the victims of neglected education in touching and soul-stirring forms; here our fathers might learn to renounce foolish maxims, our mothers might learn to love more wisely. False notions lead the hearts of the best teachers astray; it is still worse if they brag of *method*, and systematically ruin the tender pupil in the hot-houses of artificial systems.

And, if the chiefs and guardians of a nation understood the task, its opinions concerning government and governing classes, might be enlightened and corrected. Here the legislating power might speak to the subject through foreign symbols, might justify itself against his complaints even before they are uttered, and might hush up his doubts even without appearing to do so. Even industry and inventive genius might be fired in front of the stage, if poets deemed it worth their while to be patriotic, and if princes would condescend to hear them.

I cannot overlook the great influence which a standing theatre would exercise upon the spirit of the nation. I understand by national spirit the similarity and agreement of the opinions and inclinations of a people in matters concerning which other nations think and feel differently. It is only possible to the stage to effect this agreement in a high degree, because it appropriates the whole domain of human knowledge, exhausts all the situations of life, and sheds light into all the corners of the human heart; because it unites all classes and conditions, and possesses the most popular avenues to the heart and understanding. If *one* characteristic feature were visible in all our pieces; if our poets would agree amongst each other, and form a firm alliance for the accomplishment of this end; if a strict selection should guide their works; if their pen should be devoted to national subjects; in *one* word, if we should see a *national* stage inaugurated in our midst, we should become a nation. What is it that chained the different states of Greece so firmly to each other? What is it that drew the people so irresistibly to the stage? Nothing but the patriotic subjects of their pieces; it was the Grecian spirit, the great and overpowering interest of the republic and of a better humanity, which pervaded them.

The stage has another merit, one which I mention with so much more pleasure since the stage seems to have gained its cause against its persecutors. Heretofore the influence upon moral

and intellectual culture, which we have claimed for it, has seemed doubtful; even its enemies have admitted however, that it deserved the palm among all the contrivances of luxury, and all the institutions intended to minister to the public amusement. Its services in this respect are more important than people are willing to admit.

Human nature cannot bear the uninterrupted and eternal rack of business; sensual excitement dies with its own gratification. Man surfeited by animal enjoyment, weary of the protracted exertions, tormented by an unceasing desire for activity, thirsts for better and more select amusements, or else he will plunge without restraint into wild revelry which accelerates his ruin and disturbs the peace of society. Bacchanalian joys, the ruinous games of chance, a thousand revelries hatched out by idleness, become inevitable, unless the legislator should know how to direct these tendencies of the people. The business-man is in danger of becoming the victim of hypochondria in exchange for his generous activity for the benefit of the state; the savant is threatened with the dullness of pedantry; the common man becomes a brute. The stage is an institution where pleasure and instruction, rest and exertion, amusement and culture are allied; where not one power of the soul is strained at the expense of another, where no pleasure is enjoyed at the expense of the whole. If grief gnaws at our heart; if melancholy poisons

our solitary hours; if the world and business have become repulsive to us; if a thousand loads oppress our souls, and threaten to extinguish the irritability of our nerves by the labors of our calling, the stage hugs us to its bosom; in the dreams of this artificial world we forget the real, we are restored to ourselves as it were, our sensibility becomes excited, salutary emotions agitate our slumbering nature, and propel the current of the blood with more vitalizing vigor. Here the unfortunate calms his own grief, by weeping over the grief of a stranger; the happy becomes sobered down, and he who is plunged into security, is made cautious by the possibility of danger. The sensitive devotee of sensual comfort and care, is taught the glory of manly privations; the brutal barbarian here, for the first time, enjoys the pleasure of sweet emotions. And then, what a triumph, O Nature! Nature so often trodden down, and so often again exalted to glory! if men from all conditions and climes, free from all artificial fetters and fashions, hovering above the pressure of destiny, uniting in *one* sympathy, in *one* feeling of brotherhood and humanity, become forgetful of the actual, and again approximate to their heavenly origin. Each enjoys the delight of all, which radiates from every eye with a hundred-fold increase of beauty and intensity, and his breast has only room for one emotion, which is: To be a man.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE CRIMINAL FROM LOST HONOR.

A TRUE STORY.

IN the whole history of man, no chapter is more instructive for the heart and mind than the annals of his errors. In the perpetration of every great crime, a proportionate amount of power had to be employed. If the mysterious play of the forces of desire remains hidden in the faint light of ordinary emotions, it assumes colossal, more prominent, and more definite forms under the sway of violent passions; the more acute analyzer of human nature, who knows how much dependence is to be placed upon the mechanism of the ordinary freedom of the will, and how far we may be permitted to reason by analogy, will not fail to transfer many practical observations from this domain to his psychology, and to improve them for the benefit of man's moral culture.

The human heart is something very simple and yet complicated. The same aptitude or desire may develop itself in a thousand forms or directions, may give rise to a thousand contradictory phenomena, may appear differently combined in thousands of characters; whereas, on the other hand, thousands of dissimilar characters and acts may emanate from the same inclination, though the individual may least of all suspect the existing relationship. If a Linnæus should ever undertake

with the human race what has been undertaken with the other kingdoms of Nature, a classification of mankind in accordance with instincts and dispositions, how would we stare to see many a one whose vices now remain smothered in his narrow social sphere and within the narrow pale of the law, classed side by side with the monster Borgia.

Viewed from this point, much may be objected to the ordinary manner of treating history, and here is the difficulty which has rendered the study of history, so far, comparatively fruitless as a political and moral science. There is such a contrast, such a distance between the violent emotion of the active agent and the calm mood of the reader to whom the act is related, that the latter finds it difficult and even impossible to suspect any connection. There remains a gap between the historical subject and the reader, which cuts off the possibility of comparison or application, and, instead of exciting a salutary terror, extorts from the secure pride of the reader at most a dubious shake of the head. We regard the unfortunate, who, at the moment when he committed the deed, as well as at the moment when he is to pay for it with his life, as a being of a different species, in whose veins circulates a blood different from ours, whose will obeys laws different from our own; his fate does not move

us much; for emotion is based upon the dim presentiment of a similar danger, and we are far from suspecting such a similarity. The instruction is lost where no relation is perceived, and history, instead of being a school of culture, has to be content with gratifying our curiosity. If history is to be to us something more, it must necessarily choose between these two methods: either the reader must warm up with his hero, or else the hero cool down with the reader.

I am well aware that the best historians of modern as well as of ancient times, have followed the former method, and have sought to bribe the reader's heart by an eloquent and intense style. But this manner implies an illegitimate use of the author's privilege; it offends the republican liberty of the reading public, whose right it is to sit in judgment unbiassed by the author's views or taste; it is likewise a trespass upon the boundaries of another domain; for this method belongs exclusively and peculiarly to the province of the poet and the orator. The historian can only lay claim to the latter.

The hero has to cool down to the temperature of the reader, or, what is the same thing in this instance, we have to become acquainted with him before he acts; we have not only to see him do, but also to will his act. We are much more interested in his thoughts than in his actions, and still more in the sources of his thoughts than in the consequences of his acts. The soil around Vesuvius has been examined with a view of arriving at an explanation of its explosions; why is less attention bestowed upon a moral than upon a physical phenomenon? Why do we not examine with the same care the conditions and circumstances by which such a man was surrounded, until the accumulated material caught fire in his inner nature? A dreamer who loves the marvelous, is interested in the strange and romantic features of this phenomenon; the friend of truth seeks to account for these anomalous manifestations of life in a philosophical manner. He accounts for them, with all the consciousness of certainty, by the immutable structure of the human soul, and by the changeable conditions which impelled and determined its volition from without. He is no longer surprised to see the poisonous hemlock prosper in the same bed where salubrious plants should grow, and to find wisdom and folly, vice and virtue cradled together in the same heart.

Without dwelling upon any of the advantages which psychology may derive from such a mode of treating history, a preference should be awarded to it, if for no other reason than because it eradicates the cruel scorn and the proud security with which erect and untried virtue generally looks down upon the fallen one; because it spreads the meek spirit of charity, without which no fugitive returns, no reconciliation of law with its transgressor can take place, no infected member of society can be saved from total corruption.

Had the criminal, whose story I am about to relate, still a right to appeal to this spirit of charity? Was he indeed irretrievably lost to the state? I will not anticipate the reader's sentence. Our charity is no longer of any use to him, for he died by the hand of an executioner; but the au-

topsy of his vices may perhaps instruct humanity and—who knows?—justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of a tavern-keeper in a town of ———, the name of which, for reasons which will become apparent hereafter, has to be omitted. His father was dead, and he assisted his mother, until the age of twenty, in taking care of the business of the establishment. There was not much custom, and Wolf had many idle hours. Even while at school he was known as a wild and reckless boy. Full-grown girls complained of his impudence, and the boys of the town did homage to his inventive genius. Nature had slighted his body. A small and unattractive figure, curly hair of a disagreeable blackness, a flat nose, and a swollen upper-lip, disfigured moreover by the kick of a horse, imparted to his appearance a repulsiveness that drove every woman away from him and made him the butt of his comrades' wit.

He undertook to obtain with an effort that which was denied him; he made it his purpose to please, because he was disliked. The girl of his choice abused him; he had reason to fear that his rivals were more fortunate, but the girl was poor. A heart which remained closed to his protestations, might perhaps be unlocked by presents; but he was himself suffering from want, and the attempt to keep up polished appearances consumed the little which he earned by his scanty custom. Too easy and too ignorant to retrieve his fortune by speculation; too proud to exchange his present condition of gentleman for the humbler sphere of a peasant and to renounce his cherished freedom, he saw but *one* expedient at his command, an expedient which thousands before him had resorted to with success—honest theft. His native town was contiguous to a seigneurial forest, he turned poacher, and the result of his booty was faithfully handed over to his beloved.

Among Jeannette's lovers was Robert, a boy in the employ of the forester. Very soon this young fellow perceived the advantage which his rival obtained by his liberality, and jealously he sought to discover the sources of this change. He was more industrious in his visits at the Sun—this was the sign of the tavern—his watchful eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered to him the channel through which the money flowed into Christian's hands. Shortly before, a severe law had been passed against all poachers, condemning the perpetrator to confinement in the state-prison. Robert tracked his enemy on his secret walks with indefatigable zeal; at last he succeeded in catching his imprudent rival in the act. Wolf was arrested, and had to sacrifice the whole of his little fortune in order to escape the dungeon.

Robert was triumphant. His rival was crushed, and Jeannette's favor was lost to the beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy possessed his Jeannette. The oppressive sense of poverty became allied with offended pride. Want and jealousy unitedly assail his sensibility, hunger drives him away from home, vengeance and passion chain him to the spot. He turns poacher a second time; but Robert's redoubled vigilance surprises him again. Now he is visited with the whole rigor of the law; he had nothing more to

give, and in a few weeks he was sent to the penitentiary.

He served his term; his passion had grown by distance, and his impudence had been strengthened by the weight of misfortune. Scarcely had he been set free, when he showed himself to his Jeannette. She fled at his appearance. Urgent want had curbed his haughty spirits, and had conquered his effeminate habits. He offered himself to the wealthy of the place, ready to work as a day-laborer. The peasant shrugged his shoulder at the delicate boy who was outdone by the solid frame of a muscular competitor. He made a last attempt. An office had remained vacant, the out-post, as it were, of an honest name; he offered to guard the swine of the place, but no peasant was willing to confide his swine to a prison-bird. Frustrated in all his projects, repelled everywhere, he turned poacher a third time, and a third time he was caught by his watchful enemy.

The double repetition of his crime had aggravated his guilt. The judges looked into the statute-book of their laws, without considering the mental condition of the accused. The law against poachers demanded a solemn and exemplary satisfaction, and Wolf was condemned to have the gallows branded upon his back, and to spend three years at hard labor in a fortress.

This term, too, came to an end, and Wolf left the fortress, but very differently from what he entered. Here commences a new epoch in his life; we will record in his own language the facts which he afterward confessed to his spiritual adviser and to the court: "I entered the fortress," he said, "like one who had gone astray, and I left it like a scoundrel. I had had some little left in the world that was dear to me, and my pride writhed under the infamy. When I arrived in the fortress, I was incarcerated in the same dungeon with twenty-three prisoners, among whom were two murderers, and the balance vagabonds and thieves. I was derided when I undertook to mention the name of God, and I was urged to revile the Redeemer. They sang wanton songs, which I, although a vicious rascal, could not hear without horror; my sense of shame was still more offended by what I saw them do. No day passed when we were not regaled by the story of a horrid life, or when a criminal plot was not concocted. At first I fled from these people, and hid away from their conversation as well as I was able; but I needed the company of a creature, and the barbarity of my keepers had refused me even my dog. The work was hard and tyrannical, my body sickly; I needed assistance, and, to speak the truth, I needed sympathy, which I now had to purchase with the last remnant of my conscience. Thus I became habituated to the vilest abominations, and in the last three months I had even surpassed my masters.

"Henceforth I sighed for the hour of my release, as I sighed after vengeance. All men had offended me, for all were better and happier than I. I looked upon myself as the martyr of natural rights, and as the victim of the law. On seeing the sun rise behind the eminence upon which the fortress was built, I grit my teeth and shook my chains; a distant prospect is a double hell for a

prisoner. The wind which blew through the air-holes in my tower, and the swallow that perched upon the iron bar in my grate, seemed to tease me by their freedom, and made my imprisonment still more horrible to me. At that time I vowed irreconcilable hatred against every thing in the shape of man, and what I then vowed, I have fulfilled like a man.

"As soon as I had regained my freedom, my first thought was my native town. However little I might expect to find there in the way of subsistence, I expected to find abundant means to gratify my thirst for revenge. My heart beat more wildly when I saw the steeple rise among the trees. It was no longer the cordial delight which I had experienced on my first pilgrimage; the memory of the wrongs and persecutions which I had suffered, all at once roused me as from a death-slumber; every wound bled afresh; every scar again became a running sore. I hastened my gait, for I enjoyed by anticipation the delight of frightening my enemies by my appearance, and I thirsted for a new humiliation as much as I had before trembled to incur it.

"The bells were ringing for the evening service, when I stood in the centre of the square. The people crowded toward the church. I was recognized; everybody who met me, started back in affright. I had always loved little children, and this love came over me so powerfully that I offered a penny to a little boy who happened to pass near me. The boy stared at me, and then threw the penny in my face. If my blood had been a little calmer, I should have known that the beard which I had brought away from the fortress, disfigured my face in a most horrible manner; but my evil heart had infected my reason. Tears, such as I had never shed, rolled down my cheeks.

"The boy does not know who I am, nor whence I came," said I to myself, half aloud, "and yet he avoids me like a plague-stricken beast. Am I marked on my forehead, or have I ceased to look like a man, because I can no longer love my fellow-creatures? This boy's contempt pained me more bitterly than thirty years' confinement at hard labor could have done, for I had done him good, and could not accuse him of personal hatred.

"I sat down upon a timber, opposite the church; I know not what I intended at the time; but I recollect that I rose with feelings of bitter indignation when all my former acquaintances passed by me without giving me even a look of recognition. I left this place in order to find lodgings for the night; on turning a corner, I stumbled against my Jeannette.—"*Sun-keeper!*"* she exclaimed, and made a movement to embrace me. "Thou back again! my dear Sun-keeper; God be praised that thou hast come back!" Hunger and misery seemed her garment, an infamous disease disfigured her face; she looked like an abandoned creature. I suspected what had taken place; a few dragoons whom I had met a few moments before, showed that the place had been garrisoned. "Soldier-wench!" I cried, and laughing loud, I turned my back upon her. It comforted me to

* So nicknamed because the sign of his tavern was a Sun.



think that there was still one living creature below me. I had never loved her.

"My mother was dead. My creditors had paid themselves with my little house. I had no friend, and nothing was left me. Every body fled from me like an outcast, but I had learned to be above shame. Formerly I had shunned the sight of men because I could not brook contempt; now I intruded my presence upon them, and I took pleasure in frightening them away. I felt at ease, because I had nothing to lose, and nothing to take care of. I was no longer in need of any good qualities, because I was no longer suspected of possessing any.

"The whole world was open before me. In some strange country I might perhaps have passed for an honest man, but I had lost the courage to appear one. Despair and infamy had forced this mode of reasoning upon me. This seemed the only resource left, to learn to do without honor, because I was no longer entitled to any. If my vanity and my pride had outlived my humiliation, I should have been obliged to take my own life.

"I did not know at that time what I had determined to do. I have an obscure recollection that it was my determination to commit some evil deed. I was resolved to deserve my fate. I thought that laws were a blessing and I therefore determined to violate them; formerly I had sinned from necessity and levity, now I sinned from choice and for my amusement.

"My first business was to continue my poaching; the chase had become my passion, and then, I had to earn my living. This was not all. I took pleasure in scorning the duke's edict, and injuring him by every means in my power. I needed no longer to apprehend being seized, for now I had a bullet ready for my discoverer, and I knew that I should not miss my man. I killed all the game which came in my way; I sold but a small portion of it on the frontier, and left the best part of it to rot. I lived poorly, in order to obtain the money for powder and ball. My devastations of high game became notorious, but suspicion no longer oppressed me. My concealment extinguished it, my name was forgotten.

"I led this mode of life for several months. One morning I was roving through the woods as I was wont, tracking a deer. For two hours I had made fruitless exertions, and I was on the point of giving up the chase, when all at once I discovered the stag within reach of my shot. I took aim and was about to fire, when I saw a hat lying a few steps from me upon the ground. Looking around, I perceived Robert standing behind the trunk of an oak, and on the point of firing at the same game for which my bullet had been intended. A death-chill ran through me at this sight. This was the man whom I hated more than any other living being, and this man was within reach of my bullet. It seemed at this moment as though the whole world was to receive my shot, and as though the hatred of my life was concentrated in the finger with which I was to pull the fatal trigger. An invisible, frightful hand seemed to be hovering over me; the hand on the dial of my fate pointed irrevocably to this dark minute. My arm trembled when I allowed

my gun to take this frightful direction—my teeth chattered as during a fever-chill, and the breath remained choked up in my breast. For one minute the barrel of my gun remained wavering between Robert and the deer—another minute—and another. Vengeance and conscience struggled hard, but vengeance triumphed, and the hunter was a corpse.

"With the shot my gun dropped out of my hand. 'Murderer'—I stuttered slowly. The forest was still, like a churchyard,—I distinctly heard myself say 'murderer.' At my approach, the man died. For a long time I stood speechless before the corpse; at last I broke out into a loud laugh. 'Wilt thou be silent now, my good friend,' said I, and boldly turned the face of the murdered man to the sun. His eyes were wide open. I became serious, and silent. I began to feel strange.

"Until now I had sinned for the purpose of compensating myself for my humiliating punishment; but now something had happened for which I had not yet atoned. An hour before, no man could have persuaded me that there was any thing beneath me under the skies; now I began to suspect that an hour ago my fate might have been envied.

"I never thought of God's judgment, but I had some strange notion of halter and sword, and remembered the execution of an infanticide which I had witnessed when a boy. There was something terrible for me in the thought that my life was forfeited. This is all I recollect. Immediately after, I was desirous that Robert might still be living. I forced myself to remember every wrong which the dead man had done me in his lifetime, but strange! my memory seemed to have become extinct. I was unable to call up any thing that a few minutes previous, had excited my rage. I was unable to account for the murder which I had perpetrated.

"I was still standing before the corpse. The report of a whip, and the rolling of a freight-wagon brought me back to my senses. It was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the public road, where the murder had been committed. I had to think of my safety.

"Involuntarily I retreated into the forest. On my way I remembered that the dead man had possessed a watch. I was in need of money in order to reach the frontier; yet I lacked the courage of returning to the place where the victim lay. The thought of the devil, and of God's all-seeing eye frightened me. I mustered all my boldness. Determined to fight all Hell, I returned to the spot. I found what I had sought, and a little money in a green purse. As I was on the point of appropriating both, I reflected a moment. It was not fear or shame which prevented me from aggravating my crime by plunder. It was insolence which caused me to throw down the watch, and even the money, of which I only kept one-half. I wanted to be looked upon as a personal enemy of the murdered man, but not as a robber.

"I fled further away into the forest. I knew that the woods extended four leagues, to the north, and ended on the frontier. I ran until noon; the hurry of my flight had dispersed my fear, but the terrors of my conscience assailed me with renewed force, when my strength of body began to

fail me. A thousand horrid phantoms flitted before my soul, and cut up my breast like the keenest blades. I now had to choose between a life of restless and agonizing fear, and suicide. I had not the courage to quit the world by destroying myself, and I revolted at the prospect of remaining in it. Pressed between the certain tortures of life, and the uncertain terrors of eternity, equally incapable of living and dying, I spent the sixth hour of my flight, an hour crowded full of torments such as no living man has ever experienced.

"Absorbed in my own thoughts, and with my hat pressed low down on my forehead, as if to render myself unknown to inanimate Nature, I had slowly and imperceptibly pursued a narrow path which led me through the darkest thicket, when all at once a rough and imperious voice commanded me to halt. The voice was close by me, my absence of mind and the shading of my eyes by the hat had prevented me from looking around. Looking up I saw a tall savage-looking fellow walk toward me with a stout knotty club. He was of gigantic size—it seemed to me so in the first moment of my surprise—and the color of his skin was of a dingy yellow, like a mulatto's skin, with which the white of his squinting eye formed a keen and disgusting contrast. In the place of a belt he had a thick cord tied double around a green woolen coat, securing a large butcher's-knife and a brace of pistols. The call was repeated, and a vigorous arm held me at the same time. The sound of a human voice had frightened me, but the sight of a scoundrel encouraged me. In my present situation I had every reason to tremble at the sight of an honest man, but not at the sight of a robber.

"'Who goes there?' asked the man.

"'The like of thee,' I answered, 'if thou really art who thou seemest.'

"'The way is not thitherward. What seekest thou here?'

"'What right hast thou to question me?' I replied insolently.

"The man surveyed me twice from head to foot; it seemed as if he were contrasting my size with his, and my reply with his size—'Thou talkest coarsely like a beggar,' he uttered at last.

"'May be; I was a beggar no later than yesterday.'

"The man laughed. 'One might swear,' he exclaimed, 'that thou wouldst pass for nothing better now.'

"'Then for something worse.' I was going to proceed.

"'Softly, friend! What drives thee? Is thy time so precious?'

"I bethought myself for a moment. I know not what gave me utterance: 'Life is short,' said I, 'and hell lasts eternally.'

"He stared at me. 'I will be damned,' said he at last, 'if thou hast not passed close by the gal-lows.'

"'I may yet. Good-by, comrade.'

"'Hold on, comrade!' he exclaimed, pulling a tin bottle from his pouch, and handing it to me after having taken a long draught himself. The flight and anxiety had consumed my strength, and this whole horrid day I had not yet tasted any

nourishment. I feared even that I should die in this forest of starvation, for no refreshments could be had within a circuit of three leagues. Judge how eagerly I responded to his invitation. New strength was poured into my bones with this refreshing draught, and new courage into my heart; hope and the love of life were again kindled in my breast. I flattered myself with the thought that I was not entirely miserable; such a power emanated from this welcome drink. I confess, my condition again bordered on happiness; for at last, after a thousand disappointed hopes, I had met a creature that seemed like me. In the condition to which I had sunk, I should have made friends with the most infernal spirit, in order to have a confidant.

"The man had stretched himself upon the grass. I did the same.

"'Thy drink has done me good,' said I, 'we must become better acquainted.'

"He lit his pipe.

"'Hast thou been engaged in this trade long?'

"He looked at me fixedly. 'What dost thou mean?'

"'Was that stained with blood more than once?' I drew the knife from his belt.

"'Who art thou?' asked he terribly, laying down his pipe.

"'A murderer like thyself, but only a beginner.'

"The man stared at me, resuming his pipe.

"'Thou art not born in this neighborhood?' he asked after a while.

"Three leagues from this place. The Sun-keeper in L——, if thou hast heard of me.

"The man leaped up, like one possessed. 'The poacher Wolf?' he screamed quickly.

"'The same.'

"'Welcome, comrade! Welcome!' he exclaimed, shaking my hand violently. 'Glad I got thee at last! For years I have studied how I might win thee. I know thee well. I know every thing. I have counted upon thee long since.'

"'Counted upon me? For what?'

"'The whole country talks about thee. Thou hast enemies, a bailiff has oppressed thee, Wolf! Thou hast been ruined, thy wrongs cry to heaven for vengeance.'

"The man became excited—'Because thou hast killed a few boars which the duke feeds upon our fields, they have dragged thee for years through the penitentiary and the dungeons of a fortress; they have robbed thee of house and home, have reduced thee to beggary. Has it come to this, that man is to be valued no better than a wild rabbit? Are we not better than cattle? And a fellow like thee could endure this ignominy?'

"'Could I help it?'

"'We shall see. But tell me, whence comest thou now, and what is thy plan?'

"I told him my whole story. The man did not wait to the end. He jumped up full of joy, and dragged me after him. 'Come, brother,' said he, 'now thou art prepared, I got thee now where I want thee to be. Thou wilt be an honor to me. Follow me.'

"'Where wilt thou lead me?'

"'Do not ask any questions. Follow me!' He dragged me after him by force.

"We had walked a quarter of a mile. The forest became more and more declivitous, impassable and wild, neither of us spoke a word until the whistle of my guide finally startled me out of my reverie. I opened my eyes and found myself on the border of a precipitous rock which overhung a deep ravine. A second whistle answered from the innermost recesses of the rock, and a ladder was raised as if of its own accord from the bottom of the ravine. My guide descended first, and bade me wait until his return. 'First I must get the dog chained, thou art a stranger, and the beast might tear thee to pieces.' He left.

"Now I stood alone before the precipice; I knew that I was alone. The indiscretion of my guide did not escape my attention. All I had to do was to pull up the ladder, and I was a free man and my flight was secured. I confess that I was aware of this. I looked down into the gulf that was to receive me; it reminded me obscurely of the infernal abyss, from which there is no escape. I began to shudder at the career which I was about to enter upon; only a sudden flight could save me. I am making up my mind to it—already my arm is extended toward the ladder—but suddenly I hear a voice in my ears, and the scornful laughter of demons resounds all around me: 'What does a murderer risk?' and my arm sinks down again paralyzed. My account had to be settled; the time for repentance was past; the murder which I had committed seemed to shut off my return like a towering rock in my path. At the same time, my guide had returned, and brought me a message to come. I had no choice left, and descended the ladder.

"We had hardly walked a few steps beneath the rock, when the ground became more open, and a few cottages became visible. These cottages surrounded a grass-plot, upon which eighteen or twenty men had encamped around a coal-fire. 'Here, comrades,' said my guide, placing me in the midst of them; 'our Sun-Keeper, bid him welcome!'

"'Sun-Keeper!' they cried with one voice, and all started up, pressing around me, men and women. Let me confess that the joy seemed genuine and cordial. Confidence, respect even, seemed depicted in every face; one squeezed my hand, another shook me familiarly by my sleeve, the whole scene was like meeting an old acquaintance whom they cherished. My arrival had interrupted the feast that was about to begin. It was resumed at once, and I was obliged to join them in welcome. The repast consisted of game of every kind, and the wine-bottle was passed unceasingly from neighbor to neighbor. Ease and harmony seemed to animate the whole band, and all vied to manifest their joy at my arrival, in the wildest manner.

"I had been assigned a seat between two females, which was considered the place of honor at the table. I expected to find the scum of their sex, but how great was my astonishment upon discovering among this band of villains the most beautiful forms of female beauty which I have ever beheld. Margaret, the oldest and handsomest of the two, was addressed as Miss, and could not be older than twenty-five years. Her

language was characteristically impudent, her gestures still more so. Mary, the younger, had been married, but had run away from her husband, who maltreated her. She was more delicately formed, but looked pale and thin, and was less striking than her fiery companion. Both these women made an effort to inflame my passion; the beautiful Margaret met my timidity by impudent jests, but the woman was repulsive to me, and my heart had been permanently captivated by the timid Mary.

"'Thou seest, brother Sun-Keeper,' said the man who had brought me hither, 'thou seest how we live here; every day is like this one. Is it not, companions?'

"'Every day like this one,' ejaculated the band.

"'If thou canst make up thy mind to like our mode of life, well then remain with us, and be our chief. I have had this post until now; but I am willing to yield to thee. Are you willing, comrades?'

"A joyous 'yea!' was shouted from every throat.

"My head glowed, my brain was stunned, my blood was boiling with wine and desire. The world had cast me out like a leper, here I met with a fraternal reception, benevolence, and honor. Whatever choice I made, death awaited me; here I had a chance to sell my life for a higher price. Sensual lust was my most rabid desire; until now, the other sex had shown me nothing but contempt; here, favors and unbridled pleasures awaited me. My resolution was soon taken. 'I remain with you, comrades,' I exclaimed, stepping forth to the centre of the band; 'I remain with you,' I exclaimed again, 'provided you will allow me the undivided possession of my fair neighbor!' All agreed to grant my request; I became the acknowledged possessor of a robber-prostitute, and the chief of a band of thieves."

I omit the subsequent part of the story; the reader is not instructed by the narration of mere abominations. An unfortunate outcast who had sunk so low, must necessarily permit himself every thing that revolts humanity, but he never again committed a second murder, as he protested even upon the rack.

The fame of this man spread very soon throughout the whole province. The roads became unsafe, citizens were alarmed by burglaries, the name of the Sun-keeper became the terror of the country-people, justice sought to arrest him, and a price was set upon his head. He was so fortunate as to elude every plan to take him, and he had cunning enough to improve the superstition of the peasant to his advantage. His band had to start the report that he had concluded an alliance with the devil, and that he was a sorcerer. The country where he acted his part, was at that time very much less enlightened than it now is; this report was credited, and his safety was secured. Nobody cared to have any quarrel with the dangerous fellow to whom the devil himself was tributary.

He had been engaged in his horrid trade for one year, when he began to become disgusted with it. The band whose captain he was, did not fulfill his brilliant expectations. At first its seductive outside had dazzled him while intoxicated by wine; now he found to his horror, how terribly he had

been deceived. Hunger and want took the place of the abundance with which he had been allured; very often he had to risk his life to obtain a meal that was scarcely sufficient to protect him from starvation. The phantom of *fraternal* concord disappeared! Envy, suspicion, and jealousy raged in the bosoms of these depraved villains. Justice had promised a reward to the one who should deliver him up alive, and, if this one should be an accomplice, he was to have a free pardon besides his reward—a powerful temptation for the scum of humanity! The unfortunate man knew his danger. The honesty of those who betrayed God and man was a poor pledge for his security. His sleep was gone; the anguish of death gnawed at his soul; the horrid ghost of suspicion rattled behind him wherever he fled, tortured him while awake, laid by his side when he retired to rest, and started him by frightful dreams. The dumb conscience regained its voice, and the stupefied viper of repentance awoke from its sleep in this universal tumult of his breast. His whole hatred now turned away from mankind, to direct its keen edge against himself. He forgave Nature, and found nothing execrable but himself.

The unfortunate man had exhausted the school of vice; his natural good sense at last conquered the sad illusion. Now he felt how deeply he had fallen. A quiet melancholy took the place of gritting despair. With tears he wished to see the past restored; he felt certain that he would find it altered. He began to hope that he might still be permitted to become an honest man, because he felt himself possessed of the strength to become one. At the very acme of depravity he was nearer to virtue than he had been before committing his first crime.

About this time the seven year's war had broken out, and soldiers were enlisted everywhere. This circumstance inspired the unfortunate man with hope; he wrote a letter to his sovereign, from which I make the following extract:

"If your Grace does not loathe to condescend to me, if criminals of my stamp are not beyond the pale of your mercy, grant me a hearing, gracious sovereign! I am a murderer and a thief, the law condemns me to death, the courts are in search of me, and I offer myself up voluntarily. At the same time I lay a strange request at the foot of your throne. I detest my life, nor am I afraid to die, but I find it dreadful to die without having lived first. I should like to live in order to repair a part of the past; I should like to live in order to reconcile the state which I have offended. My execution would be an example to the world, but no compensation for my deeds. I hate vice, and long most earnestly for honesty and virtue. I have shown that I can become a terror to my country; I trust that I am not without some power to be useful to it.

"I am aware that my request is unheard of. My life is forfeited; it does not behoove me to negotiate with justice. But I do not appear before you in chains; I am still free, and my fear has the smallest part in my request.

"I supplicate you for mercy. I dare not claim justice, even if I had a claim to it. I may however remind my judge of one circumstance. The

period of my crimes dates from the sentence which deprived me forever of my honor. If I had been judged more equitably at that period, I might not now perhaps be in need of mercy.

"Let mercy stand for justice, my prince! If it is in your power to bend the law in my favor, let me live! Let me devote my life to your service! If possible, let me read your gracious will in the public prints, and upon your invitation I shall appear in the capital. If you have ordained otherwise, well then, let justice take its course. I shall do the best I can."

This petition remained unanswered; likewise a second and a third, when the criminal requested permission to enter the cavalry service. His hope of pardon being entirely gone, he resolved to quit the country, and to die a soldier's death in the service of the King of Prussia.

He escaped from his band and commenced his journey. His road went by a small country-town, where he intended to spend the night. A short time previous, strict orders had been issued by the authorities to examine the papers of travelers, because the sovereign, a prince of the empire, had taken part in the war. A similar order had been sent to the gate-keeper of the little town, who happened to be sitting on a bench in front of the barrier when the inn-keeper arrived on horseback. The appearance of this man had something ludicrous, and at the same time something strange and frightful about it. The emaciated pony which he bestrode, and the fantastical selection of his dress, where taste had most probably been consulted less than the chronology of his robberies, contrasted queerly with a face that showed the traces of so many raging passions like mutilated corpses upon a battle-field. The gate-keeper started at the strange appearance. He had grown gray in the service, and an experience of forty years had enabled his searching eye to discern the physiognomy of roving vagabonds. The falcon-look of this explorer did not fail to suspect this man on the present occasion. He at once barred the gate; and demanded the horseman's passport, at the same time seizing the bridle. Wolf was prepared for such an emergency, and showed a passport which he had taken from an English merchant. But this single document was not sufficient to elude the experience of a lifetime, and to cause the oracle at the barrier to doubt the evidence of his senses. The gate-keeper believed his own eye more than the paper, and Wolf was obliged to follow him to the bailiff's office.

The bailiff examined the passport and found it all right. He was fond of news, and took especial delight in discussing the reports of newspapers over a bottle of wine. The passport informed him that its possessor arrived from the enemy's lands, where the war was now raging. He hoped to draw private news from the stranger and sent his secretary back with the passport and an invitation to a glass of wine.

In the meanwhile the Sun-keeper had stopped in front of the bailiff's office; his ludicrous appearance had attracted the rabble of the place around him. They whispered into each other's ears, pointed alternately at the nag and the rider; finally the jeers of the people increased to a loud

tumult. Unfortunately, the horse which had now become the subject of universal remark, had been robbed; he imagined that it had been described by the police in their public announcements, and had been recognized by the crowd. The unexpected hospitality of the bailiff completed his suspicion. He felt certain that the false character of his passport had been found out, and that this invitation was simply a trap in which he was to be caught alive and without resistance. His evil conscience made him a blockhead; he put spurs to his horse, and galloped off without returning an answer.

This sudden flight roused the populace to a row.

"Thief!" exclaimed the crowd; all rushed after him. For the horseman it was a question of life and death; he had gained upon his pursuers, who were panting after him with breathless exhaustion; he was on the point of being saved, but a heavy and invisible hand seemed raised against him, the sand of his fate had run, the inexorable Nemesis held her debtor. He had retreated into a cul-de-sac, and had to return again toward his pursuers.

The tumult had spread through the whole place. The crowd increased, every street was cut off; a host of enemies was marching against him.

He showed his pistol, the people yielded; he was determined to open a passage for himself through the crowd. "This bullet," he exclaimed, "is destined for the hardy fool who attempts to hold me!" Fear caused the mob to halt—a bold blacksmith grasped his arm from behind, and dislocated the finger with which the enraged man touched the trigger. The pistol fell to the ground, the defenseless man was dragged from his horse, and carried back to the court-house in triumph.

"Who are you?" inquired the judge with a rather rude voice.

"A man who is determined not to answer any questions until they are put to him with more politeness."

"Who are you?"

"What I told you. I have traveled through the whole of Germany, but I have never met with such impudence as in this place."

"Your rapid flight excites my suspicion; why did you flee?"

"Because I was tired of being the butt of your rabble."

"You threatened to shoot."

"My pistol was not loaded." It was examined; and no bullet was found in it.

"Why do you carry concealed weapons?"

"Because I have valuables about me, and I have been warned of the Sun-keeper who is said to be roving in these parts."

"Your answers prove a good deal for your boldness, but very little for your good cause. I shall allow you time until to-morrow to tell me the whole truth."

"I shall repeat my statements."

"Take him to the tower."

"To the tower? Mr. Bailiff, I trust there is justice in this country; I shall demand satisfaction."

"I shall give you satisfaction as soon as you are justified."

Next morning the bailiff considered that the stranger might possibly be innocent; that his imperious language would not curb the man's headstrongness, and that it would be better to treat him with decency and moderation. He called the jury together, and summoned the prisoner before this court.

"Pardon the excited manner with which I accosted you yesterday, sir."

"With pleasure, if you treat me politely."

"Our laws are rigid, and your adventure caused a row. I cannot allow you to depart without violating my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you could tell me something that would dispel all cause of suspicion against you."

"Supposing I could not?"

"In that case I shall have to report the case to government, and you will have to remain under arrest in the mean while."

"And then?"

"You risk to be whipped across the frontier like a vagabond, or, at least, to be pressed into the army."

He was silent for a few minutes, during which he struggled violently with himself; after awhile he suddenly turned to the judge.

"Will you allow me a few minutes private conversation?"

The jury looked at each other dubiously, but, being signified to withdraw, left their chief alone with the stranger.

"Well, what do you desire?"

"Your conduct yesterday, Mr. Bailiff, would never have induced me to make the least confession, for I defy mere power. The propriety with which you treat me this day, has inspired me with confidence and respect toward you. I believe you to be a noble-hearted man."

"What have you to say?"

"I see that you are a noble-hearted man. For a long time past I have desired to meet a man like you. Permit me to touch your right hand."

"What is your object?"

"Your hair is gray and venerable. You have lived long in this world—have suffered probably a good deal—have you not? And you have become humane?"

"Sir, what do you mean?"

"You are one step removed from eternity, soon, you will need God's mercy. You will not deny mercy to men. Do you not suspect anything? With whom do you suppose you are talking?"

"What is all this? You frighten me."

"Do you not suspect? Write to your Prince how you found me, that I betrayed myself of my own free choice. Pray that God may have mercy upon him, as he now has upon me. Pray for me, old man, and let a tear drop upon your report. I am the Sun-keeper."

THE SPORT OF DESTINY.

A FRAGMENT OF A TRUE HISTORY.

ALOYSIUS VON G—— was the son of a citizen of distinction, in the service of ——, and the

germs of his fertile genius had been early developed by a liberal education. While yet very young, but already well grounded in the principles of knowledge, he entered the military service of his sovereign, to whom he soon made himself known as a young man of great merit, and still greater promise. G—— was now in the full glow of youth, so also was the prince. G—— was ardent and enterprising; the prince, of a similar disposition, loved such characters. Endued with brilliant wit, and a rich fund of information, G—— possessed the art of ingratiating himself with all around him; he enlivened every circle in which he moved, by his felicitous humor, and infused life and spirit into every subject that came before him. The prince had discernment enough to appreciate in another those virtues which he himself possessed in an eminent degree. Every thing which G—— undertook, even to his very sports, had an air of grandeur; no difficulties could daunt him, no failures vanquish his perseverance. The value of these qualities was increased by an attractive person, the perfect image of blooming health and herculean strength, and heightened by the eloquent expression natural to an active mind; to these was added a certain native and unaffected dignity, chastened and subdued by a noble modesty. If the prince was charmed with the intellectual attractions of his young companion, his fascinating exterior irresistibly captivated his senses. Similarity of age, of tastes, and of character, soon produced an intimacy between them, which possessed all the strength of friendship, and all the warmth and fervor of the most passionate love. G—— rose with rapidity from one promotion to another; but, whatever the extent of favors conferred, they still seemed in the estimation of the prince to fall short of his deserts. His fortune advanced with gigantic strides, for the author of his greatness was his devoted admirer and his warmest friend. Not yet twenty-two years of age, he already saw himself placed on an eminence hitherto attained only by the most fortunate at the close of their career. But his active spirit was incapable of reposing long in the lap of indolent vanity, or of contenting itself with the glittering pomp of an elevated office, to perform the behests of which he was conscious of possessing both the requisite courage and the abilities. Whilst the prince was engaged in rounds of pleasure, his young favorite buried himself among archives and books, and devoted himself with laborious assiduity to affairs of state, in which he at length became so expert that every matter of importance passed through his hands. From the companion of his pleasures, he soon became first councilor and minister, and finally the ruler of his sovereign. In a short time there was no road to the prince's favor but through him. He disposed of all offices and dignities; all rewards were received from his hands.

G—— had attained this vast influence at too early an age, and had risen by too rapid strides, to enjoy his power with moderation. The eminence on which he beheld himself made his ambition dizzy, and no sooner was the final object of his wishes attained than his modesty forsook him. The respectful deference shown him by the first

nobles of the land, by all who, in birth, fortune, and reputation, so far surpassed him, and which was even paid to him, youth as he was, by the oldest senators, intoxicated his pride, while his unlimited power served to develop a certain harshness which had been latent in his character, and which, throughout all the vicissitudes of his fortune, remained. There was no service, however considerable or toilsome, which his friends might not safely ask at his hands;—but his enemies might well tremble! for, in proportion as he was extravagant in rewards, so was he implacable in revenge. He made less use of his influence to enrich himself than to render happy a number of beings who should pay homage to him as the author of their prosperity; but caprice alone, and not justice, dictated the choice of his subjects. By a haughty imperious demeanor he alienated the hearts even of those whom he had most benefited; while at the same time he converted his rivals and secret enviers into deadly enemies.

Amongst those who watched all his movements with jealousy and envy, and who were silently preparing instruments for his destruction, was Joseph Martinengo, a Piedmontese count, belonging to the prince's suite, whom G—— himself had formerly promoted, as an inoffensive creature, devoted to his interests, for the purpose of supplying his own place in attending upon the pleasures of the prince—an office which he began to find irksome, and which he willingly exchanged for more useful employment. Viewing this man merely as the work of his own hands, whom he might at any period consign to his former insignificance, he felt assured of the fidelity of his creature, from motives of fear no less than of gratitude. He thus fell into the very error committed by Richelieu, when he made over to Louis XIII. as a sort of plaything, the young Le Grand. Without Richelieu's sagacity, however, to repair his error, he had to deal with a far more wily enemy than fell to the lot of the French minister. Instead of boasting of his good fortune, or allowing his benefactor to feel that he could now dispense with his patronage, Martinengo was, on the contrary, the more cautious to maintain a show of dependence, and with studied humility affected to attach himself more and more closely to the author of his prosperity. Meanwhile, he did not omit to avail himself, to its fullest extent, of the opportunities afforded him by his office, of being continually about the prince's person, to make himself daily more useful, and eventually indispensable to him. In a short time he had fathomed the prince's sentiments thoroughly, had discovered all the avenues to his confidence, and imperceptibly stolen himself into his favor. All those arts which a noble pride, and a natural elevation of character, had taught the minister to disdain, were brought into play by the Italian, who scrupled not to avail himself of the most despicable means for attaining his object. Well aware that man never stands so much in need of a guide and assistant as in the paths of vice, and that nothing gives a stronger title to bold familiarity than a participation in secret indiscretions, he took measures for exciting passions in the prince which had hitherto lain dormant, and then obtruded himself upon him as

a confidant and an accomplice. He plunged him especially into those excesses which least of all endure witnesses, and imperceptibly accustomed the prince to make him the depository of secrets to which no third person was admitted. Upon the degradation of the prince's character he now began to found his infamous schemes of aggrandizement, and, as he had made secrecy a means of success, he had obtained entire possession of his master's heart before G—— even allowed himself to suspect that he shared it with another.

It may appear singular that so important a change should escape the minister's notice; but G—— was too well assured of his own worth, ever to think of a man like Martinengo in the light of a competitor; while the latter was far too wily, and too much on his guard, to commit the least error which might tend to rouse his enemy from his fatal security. That which has caused thousands of his predecessors to stumble on the slippery path of royal favor was also the cause of G——'s fall—immoderate self-confidence. The secret intimacy between his creature Martinengo and his royal master gave him no uneasiness; he readily resigned a privilege which he despised, and which had never been the object of his ambition. It was only because it smoothed his way to power that he had ever valued the prince's friendship and he inconsiderately threw down the ladder by which he had risen, as soon as he had attained the wished-for eminence.

Martinengo was not the man to rest satisfied with so subordinate a part. At each step which he advanced in the prince's favor his hopes rose higher, and his ambition began to grasp at a more substantial gratification. The deceitful humility which he had hitherto found it necessary to maintain toward his benefactor became daily more irksome to him, in proportion as the growth of his reputation awakened his pride. On the other hand, the minister's deportment toward him by no means improved with his marked progress in the prince's favor, but was often too visibly directed to rebuke his growing pride by reminding him of his humble origin. This forced and unnatural position having become quite insupportable, he at length formed the determination of putting an end to it by the destruction of his rival. Under an impenetrable vail of dissimulation he brought his plan to maturity. He dared not venture as yet to come into an open conflict with his rival; for, although the first glow of the minister's favor was at an end, it had commenced too early, and struck root too deeply in the bosom of the prince, to be torn from it abruptly. The slightest circumstance might restore it to all its former vigor; and therefore Martinengo well understood that the blow which he was about to strike must be a mortal one. Whatever ground G—— might have lost in the prince's affections, he had gained in his respect. The more the prince withdrew himself from the affairs of state, the less could he dispense with the services of a man, who with the most conscientious devotion and fidelity had consulted his master's interests, even at the expense of the country,—and G—— was now as indispensable to him as a minister as he had formerly been dear to him as a friend.

By what means the Italian accomplished his purpose has remained a secret between those on whom the blow fell and those who directed it. It was reported that he laid before the prince the original draughts of a secret and very suspicious correspondence, which G—— is said to have carried on with a neighboring court; but opinions differ as to whether the letters were authentic or spurious. Whatever degree of truth there may have been in the accusation, it is but too certain that it fearfully accomplished the end in view. In the eyes of the prince, G—— appeared the most ungrateful and vilest of traitors, whose treasonable practices were so thoroughly proved, as to warrant the severest measures without further investigation. The whole affair was arranged with the most profound secrecy between Martinengo and his master, so that G—— had not the most distant presentiment of the impending storm. He continued wrapped in this fatal security, until the dreadful moment in which he was destined, from being the object of universal homage and envy, to become that of the deepest commiseration.

When the decisive day arrived, G—— appeared, according to custom, upon the parade. He had risen, in a few years, from the rank of ensign to that of colonel; and even this was only a modest name for that of prime minister, which he virtually filled, and which placed him above the foremost of the land. The parade was the place where his pride was greeted with universal homage, and where he enjoyed, for one short hour, the dignity for which he endured a whole day of toil and privation. Those of the highest rank approached him with reverential deference, and those who were not assured of his favor, with fear and trembling. Even the prince, whenever he visited the parade, saw himself neglected by the side of his vizier, inasmuch as it was far more dangerous to incur the displeasure of the latter than profitable to gain the friendship of the former. This very place, where he was wont to be adored as a god, had been selected for the dreadful theatre of his humiliation.

With a careless step he entered the well-known circle of courtiers, who, as unsuspecting as himself of what was to follow, paid their usual homage, awaiting his commands. After a short interval appeared Martinengo, accompanied by two adjutants, no longer the supple, cringing, smiling courtier, but overbearing and insolent, like a lackey suddenly raised to the rank of a gentleman. With insolence and effrontery he strutted up to the prime minister, and, confronting him with his head covered, demanded his sword in the prince's name. This was handed to him with a look of silent consternation; Martinengo, resting the naked point on the ground, snapped it in two with his foot, and threw the fragments at G——'s feet. At this signal the two adjutants seized him; one tore the order of the cross from his breast; the other pulled off his epaulettes, the facings of his uniform, and even the badge and plume of feathers from his hat. During the whole of this appalling operation, which was conducted with incredible speed, not a sound nor a respiration was heard from more than five hundred persons

who were present; but all, with blanched faces and palpitating hearts, stood in death-like silence around the victim, who in his strange disarray—a rare spectacle of the melancholy and the ridiculous—underwent a moment of agony which could only be equaled by feelings engendered on the scaffold. Thousands there are who in his situation would have been stretched senseless on the ground by the first shock; but his firm nerves, and unflinching spirit, sustained him through this bitter trial, and enabled him to drain the cup of bitterness to its dregs.

When this procedure was ended, he was conducted, through rows of thronging spectators, to the extremity of the parade, where a covered carriage was in waiting. He was motioned to ascend, an escort of hussars being ready mounted to attend him. Meanwhile, the report of this event had spread through the whole city; every window was flung open, every street lined with throngs of curious spectators, who pursued the carriage, shouting his name, amid cries of scorn and malicious exultation, or of commiseration more bitter to bear than either. At length he cleared the town, but here a no less fearful trial awaited him. The carriage turned out of the high road into a narrow, unfrequented path—a path which led to the gibbet, and alongside which, by command of the prince, he was borne at a slow pace. After he had suffered all the torture of anticipated execution, the carriage turned off into the public road. Exposed to the sultry summer-heat, without refreshment or human consolation, he passed seven dreadful hours in journeying to the place of destination—a prison fortress. It was nightfall before he arrived; when, bereft of all consciousness, more dead than alive, his giant strength having at length yielded to twelve hours' fast and consuming thirst, he was dragged from the carriage; and—on regaining his senses—found himself in a horrible subterraneous vault. The first object that presented itself to his gaze was a horrible dungeon wall, feebly illuminated by a few rays of the moon, which forced their way through narrow crevices, to a depth of nineteen fathoms. At his side he found a coarse loaf, a jug of water, and a bundle of straw for his couch. He endured this situation until noon the ensuing day, when an iron wicket in the centre of the tower was opened, and two hands were seen lowering a basket, containing food like that he had found the preceding night. For the first time since the terrible change in his fortunes did pain and suspense extort from him a question or two—Why was he brought hither! What offense had he committed? But he received no answer; the hands disappeared; and the sash was closed. Here, without beholding the face, or hearing the voice of a fellow-creature; without the least clue to his terrible destiny; fearful doubts and misgivings overhanging alike the past and the future; cheered by no rays of the sun, and soothed by no refreshing breeze; remote alike from human aid and human compassion;—here, in this frightful abode of misery, he numbered four hundred and ninety long and mournful days, which he counted by the wretched loaves that, day after day, with dreary monotony, were let

down into his dungeon. But a discovery which he one day made early in his confinement, filled up the measure of his affliction. He recognized the place. It was the same which he himself, in a fit of unworthy vengeance against a deserving officer, who had the misfortune to displease him, had ordered to be constructed only a few months before. With inventive cruelty, he had even suggested the means by which the horrors of captivity might be aggravated; and it was but recently that he had made a journey hither in order personally to inspect the place, and hasten its completion. What added the last bitter sting to his punishment was, that the same officer for whom he had prepared the dungeon, an aged and meritorious colonel, had just succeeded the late commandant of the fortress, recently deceased, and, from having been the victim of his vengeance, had become the master of his fate. He was thus deprived of the last melancholy solace, the right of compassionating himself, and of accusing destiny, hardly as it might use him, of injustice. To the acuteness of his other suffering was now added a bitter self-contempt, and the pain which to a sensitive mind is the severest—dependence upon the generosity of a foe to whom he had shown none.

But that upright man was too noble-minded to take a mean revenge. It pained him deeply to enforce the severities which his instructions enjoined; but as an old soldier, accustomed to fulfill his orders to the letter with blind fidelity, he could do no more than pity, compassionate. The unhappy man found a more active assistant in the chaplain of the garrison, who, touched by the sufferings of the prisoner, which had but just reached his ears, and then only through vague and confused reports, instantly took a firm resolution to do something to alleviate them. This excellent man, whose name I unwillingly suppress, believed he could in no way better fulfill his holy vocation, than by bestowing his spiritual support and consolation upon a wretched being deprived of all other hopes of mercy.

As he could not obtain permission from the commandant himself to visit him, he repaired in person to the capital, in order to urge his suit personally with the prince. He fell at his feet, and implored mercy for the unhappy man, who, shut out from the consolations of Christianity, a privilege from which even the greatest crime ought not to debar him, was pining in solitude, and perhaps on the brink of despair. With all the intrepidity and dignity which the conscious discharge of duty inspires, he entreated, nay demanded, free access to the prisoner, whom he claimed as a penitent for whose soul he was responsible to heaven. The good cause in which he spoke made him eloquent, and time had already somewhat softened the anger of the prince. He granted him permission to visit the prisoner, and administer to his spiritual wants.

After a lapse of sixteen months, the first human face which the unhappy G—— beheld was that of his new benefactor. The only friend he had in the world he owed to his misfortunes—all his prosperity had gained him none. The good pastor's visit was like the appearance of an angel

—it would be impossible to describe his feelings—but from that day forth his tears flowed more kindly, for he had found one human being who sympathized with and compassionated him.

The pastor was filled with horror on entering the frightful vault. His eyes sought a human form, but beheld, creeping toward him from a corner opposite, which resembled rather the lair of a wild beast than the abode of any thing human, a monster, the sight of which made his blood run cold. A ghastly deathlike skeleton—all the hue of life perished from a face on which grief and despair had traced deep furrows—his beard and nails, from long neglect, grown to a frightful length—his clothes rotten and hanging about him in tatters; and the air he breathed, for want of ventilation and cleansing, foul, fetid, and infectious. In this state he found the favorite of fortune;—his iron frame had stood proof against it all! Seized with horror at the sight, the pastor hurried back to the governor, in order to solicit a second indulgence for the poor wretch, without which the first would prove of no avail.

As the governor again excused himself by pleading the imperative nature of his instructions, the pastor nobly resolved on a second journey to the capital, again to supplicate the prince's mercy. There he protested solemnly that, without violating the sacred character of the sacrament, he could not administer it to the prisoner until some resemblance of the human form was restored to him. This prayer was also granted; and, from that day forward, the unfortunate man might be said to begin a new existence.

Several long years were spent by him in the fortress, but in a much more supportable condition, after the short summer of the new favorite's reign had passed, and others succeeded in his place, who either possessed more humanity, or no motive for revenge. At length, after ten years of captivity, the hour of his delivery arrived, but without any judicial investigation, or formal acquittal. He was presented with his freedom as a boon of mercy, and was, at the same time, ordered to quit his native country forever.

Here the oral traditions which I have been able to collect respecting his history begin to fail; and I find myself compelled to pass in silence over a period of about twenty years. During the interval, G— entered anew upon his military career, in a foreign service; which eventually brought him to a pitch of greatness quite equal to that from which he had, in his native country, been so awfully precipitated. At length, time, that friend of the unfortunate, who works a slow but inevitable retribution, took into his hands the winding up of this affair. The prince's days of passion were over; humanity gradually resumed its sway over him as his hair whitened with age. At the brink of the grave he felt a yearning toward the friend of his early youth. In order to repay, as far as possible, the gray-headed old man, for the injuries which had been heaped upon the youth, the prince, with friendly expressions, invited the exile to revisit his native land, toward which, for some time past, G—'s heart had secretly yearned. The meeting was extremely trying, though apparently warm and cordial, as if

they had only separated a few days before. The prince looked earnestly at his favorite, as if trying to recall features so well known to him, and yet so strange; he appeared as if numbering the deep furrows which he had himself so cruelly traced there. He looked searchingly in the old man's face, for the beloved features of the youth, but found not what he sought. The welcome, and the look of mutual confidence, were evidently forced on both sides; shame on one side, and dread on the other, had forever separated their hearts. A sight which brought back to the prince's soul the full sense of his guilty precipitancy could not be gratifying to him; while G— felt that he could no longer love the author of his misfortunes. Comforted, nevertheless, and in tranquillity, he looked back upon the past as the remembrance of a fearful dream.

In short time G— was reinstated in all his former dignities, and the prince smothered his feelings of secret repugnance by showering upon him the most splendid favors, as some indemnification for the past. But could he also restore to him the heart which he had forever untuned for the enjoyment of life? Could he restore his years of hope? or make even a shadow of reparation to the stricken old man for what he had stolen from him in the days of his youth.

For nineteen years G— continued to enjoy this clear, unruffled evening of his days. Neither misfortune nor age had been able to quench in him the fire of passion, nor wholly to obscure the genial humor of character. In his seventieth year, he was still in pursuit of the shadow of a happiness which he had actually possessed in his twentieth. He at length died governor of the fortress * * *, where state-prisoners are confined. One would naturally have expected that toward these he would have exercised a humanity, the value of which he had been so thoroughly taught to appreciate in his own person; but he treated them with harshness and caprice; and a paroxysm of rage, in which he broke out against one of his prisoners, laid him in his coffin, in his eightieth year.

THE GHOST-SEER: OR, APPARITIONIST.

FROM THE PAPERS OF COUNT O * * * * *.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I AM about to relate an adventure, which to many will appear incredible, but of which I was in great part an eye-witness. The few who are acquainted with a certain political event, will, if indeed these pages should happen to find them alive, receive a welcome solution thereof. And, even to the rest of my readers, it will be, perhaps, important as a contribution to the history of the deception and aberrations of the human intellect. The boldness of the schemes which malice is able to contemplate and to carry out must excite astonishment, as must also the means of which it can avail itself to accomplish its aims. Clear unvarnished truth shall guide my pen; for, when these pages come before the public, I shall be no more, and shall therefore never learn their fate.

On my return to Courland in the year 17—, about the time of the Carnival, I visited the prince of ——— at Venice. We have been acquainted in the ——— service, and we here renewed an intimacy which, by the restoration of peace, had been interrupted. As I wished to see the curiosities of this city, and as the prince was waiting only for the arrival of remittances to return to his native country, he easily prevailed on me to tarry till his departure. We agreed not to separate during the time of our residence at Venice, and the prince was kind enough to accommodate me at his lodgings at the Moor Hotel.

As the Prince wished to enjoy himself, and his small revenues did not permit him to maintain the dignity of his rank, he lived at Venice in the strictest *incognito*. Two noblemen, in whom he had entire confidence, and a few faithful servants, composed all his retinue. He shunned expenditure, more however from inclination than economy. He avoided all kinds of dissipation, and up to the age of thirty-five years had resisted the numerous allurements of this voluptuous city. To the charms of the fair sex he was wholly indifferent. A settled gravity and an enthusiastic melancholy were the prominent features of his character. His affections were tranquil, but obstinate to excess. He formed his attachments with caution and timidity, but when once formed they were cordial and permanent. In the midst of a tumultuous crowd he walked in solitude. Wrapped in his own visionary ideas, he was often a stranger to the world about him; and, sensible of his own deficiency in the knowledge of mankind, he scarcely ever ventured an opinion of his own, and was apt to pay an unwarrantable deference to the judgment of others. Though far from being weak, no man was more liable to be governed; but, when conviction had once entered his mind, he became firm and decisive; equally courageous to combat an acknowledged prejudice, or to die for a new one.

As he was the third prince of his house, he had no likely prospect of succeeding to the sovereignty. His ambition had never been awakened; his passions had taken another direction. Contented to find himself independent of the will of others, he never enforced his own as a law; his utmost wishes did not soar beyond the peaceful quietude of a private life, free from care. He read much, but without discrimination. As his education had been neglected, and as he had early entered the career of arms, his understanding had never been fully matured. Hence the knowledge he afterward acquired served but to increase the chaos of his ideas, because it was built on an unstable foundation.

He was a Protestant, as all his family had been, by birth, but not by investigation, which he had never attempted, although at one period of his life he had been an enthusiast in its cause. He had never, so far as came to my knowledge, been a Freemason.

* * * * *

One evening we were, as usual, walking by ourselves, well-masked, in the square of St. Mark. It was growing late, and the crowd was dispersing, when the Prince observed a mask which followed

us everywhere. This mask was an Armenian and walked alone. We quickened our steps, and endeavored to baffle him by repeatedly altering our course. It was in vain, the mask was always close behind us. "You have had no intrigue here, I hope," said the Prince at last, "the husbands of Venice are dangerous." "I do not know a single lady in the place," was my answer. "Let us sit down here, and speak German," said he, "I fancy we are mistaken for some other persons." We sat down upon a stone bench, and expected the mask would have passed by. He came directly up to us, and took his seat by the side of the Prince. The latter took out his watch, and, rising at the same time, addressed me thus in a loud voice in French. "It is past nine. Come, we forget that we are waited for at *the Louvre*." This speech he only invented in order to deceive the mask as to our route. "Nine!" repeated the latter in the same language, in a slow and expressive voice, "Congratulate yourself, my Prince." (calling him by his real name); "he died at nine." In saying this, he arose and went away.

We looked at each other in amazement. "Who is dead?" said the Prince at length, after a long silence. "Let us follow him" replied I, and demand an explanation." We searched every corner of the place; the mask was nowhere to be found. We returned to our hotel disappointed. The Prince spoke not a word to me the whole way; he walked apart by himself, and appeared to be greatly agitated, which he afterward confessed to me was the case. Having reached home, he began at length to speak: "Is it not laughable," said he, "that a madman should have the power thus to disturb a man's tranquillity by two or three words?" We wished each other a good night; and, as soon as I was in my own apartment, I noted down in my pocket-book the day and the hour when this adventure happened. It was on a Thursday.

The next evening the Prince said to me, "Suppose we go to the square of St. Mark, and seek for our mysterious Armenian? I long to see this comedy unraveled." I consented. We walked in the square till eleven. The Armenian was nowhere to be seen. We repeated our walk the four following evenings, and each time with the same bad success.

On the sixth evening, as we went out of the hotel, it occurred to me, whether designedly or otherwise I cannot recollect, to tell the servants where we might be found in case we should be inquired for. The Prince remarked my precaution, and approved of it with a smile. We found the square of St. Mark very much crowded.—Scarcely had we advanced thirty steps, when I perceived the Armenian, who was pressing rapidly through the crowd, and seemed to be in search of some one. We were just approaching him, when Baron F——, one of the Prince's retinue, came up to us quite breathless, and delivered to the Prince a letter: "It is sealed with black," said he, "and we supposed from this that it might contain matters of importance." I was struck as with a thunderbolt. The Prince went near a torch, and began to read. "My cousin is dead!" exclaimed he. "When?" inquired I anx-

iously, interrupting him. He looked again into the letter. "Last Thursday night at nine."

We had not recovered from our surprise when the Armenian stood before us. "You are known here, my Prince!" said he. "Hasten to your hotel. You will find there the deputies from the Senate. Do not hesitate to accept the honor they intend to offer you. Baron F—— forgot to tell you that your remittances are arrived." He disappeared among the crowd.

We hastened to our hotel, and found every thing as the Armenian had told us. Three noblemen of the republic were waiting to pay their respects to the Prince, and to escort him in state to the Assembly, where the first nobility of the city were ready to receive him. He had hardly time enough to give me a hint to sit up for him till his return.

About eleven o'clock at night he returned. On entering the room, he appeared grave and thoughtful. Having dismissed the servants, he took me by the hand, and said, in the words of Hamlet, "Count—

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

"Gracious Prince!" replied I, "you seem to forget that you are retiring to your pillow greatly enriched in prospect." The deceased was the hereditary prince.

"Do not remind me of it," said the prince; "for, should I even have acquired a crown, I am now too much engaged to occupy myself with such a trifle. If that Armenian has not merely guessed by chance ——"

"How can that be, my Prince?" interrupted I.

"Then will I resign to you all my hopes of royalty in exchange for a monk's cowl."

I have mentioned this purposely to show how far every ambitious idea was then distant from his thoughts.

The following evening we went earlier than usual to the Square of St. Mark. A sudden shower of rain obliged us to take shelter in a coffee-house, where we found a party engaged at cards. The Prince took his place behind the chair of a Spaniard to observe the game. I went into an adjacent chamber to read the newspapers. A short time afterward I heard a noise in the card-room. Previously to the entrance of the Prince, the Spaniard had been constantly losing, but since then he had won upon every card. The fortune of the game was reversed in a striking manner, and the bank was in danger of being challenged by the pointeur, whom this lucky change of fortune had rendered more adventurous. A Venetian, who kept the bank, told the Prince in a very rude manner that his presence interrupted the fortune of the game, and desired him to quit the table. The latter looked coldly at him, remained in his place, and preserved the same countenance, when the Venetian repeated his insulting demand in French. He thought the Prince understood neither French nor Italian; and, addressing himself with a contemptuous laugh to the company, said, "Pray, gentlemen, tell me how I must make myself understood to this fool." At the same time he rose and prepared to seize the Prince by the arm. His patience forsook the

latter; he grasped the Venetian with a strong hand, and threw him violently on the ground. The company rose up in confusion. Hearing the noise, I hastily entered the room, and unguardedly called the Prince by his name: "Take care," said I, imprudently; "we are in Venice." The name of the Prince caused a general silence, which ended in a whispering which appeared to me to have a dangerous tendency. All the Italians present divided into parties, and kept aloof. One after the other left the room, so that we soon found ourselves alone with the Spaniard and a few Frenchmen. "You are lost, Prince," said they, "if you do not leave the city immediately. The Venetian whom you have handled so roughly is rich enough to hire a *bravo*. It costs him but fifty zechins to be revenged by your death." The Spaniard offered, for the security of the Prince, to go for the guards, and even to accompany us home himself. The Frenchmen proposed to do the same. We were still deliberating what to do, when the door suddenly opened, and some officers of the Inquisition entered the room. They produced an order of government, which charged us both to follow them immediately. They conducted us under a strong escort to the canal, where a gondola was waiting for us, in which we were ordered to embark. We were blindfolded before we landed. They led us up a large stone staircase, and through a long winding passage over vaults, as I judged from the echoes that resounded under our feet. At length we came to another staircase, and, having descended a flight of steps, we entered a hall, where the bandage was removed from our eyes. We found ourselves in a circle of venerable old men, all dressed in black; the hall was hung round with black, and dimly lighted. A dead silence reigned in the assembly, which inspired us with a feeling of awe. One of the old men, who appeared to be the principal Inquisitor, approached the Prince with a solemn countenance, and said, pointing to the Venetian, who was led forward.

"Do you recognize this man as the same who offended you at the coffee-house?"

"I do," answered the Prince.

Then addressing the prisoner: "Is this the same person whom you meant to have assassinated to-night?"

The prisoner replied: "Yes."

In the same instant the circle opened, and we saw with horror the head of the Venetian severed from his body.

"Are you content with this satisfaction?" said the Inquisitor. The Prince had fainted in the arms of his attendants. "Go," added the Inquisitor, turning to me with a terrible voice, "Go; and in future judge less hastily of the administration of justice in Venice."

Who the unknown friend was who had thus saved us from inevitable death, by interposing in our behalf the active arm of justice, we could not conjecture. Filled with terror, we reached our hotel. It was past midnight. The Chamberlain Z—— was waiting anxiously for us at the door.

"How fortunate it was that you sent us a message," said he to the Prince as he lighted us up the staircase. "The news which Baron F——

soon after brought us respecting you, from the Square of St. Mark. would otherwise have given us the greatest uneasiness."

"I sent you a message!" said the Prince. "When? I know nothing of it."

"This evening after eight, you sent us word that we must not be alarmed if you should come home later to-night than usual."

The Prince looked at me. "Perhaps you have taken this precaution without mentioning it to me?"

I knew nothing of it.

"It must be so, however," replied the chamberlain. "since here is your repeating watch, which you sent me as a mark of authenticity."

The Prince put his hand to his watch-pocket. It was empty, and he recognized the watch which the chamberlain held as his own.

"Who brought it?" said he in amazement.

"An unknown mask in an Armenian dress, who disappeared immediately."

We stood looking at each other. "What do you think of this?" said the Prince, at last, after a long silence. "I have a secret guardian here in Venice."

The frightful transaction of this night threw the Prince into a fever, which confined him to his room for a week. During this time our hotel was crowded with Venetians and strangers, who visited the Prince from a deference to his newly discovered rank. They vied with each other in offers of service, and it was not a little entertaining to observe that the last visitor seldom failed to hint some suspicion derogatory to the character of the preceding one. *Billets-doux* and nostrums poured in upon us from all quarters. Every one endeavored to recommend himself in his own way. Our adventure with the Inquisition was no more mentioned. The Court of ——— wishing the Prince to delay his departure from Venice for some time, orders were sent to several bankers to pay him considerable sums of money. He was thus, against his will, compelled to protract his residence in Italy; and, at his request, I also resolved to postpone my departure for some time longer.

As soon as the Prince had recovered strength enough to quit his chamber, he was advised by his physician to take an airing in a gondola upon the Brenta, for the benefit of the air, to which, as the weather was serene, he readily consented. Just as the Prince was about to step into the boat he missed the key of a little chest in which some very valuable papers were inclosed. We immediately turned back to search for it. He very distinctly remembered that he had locked the chest the day before, and he had never left the room in the interval. As our endeavors to find it proved ineffectual, we were obliged to relinquish the search in order to avoid being too late. The Prince, whose soul was above suspicion, gave up the key as lost, and desired that it might not be mentioned any more.

Our little voyage was exceedingly delightful. A picturesque country, which at every winding of the river seemed to increase in richness and beauty; the serenity of the sky, which formed a May day in the middle of February; the charming gardens and elegant country-seats which adorned

the banks of the Brenta; the majestic city of Venice behind us, with its lofty spires, and a forest of masts, rising as it were out of the waves; all this afforded us one of the most splendid prospects in the world. We wholly abandoned ourselves to the enchantment of Nature's luxuriant scenery, our minds shared the hilarity of the day, even the Prince himself lost his wonted gravity, and vied with us in merry jests and diversions. On landing about two Italian miles from the city, we heard the sound of sprightly music; it came from a small village, at a little distance from the Brenta, where there was at that time a fair. The place was crowded with company of every description. A troop of young girls and boys, dressed in theatrical habits, welcomed us in a pantomimical dance. The invention was novel; animation and grace attended their every movement. Before the dance was quite concluded, the principal actress, who represented a Queen, stopped suddenly as if arrested by an invisible arm. Herself and those around her were motionless. The music ceased. The assembly was silent. Not a breath was to be heard, and the queen stood with her eyes fixed on the ground in deep abstraction. On a sudden she started from her reverie, with the fury of one inspired, and looked wildly around her: "A king is among us!" she exclaimed, taking her crown from her head, and laying it at the feet of the Prince. Every one present cast their eyes upon him, and doubted for some time whether there was any meaning in this farce; so much were they deceived by the impressive seriousness of the actress. This silence was at length broken by a general clapping of hands, as a mark of approbation. I looked at the Prince. I noticed that he appeared not a little disconcerted, and endeavored to escape the inquisitive glances of the spectators. He threw money to the players, and hastened to extricate himself from the crowd.

We had advanced but a few steps, when a venerable bare-footed friar, pressing through the crowd, placed himself in the Prince's path. "My Lord!" said he, "give the Holy Virgin part of your gold. You will want her prayers." He uttered these words in a tone of voice which startled us extremely, and then disappeared in the throng.

In the mean time our company had increased. An English Lord, whom the Prince had seen before at Nice, some merchants of Leghorn, a German Prebendary, a French *Abbé* with some ladies, and a Russian officer, attached themselves to our party. The physiognomy of the latter had something so uncommon as to attract our particular attention. Never in my life did I see such various features, and so little expression; so much attractive benevolence, and such forbidding coldness in the same face. Each passion seemed, by turns, to have exercised its ravages on it, and to have successively abandoned it. Nothing remained but the calm piercing look of a person deeply skilled in the knowledge of mankind; but it was a look that abashed every one on whom it was directed. This extraordinary man followed us at a distance, and seemed apparently to take but little interest in what was passing.

We came to a booth where there was a lottery. The ladies bought shares. We followed their example, and the Prince himself purchased a ticket. He won a snuff-box. As he opened it, I saw him turn pale and turn back. It contained his lost key.

"How is this?" said he to me, as we were left for a moment alone. "A superior power attends me, Omniscience surrounds me. An invisible Being, whom I cannot escape, watches over my steps. I must seek for the Armenian, and obtain an explanation from him."

The sun was setting when we arrived at the pleasure house, where a supper had been prepared for us. The Prince's name had augmented our company to sixteen. Besides the above-mentioned persons, there was a Virtuoso from Rome; several Swiss gentlemen, and an adventurer from Palermo in regimentals, who gave himself out for a Captain. We resolved to spend the evening where we were, and to return home by torch-light. The conversation at table was lively. The Prince could not forbear relating his adventure of the key, which excited general astonishment. A warm dispute on the subject presently took place. Most of the company positively maintained that the pretended occult sciences were nothing better than juggling tricks. The French *Abbé*, who had drunk rather too much wine, challenged the whole tribe of Ghosts; the English Lord uttered blasphemies, and the musician made a cross to exorcise the devil. Some few of the company, amongst whom was the Prince, contended, that opinions respecting such matters ought to be kept to oneself. In the mean time the Russian officer discoursed with the ladies, and did not seem to pay attention to any part of the conversation. In the heat of the dispute, no one observed that the Sicilian had left the room. In less than half an hour he returned, wrapt in a cloak, and placed himself behind the chair of the Frenchman. "A few moments ago," said he, "you had the temerity to challenge the whole tribe of Ghosts. Would you wish to make a trial with one of them?"

"I will," answered the *Abbé*, "if you will take upon yourself to introduce one."

"That I am ready to do," replied the Sicilian, turning to us, "as soon as these ladies and gentlemen have left us."

"Why only then?" exclaimed the Englishman. "A courageous Ghost will surely not be afraid of a cheerful company."

"I would not answer for the consequence," said the Sicilian.

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried the ladies, starting affrighted from their chairs.

"Call your Ghost," said the *Abbé*, in a tone of defiance, "but warn him beforehand, that there are sharp-pointed weapons here." At the same time he asked one of the company for a sword.

"If you preserve the same intention in his presence," answered the Sicilian, coolly, "you may then act as you please." He then turned toward the Prince: "Your Highness," said he, "asserts that your key has been in the hands of a stranger; can you conjecture in whose?"

"No."

"Have you no suspicion?"

"It certainly occurred to me that"—

"Should you know the person if you saw him?"

"Undoubtedly."

The Sicilian, throwing back his cloak, took out a looking-glass and held it before the Prince. "Is this the man?"

The Prince drew back with affright.

"Whom have you seen?" I inquired.

"The Armenian."

The Sicilian concealed his looking-glass under his cloak.

"Is it the person whom you thought of?" demanded the whole company.

"The same."

A sudden change manifested itself on every face; no more laughter was to be heard. All eyes were fixed with curiosity on the Sicilian.

"*Monsieur l'Abbé!* The matter grows serious," said the Englishman. "I advise you to think of beating a retreat."

"The fellow is in league with the devil," exclaimed the Frenchman, and rushed out of the house. The ladies ran shrieking from the room. The Virtuoso followed them. The German Prebendary was snoring in the chair. The Russian officer continued sitting in his place as before, perfectly indifferent to what was passing.

"Perhaps your attention was only to raise a laugh at the expense of that boaster," said the Prince, after they were gone, "or would you indeed fulfill your promise to us?"

"It is true," replied the Sicilian; "I was but jesting with the *Abbé*. I took him at his word, because I knew very well that the coward would not suffer me to proceed to extremities. The matter *itself* is however too serious to serve merely as a jest."

"You grant, then, that it is in your power?"

The Sorcerer maintained a long silence, and kept his look fixed steadily on the Prince, as if to examine him.

"It is!" answered he at last.

The Prince's curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch. A fondness for the marvelous had ever been his prevailing weakness. His improved understanding, and a proper course of reading, had for some time dissipated every idea of this kind; but the appearance of the Armenian had revived them. He stepped aside with the Sicilian, and I heard them in very earnest conversation.

"You see in me," said the Prince, "a man who burns with impatience to be convinced on this momentous subject. I would embrace as a benefactor, I would cherish as my best friend, him who could dissipate my doubts, and remove the veil from my eyes. Would you render me this important service?"

"What is your request?" inquired the Sicilian, hesitating.

"For the present I only beg some proof of your art. Let me see an apparition."

"To what will this lead?"

"After a more intimate acquaintance with me, you may be able to judge whether I deserve further instruction."

"I have the greatest esteem for your Highness, gracious Prince. A secret power in your coun-

tenance, of which you yourself are as yet ignorant, drew me at first sight irresistibly toward you. You are more powerful than you are yourself aware. You may command me to the utmost extent of my power, but ——"

"Then let me see an apparition."

"But I must first be certain that you do not require it from mere curiosity. Though the invisible powers are in some degree at my command, it is on the sacred condition that I do not abuse my authority."

"My intentions are most pure. I want truth."

They left their places, and removed to a distant window, where I could no longer hear them. The English lord, who had likewise overheard this conversation, took me aside. "Your Prince has a noble mind. I am sorry for him. I will pledge my salvation that he has to do with a rascal."

"Every thing depends on the manner in which the Sorcerer will extricate himself from this business."

"Listen to me. The poor devil is now pretending to be scrupulous. He will not show his tricks, unless he hears the sound of gold. There are nine of us. Let us make a collection. That will spoil his scheme, and perhaps open the eyes of the Prince."

"I am content." The Englishman threw six guineas upon a plate, and went round gathering subscriptions. Each of us contributed some louis d'ors. The Russian officer was particularly pleased with our proposal; he laid a bank note of one hundred zechins on the plate; a piece of extravagance which startled the Englishman. We brought the collection to the Prince. "Be so kind," said the English lord, "as to entreat this gentleman in our names to let us see a specimen of his art, and to accept of this small token of our gratitude." The Prince added a ring of value, and offered the whole to the Sicilian. He hesitated a few moments. "Gentlemen," answered he, "I am humbled by this generosity, but I yield to your request. Your wishes shall be gratified." At the same time he rung the bell. "As for this money," continued he, "to which I have no right myself, permit me to send it to the next monastery, to be applied to pious uses. I shall only keep this ring as a precious memorial of the worthiest of princes."

Here the landlord entered; and the Sicilian handed him over the money. "He is a rascal notwithstanding," whispered the Englishman to me. "He refuses the money because at present his designs are chiefly on the Prince."

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the Sorcerer.

The Prince considered for a moment. "We may as well have a great man at once," said the Englishman. "Ask for Pope Ganganelli. It can make no difference to this gentleman."

The Sicilian bit his lips. "I dare not call one of the Lord's anointed."

"This is a pity!" replied the English lord; "perhaps we might have heard from him what disorder he died of."

"The *Marquis de Lanoy*," began the Prince, "was a French brigadier in the late war, and my most intimate friend. Having received a mortal

wound in the battle of *Hastinbeck*, he was carried to my tent, where he soon after died in my arms. In his last agony he made a sign for me to approach. 'Prince,' said he to me, 'I shall never again behold my native land, I must, therefore, acquaint you with a secret known to none but myself. In a convent on the frontiers of Flanders lives a ——.' He expired. Death cut short the thread of his discourse. I wish to see my friend to hear the remainder."

"You ask much," exclaimed the Englishman with an oath. "I proclaim you the greatest sorcerer on earth, if you can solve this problem," continued he, turning to the Sicilian. We admired the wise choice of the Prince, and unanimously gave our approval to the proposition. In the mean time the Sorcerer paced up and down the room with hasty steps, apparently struggling with himself.

"This was all that the dying Marquis communicated to you?"

"It is all."

"Did you make no further inquiries about the matter in his native country?"

"I did, but they all proved fruitless."

"Had the Marquis de Lanoy led an irreproachable life? I dare not call up every shade indiscriminately."

"He died, repenting the excesses of his youth."

"Do you carry with you any token of his?"

"I do." ——(The prince had really a snuff-box, with the marquis's portrait enameled in miniature on the lid, which he had placed upon the table near his plate during the time of supper.)

"I do not want to know what it is. If you will leave me, you shall see the deceased."

He requested us to wait in the other pavilion until he should call us. At the same time he caused all the furniture to be removed from the room, the windows to be taken out, and the shutters to be bolted. He ordered the inn-keeper with whom he appeared to be intimately connected, to bring a vessel with burning coals, and carefully to extinguish every fire in the house. Previous to our leaving the room, he obliged us separately to pledge our honor that we would maintain an everlasting silence respecting every thing we should see and hear. All the doors of the pavilion we were in were bolted behind us when we left it.

It was past eleven, and a dead silence reigned throughout the whole house. As we were retiring from the saloon, the Russian officer asked me whether we had loaded pistols. "For what purpose?" asked I.—"They may possibly be of some use," replied he. "Wait a moment. I will provide some." He went away; the Baron F—— and I opened a window opposite the pavilion we had left; we fancied we heard two persons whispering to each other, and a noise like that of a ladder applied to one of the windows. This was, however, a mere conjecture, and I did not dare affirm it as a fact. The Russian officer came back with a brace of pistols, after having been absent about half an hour. We saw him load them with powder and ball. It was almost two o'clock in the morning when the Sorcerer came, and announced that all was prepared. Before we entered the room, he desired us to take off our shoes, and



to appear in our shirts, stockings, and under garments. He bolted the doors after us as before.

We found in the middle of the room a large black circle, drawn with charcoal, the space within which was capable of containing us all very easily. The planks of the chamber floor next to the wall were taken up, all round the room, so that we stood, as it were, upon an island. An altar, covered with black cloth, was placed in the centre upon a carpet of red satin. A Chaldee Bible was laid open, together with a skull; and a silver crucifix was fastened upon the altar. Instead of candles some spirits of wine were burning in a silver vessel. A thick smoke of frankincense darkened the room, and almost extinguished the lights. The Sorcerer was undressed like ourselves, but bare-footed; about his bare neck he wore an amulet,* suspended by a chain of human hair; round his middle was a white apron, marked with cabalistic characters and symbolic figures. He desired us to join hands, and to observe profound silence; above all, he ordered us not to ask the apparition any question. He desired the Englishman and myself, whom he seemed to mistrust the most, constantly to hold two naked swords crossways, an inch above his head, as long as the conjuration should last. We formed a half moon round him; the Russian officer placed himself close to the English lord, and was the nearest to the altar. The Sorcerer stood upon the satin carpet with his face turned to the east. He sprinkled holy water in the direction of the four cardinal points of the compass, and bowed three times before the Bible. The *formula* of the conjuration, of which we did not understand a word, lasted for the space of seven or eight minutes; at the end of which he made a sign to those who stood close behind to seize him firmly by the hair. Amid the most violent convulsions he called the deceased three times by his name, and the third time he stretched forth his hand toward the crucifix.

On a sudden we all felt, at the same instant, a stroke as of a flash of lightning, so powerful that it obliged us to quit each other's hands; a terrible thunder shook the house; the locks jarred; the doors creaked; the cover of the silver box fell down, and extinguished the light; and on the opposite wall, over the chimney-piece, appeared a human figure, in a bloody shirt, with the paleness of death on its countenance.

* Amulet is a charm or preservative against mischief, witchcraft, or diseases. Amulets were made of stone, metal, simples, animals, and every thing which fancy or caprice suggested; and sometimes they consisted of words, characters, and sentences, ranged in a particular order, and engraved upon wood, and worn about the neck, or some other part of the body. At other times they were neither written nor engraved, but prepared with many superstitious ceremonies, great regard being usually paid to the influence of the stars. The Arabians have given to this species of Amulets the name of Talismans. All nations have been fond of Amulets. The Jews were extremely superstitious in the use of them to drive away diseases; and, even amongst the Christians of the early times, Amulets were made of the wood of the Cross, or ribands, with a text of Scripture written in them, as preservatives against diseases.

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"Who calls me?" said a hollow, hardly intelligible voice.

"Thy friend," answered the Sorcerer, "who respects thy memory, and prays for thy soul."—He named the prince.

The answers of the apparition were always given at very long intervals.

"What does he want with me?" continued the voice.

"He wants to hear the remainder of the confession, which thou hadst begun to impart to him in thy dying hour, but did not finish."

"In a convent on the frontier of Flanders lives a ——"

The house again trembled; a dreadful thunder rolled; a flash of lightning illuminated the room; the doors flew open, and another human figure, bloody and pale as the first, but more terrible, appeared on the threshold. The spirit in the box began to burn again by itself, and the hall was light as before.

"Who is amongst us?" exclaimed the Sorcerer, terrified, casting a look of horror on the assemblage; "I did not want thee." The figure advanced with noiseless and majestic steps directly up to the altar, stood on the satin carpet over against us, and touched the crucifix. The first apparition was seen no more.

"Who calls me?" demanded the second apparition.

The Sorcerer began to tremble. Terror and amazement kept us motionless for some time. I seized a pistol. The Sorcerer snatched it out of my hand, and fired it at the apparition. The ball rolled slowly upon the altar, and the figure emerged unaltered from the smoke. The Sorcerer fell senseless on the ground.

"What is this?" exclaimed the Englishman, in astonishment, aiming a blow at the ghost with a sword. The figure touched his arm, and the weapon fell to the ground. The perspiration stood on my brow with horror.—Baron F—— afterward confessed to me that he had prayed silently.

During all this time the Prince stood fearless and tranquil, his eyes riveted on the second apparition. "Yes, I know thee," said he at length, with emotion; "Thou art *Lanoy*; thou art my friend. Whence comest thou?"

"Eternity is mute. Ask me concerning my past life."

"Who is it that lives in the convent which thou mentionedst to me in thy last moments?"

"My daughter."

"How? Hast thou been a father?"

"Woe is me that I was not!"

"Art thou not happy, *Lanoy*?"

"God has judged."

"Can I render thee any further service in this world?"

"None, but to think of thyself."

"How must I do that?"

"Thou wilt learn at Rome."

The thunder again rolled—a black cloud of smoke filled the room; when it had dispersed, the figure was no longer visible. I forced open one of the window shutters. It was daylight.

The Sorcerer now recovered from his swoon.

"Where are we?" asked he, seeing the daylight. The Russian officer stood close behind him, and looked over his shoulder; "Juggler!" said he to him, with a terrible countenance. "Thou shalt summon no more ghosts."

The Sicilian turned round, looked steadfastly in his face, uttered a loud shriek, and threw himself at his feet.

We looked all at once at the pretended Russian. The Prince instantly recognized the features of the Armenian, and the words he was about to utter expired on his tongue. We were all as it were petrified with fear and amazement. Silent and motionless, our eyes were fixed on this mysterious being, who beheld us with a calm but penetrating look of grandeur and superiority. A minute elapsed in this awful silence; another succeeded; not a breath was to be heard.

A violent battering against the door roused us at last from this stupor. The door fell in pieces into the room, and several officers of justice, with a guard, rushed in. "Here they are, all together!" said the leader to his followers.—Then addressing himself to us—"In the name of the government," continued he, "I arrest you!" We had no time to recollect ourselves; in a few moments we were surrounded. The Russian officer, whom I shall again call the Armenian, took the chief officer aside, and, as far as I in my confusion could notice, I observed him whisper a few words to the latter, and show him a written paper. The officer, bowing respectfully, immediately quitted him, turned to us, and taking off his hat, said: "Gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon for having confounded you with this impostor. I shall not inquire who you are, as this gentleman assures me you are men of honor." At the same time he gave his companions a sign to leave us at liberty. He ordered the Sicilian to be bound and strictly guarded. "The fellow is ripe for punishment," added he, "we have been searching for him these seven months."

The wretched Sorcerer was really an object of pity. The terror caused by the second apparition, and by this unexpected arrest, had together overpowered his senses. Helpless as a child, he suffered himself to be bound without resistance. His eyes were wide open and immovable; his face was pale as death; his lips quivered convulsively, but he was unable to utter a sound. Every moment we expected he would fall into a fit. The Prince was moved by the situation in which he saw him. He undertook to procure his discharge from the leader of the police, to whom he discovered his rank. "Do you know, gracious Prince," said the officer, "for whom your highness is so generously interceding! The juggling tricks by which he endeavored to deceive you are the least of his crimes. We have secured his accomplices; they depose terrible facts against him. He may think himself fortunate if he is only punished with the galleys."

In the mean time we saw the inn-keeper and his family led bound through the yard. "This man too?" said the Prince; "and what is his crime?"—"He was his comrade and accomplice," answered the officer. "He assisted him in his deceptions and robberies, and shared the booty with

him. Your highness shall be convinced of it presently." "Search the house," continued he, turning to his followers, "and bring me immediate notice of what you find."

The Prince looked around for the Armenian, but he had disappeared. In the confusion occasioned by the arrival of the watch, he had found means to steal away unperceived. The Prince was inconsolable; he declared he would send all his servants, and would himself go in search of this mysterious man; and he wished me to go with him. I hastened to the window; the house was surrounded by a great number of idlers, whom the account of this event had attracted to the spot. It was impossible to get through the crowd. I represented this to the Prince. "If," said I, "it is the Armenian's intention to conceal himself from us, he is doubtless better acquainted with the intricacies of the place than we, and all our inquiries would prove fruitless. Let us rather remain here a little longer, gracious prince," added I. "This officer, to whom, if I observed right, he discovered himself, may perhaps give us some information respecting him."

We now, for the first time, recollected that we were still undressed. We hastened to the other pavilion, and put on our clothes as quickly as possible. When we returned, they had finished searching the house.

On removing the altar, and some of the boards of the floor, a spacious vault was discovered. It was high enough, for a man might sit upright in it with ease, and was separated from the cellar by a door and a narrow staircase. In this vault they found an electrical machine, a clock, and a little silver bell, which, as well as the electrical machine, was in communication with the altar and the crucifix that was fastened upon it. A hole had been made in the window shutter, opposite the chimney, which opened and shut with a slide. In this hole, as we learned afterward, was fixed a magic lantern, from which the figure of the ghost had been reflected on the opposite wall, over the chimney. From the garret and the cellar they brought several drums, to which large leaden bullets were fastened by strings; these had probably been used to imitate the roaring of thunder which we had heard.

On searching the Sicilian's clothes, they found in a case different powders, genuine mercury in vials and boxes, phosphorus in a glass bottle, and a ring, which we immediately knew to be magnetic, because it adhered to a steel button that by accident had been placed near it. In his coat pockets were found a rosary, a Jew's beard, a dagger, and a brace of pocket-pistols. "Let us see whether they are loaded," said one of the watch, and fired up the chimney.

"Jesus Maria!" cried a hollow voice, which we knew to be that of the first apparition, and at the same instant a bleeding person came tumbling down the chimney, "What! not yet laid, poor ghost?" cried the Englishman, while we started back in affright. "Home to thy grave. Thou hast appeared what thou wert not, now thou wilt become what thou didst but seem."

"Jesus Maria! I am wounded," repeated the man in the chimney. The ball had fractured his

right leg. Care was immediately taken to have the wound dressed.

"But who art thou," said the English lord; "and what evil spirit brought thee here?"

"I am a poor mendicant friar," answered the wounded man; "a strange gentleman gave me a zechin to —"

"Repeat a speech. And why didst thou not withdraw as soon as thy task was finished?"

"I was waiting for a signal which we had agreed on to continue my speech; but, as this signal was not given, I was endeavoring to get away, when I found the ladder had been removed."

"And what was the formula he taught thee?"

The wounded man fainted away; nothing more could be got from him. In the mean time the Prince turned toward the principal officer of the watch, giving him at the same time some pieces of gold: "You have rescued us," said he, "from the hands of an impostor, and done us justice without even knowing who we were; would you increase our gratitude by telling us the name of the stranger who, by speaking only a few words, was able to procure us our liberty?"

"Whom do you mean?" inquired the party addressed, with an air which plainly showed that the question was useless.

"The gentleman in a Russian uniform, who took you aside, showed you a written paper, and whispered a few words, in consequence of which you immediately set us free."

"Do not you know the gentleman? Was he not one of your company?"

"No," answered the Prince; "and I have very important reasons for wishing to be more intimately acquainted with him."

"I know very little of him myself. Even his name is unknown to me, and I saw him to-day for the first time in my life."

"How? And was he in so short a time, and by using only a few words, able to convince you both of our innocence and his own?"

"Undoubtedly, with a single word."

"And this was?—I confess I wish to know it."

"This stranger, my Prince!" said the officer, weighing the zechins in his hand: "You have been too generous for me to make a secret of it any longer; this stranger is an officer of the Inquisition."

"Of the inquisition? This man?"

"He is indeed, gracious Prince. I am convinced of it by the paper which he showed to me."

"This man, did you say? That cannot be."

"I will tell your highness more. It was upon his information that I have been sent here to arrest the Sorcerer."

We looked at each other in the utmost astonishment.

"Now we know," said the English lord, at length, "why the poor devil of a Sorcerer started in such terror when he looked more closely into his face. He knew him to be a spy, and that is why he uttered that shriek, and fell down before him."

"No!" interrupted the Prince. "This man is whatever he wishes to be, and whatever the moment requires him to be. No mortal ever knew what he really was. Did you not see the knees

of the Sicilian sink under him, when he said, with that terrible voice: 'Thou shalt summon no more ghosts? There is something inexplicable in this matter. No person can persuade me that one man should be thus alarmed at the sight of another.'"

"The Sorcerer himself will probably explain it the best," said the English lord, "if that gentleman," pointing to the officer, "will afford us an opportunity of speaking with his prisoner."

The officer consented to it, and, having agreed with the Englishman to visit the Sicilian in the morning, we returned to Venice.*

Lord Seymour (this was the name of the Englishman) called upon us very early in the forenoon, and was soon after followed by a confidential person whom the officer had intrusted with the care of conducting us to the prison. I forgot to mention that one of the Prince's domestics, a native of Bremen, who had served him many years with the strictest fidelity, and had entirely gained his confidence, had been missing for several days. Whether he had met with any accident, whether he had been kidnapped, or had voluntarily absented himself, was a secret to every one. The last supposition was extremely improbable, as his conduct has always been quiet and regular, and nobody had ever found fault with him. All that his companions could recollect was, that he had been for some time very melancholy, and that, whenever he had a moment's leisure, he used to visit a certain monastery in the *Giudecca*, where he had formed an acquaintance with some monks. This induced us to suppose that he might have fallen into the hands of the priests, and had been persuaded to turn Catholic; and, as the Prince was very tolerant, or rather indifferent about matters of this kind, and the few inquiries he caused to be made proved unsuccessful, he gave up the search. He, however, regretted the loss of this man, who had constantly attended him in his campaigns, had always been faithfully attached to him, and whom it was therefore difficult to replace in a foreign country. The very same day the Prince's banker, whom he had commissioned to provide him with another servant, was announced at the moment we were going out. He presented to the prince a middle-aged man, well dressed, and of good appearance, who had been for a long time secretary to a *Procurator*, spoke French, and a little German, and was besides furnished with the best recommendations. The Prince was pleased with the man's physiognomy; and, as he declared that he would be satisfied with such wages as his service should be found to merit, the Prince engaged him immediately.

We found the Sicilian in a private prison,

* Count O——, whose narrative I have thus far literally copied, describes minutely the various effects of this adventure upon the mind of the Prince, and of his companions, and recounts a variety of tales of apparitions, which this event gave occasion to introduce. I shall omit giving them to the reader, on the supposition that he is as curious as myself to know the conclusion of the adventure, and its effects on the conduct of the Prince. I shall only add, that the Prince got no sleep the remainder of the night, and that he waited with impatience for the moment which was to disclose this incomprehensible mystery.—*Note of the German Editor.*

where, as the officer assured us, he had been lodged for the present, to accommodate the Prince, before being removed to the lead roofs, to which there is no access. These lead roofs are the most terrible prisons in Venice. They are situated on the top of the palace of St. Mark, and the miserable criminals suffer so dreadfully from the heat of the leads, occasioned by the burning rays of the sun descending directly upon them, that they frequently become delirious. The Sicilian had recovered from his yesterday's terror, and rose respectfully on seeing the Prince enter. He had fetters on one hand and one leg, but was able to walk about the room at liberty. The sentinel at the door withdrew as soon as we had entered.

"I come," said the Prince, "to request an explanation of you on two subjects. You owe me the one, and it shall not be to your disadvantage if you grant me the other."

"My part is now acted," replied the Sicilian, "my destiny is in your hands."

"Your sincerity alone can mitigate your punishment."

"Speak, honored Prince, I am ready to answer you. I have nothing now to lose."

"You showed me the face of the Armenian in a looking-glass. How was this effected?"

"What you saw was no looking-glass. A portrait in crayons behind a glass, representing a man in an Armenian dress, deceived you. My quickness, the twilight, and your astonishment favored the deception. The picture itself must have been found among the other things seized at the inn."

"But how could you read my thoughts so accurately as to hit upon the Armenian?"

"This was not difficult, your highness. You must frequently have mentioned your adventure with the Armenian at table in the presence of your domestics. One of my accomplices accidentally got acquainted with one of your domestics in the *Giudecca*, and learned from him gradually as much as I wished to know."

"And where is this man?" asked the Prince; "I have missed him, and doubtless you know of his desertion."

"I swear to your honor, sir, that I know not a syllable about it. I have never seen him myself, nor had any other concern with him than the one before mentioned."

"Proceed with your story," said the Prince.

"By this means also, I received the first information of your residence, and of your adventures at Venice; and I resolved immediately to profit by them. You see, Prince, I am sincere. I was apprised of your intended excursion on the *Brenta*. I was prepared for it, and a key that dropped by chance from your pocket afforded me the first opportunity of trying my art upon you."

"How! Have I been mistaken? The adventure of the key was then a trick of yours, and not of the Armenian! You say this key fell from my pocket."

"You accidentally dropped it in taking out your purse, and I seized an opportunity, when no one noticed me, to cover it with my foot. The person of whom you bought the lottery-ticket acted in concert with me. He caused you to

draw it from a box where there was no blank, and the key had been in the snuff-box long before it came into your possession."

"I understand you. And the monk who stopped me in my way, and addressed me in a manner so solemn."

"Was the same who, as I hear, has been wounded in the chimney. He is one of my accomplices, and under that disguise has rendered me many important services."

"But what purpose was this intended to answer?"

"To render you thoughtful; to inspire you with such a train of ideas as should be favorable to the wonders I intended afterward to show you."

"The pantomimical dance, which ended in a manner so extraordinary, was at least none of your contrivance?"

"I had taught the girl who represented the Queen. Her performance was the result of my instructions. I supposed your highness would not be a little astonished to find yourself known in this place, and (I entreat your pardon, Prince) your adventure with the Armenian gave me reason to hope that you were already disposed to reject natural interpretations, and to attribute so marvellous an occurrence to supernatural agency."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Prince, at once angry and amazed, and casting upon me a significant look; "indeed I did not expect this."*

"But," continued he after a long silence, "how did you produce the figure which appeared on the wall over the chimney?"

"By means of a magic-lantern that was fixed in the opposite window-shutter, in which you have undoubtedly observed an opening."

"But how did it happen that not one of us perceived the lantern?" asked Lord Seymour.

"You remember, my lord, that on your re-entering the room, it was darkened by a thick smoke of frankincense. I likewise took the precaution to place the boards which had been taken

* Neither did probably the greater number of my readers. The circumstance of the crown deposited at the feet of the prince, in a manner so solemn and unexpected, and the former prediction of the Armenian, seem so naturally and obviously to aim at the same object, that at the first reading of these memoirs I immediately remembered the deceitful speech of the Witches in *Macbeth*:—

"Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter!" and probably the same thing has occurred to many of my readers.

When a certain conviction has taken hold upon a man's mind in a solemn and extraordinary manner, it is sure to follow, that all subsequent ideas, which are in any way capable of being associated with this conviction, should attach themselves to, and in some degree, seem to be consequent upon it. The Sicilian who seems to have had no other motive for his whole scheme than to astonish the prince by showing him that his rank was discovered, played, without being himself aware of it, the very game which most furthered the view of the Armenian; but, however much of its interest this adventure will lose, if I take away the higher motive which at first seemed to influence these actions, I must by no means infringe upon historical truth, but must relate the facts exactly as they occurred.—*Note of the German Editor.*

up from the floor upright against the wall near the window. By these means I prevented the shutter from immediately attracting observation. Moreover, the lantern remained covered by a slide until you had taken your places, and there was no further reason to apprehend that you would institute any examination of the saloon.”—

“As I looked out of the window in the other pavilion,” said I, “I fancied I heard a noise like that of a person placing a ladder against the side of the house. Was I right?”

“Exactly: it was the ladder upon which my assistant stood to direct the magic-lantern.”

“The apparition,” continued the Prince, “had really a superficial likeness to my deceased friend, and what was particularly striking, his hair, which was of a very light color, was exactly imitated. Was this mere chance, or how did you come by such resemblance?”

“Your highness must recollect that you had at table a snuff-box by your plate, with an enameled portrait of an officer in a * * * uniform. I asked whether you had any thing about you as a memento of your friend, and as your highness answered in the affirmative, I conjectured that it might be the box. I had attentively examined the picture during supper, and being very expert in drawing, and not less happy in taking likenesses, I had no difficulty in giving to my shade the superficial resemblance you have perceived, the more so as the marquis’s features are very marked.”

“But the figure seemed to move?”

“It appeared so, yet it was not the figure that moved, but the smoke on which the light was reflected.”

“And the man who fell down in the chimney spoke for the apparition?”

“He did.”

“But he could not hear your questions distinctly?”

“There was no occasion for it. Your highness will recollect that I cautioned you all very strictly not to propose any question to the apparition yourselves. My inquiries and his answers were preconcerted between us; and, that no mistake might happen, I caused him to speak at long intervals, which he counted by the beating of a watch.”

“You ordered the inn-keeper carefully to extinguish every fire in the house with water; this was undoubtedly——”

“To save the man in the chimney from the danger of being suffocated; because the chimneys in the house communicated with each other, and I did not think myself very secure from your retinue.”

“How did it happen,” asked Lord Seymour, “that your ghost appeared neither sooner nor later than you wished him?”

“The ghost was in the room for some time before I called him, but, while the room was lighted, the shade was too faint to be perceived. When the formula of the conjuration was finished, I caused the cover of the box, in which the spirit was burning, to drop down, the saloon was darkened, and it was not till then that the figure on the wall could be distinctly seen, although it had been reflected there a considerable time before.”

“When the ghost appeared, we all felt an electric shock. How was that managed?”

“You have discovered the machine under the altar. You have also seen, that I was standing upon a silk carpet. I directed you to form a half moon around me, and to take each other’s hands. When the crisis approached, I gave a sign to one of you to seize me by the hair. The silver crucifix was the conductor, and you felt the electric shock when I touched it with my hand.”

“You ordered Count O—— and myself,” continued Lord Seymour, “to hold two naked swords crossways over your head, during the whole time of the conjuration; for what purpose?”

“For no other than to engage your attention during the operation; because I distrusted you two the most. You remember, that I expressly commanded you to hold the sword one inch above my head; by confining you exactly to this distance, I prevented you from looking where I did not wish you. I had not then perceived my principal enemy.”

“I own,” cried Lord Seymour, “you acted with due precaution; but why were we obliged to appear undressed?”

“Merely to give a greater solemnity to the scene, and to excite your imaginations by the strangeness of the proceeding.”

“The second apparition prevented your ghost from speaking,” said the Prince. “What should we have learned from him?”

“Nearly the same as what you heard afterward. It was not without design that I asked your highness whether you had told me every thing that the deceased communicated to you, and whether you had made any further inquiries on this subject in this country. I thought this was necessary, in order to prevent the deposition of the ghost from being contradicted by facts with which you were previously acquainted. Knowing likewise that every man in his youth is liable to error, I inquired whether the life of your friend had been irreproachable, and on your answer I founded that of the ghost.”

“Your explanation of this matter is satisfactory,” resumed the Prince, after a short silence; “but there remains a principal circumstance which I must ask you to clear up.”

“If it be in my power, and——”

“No conditions! Justice, in whose hands you now are, might perhaps not interrogate you with so much delicacy. Who was this unknown at whose feet we saw you fall? What do you know of him? How did you get acquainted with him? And in what way was he connected with the appearance of the second apparition?”

“Your highness——”

“On looking at him more attentively, you gave a loud scream, and fell at his feet. What are we to understand by that?”

“This man, your highness——” He stopped, grew visibly perplexed, and with an embarrassed countenance look around him. “Yes, Prince, by all that is sacred, this unknown is a terrible being.”

“What do you know of him? What connection have you with him? Do not hope to conceal the truth from us.”

“I shall take care not to do so; for who will warrant that he is not among us at this very moment?”

"Where? Who?" exclaimed we, all together, half startled, looking about the room. "That is impossible."

"Oh! to this man, or whatever he may be, things still more incomprehensible are possible."

"But who is he! Whence comes he? Is he an Armenian or a Russian? Of the characters he assumes, which is his real one?"

"He is nothing of what he appears to be. There are few conditions or countries of which he has not worn the mask. No person knows who he is, whence he comes, or whither he goes. That he has been for a long time in Egypt, as many pretend, and that he has brought from thence, out of a catacomb, his occult sciences, I will neither affirm nor deny. Here we only know him by the name of the *Incomprehensible*. How old, for instance, do you suppose he is?"

"To judge from his appearance, he can scarcely have passed forty."

"And of what age do you suppose I am?"

"Not far from fifty."

"Quite right; and I must tell you, that I was but a boy of seventeen, when my grandfather spoke to me of this marvelous man, whom he had seen at *Famagusta*; at which time he appeared nearly of the same age as he does at present."

"This is exaggerated, ridiculous and incredible."

"By no means. Were I not prevented by these fetters, I could produce vouchers, whose dignity and respectability should leave you no room for doubt. There are several credible persons, who remember having seen him, each at the same time, in different parts of the globe. No sword can wound, no poison can hurt, no fire can burn him; no vessel in which he embarks can be wrecked. Time itself seems to lose its power over him. Years do not affect his constitution, nor age whiten his hair. Never was he seen to take any food. Never did he approach a woman. No sleep closes his eyes. Of the twenty-four hours in the day, there is only one which he cannot command; during which no person ever saw him, and during which he never was employed in any terrestrial occupation."

"And this hour is?"—

"The twelfth in the night. When the clock strikes twelve at midnight he ceases to belong to the living. In whatever place he is, he must immediately be gone; whatever business he is engaged in, he must instantly leave it. The terrible sound of the hour of midnight tears him from the arms of friendship, wrests him from the altar, and would drag him away even in the agonies of death. Whither he then goes, or what he is then engaged in, is a secret to every one. No person ventures to interrogate, still less to follow him. His features, at this dreadful hour, assume a sternness of expression so gloomy and terrifying, that no person has courage sufficient to look him in the face, or to speak a word to him. However lively the conversation may have been, a dead silence immediately succeeds it, and all around wait for his return in respectful silence, without venturing to quit their seats, or to open the door through which he has passed."

"Does nothing extraordinary appear in his person when he returns?" inquired one of our party.

"Nothing, except that he seems pale and exhausted, like a man who has just suffered a painful operation, or received some disastrous intelligence. Some pretend to have seen drops of blood on his linen, but with what degree of veracity I cannot affirm."

"Did no person ever attempt to conceal the approach of this hour from him, or endeavor to preoccupy his mind in such a manner as to make him forget it?"

"Once only, it is said, he missed the appointed time. The company was numerous and remained together late in the night. All the clocks and watches were purposely set wrong, and the warmth of conversation carried him away. When the stated hour arrived, he suddenly became silent and motionless; his limbs continued in the position in which this instant had arrested them; his eyes were fixed; his pulse ceased to beat. All the means employed to awake him proved fruitless, and this situation endured till the hour had elapsed. He then revived on a sudden without any assistance, opened his eyes, and reassumed his speech at the very syllable which he was pronouncing at the moment of interruption. The general consternation discovered to him what had happened, and he declared, with an awful solemnity, that they ought to think themselves happy in having escaped with the fright alone. The same night he quitted forever the city where this circumstance had occurred. The common opinion is that during this mysterious hour he converses with his genius. Some even suppose him to be one of the departed, who is allowed to pass twenty-three hours of the day among the living, and that in the twenty-fourth his soul is obliged to return to the infernal regions, to suffer its punishment. Some believe him to be the famous *Appolonius of Tyana*; and others, the disciple of *John*, of whom it is said—*he shall remain until the last judgment.*"

"A character so wonderful," replied the Prince, "cannot fail to give rise to whimsical conjectures. But all this you profess to know only by hearsay, and yet his behavior to you, and yours to him, seemed to indicate a more intimate acquaintance. Is it not founded upon some particular event in which you have yourself been concerned? Conceal nothing from us."

The Sicilian looked at us doubtingly and remained silent.

"If it concerns something," continued the Prince, "that you do not wish to be made known, I promise you, in the name of these two gentlemen, the most inviolable secrecy. But speak candidly and without reserve."

"Could I hope," answered the prisoner after a long silence, "that you would not make use of what I am going to relate as evidence against me, I would tell you a remarkable adventure of this Armenian, of which I myself was witness, and which will leave you no doubt of his supernatural powers. But I beg leave to conceal some of the names."

"Cannot you do it without this condition?"

"No, your highness. There is a family concerned in it, whom I have reason to respect."

"Let us hear your story."

"It is about five years ago," began the Sicilian, "that at Naples, where I was practicing my art with tolerable success, I became acquainted with a person of the name of *Lorenzo del M——*, Chevalier of the order of St. Stephen, a young and rich nobleman, of one of the first families in the kingdom, who loaded me with kindnesses, and seemed to have a great esteem for my occult knowledge. He told me that the Marquis del M——nte, his father, was a zealous admirer of the Cabala, and would think himself happy in having a philosopher like myself (for such he was pleased to call me) under his roof. The marquis lived in one of his country seats on the sea shore, about seven miles from Naples. There, almost entirely secluded from the world, he bewailed the loss of a beloved son, of whom he had been deprived by a terrible calamity. The *Chevalier* gave me to understand, that he and his family might perhaps have occasion to employ me on a matter of the most grave importance, in the hope of gaining through my secret science some information, to procure which all natural means had been tried in vain. He added, with a very significant look, that he himself might, perhaps at some future period, have reason to look upon me as the restorer of his tranquillity, and of all his earthly happiness. The affair was as follows:

"This Lorenzo was the younger son of the marquis, and for that reason had been destined for the church; the family estates were to descend to the eldest. Jeronymo, which was the name of the latter, had spent many years on his travels, and had returned to his country about seven years prior to the event, which I am about to relate, in order to celebrate his marriage with the only daughter of the neighboring Count C——tti. This marriage had been determined on by the parents during the infancy of the children, in order to unite the large fortunes of the two houses. But though this agreement was made by the two families, without consulting the hearts of the parties concerned, the latter had mutually pledged their faith to each other in secret. Jeronymo del M—— and Antonia C—— had been brought up together, and the little constraint imposed on two children, whom their parents were already accustomed to regard as destined for each other, soon produced between them a connection of the tenderest kind; the congeniality of their tempers cemented this intimacy; and in later years it ripened insensibly into love. An absence of four years, far from cooling this passion, had only served to inflame it; and Jeronymo returned to the arms of his intended bride, as faithful and as ardent as if they had never been separated.

"The raptures occasioned by his return had not yet subsided, and the preparations for the happy day were advancing with the utmost zeal and activity, when the bridegroom disappeared. He used frequently to pass whole afternoons in a summer-house which commanded a prospect of the sea, and was accustomed to take the diversion of sailing on the water. One day, on an evening spent in this manner, it was observed that he re-

mained absent a much longer time than usual, and his friends began to be very uneasy on his account. Messengers were dispatched after him, vessels were sent to sea in quest of him; no person had seen him. None of his servants were missed; he must, therefore, have gone alone. Night came on, and he did not appear. The next morning dawned; the day passed, the evening succeeded; Jeronymo came not. Already they had begun to give themselves up to the most melancholy conjectures, when the news arrived, that an Algerine pirate had landed the preceding day on that coast, and carried off several of the inhabitants. Two galleys, which were ready for sea, were immediately manned; the old marquis himself embarked in one of them, to attempt the deliverance of his son at the peril of his own life. On the third morning they perceived the corsair. They had the advantage of the wind; they were just about to overtake the pirate, and had even approached so near that Lorenzo, who was in one of the galleys, fancied that he saw, upon the deck of the adversary's ship, a signal made by his brother, when a sudden storm separated the vessel. Hardly could the damaged galleys sustain the fury of the tempest. The pirate, in the mean time had disappeared, and the distressed state of the other vessels obliged them to land at Malta. The affliction of the family knew no bounds. The distracted old *marquis* tore his gray hairs in the utmost violence of grief; and fears were entertained for the life of the young countess. Five years were consumed in fruitless inquiries. Diligent search was made along all the coast of Barbary; immense sums were offered for the ransom of the young marquis, but no person came forward to claim them. The only probable conjecture which remained for the family to form was, that the same storm which had separated the galleys from the pirate had destroyed the latter, and that the whole ship's company had perished in the waves.

"But, however this supposition might be, it did not by any means amount to a certainty, and could not authorize the family altogether to renounce the hope that the lost Jeronymo might again appear. In case, however, that he was really dead, either the family must become extinct, or the younger son must relinquish the church, and assume the rights of the elder. As justice, on the one hand, seemed to oppose the latter measure, so on the other hand, the necessity of preserving the family from annihilation required that the scruple should not be carried too far. In the mean time, through grief, and the infirmities of age, the old marquis was fast sinking to his grave; every unsuccessful attempt diminished the hope of finding his lost son; he saw the danger of his family's becoming extinct, which might be obviated by a trifling injustice on his part, in consenting to favor his younger son at the expense of the elder. The consummation of his alliance with the house of Count C——tti required only that a name should be changed, for the object of the two families was equally accomplished, whether Antonia became the wife of Lorenzo or of Jeronymo. The faint probability of the latter's appearing again, weighed but little

against the certain and pressing danger of the total extinction of the family, and the old marquis, who felt the approach of death every day more and more, ardently wished at least to die free from this inquietude.

"Lorenzo, however, who was to be principally benefited by this measure, opposed it with the greatest obstinacy. Alike unmoved by the allurements of an immense fortune, and the attractions of the beautiful and accomplished being whom his family were about to deliver into his arms, he refused, on principles the most generous and conscientious, to invade the rights of a brother, who perhaps was still alive, and might some day return to claim his own. 'Is not the lot of my dear Jeronymo,' said he, 'made sufficiently miserable by the horrors of a long captivity, that I should yet add bitterness to his cup of grief by stealing from him all that he holds most dear? With what conscience could I supplicate heaven for his return, when his wife is in my arms? With what countenance could I hasten to meet him, should he at last be restored to us by some miracle? And even supposing that he is torn from us forever, how can we better honor his memory than by keeping constantly open the chasm which his death has caused in our circle? Can we better show our respect to him than by sacrificing our dearest hopes upon his tomb, and keeping untouched, as a sacred deposit, what was peculiarly his own?'"

"But all the arguments which fraternal delicacy could adduce were insufficient to reconcile the old marquis to the idea of being obliged to witness the extinction of a pedigree which nine centuries had beheld flourishing. All that Lorenzo could obtain was a respite of two years before leading the affianced bride of his brother to the altar. During this period they continued their inquiries with the utmost diligence. Lorenzo himself made several voyages, and exposed his person to many dangers. No trouble, no expense was spared to recover the lost Jeronymo. These two years, however, like those which preceded them, were consumed in vain."

"And the Countess Antonia?" said the Prince. "You tell us nothing of her. Could she so calmly submit to her fate? I cannot suppose it."—

"Antonia," answered the Sicilian, "experienced the most violent struggle between duty and inclination, between hate and admiration. The disinterested generosity of a brother's love affected her; she felt herself forced to esteem a person whom she could never love. Her heart was torn by conflicting sentiments. But her repugnance to the chevalier seemed to increase in the same degree as his claims upon her esteem augmented. Lorenzo perceived with heartfelt sorrow the grief that consumed her youth. A tender compassion insensibly assumed the place of that indifference with which, till then, he had been accustomed to regard her; but this treacherous sentiment quickly deceived him, and an ungovernable passion began by degrees to shake the steadiness of his virtue—a virtue which, till then, had been unequalled."

"He, however, still obeyed the dictates of generosity, though at the expense of his love. By his efforts alone was the unfortunate victim

protected against the arbitrary proceedings of the rest of the family. But his endeavors were ineffectual. Every victory he gained over his passion rendered him more worthy of Antonia; and the disinterestedness with which he refused her, left her no excuse for resistance.

"This was the state of affairs when the chevalier engaged me to visit him at his father's villa. The earnest recommendation of my patron procured me a reception which exceeded my most sanguine hopes. I must not forget to mention, that by some remarkable operations, I had previously rendered my name famous in different lodges of Freemasons, which circumstance may, perhaps, have contributed to strengthen the old marquis's confidence in me, and to heighten his expectations. I beg you will excuse me from describing particularly the lengths I went with him, and the means which I employed; you may judge of them from what I have already confessed to you. Profiting by the mystic books which I found in his very extensive library, I was soon able to converse with him in his own language, and to adorn my system of the invisible world with the most extraordinary inventions. In a short time I could make him believe whatever I pleased, and he would have sworn as readily as upon an article in the canon. Moreover, as he was very devout, and was by nature somewhat credulous, my fables received credence the more readily, and in a short time I had so completely surrounded and hemmed him in with mystery, that he cared for nothing that was not supernatural. In short I became the patron saint of the house. The usual subject of my lectures was the exaltation of human nature, and the intercourse of men with superior beings; the infallible Count Gabalis* was my oracle. The young countess, whose mind since the loss of her lover had been more occupied in the world of spirits than in that of nature, and who had, moreover, a strong shade of melancholy in her composition, caught my hints with a fearful satisfaction. Even the servants contrived to have some business in the room when I was speaking, and seizing now and then one of my expressions, joined the fragments together in their own way."

"Two months were passed in this manner at the Marquis's villa, when the chevalier one morning entered my apartment. A deep sorrow was painted on his countenance, his features were convulsed, he threw himself into a chair, with gestures of despair."

"'Captain,' said he, 'it is all over with me, I must begone; I can remain here no longer.'"

"'What is the matter, chevalier? What ails you?'"

"'Oh! this fatal passion!' said he, starting frantically from his chair. 'I have combated it like a man; I can resist no longer.'"

"'And whose fault is it but yours, my dear chevalier? Are they not all in your favor? Your father, your relations'—"

* A mystical work of that title, written in French in 1670, by the Abbé de Villars, and translated into English in 1680. Pope is said to have borrowed from it the machinery of his Rape of the Lock.—H. G. B.

“‘My father, my relations! What are they to me? I want not a forced union, but one of inclination. Have not I a rival? Alas! and what a rival! Perhaps among the dead! Oh! let me go! Let me go to the end of the world,—I must find my brother.’

“‘What! after so many unsuccessful attempts, can you still cherish hope?’

“‘Hope!’ replied the chevalier, ‘Alas, no! It has long since vanished from my heart, but it has not from hers. Of what consequence are my sentiments? Can I be happy while there remains a gleam of hope in Antonia’s heart? Two words, my friend, would end my torments. But it is in vain. My destiny must continue to be miserable till eternity shall break its long silence, and the grave shall speak in my behalf.’

“‘Is it then a state of certainty that would render you happy?’

“‘Happy! Alas! I doubt whether I can ever again be happy. But uncertainty is of all others the most dreadful pain.’

“After a short interval of silence, he suppressed his emotion, and continued mournfully:—‘If he could but see my torments! Surely a constancy which renders his brother miserable cannot add to his happiness! Can it be just that the living should suffer so much for the sake of the dead, who can no longer enjoy earthly felicity. If he knew the pangs I suffer,’ continued he, hiding his face on my shoulder, while the tears streamed from his eyes, ‘yes, perhaps he himself would conduct her to my arms.’

“‘But is there no possibility of gratifying your wishes?’

“He started. ‘What do you say, my friend?’

“‘Less important occasions than the present,’ said I, ‘have disturbed the repose of the dead for the sake the living. Is not the whole earthly happiness of a man, of a brother——’

“‘The whole earthly happiness! Ah! my friend, I feel what you say is but too true—my entire felicity.’

“‘And the tranquillity of a distressed family, are not these sufficient to justify such a measure? Undoubtedly. If any sublunary concern can authorize us to interrupt the peace of the blessed, to make use of a power——’

“‘For God’s sake, my friend!’ said he, interrupting me, ‘no more of this. Once, I avow it, I had such a thought; I think I mentioned it to you; but I have long since rejected it as horrid and abominable.’

“‘You will have conjectured already,’ continued the Sicilian, ‘to what this conversation led us. I endeavored to overcome the scruples of the chevalier, and at last succeeded. We resolved to summon the spirit of the deceased Jeronymo. I only stipulated for the delay of a fortnight, in order as I pretended, to prepare myself in a suitable manner for so solemn an act. The time being expired, and my machinery in readiness, I took advantage of a very gloomy day, when we were all assembled as usual, to obtain the consent of the family, or rather, gradually to lead them to the subject, so that they themselves requested it of me. The most difficult part of the task was

to obtain the approbation of Antonia, whose presence was most essential. My endeavors were, however, greatly assisted by the melancholy turn of her mind, and perhaps still more so by a faint hope that Jeronymo might still be living, and therefore would not appear. A want of confidence in the thing itself, or a doubt of my ability, was the only obstacle which I had not to contend with.

“Having obtained the consent of the family, the third day was fixed on for the operation. I prepared them for the solemn transaction by mystical instruction, by fasting, solitude, and prayers, which I ordered to be continued till late in the night. Much use was also made of a certain musical instrument, unknown till that time, and which, in such cases, has often been found very powerful. The effect of these artifices was so much beyond my expectation, that the enthusiasm to which on this occasion I was obliged to force myself, was infinitely heightened by that of my audience. The anxiously expected hour at last arrived.”

“‘I guess,” said the Prince, “whom you are now going to introduce. But go on, go on.”

“No, your highness. The incantation succeeded according to my wishes.”

“How? Where is the Armenian?”

“Do not fear, your highness. He will appear but too soon. I omit the description of the farce itself, as it would lead me to too great a length. Be it sufficient to say, that it answered my utmost expectations. The old marquis, the young countess, her mother, Lorenzo, and a few others of the family, were present. You may imagine that during my long residence in this house, I had not wanted opportunities of gathering information respecting every thing that concerned the deceased. Several portraits of him enabled me to give the apparition the most striking likeness, and as I suffered the ghost to speak only by signs, the sound of his voice could excite no suspicion.

“The departed Jeronymo appeared in the dress of a Moorish slave, with a deep wound in his neck. You observe that in this respect I was counteracting the general supposition that he had perished in the waves, for I had reason to hope that the unexpectedness of this circumstance would heighten their belief in the apparition itself, while, on the other hand, nothing appeared to me more dangerous than to keep too strictly to what was natural.”

“‘I think you judged rightly,” said the Prince. “In whatever respects apparitions, the most probable is the least acceptable. If their communications are easily comprehended, we undervalue the channel by which they are obtained. Nay, we even suspect the reality of the miracle, if the discoveries which it brings to light are such as might easily have been imagined. Why should we disturb the repose of a spirit, if it is to inform us of nothing more than the ordinary powers of the intellect are capable of teaching us? But, on the other hand, if the intelligence which we receive is extraordinary and unexpected, it confirms in some degree the miracle by which it is obtained; for who can doubt an operation to be supernatural,

when its effect could not be produced by natural means? I interrupt you," added the Prince. "Proceed in your narrative."

"I asked the ghost whether there was any thing in the world which he still considered as his own," continued the Sicilian, "and whether he had left anything behind that was particularly dear to him? The ghost shook his head three times, and lifted up his hand toward heaven. Previous to his retiring he dropped a ring from his finger, which was found on the floor after he had disappeared. Antonia took it, and looking at it attentively, she knew it to be the ring she had given her intended husband on their betrothal."

"The ring!" exclaimed the Prince, surprised. "How did you get it?"

"Who! I! It was not the true one, your highness! I got it! It was only a counterfeit."

"A counterfeit!" repeated the Prince. "But in order to counterfeit you required the true one. How did you come by it? Surely the deceased never went without it."

"That is true," replied the Sicilian, with symptoms of confusion. "But from a description which was given me of the genuine ring—"

"A description which was given you! By whom!"

"Long before that time. It was a plain gold ring, and had, I believe, the name of the young countess engraved on it. But you made me lose the connection."

"What happened further?" said the Prince, with a very dissatisfied countenance.

"The family felt convinced that Jeronymo was no more. From that day forward they publicly announced his death, and went into mourning. The circumstance of the ring left no doubt even in the mind of Antonia, and added a considerable weight to the addresses of the chevalier."

"In the mean time, the violent shock which the young countess had received from the sight of the apparition, brought on her a disorder so dangerous, that the hopes of Lorenzo were very near being destroyed for ever. On her recovery she insisted upon taking the veil; and it was only at the most serious remonstrances of her confessor, in whom she placed implicit confidence, that she was induced to abandon her project. At length the united solicitations of the family and of the confessor, forced from her a reluctant consent. The last day of mourning was fixed on for the day of marriage, and the old marquis determined to add to the solemnity of the occasion by making over all his estates to his lawful heir."

"The day arrived, and Lorenzo received his trembling bride at the altar. In the evening a splendid banquet was prepared for the cheerful guests, in a hall superbly illuminated, and the most lively and delightful music contributed to increase the general gladness. The happy old marquis wished all the world to participate in his joy. All the entrances of the palace were thrown open, and every one who sympathized in his happiness was joyfully welcomed. In the midst of the throng——"

The Sicilian paused. A trembling expectation suspended our breath.

"In the midst of the throng," continued the

prisoner, "appeared a Franciscan monk, to whom my attention was directed by the person who sat next to me at table. He was standing motionless like a marble pillar. His shape was tall and thin; his face pale and ghastly; his eyes were fixed with a grave and mournful expression on the new-married couple. The joy which beamed on the face of every one present appeared not on his. His countenance never once varied. He seemed like a statue among the living. Such an object, appearing amidst the general joy, struck me more forcibly from its contrast with every thing around. It left on my mind so indelible an impression, that from it alone I have been enabled (which would otherwise have been impossible) to recollect the features of this Franciscan monk in the Russian officer; for, without doubt, you must have already conceived that the person I have described was no other than your Armenian."

I frequently attempted to withdraw my eyes from this terrible figure, but they wandered back involuntarily, and found his countenance unaltered. I pointed him out to the person who sat nearest to me on the other side, and he did the same to the person next to him. In a few minutes a general curiosity and astonishment pervaded the whole company. The conversation languished; a general silence succeeded; the monk did not heed it. He continued motionless as before; his grave and mournful looks constantly fixed upon the new-married couple; his appearance struck every one with terror. The young countess alone, who found the transcript of her own sorrow in the face of the stranger, beheld with a melancholy satisfaction the only object that seemed to understand and to sympathize in her sufferings. The crowd insensibly diminished. It was past midnight; the music became fainter and more languid; the tapers grew dim, and many of them went out. The conversation declining by degrees, lost itself at last in secret murmurs, and the faintly illuminated hall was nearly deserted. The monk, in the mean time, continued motionless, with the same grave and mournful look still fixed on the new-married couple. The company at length rose from the table; the guests dispersed; the family assembled in a separate group, and the monk, though uninvited, continued near them. How it happened that no person spoke to him, I cannot conceive.

"The female friends now surrounded the trembling bride, who cast a supplicating and distressed look on the venerable stranger; he did not answer it. The gentlemen assembled in the same manner around the bridegroom. A solemn and anxious silence prevailed among them.—'That we should be so happy here together,' began at length the old marquis, who alone seemed not to behold the stranger, or at least seemed to behold him without dismay:—'That we should be so happy here together, and my son Jeronymo cannot be with us!'

"Have you invited him, and has he failed to come?" asked the monk. It was the first time he had spoken. We looked at him in alarm.

"Alas! he is gone to a place from whence there is no return," answered the old man. "Reverend father! you misunderstood me. My son Jeronymo is dead."

"Perhaps he only fears to appear in this company," replied the monk. "Who knows how your son Jeronymo may be situated? Let him now hear the voice which he heard the last. Desire your son Lorenzo to call him."

"What means he?" whispered the company to one another. Lorenzo changed color. I will not deny that my own hair began to stand on end.

"In the mean time the monk approached a sideboard; he took a glass of wine and carried it to his lips—"To the memory of our dear Jeronymo!" said he. "Let every one who loved the deceased follow my example."

"Be you who you may, reverend father!" exclaimed the old marquis. "You have pronounced a name dear to us all, and you are heartily welcome here;"—then turning to us, he offered us full glasses.—"Come, my friends!" continued he, let us not be surpassed by a stranger. The memory of my son Jeronymo."

"Never, I believe, was any toast less heartily received.

"There is one glass still unemptied," said the marquis. "Why does my son Lorenzo refuse to drink this friendly toast?"

"Lorenzo, trembling, received the glass from the hands of the monk; tremblingly he put it to his lips. 'To my dearly beloved brother Jeronymo!' he stammered out, and replaced the glass with a shudder.

"That was my murderer's voice!" exclaimed a terrible figure, which appeared suddenly in the midst of us, covered with blood, and disfigured with horrible wounds.

"Do not ask me the rest," added the Sicilian, with every symptom of horror in his countenance. "I lost my senses the moment I looked at this apparition. The same happened to every one present. When we recovered, the monk and the ghost had disappeared; Lorenzo was writhing in the agonies of death. He was carried to bed in the most dreadful convulsions. No person attended him but his confessor and the sorrowful old marquis, in whose presence he expired. The marquis died a few weeks after him. Lorenzo's secret is locked in the bosom of the priest who received his last confession; no person ever learned what it was.

"Soon after this event, a well was cleaned in the farmyard of the marquis's villa. It had been disused for many years, and was almost closed up by shrubs and old trees. On digging among the rubbish, a human skeleton was found. The house where this happened is now no more; the family del M——nte is extinct, and Antonia's tomb may be seen in a convent not far from Salerno."

"You see," continued the Sicilian, seeing us all stand silent and thoughtful, "you see how my acquaintance with this Russian officer, Armenian, or Franciscan friar, originated. Judge now whether I have not good cause to tremble at the sight of a being, who has twice placed himself in my way in a manner so terrible."

"I beg you will answer me one question more," said the Prince, rising from his seat. "Have you been always sincere in your account of every thing relating to the chevalier?"

"To the best of my knowledge I have," replied the Sicilian."

"You really believed him to be an honest man?"

"I did; by Heaven! I did," answered he again.

"Even at the time that he gave you the ring?"

"How! He gave me no ring. I did not say that he gave me the ring."

"Very well," said the prince, pulling the bell, and preparing to depart. "And you believe," (going back to the prisoner) "that the ghost of the Marquis de Lanoy, which the Russian officer introduced after your apparition, was a true and real ghost?"

"I cannot think otherwise."

"Let us go!" said the Prince, addressing himself to us. The jailer came in. "We have done," said the Prince to him. "You sir," turning to the prisoner, "you shall hear further from me."

"I am tempted to ask your highness the last question you proposed to the Sorcerer," said I to the Prince, when we were alone. "Do you believe the second ghost to have been a real and true one?"

"I believe it? No, not now, most assuredly."

"Not now? Then you did once believe it."

"I confess I was tempted for a moment to believe it something more than the contrivance of a juggler."

"And I could wish to see the man who under similar circumstances would not have had the same impression. But what reasons have you for retracting your opinion? What the prisoner has related of the Armenian ought to increase rather than diminish your belief in his supernatural powers."

"What this wretch has related of him," said the Prince, interrupting me very gravely. "I hope," continued he, "you have now no doubt but that we have had to do with a villain."

"No; but must his evidence on that account——"

"The evidence of a villain, even supposing I had no other reason for doubt, can have no weight against common sense and established truth. Does a man who has already deceived me several times, and whose trade it is to deceive, does he deserve to be heard in a cause in which the unsupported testimony of even the most sincere adherent to truth could not be received? Ought we to believe a man who perhaps never once spoke truth for its own sake? Does such a man deserve credit, when he appears as evidence against human reason and the eternal laws of nature? Would it not be as absurd as to admit the accusation of a person notoriously infamous, against unblemished and irreproachable innocence?"

"But what motives could he have for giving so great a character to a man whom he has so many reasons to hate?"

"I am not to conclude that he can have no motives for doing this because I am unable to comprehend them. Do I know who has bribed him to deceive me? I confess I cannot penetrate the whole contexture of his plan; but he has certainly done a material injury to the cause he advocates, by proving himself to be at least an impostor, and perhaps something worse."

"The circumstance of the ring, I allow, appears somewhat suspicious."

"It is more than suspicious," answered the Prince; "it is decisive. He received this ring from the murderer; and at the moment he received it he must have been certain that it was from the murderer. Who but the assassin could have taken from the finger of the deceased a ring which he undoubtedly never took off himself? Throughout the whole of his narration the Sicilian has labored to persuade us, that while he was endeavoring to deceive Lorenzo, Lorenzo was in reality deceiving him. Would he have had recourse to this subterfuge, if he had not been sensible how much he should lose in our estimation by confessing himself an accomplice with the assassin? The whole story is visibly nothing but a series of impostures, invented merely to connect the few truths he has thought proper to give us. Ought I, then, to hesitate in disbelieving the eleventh assertion of a person who has already deceived me ten times, rather than admit a violation of the fundamental laws of nature, which I have ever found in the most perfect harmony?"

"I have nothing to reply to all this,—but the apparition we saw yesterday is to me not the less incomprehensible."

"It is also incomprehensible to me, although I have been tempted to believe that I have found a key to it."

"How so?" asked I.

"Do you not recollect that the second apparition, as soon as he entered, walked directly up to the altar, and took the crucifix in his hand, and placed himself upon the carpet?"

"It appeared so to me."

"And this crucifix, according to the Sicilian's confession, was a conductor. You see that the apparition hastened to make himself electrical. Thus the blow which Lord Seymour struck him with a sword was of course ineffectual; the electric stroke disabled his arm."

"This is true with respect to the sword. But the pistol fired by the Sicilian, the ball of which we heard roll slowly upon the altar?"

"Are you convinced that this was the same ball which was fired from the pistol?" replied the Prince. "Not to mention that the puppet, or the man who represented the ghost, may have been so well accoutred as to be invulnerable by sword or bullet; but consider who it was that loaded the pistols."

"True," said I, and a sudden light broke upon my mind; "the Russian officer had loaded them, but it was in our presence. How could he have deceived us?"

"Why should he not have deceived us? Did you suspect him sufficiently to observe him? Did you examine the ball before it was put into the pistol? May it not have been one of quicksilver or clay? Did you take notice whether the Russian officer really put it into the barrel, or dropped it into his other hand? But supposing that he actually loaded the pistols, what is to convince you that he really took the loaded ones into the room where the ghost appeared, and did not change them for another pair, which he might have done the more easily, as nobody ever thought of notic-

ing him, and we were besides occupied in undressing? And could not the figure, at the moment when we were prevented from seeing it by the smoke of the pistol, having dropped another ball, with which it had been beforehand provided, on the altar?—Which of these conjectures is impossible?"

"You are right. But that striking resemblance to your deceased friend!—I have often seen him with you, and I immediately recognized him in the apparition."

"I did the same, and I must confess the illusion was complete. But if the juggler, from a few stolen glances at my snuff-box, was able to give to his apparition a resemblance, what was to prevent the Russian officer, who had used the box during the whole time of supper, who had had liberty to observe the picture unnoticed, and to whom I had discovered in confidence whom it represented, what was to prevent him from doing the same? Add to this what has been before observed by the Sicilian, that the prominent features of the marquis were so striking as to be easily imitated; what is there so inexplicable in this second ghost?"

"But the words he uttered? The information he gave you about your friend?"—

"What?" said the Prince, "Did not the Sicilian assure us, that from the little which he had learned from me he had composed a similar story? Does not this prove that the invention was obvious and natural? Besides, the answers of the ghost, like those of an oracle, were so obscure, that he was in no danger of being detected in a falsehood. If the man who personated the ghost possessed sagacity and presence of mind, and knew ever so little of the affair on which he was consulted, to what length might not he have carried the deception?"

"Pray consider, your highness, how much preparation such a complicated artifice would have required from the Armenian; how much time it takes to paint a face with sufficient exactness; how much time would have been requisite to instruct the pretended ghost, so as to guard him against gross errors; what a degree of minute attention to regulate every minor attendant or adventitious circumstance, which must be answered in some manner, lest they should prove detrimental! And remember that the Russian officer was absent but half an hour. Was that short space of time sufficient to make even such arrangements as were most indispensable? Surely, my Prince, not even a dramatic writer, who has the least desire to preserve the three terrible unities of Aristotle, durst venture to load the interval between one act and another with such a variety of action, or to presume upon such a facility of belief in his audience."

"What! You think it absolutely impossible that every necessary preparation should have been made in the space of half an hour?"

"Indeed, I look upon it as almost impossible."

"I do not understand this expression. Does it militate against the physical laws of time and space, or of matter and motion, that a man so ingenious and so expert as this Armenian must undoubtedly be, assisted by agents whose dexterity

and acuteness are probably not inferior to his own; favored by the time of night, and watched by no one, provided with such means and instruments as a man of this profession is never without—is it impossible that such a man, favored by such circumstances, should be able to effect so much in so short a time? Is it ridiculous or absurd to suppose, that by a very small number of words or signs he can convey to his assistants very extensive commissions, and direct very complex operations?—Nothing ought to be admitted that is contrary to the established laws of nature, unless it is something with which these laws are absolutely incompatible. Would you rather give credit to a miracle than admit an improbability? Would you solve a difficulty rather by overturning the powers of nature than by believing an artful and uncommon combination of them?"

"Though the fact will not justify a conclusion such as you have condemned, you must, however, grant that it is far beyond our conception."

"I am almost tempted to dispute even this," said the Prince, with a quiet smile. "What would you say, my dear count, if it should be proved, for instance, that the operations of the Armenian were prepared and carried on, not only during the half hour that he was absent from us, not only in haste and incidentally, but during the whole evening and the whole night? You recollect that the Sicilian employed nearly three hours in preparation."

"The Sicilian? Yes, my Prince."

"And how will you convince me that this juggler had not as much concern in the second apparition as in the first?"

"How so, your highness?"

"That he was not the principal assistant of the Armenian? In a word, how will you convince me that they did not co-operate?"

"It would be a difficult task to prove that," exclaimed I, with no little surprise.

"Not so difficult, my dear count, as you imagine. What! Could it have happened by mere chance that these two men should form a design so extraordinary and so complicated upon the same person, at the same time, and in the same place? Could mere chance have produced such an exact harmony between their operations, that one of them should play so exactly the game of the other? Suppose for a moment that the Armenian intended to heighten the effect of his deception, by introducing it after a less refined one—that he created a Hector to make himself his Achilles. Suppose that he has done all this to discover what degree of credulity he could expect to find in me, to examine the readiest way to gain my confidence, to familiarize himself with his subject by an attempt that might have miscarried without any prejudice to his plan; in a word, to tune the instrument on which he intended to play. Suppose he did this with the view of exciting my suspicions on one subject, in order to divert my attention from another more important to his design. Lastly, suppose he wishes to have some indirect methods of information, which he had himself some occasion to practice, imputed to the Sorcerer, in order to divert suspicion from the true channel."

"How do you mean?" said I.

"Suppose for instance that he may have bribed some of my servants, to give him secret intelligence, or, perhaps, even some papers which may serve his purpose. I have missed one of my domestics. What reason have I to think that the Armenian is not concerned in his leaving me? Such a connection, however, if it existed, may be accidentally discovered; a letter may be intercepted; a servant, who is in the secret, may betray his trust. Now all the consequence of the Armenian is destroyed, if I detect the source of his omniscience. He therefore introduces this Sorcerer, who must be supposed to have some design upon me. He takes care to give me early notice of him, and his intentions, so that whatever I may hereafter discover, my suspicions must necessarily rest upon the Sicilian. This is the puppet with which he amuses me, whilst he himself, unobserved and unsuspected, is entangling me in invisible snares."

"We will allow this. But is it consistent with the Armenian's plan that he himself should destroy the illusion which he has created, and disclose the mysteries of his science to the eyes of the uninitiated?"

"What mysteries does he disclose? None, surely, which he intends to practice on me. He therefore loses nothing by the discovery. But, on the other hand, what an advantage will he gain, if this pretended victory over juggling and deception should render me secure and unsuspecting; if he succeeds in diverting my attention from the right quarter, and in fixing my wavering suspicions on an object the most remote from the real one! He could naturally expect that, sooner or later, either from my own doubts, or at the suggestion of another, I should be tempted to seek a key to his mysterious wonders, in the mere art of a juggler; how could he better provide against such an inquiry than by contrasting his prodigies with juggling tricks. By confining the latter within artificial limits, and by delivering, as it were, into my hands a scale by which to appreciate them, he naturally exalts and perplexes my ideas of the former. How many suspicions he precludes by this single contrivance! How many methods of accounting for his miracles, which might afterward have occurred to me, does he refute beforehand!"

"But in exposing such a finished deception, he has acted very much against his own interest, both by quickening the penetration of those whom he meant to impose upon, and by staggering their belief in miracles in general. Your highness's self is the best proof of the insufficiency of his plan, if indeed he ever had one."

"Perhaps he has been mistaken in respect to myself," said the Prince: "but his conclusions have nevertheless been well founded. Could he foresee that I should exactly notice the very circumstance which threatens to become the key to the whole artifice? Was it in his plan that the creature he employed should render himself thus vulnerable? Are we certain that the Sicilian has not far exceeded his commission? He has undoubtedly done so with respect to the ring, and yet it is chiefly this single circumstance which

determined my distrust in him. How easily may a plan, whose contexture is most artful and refined, be spoiled in the execution by an awkward instrument. It certainly was not the Armenian's intention that the Sorcerer should trumpet his fame to us in the style of a mountebank, that he should endeavor to impose upon us such fables as are too gross to bear the least reflection. For instance, with what countenance could this impostor affirm, that the miraculous being he spoke of must renounce all commerce with mankind at twelve in the night? Did we not see him among us at that very hour?"

"That is true," cried I. "He must have forgotten it."

"It often happens to people of this description, that they overact their parts; and, by aiming at too much, mar the effects which a well-managed deception is calculated to produce."

"I cannot, however, yet prevail on myself to look upon the whole as a mere preconcerted scheme. What! the Sicilian's terror—his convulsive fits—his swoon—the deplorable situation in which we saw him, and which was even such as to move our pity—were all these nothing more than a studied part? I allow that a skillful performer may carry imitation to a very high pitch, but he certainly has no power over the organs of life."

"As for that, my friend," replied the Prince, "I have seen Richard the Third performed by Garrick. But were we at that moment sufficiently cool to be capable of observing dispassionately? Could we judge of the emotion of the Sicilian, when we were almost overcome by our own? Besides, the decisive crisis even of a deception is so momentous to the deceiver himself, that excessive anxiety may produce in him symptoms as violent as those which surprise excites in the deceived. Add to this the unexpected entrance of the watch."

"I am glad you remind me of that, Prince. Would the Armenian have ventured to discover such a dangerous scheme to the eye of justice; to expose the fidelity of his creature to so severe a test? And for what purpose?"

"Leave that matter to him; he is no doubt acquainted with the people he employs. Do we know what secret crimes may have secured him the silence of this man? You have been informed of the office he holds in Venice; what difficulty will he find in saving a man of whom he himself is the only accuser?"—

[This suggestion of the Prince was but too well justified by the event. For, some days after, on inquiring after the prisoner, we were told that he had escaped, and had not since been heard of.]

"You ask what could be his motives for delivering this man into the hands of justice?" continued the Prince. "By what other method, except this violent one, could he have wrested from the Sicilian such an infamous and improbable confession, which, however, was so material to the success of his plan? Who, but a man whose case is desperate, and who has nothing to lose, would consent to give so humiliating an account of him-

self? Under what other circumstances could we have believed such a confession?"

"I grant all this, my Prince. That the two apparitions were mere contrivances of art: that the Sicilian has imposed upon us a tale which the Armenian, his master, had previously taught him; that the efforts of both have been directed to the same end, and, from this mutual intelligence, all the wonderful incidents which have astonished us in this adventure, may be easily explained. But the prophecy in the square of St. Mark, that first miracle, which, as it were, opened the door to all the rest, still remains unexplained; and of what use is the key to all his other wonders, if we despair of resolving this single one?"

"Rather invert the proposition, my dear Count," answered the Prince, "and say, what do all these wonders prove, if I can demonstrate that a single one among them is a juggling trick? The prediction, I own, is totally beyond my conception. If it stood alone; if the Armenian had closed the scene with it, instead of beginning it, I confess I do not know how far I might have been carried. But, in the base alloy with which it is mixed, it is certainly rather suspicious. Time may explain, or not explain it; but believe me, my friend!" added the Prince, taking my hand, with a grave countenance—"a man, who can command supernatural powers has no occasion to employ the arts of a juggler; he despises them."

"Thus," says Count O——, "ended a conversation which I have related word for word, because it shows the difficulties which were to be overcome before the Prince could be effectually imposed upon; and I hope it may free his memory from the imputation of having blindly and inconsiderately thrown himself into a snare, which was spread for his destruction, by the most unexampled and diabolical wickedness. Not all," continues Count O——, "who, at the moment I am writing smile contemptuously at the Prince's credulity, and, in the fancied superiority of their own yet untempted understanding, unconditionally condemn him; not all of these, I apprehend, would have stood his first trial so courageously. If afterward, notwithstanding this providential warning, we witness his downfall; if we see that the black design against which, at the very outset, he was thus cautioned, is finally successful, we shall be less inclined to ridicule his weakness, than to be astonished at the infamous ingenuity of a plot which could seduce an understanding so fully prepared. Considerations of worldly interest can have no influence upon my testimony; he, who alone would be thankful for it, is now no more. His dreadful destiny is accomplished; his soul has long since been purified before the throne of truth, where mine will likewise have appeared before these passages meet the eyes of the world. Pardon the involuntary tears which now flow at the remembrance of my dearest friend. But for the sake of justice I must write this. His was a noble character, and would have adorned a throne which, seduced by the most atrocious artifice, he attempted to ascend by the commission of a crime."

BOOK THE SECOND.

"Not long after these events," continues Count O.—, in his narrative, "I began to observe an extraordinary alteration in the disposition of the Prince, which was partly the immediate consequence of the last event, and partly produced by the concurrence of many adventitious circumstances. Hitherto he had avoided every severe trial of his faith, and contented himself with purifying the rude and abstract notions of religion, in which he had been educated, by those more rational ideas upon this subject which forced themselves upon his attention, or comparing the many discordant opinions with each other, without inquiring into the foundations of his faith. Religious subjects, he has many times confessed to me, always appeared to him like an enchanted castle, into which one does not set one's foot without horror, and that they act therefore much the wiser part, who pass it in respectful silence, without exposing themselves to the danger of being bewildered in its labyrinths. A servile and bigoted education was the source of this dread: this had impressed frightful images upon his tender brain, which, during the remainder of his life, he was never able wholly to obliterate. Religious melancholy was an hereditary disorder in his family. The education which he and his brothers had received was calculated to produce it; and the men to whose care they were intrusted, selected with this object, were also either enthusiasts or hypocrites.

"To stifle all the sprightliness of the boy, by a gloomy restraint of his mental faculties, was the only method of securing to themselves the highest approbation of his royal parents. The whole of our Prince's childhood wore a dark and gloomy aspect, mirth was banished even from his amusements. All his ideas of religion were accompanied by some frightful image, and the representations of terror and severity were those which first took hold of his lively imagination, and which the longest retained their empire over it. His God was an object of terror, a being whose occupation is to chastise; and the adoration he paid him, was either slavish fear, or a blind submission which stifled all his energies. In all his youthful propensities, which a vigorous growth and a fine constitution naturally excited to break out with the greater violence, religion stood in his way; it opposed every thing upon which his young heart was bent; he learned to consider it not as a friend, but as the scourge of his passions; so that a silent indignation was gradually kindled against it in his heart, which, together with a bigoted faith and a blind fear, produced an incongruous mixture of feelings, and an abhorrence of a ruler before whom he trembled.

"It is no wonder, therefore, that he took the first opportunity of escaping from so galling a yoke—but he fled from it as a bond-slave who, escaping from his rigorous master, drags along with him a sense of his servitude, even in the midst of freedom; for, as he did not renounce the faith of his earlier years from a deliberate conviction, and did not wait till the maturity and improvement of his reasoning had weaned him from it, but escaped

from it like a fugitive, upon whose person the rights of his master are still in force, so was he obliged, even after his widest separation, to return to it at last. He had escaped with his chain, and for that reason must necessarily become the prey of any one who should discover it, and know how to make use of the discovery. That such a one presented himself, the sequel of this history will prove; most likely the reader has already surmised it.

"The confessions of the Sicilian left a deeper impression upon his mind than they ought, considering the circumstances; and the small victory which his reason had thence gained over this weak imposture, remarkably increased his reliance upon his own powers. The facility with which he had been able to unravel this deception, appeared to have surprised him. Truth and error were not yet so accurately distinguished from each other in his mind, but that he often mistook the arguments which were in favor of the one for those in favor of the other. Thence it arose, that the same blow which destroyed his faith in wonders, made the whole edifice of it totter. In this instance, he fell into the same error as an inexperienced man who has been deceived in love or friendship, because he happened to make a bad choice, and who denies the existence of these sensations, because he takes the occasional exceptions for distinguishing features. The unmasking of a deception made even truth suspicious to him, because he had unfortunately discovered truth by false reasoning.

"This imaginary triumph pleased him in proportion to the magnitude of the oppression from which it seemed to deliver him. From this instant there arose in his mind a skepticism which did not spare even the most sacred objects.

"Many circumstances concurred to encourage, and still more to confirm him in this turn of mind. He now quitted the retirement in which he had hitherto lived, and gave way to a more dissipated mode of life. His rank was discovered; attentions which he was obliged to return, etiquettes for which he was indebted to his rank, drew him imperceptibly within the vortex of the great world. His rank, as well as his personal attractions, opened to him the circles of all the *beaux esprits* in Venice, and he soon found himself on terms of intimacy with the most enlightened persons in the republic, men of learning as well as politicians. This obliged him to enlarge the monotonous and limited circle to which his understanding had hitherto been confined. He began to perceive the poverty and feebleness of his ideas, and to feel the want of more elevated impressions. The old-fashioned turn of his understanding, in spite of the many advantages with which it was accompanied, formed an unpleasant contrast with the current ideas of society; his ignorance of the commonest things frequently exposed him to ridicule, than which he dreaded nothing more. The unfortunate prejudice which attached to his native country, appeared to him a challenge to overcome it in his own person. Besides this, there was a peculiarity in his character; he was offended with every attention that he thought was paid him on account of his rank, rather than his personal qualities. He felt this

humiliation principally in the company of persons who shone by their abilities, and triumphed, as it were, over their birth by their merit. To perceive himself distinguished as a prince, in such a society, was always a deep humiliation to him, because he unfortunately fancied himself excluded by his rank from all competition. These circumstances convinced him of the necessity of cultivating his mind, in order to raise it to a level with the thinking part of the world, from which he had hitherto been so separated; and for that purpose he chose the most modern books, and applied himself to them with all the ardor with which he was accustomed to pursue every object, to which he devoted himself. But the unskillful hand that directed his choice always prompted him to select such as were little calculated to improve either his heart or his reason; besides that, he was influenced by a propensity which rendered every thing irresistible which was *incomprehensible*. He had neither attention nor memory for any thing that was not of that character, and both his reason and his heart remained untouched, while he was filling the vacuities of his brain with confused ideas. The dazzling style of some writers captivated his imagination, while the subtilty of others insnared his reason. Together, they easily took possession of a mind which became the prey of whatever was obtruded upon it with a certain degree of dogmatism. A course of reading, which had been continued with ardor for more than a year, had scarcely enriched him with one benevolent idea, but had filled his head with doubts, which, as a natural consequence with such a character, had almost found an unfortunate road to his heart. In a word, he had entered this labyrinth as a credulous enthusiast, had left it as a skeptic, and at length became a perfect free-thinker.

"Among the circles into which he had been introduced, there was a private society called the Bucentauro, which, under the mask of a noble and rational liberality of sentiment, encouraged the most unbridled licentiousness of manners and opinion. As it enumerated many of the clergy among its members, and could even boast of some cardinals at its head, the Prince was the more easily induced to join it. He thought that certain dangerous truths, which reason discovers, could be nowhere better preserved than in the hands of such persons, whose rank compelled them to moderation, and who had the advantage of hearing and examining the other side of the question. The Prince did not recollect that licentiousness of sentiment and manners takes so much the stronger hold among persons of this rank, inasmuch as they for that reason feel one curb less; and this was the case with the Bucentauro; most of whose members, through an execrable philosophy, and manners worthy of such a guide, were not only a disgrace to their own rank, but even to human nature itself. The society had its secret degrees; and I will believe, for the credit of the Prince, that they never thought him worthy of admission into the inmost sanctuary. Every one who entered this society, was obliged, at least so long as he continued to be a member of it, to lay aside all distinctions arising from

rank, nation, or religion; in short, every general mark or distinction whatever, and to submit himself to the condition of universal equality. To be elected a member was indeed a difficult matter, as superiority of understanding alone paved the way to it. The society boasted of the highest ton and the most cultivated taste, and such indeed was its fame throughout all Venice. This, as well as the appearance of equality which predominated in it, attracted the Prince irresistibly. Sensible conversations, set off by the most admirable humor, instructive amusements, and the flower of the learned and political world, which were all attracted to this point as to their common centre, concealed from him for a long time the danger of this connection. As he by degrees discovered, through its mask, the spirit of the institution, as they grew tired of being any longer on their guard before him, to recede was dangerous, and false shame and anxiety for his safety obliged him to conceal the displeasure he felt. But he already began, merely from familiarity with men of this class and their sentiments, though they did not excite him to imitation, to lose the pure and charming simplicity of his character, and the delicacy of his moral feelings. His understanding, supported by real knowledge, could not, without foreign assistance, solve the fallacious sophisms with which he had been here insnared; and this fatal poison had already destroyed all, or nearly all the basis on which his morality rested. He surrendered the natural and indispensable safeguards of his happiness for sophisms which deserted him at the critical moment, and he was consequently left to the operation of any specious argument which came in his way.

"Perhaps the hand of a friend might yet have been in time to extricate him from this abyss; but, besides that I did not become acquainted with the real character of the Bucentauro till long after the evil had taken place, an urgent circumstance called me away from Venice just at the beginning of this period. Lord Seymour, too, a valuable acquaintance of the Prince's, whose cool understanding was proof against every species of deception, and who would have infallibly been a secure support to him, left us at this time, in order to return to his native country. Those in whose hands I left the Prince were indeed worthy men, but inexperienced, excessively narrow in their religious opinions, deficient in their perception of the evil, and wanting in credit with the Prince. They had nothing to oppose to his captious sophisms, except the maxims of a blind and uninquiring faith, which either irritated him, or excited his ridicule. He saw through them too easily, and his superior reason soon silenced those weak defenders of the good cause, as will be clearly evinced from an instance which I shall introduce in the sequel. Those who, subsequent to this, possessed themselves of his confidence, were much more interested in plunging him deeper into error. When I returned to Venice in the following year, how great a change had already taken place in every thing!

"The influence of this new philosophy soon showed itself in the Prince's conduct. The more

openly he pursued pleasure, and acquired new friends, the more did he lose in the estimation of his old ones. He pleased me less and less every day; we saw each other more seldom, and, indeed, he was seldom accessible. He had launched out into the torrent of the great world. His threshold was eternally thronged when he was at home. Amusements, banquets, and galas followed each other in rapid succession. He was the idol whom every one courted—the great attraction of every circle. In proportion as he in his secluded life had fancied living in society to be difficult, did he to his astonishment find it easy. Every thing met his wishes. Whatever he uttered was admirable, and when he remained silent it was like committing a robbery upon the company. They understood the art of drawing his thoughts insensibly from his soul, and then with a little delicate management to surprise him with them. This happiness, which accompanied him every where, and this universal success, raised him indeed too much in his own ideas, because it gave him too much confidence and too much reliance upon himself.

“The heightened opinion which he thus acquired of his own worth, made him credit the excessive and almost idolatrous adoration that was paid to his understanding; which, but for this increased self-complacency, must have necessarily recalled him from his aberrations. For the present, however, this universal voice was only a confirmation of what his complacent vanity whispered in his ear—a tribute which he felt entitled to by right. He would have infallibly disengaged himself from this snare, had they allowed him to take breath—had they granted him a moment of uninterrupted leisure to compare his real merit with the picture that was exhibited to him in this seducing mirror; but his existence was a continued state of intoxication, a whirl of excitement. The higher he had been elevated, the more difficulty had he to support himself in his elevation. This incessant exertion slowly undermined him—rest had forsaken even his slumbers. His weakness had been discovered, and the passion kindled in his breast turned to good account.

“His worthy attendants soon found, to their cost, that their lord had become a wit. That anxious sensibility, those glorious truths which his heart once embraced with the greatest enthusiasm, now began to be the objects of his ridicule. He revenged himself on the great truths of religion for the oppression which he had so long suffered from misconception. But, since from too true a voice his heart combated the intoxication of his head, there was more of acrimony than of humor in his jests. His disposition began to alter, and caprice to exhibit itself. The most beautiful ornament of his character, his modesty, vanished—parasites had poisoned his excellent heart. That tender delicacy of address which frequently made his attendants forget that he was their lord, now gave place to a decisive and despotic tone, which made the more sensible impression, because it was not founded upon distinction of rank, for the want of which they could have consoled themselves, but upon an arrogant estimation of his own superior merit. When at home, he was attacked by reflections, that seldom made

their appearance in the bustle of company; his own people scarcely ever saw him otherwise than gloomy, peevish, and unhappy, whilst elsewhere a forced vivacity made him the soul of every circle. With the sincerest sorrow did we behold him treading this dangerous path, but in the vortex in which he was involved the feeble voice of friendship was no longer heard, and he was too much intoxicated to understand it.

“Just at the beginning of this epoch, an affair of the greatest consequence required my presence in the court of my sovereign, which I dared not postpone even for the dearest interests of friendship. An invisible hand, the agency of which I did not discover till long afterward, had contrived to derange my affairs, and to spread reports concerning me which I was obliged to contradict by my presence. The parting from the Prince was painful to me, but did not affect him. The ties which united us had been severed for some time, but his fate had awakened all my anxiety: I, on that account, prevailed on the Baron von F—to inform me by letter of every event, which he has done in the most conscientious manner. As I was, for a considerable time, no longer an eyewitness of these events, it will be allowable for me to introduce the Baron von F—in my stead, and to fill up the gap in my narrative by the contents of his letters. Notwithstanding that the representation of my friend F—is not always what I should have given, I would not alter any of his expressions, so that the reader will be enabled to discover the truth with very little trouble.”

LETTER I.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

May 1st

I thank you, my most honored friend, for the permission you have given me to continue in your absence that confidential intercourse with you, which during your stay here formed my greatest pleasure. You must be aware that there is no one here to whom I can venture to open my heart on certain private matters. Whatever you may urge to the contrary, I detest the people here. Since the Prince has become one of them, and since we have lost your society, I feel solitary in the midst of this populous city. Z—— takes it less to heart, and the fair ones of Venice manage to make him forget the mortifications he is compelled to share with me at home. And why should he make himself unhappy? He desires nothing more in the Prince than a master, whom he could also find elsewhere. But I!—you know how deep an interest I feel in our Prince's weal and woe, and how much cause I have for doing so: I have now lived with him sixteen years, and seem to exist only for his sake. As a boy of nine years old I first entered his service, and since that time we have never been separated. I have grown up under his eye—a long intercourse has insensibly attached me more and more to him—I have borne a part in all his adventures, great and small. Until this last unhappy year, I have been accus-

tomed to look upon him in the light of a friend, or of an elder brother—I have basked in his smile as in the sunshine of a summer's day—no cloud hung over my happiness!—and all this must now go to ruin in this unlucky Venice!

Since your departure several changes have taken place in our establishment. The prince of — arrived here last week, with a numerous and brilliant retinue, and has caused a new and tumultuous life in our circle. As he is so nearly related to our Prince, and as they are moreover at present upon pretty good terms, they will be very little apart during his sojourn, which I hear is to last until after the feast of the Ascension. A good beginning has already been made; for the last ten days our Prince has hardly had time to breathe. The Prince of — has all along been living in a very expensive way, which was excusable in him, as he will soon take his departure; but the worst of the business is that he has inoculated our Prince with his extravagance, because he could not well withdraw himself from his company, and, in the peculiar relation which exists between the two houses, thought it incumbent upon himself to assert the dignity of his own. We shall, moreover, depart from Venice in a few weeks, which will relieve the Prince from the necessity of continuing for any length of time this extraordinary expenditure.

The Prince of —, it is reported, is here on business of the — order, in which he imagines that he plays an important part. That he has taken advantage of all the acquaintances of our Prince, you may readily imagine. He has been introduced with distinguished honor into the society of the Bucentauro, as he is pleased to consider himself a wit, and a man of great genius, and allows himself to be styled in his correspondence which he keeps up throughout all parts of the world, the "Prince philosophique." I do not know whether you have ever had the pleasure of meeting him. He displays a promising exterior, piercing eyes, a countenance full of expression, much show of reading, much acquired naturalness (if I may be allowed the expression), joined to a princely condescension toward the human race, a large amount of confidence in himself, and an eloquence which talks down all opposition. Who could refuse to pay homage to such splendid qualities in a "Royal Highness"? But to what advantage the quiet and sterling worth of our Prince will appear, when contrasted with these dazzling accomplishments, the event must show.

In the arrangement of our establishment, various and important changes have taken place. We have rented a new and magnificent house opposite the new Procuracy, because the lodging at the Moor Hotel became too confined for the Prince. Our suite has been augmented by twelve persons, pages, Moors, guards, &c. During your stay here, you complained of unnecessary expense—you should see us now!

Our internal arrangements remain the same as of old, except that the Prince, no longer held in check by your presence, is, if possible, more reserved and distant toward us than ever; we see very little of him, except while dressing or undressing him. Under the pretext that we speak

the French language very badly, and the Italian not at all, he has found means to exclude us from most of his entertainments, which to me personally is not a very great grievance; but I believe I know the true reason of it—he is ashamed of us: and this hurts me, for we have not deserved it of him.

As you wish to know all our minor affairs, I must tell you, that of all his attendants, the Prince almost exclusively employs Biondello, whom he took into his service, as you will recollect, on the disappearance of his huntsman, and who, in his new mode of life, has become quite indispensable to him. This man knows Venice thoroughly, and turns every thing to some account. It is as though he had a thousand eyes, and could set a thousand hands in motion at once. This he accomplishes, as he says, by the help of the gondoliers. To the Prince he renders himself very useful by making him acquainted with all the strange faces that present themselves at his assemblies, and the private information he gives his highness has always proved to be correct. Besides this, he speaks and writes both Italian and French excellently, and has in consequence already risen to be the Prince's secretary. I must, however, relate to you an instance of fidelity in him which is rarely found among people of his station. The other day, a merchant of good standing from Rimini requested an audience of the Prince. The object of his visit was an extraordinary complaint concerning Biondello. The Procurator, his former master, who must have been rather an odd fellow, had lived in irreconcilable enmity with his relations; this enmity he wished if possible to continue even after his death. Biondello possessed his entire confidence, and was the repository of all his secrets; while on his death-bed, he obliged him to swear that he would keep them inviolably, and would never disclose them for the benefit of his relations; a handsome legacy was to be the reward of his silence. When the deceased Procurator's will was opened, and his papers inspected, many blanks and irregularities were found, to which Biondello alone could furnish a key. He persisted in denying that he knew any thing about it, gave up his very handsome legacy to the heirs, and kept his secrets to himself. Large offers were made to him by the relations, but all in vain; at length, in order to escape from their importunities and their threats of legally prosecuting him, he entered the service of the Prince. The merchant, who was the chief heir, now applied to the Prince, and made larger offers than before, if Biondello would alter his determination. But even the persuasions of the Prince were fruitless. He admitted that secrets of consequence had really been confided to him; he did not deny that the deceased had perhaps carried his enmity toward his relations too far; but, added he, he was my dear master and benefactor, and died with a firm belief in my integrity. I was the only friend he had left in the world, and will therefore never prove myself unworthy of his confidence. At the same time, he hinted that the avowals they wished him to make would not tend to the honor of the deceased. Was not that acting nobly and delicately? You may easily imagine that the Prince did not renew his endeavors

to shake so praiseworthy a determination. The extraordinary fidelity which he has shown toward his deceased master, has procured him the unlimited confidence of his present one!

Farewell, my dear friend. How I sigh for the quiet life we led when first you came amongst us, for the stillness of which your society so agreeably indemnified us. I fear my happy days in Venice are over, and shall be glad if the same remark does not also apply to the Prince. The element in which he now lives is not calculated to render him permanently happy, or my sixteen years' experience has deceived me.

LETTER II.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

May 18th.

I should never have thought that our stay at Venice would have been productive of any good consequences. It has been the means of saving a man's life, and I am reconciled to it.

Some few evenings ago the Prince was being carried home, late at night, from the Bucentauro; two domestics, of whom Biondello was one, accompanied him. By some accident it happened that the sedan, which had been hired in haste, broke down, and the Prince was obliged to proceed the remainder of the way on foot. Biondello walked in front; their course lay through several dark, retired streets, and, as daybreak was at hand, the lamps were either burning dimly or had gone out altogether. They had proceeded about a quarter of an hour, when Biondello discovered that he had lost his way. The similarity of the bridges had deceived him, and, instead of crossing that of St. Mark, they found themselves in Sestiere di Castello. It was in a by-street, and not a soul was stirring; they were obliged to turn back, in order to gain a main street by which to set themselves right. They had proceeded but a few paces when they heard cries of "murder" in a neighboring street. With his usual determined courage, the Prince, unarmed as he was, snatched a stick from one of his attendants, and rushed forward in the direction whence the sound came. Three ruffianly looking fellows were just about to assassinate a man, who with his companion was feebly defending himself; the Prince appeared just in time to arrest the fatal blow. The voices of the Prince and his followers alarmed the murderers, who did not expect any interruption in so lonely a place; after inflicting a few slight wounds with their daggers, they abandoned their victim and took to their heels. Exhausted with the unequal combat, the wounded man sunk half fainting into the arms of the Prince; his companion informed my master, that the man whose life he had saved was the Marquis Civitella, a nephew of the Cardinal A——i. As the Marquis's wounds bled freely, Biondello acted as surgeon, to the best of his ability, and the Prince took care to have him conveyed to the palace of his uncle, which was near at hand, and whither he himself accompanied him. This done, he left the house without revealing his name.

This, however, was discovered by a servant who had recognized Biondello. Already on the following morning, the cardinal, an old acquaintance from the Bucentauro, waited upon the Prince. The interview lasted an hour; the Cardinal was much moved; tears stood in his eyes when they parted; the Prince, too, was affected. The same evening a visit was paid to the sick man, of whose case the surgeon gives a very favorable report; the mantle in which he was wrapped had rendered the thrusts unsteady, and weakened their force. Since this event not a day has passed without the Prince's paying a visit at the Cardinal's, or receiving one from him, and a close intimacy has begun to exist between him and the Cardinal's family.

The Cardinal is a venerable man of sixty, with a majestic aspect, but full of gayety and good health. He is said to be the richest prelate throughout all the dominions of the republic. He is reported to manage his immense fortune in a very liberal manner, and, although prudently economical, to despise none of the joys of this life. This nephew, who is his sole heir, is not always on the best of terms with his uncle. For, although the Cardinal is any thing but an enemy to youthful pleasures, the conduct of the nephew must exhaust the utmost tolerance. His loose principles and dissipated manner of living, aided unhappily by all the attractions which can make vice tempting, and excite sensuality, have rendered him the terror of all fathers, and the bane of all husbands; this last attack also was said to have been caused by an intrigue he had begun with the wife of the —— Ambassador, without speaking of other serious broils from which the power and the money of the Cardinal could scarcely extricate him. But for this, the Cardinal would be the happiest man in Italy, for he possesses every thing that can make life agreeable; but by this one domestic misfortune all the gifts of fortune are annulled, and the enjoyment of his wealth is embittered to the Cardinal, by the continual fear of finding nobody to inherit it.

The whole of this information I have obtained from Biondello. The Prince has found in this man a real treasure. Every day he becomes more indispensable, and we are continually discovering in him some new talent. Some days ago the Prince felt feverish and could not sleep; the night-lamp was extinguished, and all his ringing failed to arouse the valet-de-chambre, who had gone to sleep out of the house with an operadancer. At length the Prince determined to rouse himself, and to rouse one of his people. He had not proceeded far, when a strain of delicious melody met his ear. Like one enchanted, he followed the sound, and found Biondello in his room playing upon the flute, with his fellow-servants assembled round him. The Prince could hardly believe his senses, and commanded him to proceed. With a surprising degree of facility he began to vary a touching adagio air with some fine extempore variations, which he executed with all the taste of a virtuoso. The Prince, who, as you know, is a judge of music, says that he might play with confidence in the finest choir in Italy.

"I must dismiss this man," said he to me next

morning, "for I am unable to reward him according to his merits." Biondello, who had overheard these words, came forward. "If you dismiss me, gracious Prince," you deprive me of my best reward."

"You are born to something better than to serve," answered my master. "I must not stand in the way of your fortune."

"Do not press upon me any better fortune, gracious Sir, than that which I have chosen for myself."

"To neglect talent like yours—No! I can never permit it."

"Then permit me, gracious Sir, sometimes to exercise it in your presence."

Preparations were immediately made for carrying this proposition into effect. Biondello had a room assigned to him next the apartment of the Prince, so that he can lull him to sleep with his strains, and wake him in the same manner. The Prince wished to double his salary, but Biondello declined, requesting that this intended boon should be retained in his master's hands as a capital of which he might some day wish to avail himself. The Prince expects that he will soon come to ask a favor at his hands; and whatever it may be, it is granted beforehand. Farewell, dearest friend. I am waiting with impatience for tidings from K——n.

LETTER III.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

June 4th.

The Marquis of Civitella, who is now entirely recovered from his wounds, was last week introduced to the Prince by his uncle the Cardinal, and since then he has followed him like his shadow. Biondello cannot have told me the truth respecting this Marquis, or at any rate his account must be greatly exaggerated. His mien is highly engaging, and his manners irresistibly winning. It is impossible to be out of humor with him; the first sight of him has disarmed me. Imagine a man of the most enchanting figure, with corresponding grace and dignity, a countenance full of thought and genius, an expression frank and inviting; a persuasive tone of voice, the most flowing eloquence, and a glow of youthful beauty, joined to all the advantages of a most liberal education. He has none of that contemptuous pride, none of that solemn starchiness, which we disliked so much in all the other nobles. His whole being is redolent of youthful joyousness, benevolence, and warmth of feeling. His excesses must have been much exaggerated; I never saw a more perfect picture of health. If he is really so wholly abandoned as Biondello represents him, he is a siren whom none can resist.

Toward me he behaved with much frankness. He confessed with the most pleasing sincerity, that he was by no means on the best of terms with his uncle the Cardinal, and that it was his own fault. But he was seriously resolved to amend his life, and the merit would be entirely the Prince's. At the same time, he hoped through

his instrumentality to be reconciled to his uncle, as the Prince's influence with the Cardinal was unbounded. The only thing he had wanted, till now, was a friend and a guide, and he trusted he should find both in the person of the Prince.

The Prince has now assumed the authority of a preceptor toward him, and treats him with all the watchfulness and strictness of a Mentor. But this intimacy also gives the Marquis a certain degree of influence, of which he well knows how to avail himself. He hardly stirs from his side; he is present at all parties where the Prince is one of the guests; for the Bucentauro alone he is fortunately as yet too young. Wherever he appears in public with the Prince, he manages to draw him away from the rest of the company, by the pleasing manner in which he engages him in conversation and arrests his attention. Nobody, they say, has yet been able to reclaim him, and the Prince will deserve to be immortalized in an epic, should he accomplish such an Herculean task. I am much afraid, however, that the tables may be turned, and the guide be led away by the pupil, of which, in fact, there seems to be every prospect.

The Prince of —— has taken his departure, much to the satisfaction of us all, my master not excepted. What I predicted, my dear O——, has come to pass. Two characters so widely opposed must inevitably clash together, and cannot maintain a good understanding for any length of time. The Prince of —— had not been long in Venice before a terrible schism took place in the intellectual world, which threatened to deprive our Prince of one-half of his admirers. Wherever he went he was crossed by this rival, who possessed exactly the requisite amount of small cunning to avail himself of every little advantage he gained. As he besides never scrupled to make use of any petty manœuvres to increase his consequence, he in a short time drew all the weak-minded of the community on his side, and shone at the head of a company of parasites worthy of such a leader.* The wiser course would certainly have been, not to enter into competition at all with an adversary of this description, and a few months back this is the part which the Prince would have taken. But now he has launched too far into the stream easily to regain the shore. These trifles have, perhaps by the circumstances in which he is placed, acquired a certain degree of importance in his eyes, and had he even despised them, his pride would not have allowed him to retire at a moment when his yielding would have been looked upon less as a voluntary act, than as a confession of inferiority. Added to this, an unlucky revival of forgotten satirical speeches had taken place; and the spirit of rivalry which took possession of his followers had affected the Prince himself. In order, therefore, to maintain that position in society, which public opinion had now assigned him, he deemed it advisable to

* The harsh judgment which Baron F—— (both here and in some passages of his first letter) pronounced upon this talented Prince, will be found exaggerated by every one who has the good fortune to be acquainted with him, and must be attributed to the prejudiced views of the young observer.—*Note of the Count von O——.*

seize every possible opportunity of display and of increasing the number of his admirers; but, this could only be effected by the most princely expenditure; he was, therefore, eternally giving feasts, entertainments, and expensive concerts, making costly presents, and playing high. As this strange madness, moreover, had also infected the Prince's retinue, who are generally much more punctilious in respect to what they deem "the honor of the family," than their masters, the Prince was obliged to assist the zeal of his followers by his liberality. Here, then, is a whole catalogue of ills, all irremediable consequences of a sufficiently excusable weakness, to which the Prince, in an unguarded moment, gave way!

We have, it is true, got rid of our rival, but the harm he has done will not so soon be remedied. The finances of the Prince are exhausted; all that he had saved by the wise economy of years is spent; and he must hasten from Venice, if he would escape plunging into debt, which till now he has most scrupulously avoided. It is decisively settled that we leave as soon as fresh remittances arrive.

I should not have minded all this splendor if the Prince had but reaped the least real satisfaction from it. But he was never less happy than at present! He feels that he is not what he formerly was—he seeks to regain his self-respect—he is dissatisfied with himself, and launches into fresh dissipation, in order to drown the recollection of the last. One new acquaintance follows another, and each involves him more deeply. I know not where this will end. We must away—there is no other chance of safety—we must away from Venice.

But, my dear friend, I have not yet received a single line from you! How am I to interpret this long and obstinate silence?

LETTER IV.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

June 12th.

I thank you, my dear friend, for the token of your remembrance which young B——hl brought me. But what is it you say about letters I ought to have received? I have received no letter from you; not a single line. What a circuitous route must they have taken! In future, dear O——, when you honor me with an epistle, dispatch it *via* Trent, under cover to the Prince, my master.

We have at length been compelled, my dear friend, to resort to a measure which till now we had so happily avoided. Our remittances have failed to arrive—failed, for the first time, in this pressing emergency, and we have been obliged to have recourse to a usurer, as the Prince is willing to pay handsomely to keep the affair secret. The worst of this disagreeable occurrence is, that it retards our departure. On this affair the Prince and I have had an explanation. The whole transaction had been arranged by Biondello, and the son of Israel was there before I had any suspicion of the fact. It grieved me to the heart to see the

Prince reduced to such an extremity, and revived all my recollections of the past and fears for the future, and I suppose I may have looked rather sorrowful and gloomy when the usurer left the room. The Prince, whom the foregoing scene had left in not the happiest frame of mind, was pacing angrily up and down the room; the rouleaus of gold were still lying on the table; I stood at the window counting the panes of glass in the procurator's house opposite. There was a long pause. At length the Prince broke silence. "F——!" he began, "I cannot bear to see dismal faces about me."

I remained silent.

"Why do you not answer me? Do I not perceive that your heart is almost bursting to vent some of its vexation? I insist on your speaking, otherwise you will begin to fancy that you are keeping some terribly momentous secret."

"If I am gloomy, gracious sir," replied I, "it is only because I do not see you cheerful."

"I know," continued he, "that you have been dissatisfied with me for some time past—that you disapprove of every step I take—that—what does Count O——say in his letters?"

"Count O——has not written to me."

"Not written? Why do you deny it? You keep up a confidential correspondence together, you and the Count; I am quite aware of that. Come, you may confess it, for I have no wish to pry into your secrets."

"Count O——," replied I, "has not yet answered any of the three letters which I have written to him."

"I have done wrong," continued he; "don't you think so?" (taking up one of the rouleaus) "I should not have done this?"

"I see that it was necessary."

"I ought not to have reduced myself to such a necessity?"

I did not answer.

"Oh, of course! I ought never to have indulged my wishes, but have grown gray in the same dull manner in which I was brought up! Because I once venture a step beyond the drear monotony of my past life, and look around me, to see whether there be not some new source of enjoyment in store for me—because I——"

"If it was but a trial, gracious sir, I have no more to say; for the experience you have gained would not be dearly bought at three times the price it has cost. It grieves me, I confess, to think that the opinion of the world should be concerned in determining the question—how you are to choose your own happiness."

"It is well for you that you can afford to despise the world's opinion," replied he; "I am its creature, I must be its slave. What are we princes but opinion? With us it is every thing. Public opinion is our nurse and preceptor in infancy, our oracle and idol in riper years, our staff in old age. Take from us what we derive from the opinion of the world, and the poorest of the humblest class is in a better position than we, for his fate has taught him a lesson of philosophy which enables him to bear it. But a prince who laughs at the world's opinion destroys himself; like the priest who denies the existence of a God."

"And yet, gracious Prince——"

"I see what you would say; I can break through the circle which my birth has drawn around me. But can I also eradicate from my memory all the false impressions which education and early habit have implanted, and which a hundred thousand fools have been continually laboring to impress more and more firmly? Every body naturally wishes to be what he is in perfection: in short, the whole aim of a prince's existence is TO APPEAR HAPPY. If we cannot be happy after your fashion, is that any reason why we should discard all other means of happiness, and not be happy at all? If we cannot drink of joy pure from the fountain head, can there be any reason why we should not beguile ourselves with artificial pleasure—nay, even be content to accept a sorry substitute from the very hand that robs us of the higher boon?"

"You were wont to look for this compensation in your own heart."

"But if I no longer find it there?—Oh, how came we to fall on this subject? Why did you revive these recollections in me? I had recourse to this tumult of the senses in order to stifle an inward voice, which embitters my whole life—in order to lull to rest this inquisitive reason, which, like a sharp sickle, moves to and fro in my brain, at each new research lopping off another branch of my happiness!"

"My dearest Prince!"—He had risen, and was pacing up and down the room in unusual agitation.*

"When every thing gives way before me and behind me—when the past lies in the distance in dreary monotony, like a city of the dead—when the future offers me nought—when I see my whole being inclosed within the narrow circle of the present—who can blame me if I clasp this niggardly present of time in my arms with fiery eagerness, as though it were a friend whom I was embracing for the last time? Oh, I have learned to value the present moment! The present moment is our mother—let us love it as such!"

"Gracious sir, you were wont to believe in a more lasting good."

"Do but make the enchantment last, and fervently will I embrace it. But what pleasure can it give to me to render beings happy who to-morrow will have passed away like myself? Is not every thing passing away around me? Each one bustles and pushes his neighbor aside hastily to catch a few drops from the fountain of life, and then departs thirsting. At this very moment, while I am rejoicing in my strength, some being

is waiting to start into life at my dissolution. Show me one being who will endure, and I will become a virtuous man."

"But what then has become of those benevolent sentiments which used to be the joy and the rule of your life? To sow seeds for the future, to assist in carrying out the designs of a high and eternal providence——"

"Future! eternal providence!—If you take away from man all that he derives from his own heart, all that he associates with the idea of a Godhead, and all that belongs to the law of nature,—what then do you leave him?"

"What has already happened to me, and what may still follow, I look upon as two black impenetrable curtains hanging over the two extremities of human life, and which no mortal has ever yet drawn aside. Many hundred generations have stood before the second of these curtains, casting the light of their torches upon its folds, speculating and guessing as to what it may conceal. Many have beheld themselves, in the magnified image of their passions, reflected upon the curtain which hides futurity from their gaze, and have turned away shuddering from their own shadows. Poets, philosophers, and statesmen, have painted their fancies on the curtain, in brighter or more sombre colors, according as their own prospects were bright or gloomy. Many a juggler has also taken advantage of the universal curiosity, and by well-managed deceptions led astray the excited imagination. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one who passes beyond it answers any questions; all the reply is an empty echo, like the sound yielded by a vault. Sooner or later, all must go behind this curtain, and they approach it with fear and trembling, in doubt who may be waiting there behind to receive them; *quid sit id, quod tantum morituri vident*. There have been infidels who asserted that this curtain only deluded mankind, and that we saw nothing behind it, because there was nothing there to see; but, to convince them, they were quickly sent behind it themselves."

"It was, indeed, a rash conclusion," said I, "if they had no better ground for it than that they saw nothing themselves."

"You see, my dear friend, I am modest enough not to wish to look behind this curtain, and the wisest course will doubtless be, to abstain from all curiosity. But while I draw this impassable circle around me, and confine myself within the bounds of present existence, this small point of time, which I was in danger of neglecting in useless researches, becomes the more important to me. What you call the chief end and aim of my existence concerns me no longer. I cannot escape my destiny; I cannot promote its consummation; but I know, and firmly believe, that I am here to accomplish some end, and that I do accomplish it. But the means which nature has chosen to fulfill my destiny are so much the more sacred to me—to me it is every thing—my morality, my happiness. All the rest I shall never learn. I am like a messenger who carries a sealed letter to its place of destination. What the letter contains is indifferent to him—his business is only to earn his fee for carrying it."

* I have endeavored, dearest O——, to relate to you this remarkable conversation exactly as it occurred; but this I found impossible, although I sat down to write it the evening of the day it took place. In order to assist my memory, I was obliged to transpose the observation of the Prince, and thus this compound of a conversation and a philosophical lecture, which is, in some respects, better, and in others worse, than the source from which I took it, arose; but I assure you that I have rather omitted some of the Prince's words than ascribed to him any of my own; all that is mine is the arrangement, and a few observations, whose ownership you will easily recognize by their stupidity.—*Note of the Baron von F——.*

"Alas!" said I, "how poor a thing you would leave me!"

"But in what a labyrinth have we lost ourselves!" exclaimed the Prince, looking with a smile at the table on which the rouleaus lay. "After all perhaps not far from the mark," continued he; "you will now no doubt understand my reasons for this new mode of life. I could not so suddenly tear myself away from my fancied wealth, could not so readily separate the props of my morality and happiness from the pleasing dream with which every thing within me was so closely bound up. I longed for the frivolity which seems to render the existence of most of those about me endurable to themselves. Every thing which precluded reflection was welcome to me. Shall I confess it to you? I wished to lower myself, in order to destroy this source of my griefs, by deadening the power of reflection."

Here we were interrupted by a visit. In my next I shall have to communicate to you a piece of news, which from the tenor of a conversation like the one of to-day, you would scarcely have anticipated.

LETTER V.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

As the time of our departure from Venice is now approaching with rapid steps, this week was to be devoted to seeing every thing worthy of notice in pictures and public edifices; a task which, when one intends making a long stay in a place is always delayed till the last moment.

The Marriage at Cana, by Paul Veronese, which is to be seen in a Benedictine convent in the island of St. George, was in particular mentioned to us in high terms. Do not expect me to give you a description of this extraordinary work of art, which, on the whole, made a very surprising, but not equally pleasing, impression on me. We should have required as many hours as we had minutes to study a composition of one hundred and twenty figures, upon a ground twenty feet broad. What human eye is capable of grasping so complicated a whole, or at once to enjoy all the beauty which the artist has every where lavished upon it! It is, however, to be lamented, that a work of so much merit, which, if exhibited in some public place, would command the admiration of every one, should be destined merely to ornament the refectory of a few monks. The church of the monastery is no less worthy of admiration, being one of the finest in the whole city. Toward evening we went in a gondola to the Guidecca, in order to spend the pleasant hours of evening in its charming garden. Our party, which was not very numerous, soon dispersed in various directions; and Civitella, who had been waiting all day for an opportunity of speaking to me privately, took me aside into an arbor.

"You are a friend of the Prince," he began, "from whom he is accustomed to keep no secrets, as I know from very good authority. As I entered his hotel to-day, I met a man coming out, whose occupation is well known to me, and when

I entered the room, the Prince's brow was clouded." I wished to interrupt him—"You cannot deny it," continued he; "I knew the man, I looked at him well. And is it possible that the Prince should have a friend in Venice—a friend who owes his life to him, and yet be reduced on an emergency to make use of such creatures?"

"Tell me frankly, Baron! Is the Prince in difficulties? It is in vain you strive to conceal it from me. What! you refuse to tell me! I can easily learn from one who would sell any secret for gold."

"My good Marquis—"

"Pardon me! I must appear intrusive, in order not to be ungrateful. To the Prince I am indebted for life, and, what is still more, for a reasonable use of it. Shall I stand idly by, and see him take steps which, besides being inconvenient to him, are beneath his dignity? Shall I feel it in my power to assist him, and hesitate for a moment to step forward?"

"The Prince," replied I, "is not in difficulties. Some remittances which we expected *via* Trent have not yet arrived, most likely either by accident, or because not feeling certain whether he had not already left Venice, they waited for a communication from him. This has now been done, and until their arrival—"

Civitella shook his head. "Do not mistake my motive," said he; "in this there can be no question as to diminishing the extent of my obligations toward the Prince, which all my uncle's wealth would be insufficient to cancel. My object is simply to spare him a few unpleasant moments. My uncle possesses a large fortune, which I can command as freely as though it were my own. A fortunate circumstance occurs, which enables me to avail myself of the only means by which I can possibly be of the slightest use to your master. I know," continued he, "how much delicacy the Prince possesses, but the feeling is mutual, and it would be noble on his part to afford me this slight gratification, were it only to make me appear to feel less heavily the load of obligation under which I labor."

He continued to urge his request, until I had pledged my word to assist him to the utmost of my ability. I knew the Prince's character, and had but small hopes of success. The Marquis promised to agree to any conditions the Prince might impose, but added, that it would deeply wound him to be regarded in the light of a stranger.

In the heat of our conversation we had strayed far away from the rest of the company, and were returning, when Z—— came to meet us.

"I am in search of the Prince," he cried; "is he not with you?"

"We were just going to him," was our reply, "We thought to find him with the rest of the party."

"The company is all together, but he is nowhere to be found. I cannot imagine how we lost sight of him."

It now occurred to Civitella that he might have gone to look at the adjoining church, which had a short time before attracted his attention. We

immediately went to look for him there. As we approached, we found Biondello waiting in the porch. On coming nearer, we saw the Prince emerge hastily from a side door; his countenance was flushed, and he looked anxiously round for Biondello, whom he called. He seemed to be giving him very particular instructions for the execution of some commission, while his eyes continued constantly fixed on the church door, which had remained open. Biondello hastened into the church. The Prince, without perceiving us, passed through the crowd, and went back to his party, which he reached before us.

We resolved to sup in an open pavilion of the garden, where the Marquis had, without our knowledge, arranged a little concert, which was quite first-rate. There was a young singer in particular, whose delicious voice and charming figure excited general admiration. Nothing, however, seemed to make an impression on the Prince; he spoke little, and gave confused answers to our questions; his eyes were anxiously fixed in the direction from whence he expected Biondello; and he seemed much agitated. Civitella asked him what he thought of the church; he was unable to give any description of it. Some beautiful pictures, which rendered the church remarkable, were spoken of; the Prince had not noticed them. We perceived that our questions annoyed him, and therefore discontinued them. Hour after hour rolled on, and still Biondello returned not. The Prince could no longer conceal his impatience; he rose from table, and paced alone, with rapid strides, up and down a retired walk. Nobody could imagine what had happened to him. I did not venture to ask him the reason of so remarkable a change in his demeanor; I have for some time past resigned my former place in his confidence. It was, therefore, with the utmost impatience that I awaited the return of Biondello to explain this riddle to me.

It was past ten o'clock when he made his appearance. The tidings he brought did not make the Prince more communicative. He returned in an ill-humor to the company, the gondola was ordered, and we returned home.

During the remainder of that evening I could find no opportunity of speaking to Biondello, and was, therefore, obliged to retire to my pillow with my curiosity unsatisfied. The Prince had dismissed us early, but a thousand reflections flitted across my brain, and kept me awake. For a long time I could hear him pacing up and down his room; at length sleep overcame me. Late at midnight I was awakened by a voice, and I felt a hand passed across my face; I opened my eyes, and saw the Prince standing at my bedside, with a lamp in his hand. He told me he was unable to sleep, and begged me to keep him company through the night. I was going to dress myself, but he told me to stay where I was, and seated himself at my bedside.

"Something has happened to me, to-day," he began, "the impression of which will never be effaced from my soul. I left you, as you know, to see the — church, respecting which Civitella had raised my curiosity, and which had already attracted my attention. As neither you nor he

were at hand, I walked the short distance alone, and ordered Biondello to wait for me at the door. The church was quite empty; a dim and solemn light surrounded me as I entered, from the blazing sultry day without. I stood alone in the spacious building, throughout which there reigned the stillness of the grave. I placed myself in the centre of the church, and gave myself up to the feelings which the sight was calculated to produce; by degrees, the grand proportions of this majestic building expanded to my gaze, and I stood wrapped in deep and pleasing contemplation. Above me, the evening bell was tolling; its tones died softly away in the aisles, and found an echo in my heart. Some altar-pieces at a distance attracted my attention. I approached to look at them; unconsciously I had wandered through one side of the church, and was now standing at the opposite end. Here, a few steps raised round a pillar, led into a little chapel, containing several small altars, with statues of saints in the niches above them. On entering the chapel on the right, I heard a whispering, as though some one near me was speaking in a low voice. I turned toward the spot whence the sound proceeded, and saw before me a female form. No! I cannot describe to you the beauty of this form. My first feeling was one of awe, which, however, soon gave place to ravishing surprise."

"But this figure, your Highness? Are you certain that it was something living, something real, and not perhaps a picture, or an illusion of your fancy?"

"Hear me further. It was a lady. Surely, till that moment, I have never seen her sex in its full perfection! All around was sombre; the setting sun shone through a single window into the chapel, and its rays rested upon her figure. With inexpressible grace, half kneeling, half lying, she was stretched before an altar;—one of the most striking, most lovely, and picturesque objects in all nature. Her dress was of black moreen, fitting tightly to her slender waist and beautifully-formed arms, the skirts spreading around her, like a Spanish robe; her long, light-colored hair was divided into two broad plaits, which, apparently from their own weight, had escaped from under her veil, and flowed in charming disorder down her back. One of her hands grasped the crucifix, and her head rested gracefully upon the other. But, where shall I find words to describe to you the angelic beauty of her countenance, in which the charms of a seraph seemed displayed. The setting sun shone full upon her face, and its golden beams seemed to surround it, as with a glory. Can you recall to your mind the Madonna of our Florentine painter? She was here personified, even to those few deviations from the studied costume, which so powerfully, so irresistibly attracted me in the picture."

With regard to the Madonna, of whom the Prince spoke, the case is this:—Shortly after your departure, he made the acquaintance of a Florentine painter, who had been summoned to Venice, to paint an altar-piece for some church, the name of which I do not recollect. He had brought with him three paintings, which had been intended for the gallery in the Cornari palace.

They consisted of a Madonna, a Heloise, and a Venus, very lightly appareled. All three were of great beauty; and, although the subjects were quite different, they were so intrinsically equal, that it seemed almost impossible to determine which to prefer. The Prince alone did not hesitate for a moment. As soon as the pictures were placed before him, the Madonna absorbed his whole attention; in the two others, he admired the painter's genius—but in this, he forgot the artist and his art, his whole soul being absorbed in the contemplation of the work. He was quite moved, and could scarcely tear himself away from it. We could easily see, by the artist's countenance, that in his heart he coincided with the Prince's judgment; he obstinately refused to separate the pictures, and demanded fifteen hundred zechins for the three. The Prince offered him half that sum for the Madonna alone, but in vain. The artist insisted on his first demand, and who knows what might have been the result if a ready purchaser had not stepped forward. Two hours afterward, all three pictures were sold, and we never saw them again. It was this Madonna which now recurred to the Prince's mind.

"I stood," continued he, "gazing at her in silent admiration. She did not observe me; my arrival did not disturb her, so completely was she absorbed in her devotion. She prayed to her Deity, and I prayed to her—yes, I adored her!—All the pictures of saints, all the altars and the burning tapers around me, had failed to remind me of what now for the first time burst upon me, that I was in a sacred place. Shall I confess it to you? In that moment I believed firmly in Him, whose image was clasped in her beautiful hand. I read in her eyes that he answered her prayers. Thanks be to her charming devotion, it had revealed Him to me. I wandered with her through all the paradise of prayer.

"She rose, and I recollected myself. I stepped aside, confused; but the noise I made in moving discovered me. I thought that the unexpected presence of a man might alarm, that my boldness would offend her; but neither of these feelings were expressed in the look with which she regarded me. Peace, benign peace, was portrayed in her countenance, and a cheerful smile played upon her lips. She was descending from her heaven—and I was the first happy mortal who met her benevolent look. Her mind was still wrapt in her concluding prayer—she had not yet come in contact with earth.

"I now heard something stir in the opposite corner of the chapel. It was an elderly lady, who rose from a cushion close behind me. Till now I had not observed her. She had been distant only a few steps from me, and must have seen my every motion. This confused me. I cast my eyes to the earth, and both the ladies passed by me."

On this last point I thought myself able to console the Prince.

"Strange," continued he, after a long silence, "that there should be something which one has never known—never missed; and that yet, on a sudden, one should seem to live and breathe for

that alone! Can one single moment so completely metamorphose a human being? It would now be as impossible for me to indulge in the wishes, or enjoy the pleasures of yesterday, as it would be to return to the toys of my childhood; and all this since I have seen this object, which lives and rules in the inmost recesses of my soul. It seems to say that I can love nothing else, and that nothing else in this world can produce an impression upon me."

"But consider, gracious Prince," said I, "the excitable mood you were in, when this apparition surprised you, and how all the circumstances conspired to inflame your imagination. Quitting the dazzling light of day, and the busy throng of men, you were suddenly surrounded by twilight and repose. You confess that you had quite given yourself up to those solemn emotions which the majesty of the place was calculated to awaken—the contemplation of fine works of art had rendered you more susceptible to the impressions of beauty in any form. You supposed yourself alone—when you saw a maiden, who, I will readily allow, may have been very beautiful, and whose charms were heightened by a favorable illumination of the setting sun, a graceful attitude, and an expression of fervent devotion—what is more natural than that your vivid fancy should look upon such a form as something supernaturally perfect?"

"Can the imagination give what it never received?" replied he. "In the whole range of my fancy, there is nothing which I can compare with that image. It is impressed on my mind distinctly and vividly as in the moment when I beheld it. I can think of nothing but that picture—but you might offer me whole worlds for it in vain."

"My gracious Prince, this is love."

"Must the sensation which makes me happy necessarily have a name? Love! Do not degrade my feeling by giving it a name, which is so often misapplied by the weak-minded. Who ever felt before what I do now? Such a being never before existed; how then can the name be admitted before the emotion which it is meant to express? Mine is a novel and peculiar feeling, connected only with this being, and capable of being applied to her alone. Love! From love I am secure!"

"You sent away Biondello, no doubt, to follow in the steps of these strangers, and to make inquiries concerning them? What news did he bring you?"

"Biondello discovered nothing; or, at least, as good as nothing. An aged, respectably dressed man, who looked more like a citizen than a servant, came to conduct them to their gondola. A number of poor people placed themselves in a row, and quitted her, apparently well satisfied. Biondello said, he saw one of her hands, which was ornamented with several precious stones. She spoke a few words, which Biondello could not comprehend, to her companion; he says it was Greek. As she had some distance to walk to the canal, the people began to throng together, attracted by the strangeness of her appearance. Nobody knew her—but beauty seems born to rule. All made way for her, in a respectful manner. She let fall a black veil, that covered

half of her person, over her face, and hastened into the gondola. Along the whole Guidecca, Biondello managed to keep the boat in view, but the crowd prevented his following it further."

"But surely he took notice of the gondolier, so as to be able to recognize him again."

"He has undertaken to find out the gondolier. but he is not one of those with whom he associates. The mendicants, whom he questioned, could give him no further information than that the Signora had come to the church for the last few Saturdays, and had each time divided a gold piece among them. It was a Dutch ducat, which Biondello changed for them, and brought to me."

"It appears, then, that she is a Greek—most likely of rank; at any rate, rich and charitable. That is as much as we dare venture to conclude at present, gracious Sir; perhaps too much. But a Greek lady in a Catholic church?"

"Why not? She may have changed her religion. But there is certainly some mystery in the affair. Why should she go only once a week? Why always on Saturday, on which day, as Biondello tells me, the church is generally deserted? Next Saturday, at the latest, must decide this question. Till then, dearest friend, you must help me to while away the hours. But it is in vain. They will go their lingering pace, though my soul is burning with expectation!"

"And when this day at length arrives—what then, gracious Prince? What do you purpose doing?"

"What do I purpose doing? I shall see her. I will discover where she lives, and who she is. But to what does all this tend? I hear you ask. What I saw made me happy; I therefore now know wherein my happiness consists!"

"And our departure from Venice, which is fixed for next Monday?"

"How could I know that Venice still contained such a treasure for me? You ask me questions of my past life. I tell you that from this day forward I will begin a new existence."

"I thought that now was the opportunity to keep my word to the Marquis. I explained to the Prince that a protracted stay in Venice was altogether incompatible with the exhausted state of his finances, and that, if he extended his sojourn here beyond the appointed time, he could not reckon on receiving funds from his court. On this occasion I learned what had hitherto been a secret to me, namely, that the Prince had, without the knowledge of his other brothers, received from his sister, the reigning — of —, considerable loans, which she would gladly double, if his court left him in the lurch. This sister, who, as you know, is a pious enthusiast, thinks that the large savings which she makes at a very economical court, cannot be deposited in better hands than in those of a brother whose wise benevolence she well knows, and whose character she warmly honors. I have, indeed, known for some time that a very close intercourse has been kept up between the two, and that many letters have been exchanged; but, as the Prince's own resources have hitherto always been sufficient to cover his expenditure, I have never guessed at this hidden channel. It is clear, therefore, that the Prince

must have had some expenses which have been and still are unknown to me; but if I can judge of them by his general character, they will certainly not be of such a description as to tend to his disgrace. And yet I thought I understood him thoroughly. After this disclosure, I, of course did not hesitate to make known to him the Marquis's offer, which, to my no small surprise, he immediately accepted. He gave me the authority to transact the business with the Marquis in whatever way I thought most advisable, and then immediately to settle the account with the usurer. To his sister he proposed to write without delay.

It was morning when we separated. However disagreeable this affair is to me for more than one reason, the worst of it is, that it seems to threaten a longer residence in Venice. From the Prince's passion, I rather augur good than evil. It is, perhaps, the most powerful method of withdrawing him from his metaphysical dreams to the concerns and feelings of real life. It will have its crisis, and, like an illness produced by artificial means, will eradicate the natural disorder.

Farewell, my dear friend. I have written down these incidents immediately upon their occurrence. The post starts immediately; you will receive this letter on the same day as my last.

LETTER VI.

BARON F—— TO COUNT O——.

June 20th.

This Civitella is certainly one of the most obliging personages in the world. The Prince had scarcely left me the other day, before I received a note from the Marquis, enforcing his former offers with renewed earnestness. I instantly forwarded him, in the Prince's name, a bond for 6,000 zechins; in less than half an hour it was returned, with double the sum required, in notes and gold. The Prince at length assented to this increase, but insisted that the bond, which was drawn only for six weeks, should be accepted.

The whole of the present week has been consumed in inquiries after the mysterious Greek. Biondello set all his engines to work, but until now in vain. He certainly discovered the gondolier; but from him he could learn nothing, save that the ladies had disembarked on the island of Murano, where they entered two sedan chairs which were waiting for them. He supposed them to be English because they spoke a foreign language, and had paid him in gold. He did not even know their guide, but believed him to be a glass manufacturer from Murano. We were now, at least, certain that we must not look for her in the Guidecca, and that in all probability she lived in the island of Murano; but, unluckily, the description the Prince gave of her was not such as to make her recognizable by a third party. The passionate interest with which he had regarded her had hindered him from observing her minutely; for all the minor details, which other people would not have failed to notice, had escaped his obser-

vation; from his description, one would have sooner expected to find her prototype in the works of Ariosto or Tasso than on a Venetian island. Besides, our inquiries had to be conducted with the utmost caution, in order not to become prejudicial to the lady, or to excite undue attention. As Biondello was the only man besides the Prince who had seen her, even through her vail, and could therefore recognize her, he strove to be as much as possible in all the places where she was likely to appear; the life of the poor man, during the whole week, was a continual race through all the streets of Venice. In the Greek church, particularly, every inquiry was made, but always with the same ill success; and the Prince, whose impatience increased with every successive failure, was at last obliged to wait till Saturday, with what patience he might. His restlessness was excessive. Nothing interested him, nothing could fix his attention. He was in constant feverish excitement; he fled from society, but the evil increased in solitude. He had never been so much besieged by visitors as in this week. His approaching departure had been announced, and every body crowded to see him. It was necessary to occupy the attention of the people in order to lull their suspicions, and to amuse the Prince with the view of diverting his mind from its all-engrossing object. In this emergency Civitella hit upon play; and, for the purpose of driving away most of the visitors, proposed that the stakes should be high. He hoped by awakening in the Prince a transient liking for play, from which it would afterward be easy to wean him, to destroy the romantic bent of his passion. "The cards," said Civitella, "have saved me from many a folly which I had intended to commit, and repaired many which I had already perpetrated. At the faro-table I have often recovered my tranquillity of mind of which a pair of bright eyes had robbed me, and women never had more power over me than when I had not money enough to play."

I will not enter into a discussion as to how far Civitella was right; but the remedy we had hit upon soon began to be worse than the disease it was intended to cure. The Prince, who could only make the game at all interesting to himself by staking extremely high, soon overstepped all bounds. He was quite out of his element. Everything he did seemed to be done in a passion; all his actions betrayed the uneasiness of his mind. You know his general indifference to money; he seemed now to have become totally insensible to its value. Gold flowed through his hands like water. As he played without the slightest caution he lost almost invariably. He lost immense sums, for he staked like a desperate gamester. Dearest O——, with an aching heart I write it, in four days he had lost above 12,000 zechins.

Do not reproach me. I blame myself sufficiently. But how could I prevent it? Could I do more than warn him? I did all that was in my power, and cannot find myself guilty. Civitella, too, lost not a little; I won about 600 zechins. The unprecedented ill luck of the Prince excited general attention, and, therefore, he would not leave off playing. Civitella, who is always ready

to oblige him, immediately advanced him the required sum. The deficit is made up, but the Prince owes the Marquis 24,000 zechins. Oh! how I long for the savings of his pious sister! Are all sovereigns so, my dear friend? The Prince behaves as though he had done the Marquis a great honor, and he, at any rate, plays his part well.

Civitella sought to quiet me by saying, that this recklessness, this extraordinary ill luck, would be most effectual in bringing the Prince to his senses. The money, he said, was of no consequence. He himself would not feel the loss in the least, and would be happy to serve the Prince at any moment with three times the amount. The Cardinal also assured me that his nephew's intentions were honest, and that he should be ready to assist him in carrying them out.

The most unfortunate thing was, that these tremendous sacrifices did not even effect their object. One would have thought that the Prince would at least feel some interest in his play. But such was not the case. His thoughts were wandering far away, and the passion which he wished to stifle, by his ill luck in play, seemed, on the contrary, only to gather strength. When, for instance, a decisive stroke was about to be played, and every one's eyes were fixed full of expectation on the board, his were searching for Biondello, in order to catch the news he might have brought him, from the expression of his countenance. Biondello brought no tidings, and his master's losses continued.

The gains, however, fell into very needy hands. A few "*your Excellencies*," whom scandal reports to be in the habit of carrying home their frugal dinner from the market in their senatorial caps, entered our house as beggars, and left it with well-lined purses. Civitella pointed them out to me. "Look," said he, "how many poor devils make their fortunes by one great man taking a whim into his head! This is what I like to see. It is princely and royal. A great man must, even by his failings, make some one happy, like a river, which, by its overflowing, fertilizes the neighboring fields."

Civitella has a noble and generous way of thinking, but—the Prince owes him 24,000 zechins!

At length the long-wished for Saturday arrived, and my master insisted upon going, directly after dinner, to the—— church. He stationed himself in the chapel where he had first seen the unknown, but in such a way as not to be immediately observed. Biondello had orders to keep watch at the church door, and to enter into conversation with the attendant of the ladies. I had taken upon myself to enter, like a chance passenger, into the same gondola with them on their return, in order to follow their track, if the other schemes should fail. At the spot where the gondolier said he had landed them the last time, two sedans were stationed; the Chamberlain Z—— was ordered to follow in a separate gondola, in order to trace the retreat of the unknown, if all else should fail. The Prince wished to give himself wholly up to the pleasure of seeing her, and, if possible, try to make her acquaintance in church. Civitella was to keep out of the way altogether, as his reputa-

tion among the women of Venice was so bad that his presence could not have failed to excite the suspicions of the lady. You see, dear Count, it was not through any want of precaution on our part that the fair unknown escaped us.

Never, perhaps, were there offered up in any church such ardent prayers for success, and never were hopes so cruelly disappointed. The Prince waited till after sunset, starting in expectation at every sound which approached the chapel, and at every creaking of the church door. Seven full hours passed, and no Greek lady! I need not describe his state of mind. You know what hope deferred is—hope which one has nourished unceasingly for seven days and seven nights.

LETTER VII.

BARON VON F—— TO COUNT VON O——.

July.

The mysterious unknown of the Prince reminded Marquis Civitella of a romantic incident, which happened to himself a short time since, and, to divert the Prince, he offered to relate it. I will give it you in his own words; but the lively spirit which he infuses into all he tells will be lost in my narration.

(Here follows the subjoined fragment, which appeared in the eighth part of the Thalía, and was originally intended for the second volume of the Ghost-Seer. It found a place here, after Schiller had given up the idea of completing the Ghost-Seer).

"In the spring of last year," began Civitella, "I had the misfortune to embroil myself with the Spanish ambassador, a gentleman who, in his seventieth year, had been guilty of the folly of wishing to marry a Roman girl of eighteen. His vengeance pursued me, and my friends advised me to secure my safety by a timely flight, and to keep out of the way until the hand of Nature, or an adjustment of differences, had secured me from the wrath of this formidable enemy. As I felt it too severe a punishment to quit Venice altogether, I took up my abode in a distant quarter of the town, where I lived in a lonely house, under a feigned name, keeping myself concealed by day, and devoting the night to the society of my friends, and to pleasure.

"My windows looked upon a garden, the west side of which was bounded by the walls of a convent, while toward the east it jutted out into the Laguna, in the form of a little peninsula. The garden was charmingly situated, but little frequented. It was my custom every morning, after my friends had left me, to spend a few moments at the window before retiring to rest, to see the sun rise over the Adriatic, and then to bid him good night. If you, my dear Prince, have not yet enjoyed this pleasure, I recommend exactly this station, the most eligible one, perhaps, in all Venice, to enjoy so splendid a prospect in perfection. A purple twilight hangs over the deep, and a golden mist on the Laguna announces the sun's approach. The heavens and the sea are wrapped in expectant silence. In two seconds the orb of

day appears casting a flood of fiery light on the waves. It is an enchanting sight!

"One morning, when I was, according to custom, enjoying the beauty of this prospect, I suddenly discovered that I was not the only spectator of the scene. I fancied I heard voices in the garden, and turning to the quarter whence the sound proceeded, I perceived a gondola steering for the land. In a few moments I saw figures walking at a slow pace up the avenue. They were a man and a woman, accompanied by a little negro. The female was clothed in white, and had a brilliant on her finger; it was not light enough to perceive more.

"My curiosity was raised. Doubtless a rendezvous of a pair of lovers—but in such a place, and at so unusual an hour! It was scarcely three o'clock, and every thing was still veiled in dusky twilight. The incident seemed to me novel, and proper for a romance, and I waited to see the end.

"I soon lost sight of them among the foliage of the garden, and some time elapsed before they again emerged to view. Meanwhile a delightful song was heard. It proceeded from the gondolier, who was in this manner shortening the time, and was answered by a comrade a short way off. They sang stanzas from Tasso; time and place were in unison, and the melody sounded sweetly in the profound silence around.

"Day in the mean time had dawned, and objects were discerned more plainly. I sought my people, whom I found walking hand-in-hand up a broad walk, often standing still, but always with their back turned toward me, and proceeding further from my residence. Their noble, easy carriage, convinced me at once that they were people of rank, and the splendid figure of the lady made me augur as much of her beauty. They appeared to converse little; the lady, however, more than her companion. In the spectacle of the rising sun, which now burst out in all its splendor, they seemed to take not the slightest interest.

"While I was employed in adjusting my glass, in order to bring them into view as closely as possible, they suddenly disappeared down a side path, and some time elapsed before I regained sight of them. The sun had now fully risen; they were approaching straight toward me, with their eyes fixed upon where I stood. What a heavenly form did I behold! Was it illusion, or the magic effect of the beautiful light? I thought I beheld a supernatural being, for my eyes quailed before the angelic brightness of her look.—So much loveliness, combined with so much dignity!—so much mind, and so much blooming youth! It is in vain I attempt to describe it. I had never seen true beauty till that moment.

"In the heat of conversation they lingered near me, and I had full opportunity to contemplate her. Scarcely, however, had I cast my eyes upon her companion, but even her beauty was not powerful enough to fix my attention. He appeared to be a man still in the prime of life, rather slight, and of a tall, noble figure. Never have I beheld so much mind, so much noble expression in a human countenance. Though perfectly secured from observation, I was unable to

meet the lightning glance that shot from beneath his dark eyebrows. There was a moving expression of sorrow about his eyes, but an expression of benevolence about the mouth which relieved the settled gravity spread over his whole countenance. A certain cast of features, not quite European, together with his dress, which appeared to have been chosen with inimitable good taste from the most varied costumes, gave him a peculiar air, which not a little heightened the impression produced by his appearance. A degree of wildness in his looks warranted the supposition that he was an enthusiast, but his deportment and carriage showed that his character had been formed by mixing in society."

Z——, who you know must always give utterance to what he thinks, could contain himself no longer. "Our Armenian!" cried he. "Our very Armenian, and nobody else."

"What Armenian, if one may ask?" inquired Civitella.

"Has no one told you of the farce?" replied the Prince. "But no interruption! I begin to feel interested in your hero. Pray continue your narrative."

"There was something inexplicable in his whole demeanor," continued Civitella. "His eyes were fixed upon his companion with an expression of anxiety and passion, but the moment they met hers, he looked down abashed. 'Is the man beside himself?' thought I. I could stand for ages and gaze at nothing else but her."

"The foliage again concealed them from my sight. Long, long did I look for the re-appearance, but in vain. At length I caught sight of them from another window."

"They were standing before the basin of a fountain, at some distance apart, and both wrapped in deep silence. They had, probably, remained some time in the same position. Her clear and intelligent eyes were resting inquiringly on his, and seemed as if they would imbibe every thought from him as it revealed itself in his countenance. He, as if he wanted courage to look directly into her face, furtively sought its reflection in the watery mirror before him, or gazed steadfastly at the dolphin which bore the water to the basin. Who knows how long this silent scene might have continued could the lady have endured it? With the most bewitching grace, the lovely girl advanced toward him, and passing her arm round his neck, raised his hand to her lips. Calmly and unmoved the strange being suffered her caresses, but did not return them."

"This scene moved me strangely. It was the man that chiefly excited my sympathy and interest. Some violent emotion seemed to struggle in his breast; it was as if some irresistible force drew him toward her, while an unseen arm held him back. Silent, but agonizing, was the struggle, and beautiful the temptation. 'No,' I thought, 'he attempts too much; he will, he must yield.'"

"At his silent intimation the young negro disappeared. I now expected some touching scene—a prayer on bended knees, and a reconciliation sealed with glowing kisses. But no! nothing of the kind occurred. The incomprehensible being

took from his pocket-book a sealed packet, and placed it in the hands of the lady. Sadness overcast her face as she looked at it, and a tear bedewed her eye."

"After a short silence they separated. At this moment an elderly lady advanced from one of the side walks, who had remained at a distance, and whom I now first discovered. She and the fair girl slowly advanced along the path, and, while they were earnestly engaged in conversation, the stranger took the opportunity of remaining behind. With his eyes turned toward her he stood irresolute, at one instant making a rapid step forward, and in the next retreating. In another moment, he had disappeared in the copse."

"The women at length look round, seem uneasy at not finding him, and pause as if to await his coming. He comes not! Anxious glances are cast around, and steps are redoubled. My eyes aid in searching through the garden; he comes not, he is nowhere to be seen."

"Suddenly I hear a splash in the canal, and see a gondola moving from the shore. It is he, and I scarcely can refrain from calling to him. Now the whole thing is clear—it was a parting."

"She appears to have a presentiment of what has happened. With a speed that her companion cannot use, she hastens to the shore. Too late! Quick as the arrow in its flight, the gondola bounds forward, and soon nothing is visible but a white handkerchief fluttering in the air from afar. Soon after this, I saw the fair *incognita* and her companion cross the water."

"When I awoke from a short sleep, I could not help smiling at my delusion. My fancy had incorporated these events in my dreams, until truth itself seemed a dream. A maiden, fair as a houri, wandering beneath my windows at break of day with her lover—and a lover who did not know how to make a better use of such an hour! Surely these supplied materials for the composition of a picture which might well occupy the fancy of a dreamer! But the dream had been too lovely for me not to desire its renewal again and again; nay, even the garden had become more charming in my sight since my imagination had peopled it with such attractive forms. Several cheerless days that succeeded this eventful morning drove me from the window, but the first fine evening involuntarily drew me back to my post of observation. Judge of my surprise, when, after a short search, I caught sight of the white dress of my *incognita*! Yes, it was she herself. I had not dreamed!"

"Her former companion was with her, and led by the hand a little boy; but the fair girl herself walked apart, and seemed absorbed in thought. All spots were visited that had been rendered memorable by the presence of her friend. She paused for a long time before the basin, and her fixed gaze seemed to seek on its crystal mirror the reflection of one beloved form."

"Although her noble beauty had attracted me when I first saw her, the impression produced was even stronger on this occasion; although, perhaps, at the same time more conducive to gentler emotions. I had now ample opportunity of con-

sidering this divine form; the surprise of the first impression gradually gave place to softer feelings. The glory that seemed to invest her had departed, and I saw before me the loveliest of women, and felt my senses inflamed. In a moment the resolution was formed that she must be mine.

"While I was deliberating whether I should descend and approach her, or whether, before I ventured on such a step, it would not be better to obtain information regarding her, a door opened in the convent wall, through which there advanced a Carmelite monk. The sound of his approach roused the lady, and I saw her advance with hurried steps toward him. He drew from his bosom a paper, which she eagerly grasped, while a vivid color instantaneously suffused her countenance.

"At this moment I was called from the window by the arrival of my usual evening visitor. I carefully avoided approaching the spot again, as I had no desire to share my conquest with another. For a whole hour I was obliged to endure this painful constraint before I could succeed in freeing myself from my importunate guest, and when I hastened to the window, all had disappeared.

"The garden was empty when I entered it; no vessel of any kind was visible in the canal; no trace of people on any side; I neither knew whence she had come, or whither she had gone. While I was looking round me in all directions, I observed something white upon the ground. On drawing near, I found it was a piece of paper folded in the shape of a note. What could it be but the letter which the Carmelite had brought? 'Happy discovery!' I exclaimed: 'this will reveal the whole secret, and make me master of her fate.'

"The letter was sealed with a sphinx—had no superscription, and was written in ciphers; this, however, did not discourage me, for I have some knowledge of this mode of writing. I copied it hastily, as there was every reason to expect that she would soon miss it and return in search of it. If she should not find it, she would regard its loss as an evidence that the garden was resorted to by different persons, and such a discovery might easily deter her from visiting it again. And what worse fortune could attend my hopes?

"That which I had conjectured actually took place, and I had scarcely ended my copy when she re-appeared with her former companion, anxiously intent on the search. I attached the note to a tile which I had detached from the roof, and dropped it at a spot which she would pass. Her gracefully expressed joy at finding it rewarded me for my generosity. She examined it in every part with keen searching glances, as if she were seeking to detect the unhallowed hands that might have touched it; but the contented look with which she hid it in her bosom showed that she was free from all suspicion. She went, and the parting glance she threw on the garden seemed expressive of gratitude to the guardian deities of the spot, who had so faithfully watched over the secret of her heart.

"I now hastened to decipher the letter. After trying several languages, I at length succeeded

by the use of English. Its contents were so remarkable that my memory still retains a perfect recollection of them —"

I am interrupted, and must give you the conclusion on a future occasion.

LETTER VIII.

BARON F—— TO COUNT O——.

August.

In truth, my dearest friend, you do the good Biondello injustice. The suspicion you entertain against him is unfounded, and, while I allow you full liberty to condemn all Italians generally, I must maintain that *this* one at least is an honest man.

You think it singular that a person of such brilliant endowments and such exemplary conduct should debase himself to enter the service of another, if he were not actuated by secret motives, and these, you further conclude, must necessarily be of a suspicious character. But where is the novelty of a man of talent and of merit endeavoring to win favor with a Prince who has the power of establishing his fortune? Is there any thing derogatory in serving the Prince? and has not Biondello clearly shown that his devotion is purely personal, by confessing that he earnestly desired to make a certain request of the Prince. The whole mystery will, therefore, no doubt be revealed when he acquaints him with his wishes. He may certainly be actuated by secret motives, but why may these not be innocent in their nature?

You think it strange that this Biondello should have kept all his great talents concealed, and in no way have attracted attention during the early months of our acquaintance with him, when you were still with us. This I grant; but what opportunity had he then of distinguishing himself? The Prince had not yet called his powers into requisition, and chance, therefore, could alone aid us in discovering his talents.

He very recently gave a proof of his devotion and honesty of purpose, which must at once annihilate all your doubts. The Prince was watched; measures were being taken to gain information regarding his mode of life, associates, and general habits. I know not with whom this inquisitiveness originated. Let me beg your attention, however, to what I am about to relate:—

There is a house in St. George's which Biondello is in the habit of frequenting. He probably finds some peculiar attractions there, but of this I know nothing. It happened, a few days ago, that he there met assembled together a party of civil and military officers in the service of the Government, old acquaintances and jovial comrades of his own. Surprise and pleasure were expressed on all sides at this meeting. Their former good fellowship was re-established; and after each in turn had related his own history up to the present time, Biondello was called upon to give an account of his life: this he did in a few words. He was congratulated on his new posi-

tion; his companions had heard accounts of the splendid footing on which the Prince of ——'s establishment was maintained; of his liberality, especially to persons who showed discretion in keeping secrets; the Prince's connection with the Cardinal A——i was well known, he was said to be addicted to play, &c. Biondello's surprise at this is observed, and jokes are passed upon the mystery which he tries to keep up, although it is well known that he is the emissary of the Prince of ——. The two lawyers of the party make him sit down between them; their glasses are repeatedly emptied, he is urged to drink, but excuses himself on the ground of his inability to bear wine; at last, however, he yields to their wishes, in order that he may the better pretend intoxication.

"Yes!" cried one of the lawyers, "Biondello understands his business, but he has not yet learned all the tricks of the trade, he is but a novice."

"What have I still to learn?" asked Biondello.

"You understand the art of keeping a secret," remarked the other; "but you have still to learn that of parting with it to advantage."

"Am I likely to find a purchaser for any that I may have to dispose of?" asked Biondello.

On this the other guests withdrew from the apartment, and left him alone with his two neighbors, who continued the conversation in the same strain. The substance of the whole was, however, briefly as follows:—Biondello was to procure them certain information regarding the intercourse of the Prince with the Cardinal and his nephew, acquaint them with the sources from whence the Prince derived his money, and to intercept all letters written to Count O——. Biondello put them off to a future occasion, but he was unsuccessful in his attempts to draw from them the name of the person by whom they were employed. From the splendid nature of the proposals made to him, it was evident, however, that they emanated from some influential and extremely wealthy party.

Last night he related the whole occurrence to the Prince, whose first impulse was without further ceremony to secure the manœuvrers at once, but to this Biondello strongly objected. He urged that he would be obliged to set them at liberty again, and that, in this case, he should endanger not only his credit among this class of men, but even his life. All these men were connected together, and bound by one common interest, each one making the cause of the others his own; in fact, he would rather make enemies of the Senate of Venice than be regarded by these men as a traitor—and, besides, he could no longer be useful to the Prince if he lost the confidence of this class of people.

We have pondered and conjectured much as to the source of all this. Who is there in Venice that can care to know what money my master receives or pays out, what passes between Cardinal A——i and himself, and what I write to you? Can it be some scheme of the Prince of ——d——, or is the Armenian again on the alert?

LETTER IX.

BARON F—— TO COUNT O——.

August.

The Prince is reveling in love and bliss. He has recovered his fair Greek. I must relate to you how this happened.

A traveler, who had crossed from Chiozza, gave the Prince so animated an account of the beauty of this place, which is charmingly situated on the shores of the gulf, that he became very anxious to see it. Yesterday was fixed upon for the excursion; and, in order to avoid all restraint and display, no one was to accompany him but Z—— and myself, together with Biondello, as my master wished to remain unknown. We found a vessel ready to start, and engaged our passage at once. The company was very mixed but not numerous, and the passage was made without the occurrence of any circumstance worthy of notice.

Chiozza is built like Venice on a foundation of wooden piles, and is said to contain about forty thousand inhabitants. There are but few of the higher classes resident there, but one meets sailors and fishermen at every step. Whoever appears in a perruque, or a cloak, is regarded as an aristocrat—a rich man; the cap and overcoat are here the insignia of the poor. The situation is certainly very lovely, but it will not bear a comparison with Venice.

We did not remain long, for the captain, who had more passengers for the return voyage, was obliged to be in Venice at an early hour, and there was nothing at Chiozza to make the Prince desirous of remaining. All the passengers were on board when we reached the vessel. As we had found it so difficult to place ourselves on a social footing with the company on the outward passage, we determined on this occasion to secure a cabin to ourselves. The Prince inquired who the new comers were, and was informed that they were a Dominican and some ladies, who were returning to Venice. My master evincing no curiosity to see them, we immediately betook ourselves to our cabin.

The Greek was the subject of our conversation throughout the whole passage, as she had been during our former transit. The Prince dwelt with ardor on her appearance in the church; and whilst numerous plans were in turn devised and rejected, hours passed like a moment of time, and we were already in sight of Venice. Some of the passengers now disembarked, the Dominican amongst the number. The captain went to the ladies, who, as we now first learnt, had been separated from us by only a thin wooden partition, and asked them where they wished to land. The island of Murano was named in reply to his inquiry, and the house indicated —— "The island of Murano!" exclaimed the Prince, who seemed suddenly struck by a startling presentiment. Before I could reply to his exclamation, Biondello rushed into the cabin. "Do you know," asked he eagerly, "who is on board with us?" The Prince started to his feet, as Biondello continued, "She is here!

she herself!—I have just spoken to her companion!"

The Prince hurried out. He felt as if he could not breathe in our narrow cabin, and I believe at that moment, as if the whole world would have been too narrow for him. A thousand conflicting feelings struggled for the mastery in his heart; his knees trembled, and his countenance was alternately flushed and pallid. I sympathized and participated in his emotion, but I cannot by words convey to your mind any idea of the state in which he was.

When we stopped at Murano, the Prince sprang on shore. She advanced from her cabin. I read in the face of the Prince that it was indeed the Greek. One glance was sufficient to dispel all doubt on that point. A more lovely creature I have never seen. Even the Prince's glowing descriptions fell far short of the reality. A radiant blush suffused her face when she saw my master. She must have heard all we said, and could not fail to know that she herself had been the subject of our conversation. She exchanged a significant glance with her companion, which seemed to say, "That is he;" and then cast her eyes to the ground with diffident confusion. On placing her foot on the narrow plank, which had been thrown from the vessel to the shore, she seemed anxiously to hesitate, less, as it seemed to me, from the fear of falling than from her inability to cross the board without assistance, which was proffered her by the outstretched arm of the Prince. Necessity overcame her reluctance, and, accepting the aid of his hand, she stepped on shore. Excessive mental agitation had rendered the Prince uncourteous, and he wholly forgot to offer his services to the other lady—but what was there that he would not have forgotten at this moment? My attention in atoning for the remissness of the Prince prevented my hearing the commencement of a conversation which had begun between him and the young Greek, while I had been helping the other lady on shore.

He was still holding her hand in his, probably from absence of mind, and without being conscious of the fact.

"This is not the first time, Signora, that — that —" he stopped short, unable to finish the sentence.

"I think I remember —" she faltered.

"We met in the church of —" said he, quickly.

"Yes, it was in the church of —" she rejoined.

"And could I have supposed that this day would have brought me —"

Here she gently withdrew her hand from his—he was evidently embarrassed; but Biondello, who had in the mean time been speaking to the servant, now came to his aid.

"Signor," said he, "the ladies had ordered sedans to be in readiness for them; they have not yet come, for we are here before the expected time. But there is a garden close by, in which you may remain until the crowd has dispersed."

The proposal was accepted; you may conceive with what alacrity on the part of the Prince! We remained in the garden till late in the evening;

and, fortunately, Z—— and myself so effectually succeeded in occupying the attention of the elder lady, that the Prince was enabled, undisturbed, to carry on his conversation with the fair Greek. You will easily believe that he made good use of his time, when I tell you that he obtained permission to visit her. At the very moment that I am now writing he is with her; on his return I shall be able to give you further particulars regarding her.

When we got home yesterday, we found that the long expected remittances had arrived from our court; but, at the same time, the Prince received a letter which excited his indignation to the highest pitch. He has been recalled, and that in a tone and manner to which he is wholly unaccustomed. He immediately wrote a reply in a similar spirit, and intends remaining. The remittances are only just sufficient to pay the interest on the capital which he owes. We are looking with impatience for a reply from his sister.

LETTER X.

BARON F—— TO COUNT O——.

September.

The Prince has fallen out with his court, and all resources have consequently been cut off from home.

The term of six weeks, at the end of which my master was to pay the Marquis, has already elapsed several days; but still no remittances have been forwarded, either from his cousin, of whom he had earnestly requested an additional allowance in advance, or from his sister. You may readily suppose that Civitella has not reminded him of his debt; the Prince's memory is however, all the more faithful. Yesterday morning at length brought an answer from the seat of government.

We had shortly before concluded a new arrangement with the master of our hotel, and the Prince had publicly announced his intention to remain here some time longer. Without uttering a word, my master put the letter into my hand. His eyes sparkled, and I could read the contents in his face.

Can you believe it, dear O——? all my master's proceedings here are known at —, and have been most calumniously misrepresented by an abominable tissue of lies. "Information has been received"—says the letter, amongst other things—"to the effect that the Prince has for some time past belied his former character, and adopted a mode of conduct totally at variance with his former exemplary manner of acting and thinking." "It is known," the writer says, "that he has addicted himself with the greatest excess to women and play; that he is overwhelmed with debts; puts his confidence in visionaries and charlatans, who pretend to have power over spirits; maintains suspicious relations with Roman Catholic prelates, and keeps up a degree of state which exceeds both his rank and his means. Nay, it is even said, that he is about to bring this highly offensive conduct to a climax, by apostasy



to the church of Rome! and, in order to clear himself from this last charge, he is required to return immediately. A banker at Venice, to whom he must make known the true amount of his debts, has received instructions to satisfy his creditors *immediately after his departure*; for, under existing circumstances, it does not appear expedient to remit the money directly into his hands."

What accusations, and what a mode of preferring them! I read the letter again and again, in the hope of discovering some expression that admitted of a milder construction, but in vain; it was wholly incomprehensible.

Z—— now reminded me of the secret inquiries which had been made some time before of Biondello. The true nature of the inquiries and circumstances all coincided. He had falsely ascribed them to the Armenian; but now the source from whence they came was very evident. Apostasy! But who can have any interest in calumniating my master so scandalously? I should fear it was some machination of the Prince of ——, who is determined on driving him from Venice.

In the mean time, the Prince remained absorbed in thought, with his eyes fixed on the ground. His continued silence alarmed me. I threw myself at his feet. "For God's sake, your Highness," I cried, "moderate your feelings—you will—nay, you shall have satisfaction. Leave the whole affair to me. Let *me* be your emissary. It is beneath your dignity to reply to such accusations; but you will not, I know, refuse me the privilege of doing so for you. The name of your calumniator must be given up and ——'s eyes must be opened."

At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of Civitella, who inquired with surprise into the cause of our agitation. Z—— and I did not answer; but the Prince, who has long ceased to make any distinction between him and us, and who, besides, was too much excited to listen to the dictates of prudence, desired me to communicate the contents of the letter to him. On my hesitating to obey him, he snatched the letter from my hand, and gave it to the Marquis.

"I am in your debt, Marquis," said he, as Civitella gave him back the letter, after perusing it, with evident astonishment—"but do not let that circumstance occasion you any uneasiness—grant me but a respite of twenty days, and you shall be fully satisfied."

"Do I deserve this at your hands, gracious Prince?" exclaimed Civitella, with extreme emotion.

"You have refrained from pressing me, and I gratefully appreciate your delicacy. In twenty days, as I before said, you shall be fully satisfied."

"But how is this?" asked Civitella with agitation and surprise. "What means all this? I cannot comprehend it?"

We explained to him all that we knew, and his indignation was unbounded. The Prince, he asserted, must insist upon full satisfaction—the insult was unparalleled. In the mean while he implored him to make unlimited use of his fortune and his credit.

When the Marquis left us the Prince still con-

tinued silent. He paced the apartment with quick and determined steps, as if some strange and unusual emotion were agitating his frame. At length he paused, muttering between his teeth, "Congratulate yourself—he died at ten o'clock!"

We looked at him in terror.

"Congratulate yourself," he repeated; "did he not say that *I should congratulate myself*? What could he have meant?"

"What has reminded you of those words?" I asked; "and what have they to do with the present business?"

"I did not then understand what the man meant—but now I do. Oh! it is intolerable to be subject to a master!"

"Gracious Prince!"

"Who can make us feel our dependence!—ha!—it must be sweet, indeed."

He again paused. His looks alarmed me, for I had never before seen him thus agitated.

"Whether a man be poorest of the poor"—he continued—"or the next heir to the throne, it is all one and the same thing. There is but *one* difference between men—TO OBEY OR TO COMMAND!"

He again glanced over the letter.

"You know the man," he continued, "who has dared to write these words to me! Would you salute him in the street, if fate had not made him your master? By Heaven! there is something great in a crown!"

He went on in this strain, giving expression to many things which I dare not trust to paper. On this occasion the Prince confided a circumstance to me which alike surprised and terrified me, and which may be followed by the most alarming consequences. We have hitherto been entirely deceived regarding the family relations of the court of ——.

He answered the letter on the spot, notwithstanding my earnest entreaty that he should postpone doing so; and the strain in which he wrote leaves no ground to hope for a favorable settlement of these differences.

You are no doubt impatient, dear O——, to hear something definite with respect to the Greek; but, in truth, I have very little to tell you. From the Prince I can learn nothing, as he has been admitted into her confidence; and is, I believe, bound to secrecy. The fact has, however, transpired that she is not a Greek as we supposed, but a German of the highest descent. From a certain report that has reached me, it would appear that her mother is of the most exalted rank, and that she is the fruit of an unfortunate amour which was once talked of all over Europe. A course of secret persecution to which she had been exposed, in consequence of her origin, compelled her to seek protection in Venice, and to adopt that concealment which had rendered it impossible for the Prince to discover her retreat. The respect with which the Prince speaks of her, and a certain deferential deportment which he maintains toward her, appear to corroborate the truth of this report.

He is devoted to her with a fearful intensity of passion which increases day by day. In the earliest stage of their acquaintance but few inter-

views were granted; but after the first week the separations were of shorter duration, and now there is scarce a day on which the Prince is not with her. Whole evenings pass without our even seeing him, and, when he is not with her, she appears to form the sole subject of his thoughts. His whole being seems metamorphosed. He goes about as if wrapped in a dream, and nothing that formerly interested him has now power to arrest his attention even for a moment.

How will this end, my dear friend? I tremble for the future. The rupture with his court has placed my master in a state of humiliating dependence on one sole person—the Marquis Civitella. This man is now master of our secrets—of our whole fate. Will he always conduct himself as nobly as he does now? Are his good intentions to be relied upon? and is it expedient to confide so much weight and power to one person—even were he the best of men? The Prince's sister has again been written to—the result of this fresh appeal you shall learn in my next letter.

—
COUNT O—— IN CONTINUATION.

This letter never reached me. Three months passed without my receiving any tidings from Venice,—an interruption to our correspondence which the sequel but too clearly explained. All my friend's letters to me had been kept back and suppressed. My emotion may be conceived when, in the December of the same year, the following letter reached me by mere accident (as it afterward appeared), owing to the sudden illness of Biondello, into whose hands it had been committed.

"You do not write; you do not answer me.—Come! I intreat you, come on the wings of friendship! Our hopes are fled! Read the inclosed.—All our hopes are at an end!

"The wounds of the Marquis are reported mortal. The Cardinal vows vengeance, and his bravos are in pursuit of the Prince. My master!—Oh! my unhappy master!—Has it come to this! Wretched, horrible fate! We are compelled to hide ourselves, like malefactors, from assassins and creditors.

"I am writing to you from the convent of —, where the Prince has found an asylum. At this moment he is resting on his hard couch by my side, and is sleeping—but, alas! it is only the sleep of deadly exhaustion, that will but give him new strength for new trials. During the ten days that she was ill no sleep closed his eyes. I was present when the body was opened. Traces of poison were detected. To-day she is to be buried.

"Alas! dearest O —, my heart is rent. I have lived through scenes that can never be effaced from my memory. I stood beside her death-bed. She departed like a saint, and her last strength was spent in trying, with persuasive eloquence, to lead her lover into the path that she was treading in her way to heaven. Our firmness was completely gone—the Prince alone maintained his fortitude, and, although he suffered a triple agony of death with her, he yet retained

strength of mind sufficient to refuse the last prayer of the pious enthusiast."

This letter contained the following inclosure:—

TO THE PRINCE OF —, FROM HIS SISTER.

"The one sole redeeming church which has made so glorious a conquest of the Prince of — will surely not refuse to supply him with means to pursue the mode of life to which she owes this conquest. I have tears and prayers for one that has gone astray, but nothing further to bestow on one so worthless! Henriette —."

—
I instantly threw myself into a carriage—traveled night and day, and in the third week I was in Venice. My speed availed nothing. I had come to bring comfort and help to an unhappy one, but I found a happy one who needed not my weak aid. F—— was ill when I arrived, and unable to see me, but the following note was brought to me from him.

"Return, dearest O——, to whence you came. The Prince no longer needs you or me. His debts have been paid; the Cardinal is reconciled to him, and the Marquis has recovered. "Do you remember the Armenian who perplexed us so much last year? In *his* arms you will find the Prince, who five days since attended mass for the first time."

Notwithstanding all this I earnestly sought an interview with the Prince, but was refused. By the bedside of my friend I learned the particulars of this strange story.

PHILOSOPHICAL LETTERS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

REASON has its epochs, its events, like the heart, but its history is written much less frequently. Authors seem to content themselves with developing the passions in their extremes, aberrations, or consequences, without considering how intimately they are allied with the thinking system of the individual. The general source of moral depravity is a one-sided and unstable philosophy, so much more dangerous as it dazzles the clouded reason by an appearance of legitimacy, truth, and conviction, and on this very account much less restrained by the innate moral sense. An enlightened understanding, on the contrary, likewise ennobles the sentiment: the head has to form the heart.

In an epoch like ours, where the facilities and extent of reading material have so greatly increased the thinking portion of the public; where the bliss of ignorance begins to make room for a partial enlightenment, and but few persons are willing to remain where the accident of birth has placed them: it does not seem to be altogether unimportant, to call attention to certain periods of the awakening and progressing reason, to correct certain truths and errors connected

with morality, and, possibly, leading either to happiness or misery, and to show at least the hidden cliffs on which proud reason has already stranded. We scarcely ever attain to truth otherwise than by extremes; we frequently have to exhaust error, and even absurdity, before we succeed in ascending to the beautiful goal of calm wisdom.

A few friends, animated by a like warmth for truth and moral beauty, having arrived at the same conviction upon entirely different roads which they are now surveying with calmer eyes, have unitedly conceived the project of presenting in the persons of two youths of dissimilar characters, a few revolutions and epochs of the thinking intellect, a few excesses of the searching reason, and of laying the results of their labors before the world. The following letters are the beginning of this attempt.

The opinions which are advanced in these letters, can only be relatively true or false, according as the world is seen by the writers' souls in one light or another. The sequel of these letters will show how the one-sided, frequently extravagant and contradictory, assertions of their authors finally resolve themselves into a general, purified and firmly founded truth.

Skepticism and free-thinking are the fever-paroxysms of the human mind, that must finally contribute to fortifying it by the unnatural concussions which they cause in well organized souls. The more dazzling, the more seductive the error, the greater the triumph of truth; the more tormenting the doubt, the more urgent the desire for conviction and certainty. It was necessary to show these doubts and errors; a knowledge of the disease had to precede the cure. Truth loses nothing when missed by a passionate youth, any more than virtue and religion when denied by a worshiper of vice.

These remarks had to be stated beforehand, in order to explain the point of view from which we desire to see the following letters read and judged.

JULIUS TO RAPHAEL.

October.

Thou art gone, Raphael, and beautiful nature is on the wane; the fallow leaves are falling off the trees, a dim autumn fog is extended over the dying fields. Alone I wander over the melancholy hills, call loudly thy name, and feel wrathful because my Raphael does not reply to my call.

I had recovered from the shock of thy last farewell. The mournful echo of the carriage which carried thee hence, had ceased to resound in my ear. I had happily succeeded in burying my past joys in the bosom of those memories, when thou, like a departed spirit, again appearest before me in these parts, and remindest me of thee at every favorite spot on our walks. By thy side I ascended this rock; by thy side I enjoyed this endless prospect. In the dark sanctuary of these beech-trees we, for the first time, dreamed of the bold ideal of our friendship. Here it was, where we first unrolled the pedigree of spirits, and Julius discovered such a near relative in Raphael.

There is here no spring, no grove, no hill, where the memory of some past bliss does not threaten to disturb my rest. Every thing seems to conspire against my recovery. Wherever I step, I repeat the gloomy scene of our separation.

What hast thou done with me, Raphael? What has become of me this short while past? Dangerous great man! would I had never known, or else never lost thee! Hasten back upon the wings of love, or else thy whole work will be spoiled. Couldst thou dare, with thy gentle soul, to leave off the work which thou hadst commenced, when it was still so far from being perfect? The pillars of thy proud wisdom are shaking in my brain and heart; all the magnificent palaces which thou hast built, are falling to pieces, and the crushed worm is writhing beneath the ruins.

Blissful age when I was still staggering through life like one intoxicated; when all my speculations and desires were bounded by my parental home; when a bright sunset inspired me with no higher expectations than a fair to-morrow; when a political gazette was the only thing that bound me to the world, the funeral bell the only thing that reminded me of eternity, ghost-stories the only thing that illustrated to my mind a future accountability; when I still trembled before the devil, and was so much more cordially attached to the Deity. I enjoyed sentiment and was happy. Raphael has taught me to think, and I am about regretting that I ever was born.

Creation? No, this is a meaningless sound, which my reason cannot accept. There was a time when I did not know any thing of any body, where nobody knew any thing of me; hence we say, I was not. This age is no more; hence they say, I am created. But of the millions that existed hundreds of years ago, we know nothing now, and yet we say that they are. Upon what do we found our right to affirm the beginning and to deny the end? It is asserted that the cessation of thinking beings is contrary to infinite goodness. Did this infinite goodness first originate with the creation of the world? If there ever has been a period when there were no spirits, infinite goodness must have been inactive during a whole previous eternity. If the structure of the world is a perfect work of the Creator, another perfect work previous to the world's creation was not existing. Such a supposition is contrary to the idea of a perfect Deity; hence there was no creation—where am I wandering, Raphael? Terrible maze of my inferences! I renounce a Creator the moment I believe in a God. Of what use is a God, if I can get along without a Creator?

Thou hast robbed me of the faith that gave me peace. Thou hast taught me contempt, where I felt adoration. A thousand objects seemed venerable to me, before thy gloomy wisdom showed them to me in their nudity. I saw a crowd hasten to the church; I heard their devotion unite in a brotherly prayer—twice I stood by a death-bed, saw twice—oh, magic power of religion! the hope of heaven triumph over the terrors of annihilation, and the bright ray of joy kindle in the closing eye of the dying.

Divine must be the doctrine, I exclaimed, which the best among mankind confess, which triumphs

so mightily, and comforts with such marvelous certainty. Thy cold wisdom has extinguished my enthusiasm. As many, saidst thou to me, have crowded in former ages around the Irmensaule,* and to Jupiter's temple; as many have with the same joy ascended the burning pile in honor of Brama. Wilt thou prove the divinity of thy doctrine by the very thing that seems so abominable to thee among heathens?

Believe nothing but thy own reason, thou continuedst. There is nothing sacred but truth. Truth is what reason acknowledges as such. I have obeyed thee, I have sacrificed every opinion; like yonder desperate conqueror I have set fire to all my ships when I landed on this island, and have cut off all hope of ever returning. I can never again become reconciled with an opinion that I have once laughed at. My reason now is every thing to me, my only authority for God, virtue, immortality. Woe is me, if I should ever discover inconsistencies in its testimony! if I should lose my respect for its conclusions! if the tearing of a single thread in its arguments should bewilder my conscience! Henceforth my bliss depends upon the harmonious rhythm of my sensorium. Woe me, if the strings of this instrument should prove discordant in the dubious period of my life! if my convictions should waver with my pulse!

JULIUS TO RAPHAEL.

Thy doctrine has flattered my pride. I was a prisoner. Thou hast led me into day-light, the golden light and the immensity of the open space have delighted my eyes. Before, I was contented with the modest reputation of being a good son, a true friend, a useful member of society; thou hast converted me into a citizen of the universe. My wishes had not yet encroached upon the privileges of the great. I tolerated these happy ones, because beggars tolerated me. I did not blush at envying a portion of the human race, because a larger portion was still left which I had to pity. Now, for the first time, I found out that my claims to enjoyment were as good as those of my brethren. Now I found out that one stage above this atmosphere I was worth neither more nor less than the rulers of this earth. Raphael loosened all the bonds of conventional opinions and agreements. I felt entirely free, for Raphael had told me that reason is the only empire in the world of spirits, that I carry my imperial throne about with me in my brain. Every thing in heaven and upon earth is worth no more than my reason is willing to own. All creation is mine, for I possess an incontrovertible right to enjoy it all. All spirits, one degree below the most perfect One, are my brethren, because we all obey one rule, do homage to one head.

How sublime and splendid seems this announcement? What an inexhaustible fountain to quench my thirst for knowledge! but—oh, fatal contradiction of Nature!—this free and

soaring spirit is intertwined with the rigid and unchangeable mechanism of a mortal body, mixed up with its trifling wants, yoked to its trifling destinies; this god is exiled into a world of worms. The immensity of Nature is disclosed to his activity, but he must not conceive more than two ideas at one and the same time. His eyes carry him upward to the luminous goal of divinity, but he himself has to crawl up slowly and painfully through ages. To exhaust one enjoyment, he has to renounce every other; two unlimited desires are too great for his small heart. Every new joy is acquired at the expense of the former ones. The present moment is the grave of its predecessor. An hour of wooing love is a lost beat of the pulse of friendship.

Whithersoever I turn my eyes, Raphael, how limited is man! How great the distance between his pretensions and their fulfillment! Oh, envy his beneficent sleep! Awake him not! He was happy, until he commenced to inquire whither he had to go, and whence he had come. Reason is like a torch in a dungeon. The prisoner knew nothing of the light, but a dream of liberty appeared over him, like a flash of lightning through a dark night, leaving it still darker. Our philosophy is like the fatal curiosity of *Œdipus*, who did not cease his inquiries until the horrible oracle had been deciphered:

“Would thou never knewest who thou art!”

Does thy wisdom replace to me what it has taken from me? If thou hadst not the key of heaven, why didst thou snatch the earth from me? If thou knewest beforehand that the road to wisdom leads through the terrible abyss of doubt, why didst thou stake thy Julius' rest on this doubtful turn?

“If the good
Which I propose to do,
On something evil closely borders, I'd rather
Not do the good.”

Thou hast pulled down an inhabited cabin, and hast erected a magnificent, but desolate palace in its place.

Raphael, I demand my soul of thee. I am not happy. My courage is gone. I despair of my own strength. Write me soon! Thy saving hand is alone able to pour balm on my burning wound.

RAPHAEL TO JULIUS.

A happiness like ours, without interruption, would be too much bliss for mortal lot. This thought has haunted me, even when we were enjoying our friendship to the utmost. What then embittered my bliss, was useful preparation to bear my present condition with more ease. Hardened in the severe school of resignation, I have become still more susceptible to the comfort of regarding our separation as an easy sacrifice, in order to deserve from fate the joys of our future re-union. Heretofore thou hast never known the bitterness of privation; now thou sufferest for the first time.

Nevertheless it may be a blessing for thee that I should have been snatched from thy side just

* An idol of the heathenish Saxons before they were converted to Christianity by Charlemagne.—Ed.

now. Thou hast to endure a sickness from which thou canst only recover by thy own efforts, in order to be safe from relapses. The more forsaken thou feelest, the more thou wilt endeavor to use the healing energies of thy own nature; the less thou art relieved by deceitful palliatives, the more surely thou wilt succeed in effecting a radical removal of the disorder.

I am not sorry to have roused thee from thy sweet dream, although thy present condition is a painful one. All I have done is to accelerate a crisis which such souls as thine have to go through sooner or later. The period of life at which this critical change takes place, is of the utmost importance. There are situations where it is terrible to despair of truth and virtue. Woe to him who has to struggle with the subtleties of sophistical reason, when passions assail him. I have learned most thoroughly what this means; in order to spare thee my own bitter experience, nothing was left me except to neutralize the inevitable disorder by a process of inoculation.

What more favorable period for this proceeding could I have chosen, my Julius? Thou stoodst before me in the full vigor of youth; body and mind in the most beautiful bloom; unoppressed by care; unfettered by passion; free, and strong enough to fight the great battle, the gain of which is the sublime peace of conviction. Truth and error have not yet been subjects of practical interest to thee. Thy enjoyments and thy virtues have been independent of either. Thou needest no frightful phantoms to drag thee out of the abyss of low excesses. Thy sympathy for nobler joys had inspired thee with disgust for the former. Thou wast good by instinct, by virtue of an unpolluted moral gracefulness. I had nothing to fear for thy morality, if a structure, upon which it was not founded, should tumble to pieces. Nor do thy apprehensions frighten me, whatever thy melancholy mood may insinuate to the contrary. I know thee better, Julius!

Ingrate! Thou scornest reason, forgetful of the joys which it has already afforded thee. Even if thou hadst been able to evade the dangers of skepticism during thy whole life, it was my duty not to keep from thee enjoyments of which thou wast both capable and worthy. The position which thou heldst, was beneath thee. The road on which thou art ascending, offers thee a compensation for all that I have robbed thee of. I recollect with what rapture thou blessedst the moment when the scales fell from thy eyes. The warmth with which thou seizedst the truth, may have led thy devouring fancy to the brink of precipices from which thou startest back in affright.

I shall have to follow the course of thy investigations in order to discover the sources of thy complaints. Thou hast been in the habit of writing down the results of thy meditations. Send me this paper; I shall reply to it.

JULIUS TO RAPHAEL.

This morning, in searching my papers, I found a mislaid composition which I had written in those

blissful hours of my proud enthusiasm. Raphael, how differently do I find all this now! It is the wooden scaffolding of the stage without the lights. My heart was in search of a philosophy, and a deceitful fancy substituted illusions. The warmest philosophy I mistook for the true one.

I inquire into the laws of spirits—soar up to the infinite, but I forget to furnish the proof of their existence. A bold attack of materialism upsets my creations.

Peruse this fragment, Raphael. Would thou couldst rekindle the extinguished spark of my enthusiasm, reconcile me with my genius—but my pride has sunk so low that even Raphael's approbation will hardly be able to raise it again.

THEOSOPHY OF JULIUS.

THE UNIVERSE AND THE THINKING BEING.

The universe is God's thought expressed. After this ideal picture had become a reality, and the birth of the world had rendered visible the plan of its Creator—pardon me this human simile—it has become the mission of all thinking beings, to retrace the first design in the existing whole, to seek the rules of this mechanism, the unity of this combination, the laws of phenomena, and to trace the work back again to its first outlines. Thus I recognize but one phenomenon in Nature, the thinking being. The great combination which we call Universe, excites my interest only in so far as it is designed to furnish symbolic representations of the varied manifestations of this being. Every thing within and without me is the hieroglyphical expression of a power analogous to my own being. The laws of Nature are figures which a thinking being combines for the purpose of rendering itself intelligible to other thinking beings, the alphabet by means of which all spirits hold intercourse with the most perfect One. Harmony, truth, order, beauty, excellence, cause me joy because they identify me with the action of Him who invented and possesses these states of the soul; because they indicate the presence of a rationally sentient being, and cause me to suspect a relationship between this being and myself. A new experience in this empire of truth, the law of gravitation, the circulation of the blood, the natural system of Linnæus, originally appeal to my consciousness in the same manner as an antique dug up in Herculaneum—both are the reflex of a spirit, constitute a new species of acquaintance with a being similar to me. I converse with the Infinite through the instrumentality of Nature, through universal history—I read the artist's soul in his Apollo.

Wouldst thou be convinced, Raphael, investigate backward. Every state of the human soul is designated by some parable in creation; not only artists and poets, but even the most abstract thinkers have drawn from this magazine. Quickness of action we designate by the term fire; time is a rapidly coursing stream; eternity is represented by a circle; a secret is shrouded in midnight, and truth resides in the sun. I am even inclined to believe that the future destiny of the spirit-man is prognosticated by the dark oracle of physical

creation. Every successive spring, when the young shoots are starting out of the bosom of the soil, enlightens me concerning the uncertain riddle of death, and refutes my anxiety of sleeping forever in my grave. The swallow which we find congealed in winter, and revived in spring; the dead caterpillar, which soars in the air in the shape of a butterfly, offer us striking symbols of immortality.

How significant every thing around me now becomes! The whole space now is peopled around me. There is no longer a desert spot in Nature. Where I discover a body, there I feel the presence of a spirit—where I see motion, there I divine a thought.

Where no dead are buried—where there is no resurrection, omnipotence still speaks to me through its works, and it is in this sense that I understand the doctrine of God's omnipresence.

IDEA.

All spirits are attracted by perfection. All—there may be aberrations, but there are no exceptions—all tend to a condition, where they may enjoy the free and highest manifestation of their powers; all possess the common instinct to expand their activity, to attract, assimilate, or identify with themselves every thing that they have recognized as good, excellent, lovely. The perception and contemplation of the beautiful, of the true, of the excellent, imply the instantaneous appropriation of these attributes. At the very moment when we imagine them, we become the owners of a virtue, the authors of an act, the discoverers of a truth, the possessors of a bliss. We ourselves become the object that has been felt and perceived. Do not confound me by a skeptical smile, Raphael; this supposition is the basis upon which I found all my subsequent reasonings, and we must agree now, if I am to keep up my courage in completing my structure.

The inner sense teaches every body a similar lesson. For example, if we admire an act of generosity, of bravery, of prudence, does not a secret consciousness in our hearts whisper to us that we are capable of doing the same? Does not the blush which such a story calls out upon our cheeks, inform us that our modesty trembles at the thought of being thus admired?—that the praise which the ennobling of our being must procure for us, embarrasses us? Our very body identifies itself at this moment with the gestures of the acting man, and shows most manifestly that our soul has passed into a similar state. If thou hast been present, Raphael, during the recital of some great event before a crowd, didst thou not see from the narrator's looks how he himself expected to receive the incense and to drink in the applause which was offered up to his hero? When thou wast this narrator, hast thou never surprised thy heart in this happy illusion? Thou knowest from experience, Raphael, how animatedly I can dispute with my soul's friend about the reading of a beautiful anecdote, of an excellent poem, and my heart has silently confessed that, at such times, it envied thee the laurel which is transferred from the author to the

reader. A quick and intense sentiment of virtue is generally regarded as a proof of the possession of virtue, as, on the other hand, we do not hesitate to doubt the goodness of a man whose head is slow and dull to appreciate moral beauty.

Do not raise the objection that the quick perception of a perfection is very frequently allied with the opposite defect; that even a villain may sometimes be seized with a fit of enthusiasm for moral excellence; that even the feeble may sometimes burn with the fire of Herculean greatness. I know, for instance, that our admired Haller, who unmasked so manfully the valued nothing of vain honor, whose philosophical greatness I so highly admired, was not able to despise the still vainer nothing of a cross which was an insult to his greatness. I am convinced that, at the moment when they conceive their ideal, the artist, the philosopher, and the poet, are really the great and good men whose images they portray; but this ennobling of the mind is only an unnatural condition with many, artificially induced by a more vigorous flow of the blood, by a more rapid flight of the fancy, but for this very reason, evanescent like every other charm, and abandoning the heart, in a state of increased exhaustion, to the despotic sway of low passions. I say in a state of increased exhaustion, for it is the general experience that a return to evil habits plunges the evildoer more deeply into crime than before; that those who again become faithless to virtue, free themselves, in the arms of vice, from the troublesome constraint of repentance.

I desire to show, Raphael, that we appropriate to ourselves the condition of others, the moment we feel and perceive it; that this perfection becomes our own during the time that a clear perception of it is awakened in our minds; that our delight in beholding truth, beauty, and virtue, finally resolves itself into the consciousness of our own higher culture, both of heart and mind. I think that I have succeeded in showing this.

We have ideas of the wisdom of the highest Being, of his goodness, his justice, but no idea of his omnipotence. In order to designate his omnipotence, we resort to a series of three successive parts or states of being: nothing, his will, and something. There is chaos and darkness; God calls: light—and there is light. If we had a full and complete idea of his active omnipotence, we should be beings like himself.

Every perfection which I feel and perceive, becomes my own; it gives me joy because it is my own; I desire it, because I love myself. Perfection in nature is no property of matter, but of spirit. All spirits are happy by their perfection. I desire the happiness of all spirits, because I love myself. The happiness which I imagine to myself, becomes my own; hence it is my interest to awaken these ideas, to multiply and exalt them; hence I feel an interest in spreading happiness all around me. The beauty, the excellence, the enjoyments, which I produce outside of me, I likewise produce within; the enjoyment which I slight and destroy, I slight and destroy at my expense. I desire the happiness of others because I desire my own. Desire for the happiness of others is called by us benevolence.

LOVE.

Now, dear Raphael, let me look around. The top is reached; the mist is fallen; as if in a blooming landscape, I am standing in the midst of immensity. The pure light of the sun has purified all my ideas.

Love, the most beautiful phenomenon in the world of rational beings, the all-powerful magnet in the world of spirits, the source of devotion and of the sublimest virtue, love is nothing but the reflection of this single force, an attraction of that which is excellent, based upon a momentary exchange of personality, an exchange of being.

When I hope, I appropriate something; when I love, I enrich myself by that which I love. Forgiveness is the finding again of a property that had been alienated; hatred of man a prolonged suicide; egotism the highest poverty of a created being.

When Raphael tore himself from my last embrace, my soul was lacerated, and I wept over the loss of my more beautiful half. On that blissful evening—thou recollectest it—when our souls came in fiery contact with each other for the first time, all thy great sentiments became my own. I simply enforced my external claims to thy excellence, prouder to love thee than to be loved by thee, for the former had made me another Raphael.

“Did not the same strong mainspring urge and guide

Our hearts to meet in love's eternal bond?
Linked to thine arm, O Raphael, by thy side

Might I aspire to reach to souls beyond
Our earth, and bid the bright ambition go
To that perfection which the angels know!

“Happy—O happy—I have found thee—I

Have out of millions found thee, and embraced;
Thou, out of millions, mine!—Let earth and sky

Return to darkness, and the antique waste—
To chaos shocked, let warring atoms be,
Still shall each heart unto the other flee!

“Do I not find within thy radiant eyes

Fairer reflections of all joys most fair?
In thee I marvel at myself—the dyes

Of lovely earth seem lovelier painted there,
And in the bright looks of the friend is given
A heavenlier mirror, even that of Heaven!

* Sadness casts off its load and gaily goes

From the intolerant storm to rest awhile
In love's true heart, sure haven of repose;

Does not pain's veriest transports learn to
smile

From that bright eloquence affection gave
To friendly looks?—there, finds not pain a grave?

“In all creation did I stand alone,

Still to the rocks my dreams a soul should find,
Mine arms should wreath themselves around the
stone,

My grief should feel a listener in the wind;
My joy—its echo in the caves should be!
Fool, if ye will—fool, for sweet sympathy!”

There is no love between souls vibrating exactly alike, but there is between souls that are harmonious. With pleasure I see my sentiments reflected in the mirror of thy own, but with ardent longing I devour thy higher sentiments which I do not possess. One rule governs friendship and love. The gentle Desdemona loves her Othello on account of the dangers which he has undergone; the manly Othello loves her on account of the tears which she shed for him.

There are moments in life when we feel inclined to press to our bosom every flower, every distant star, every worm, and every higher spirit of whose existence we have only a dim presentiment; we feel disposed to embrace all Nature as the one whom we love. Thou comprehendest, Raphael. A man who has succeeded in gathering up all the beauty, greatness, excellence, in the small as well as the great things of Nature, and in comprehending the evolving principle of this endless variety, is much nearer to the Deity. All creation seems to be received into his personality. If every man loved all men, each one of them would possess the whole world.

I fear that this philosophy is contrary to the spirit of our age. Many of our thinkers have made it their business to laugh this heavenly instinct out of the human soul, to efface the impress of the Deity, and to extinguish the energy of a noble enthusiasm, in the cold and killing vapor of a heartless indifference. Fettered by the consciousness of their own degradation, they have hit upon interest, this dangerous enemy of benevolence, in order to account for a phenomenon which was too divine for their contracted hearts. They have spun their desolate doctrine out of the cobwebs of a starving egotism, and have made their own small measure the standard of their Creator, like degenerate slaves decrying freedom amidst the clangor of their chains. Swift, who pushed his derision of human folly to a degree where it became an infamy to humanity, and who first inscribed his name upon the pillory which he designed for the whole human race, could not have inflicted as fatal a wound on human nature as these dangerous thinkers who adorn egotism with all the brilliant sophisms of subtle cunning and genius, and make it the soul of their systems.

Why should the whole race be held accountable if a few members only despair of its worth?

I confess I believe in the reality of disinterested love. I am ruined if it does not exist; I renounce the Deity, immortality and virtue. I have no proof left for such hopes, if I cease to believe in love. A spirit that loves itself, is a floating atom in boundless space.

SACRIFICE.

It is true, love has produced effects that seem to be contrary to its nature.

I can imagine that I may increase my own bliss by a sacrifice which I make to the bliss of others. But is this still possible, if this sacrifice involves the loss of my own life? History furnishes instances of such sacrifices; I feel most keenly that it would be no sacrifice to me to die for Raphael's safety. How is it possible that we should regard

death as a means of augmenting the sum of our enjoyments? How can the cessation of life be made to agree with an increased development of my being?

The hypothesis of immortality removes this contradiction; but it disfigures, on the other hand, the sublime gracefulness of this phenomenon. The expectation of a rewarding future excludes love. There must be a virtue which is sufficient to itself without the belief of immortality; which, even if it should be threatened with prospective annihilation, would still be willing to make the same sacrifice.

The human soul is indeed ennobled even by sacrificing present advantages to eternal interests; this is the noblest degree of egotism. But egotism and love separate humanity into two exceedingly dissimilar species whose boundaries never coalesce. Egotism makes self its own centre; love places its centre outside of self, within the axis of the eternal whole. Love aims at unity; egotism is solitude. Love is a ruling fellow-citizen in a flourishing republic; egotism is a despot in a desolating creation. Egotism is sowing for gratitude, love for the opposite. Love gives, egotism only lends, whether in the expectation of immediate enjoyment, or of a martyr's crown, in the future; it is the same before the throne of judging truth, whether the interest is due in this or in the future life.

Imagine a truth, Raphael, which will be a blessing to the whole human race for centuries to come; and that this truth dooms its worshiper to death; this truth can only have afforded demonstrative evidence, can only be believed, if he should die. Then think of a man with the bright, far-reaching eye of genius, with the flaming impulse of enthusiasm, with a perfect disposition to love. Let the complete ideal of that grand result loom up in his soul, let him see in the obscure future all those whom he is to make happy by his work, let the present and the future crowd upon his mind in one focus, and then answer the question: Does such a man need the expectation of a future life?

The sum of all these sensations will coalesce with his own identity. He represents the human race which he is now imagining. It is a body in which his life, forgotten and unnecessary, is floating like a single drop of blood; how readily will he spill it for the sake of his health!

GOD

All the perfections in the universe are united in God. God and Nature are two quantities that are perfectly equal to each other.

The sum of harmonious action which exists united in the divine substance, is individualized in Nature, the reflex of this substance, in innumerable degrees and quantities. Nature, if I may use this figure, is a God infinitely divided.

As in the prismatic crystal, a white ray is broken into seven colored rays, so has the divine I been parted, as it were, into innumerable sentient substances. As the seven colored rays would again coalesce into the white ray, so would the union of all these sentient substances result in the reproduction of a Divine Being. The ex-

isting form of Nature is the optical spectrum, and all the activities of the spirits are only an endless chromatic play of that single divine ray. If it should suit omnipotence to break the prism, the connecting link between the world and omnipotence would cease to be, all spirits would become absorbed in one Infinite, all accords would combine in one harmony, all rivers would flow together in one ocean.

The attraction of elements has achieved the physical form of Nature. The attraction of spirits, multiplied and continued to infinity, would finally lead to the cessation of that separation of elements, and, if I may use the expression, produce God. Such an attraction is love.

Love, then, is the ladder upon which we ascend to the deity. We approach this goal without pretending to do so, without even being conscious of it.

"We are dead groups of matter when we hate;
But when we love we are as gods!—Unto
The gentle fetters yearning, through each state
And shade of being multiform, and through
All countless spirits (save of all the sire)—
Moves, breathes, and blends the one divine De-
sire.

"Lo, arm in arm, through every upward grade,
From the rude Mongol to the Starry Greek,
Who the fine link between the mortal made,
And Heaven's last seraph—everywhere we seek
Union and bond—till in one sea sublime
Of Love he merged all measure and all time!

"Friendless ruled God his solitary sky!
He felt the want, and therefore souls were
made,
The blessed mirrors of His bliss!—His Eye
No equal in His loftiest works surveyed:
And from the source whence souls are quickened
—He
Called His Companion forth—ETERNITY!"

Love, my Raphael, is the richly rewarding arcanum of wisdom, which teaches us to obtain the pure gold from the unsightly ore, to work the eternal out of the perishable, and save the principle of permanence from the destructive conflagration of ages.

What is the sum-total of my remarks?

Let us comprehend excellence, and it will be ours. Let us become familiar with the sublime idea of unity, and we shall all join in brotherly love. Let us sow beauty and joy, and we shall reap beauty and joy. Let us think lucidly, and we shall love intensely. "Be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," says the founder of our faith. Feeble man trembled at this commandment, therefore he explained it by adding: "Love one another."

"Bold wisdom, with her sunlit eye,
Retreats when love comes whispering by—
For wisdom's weak to love!
To victor stern or monarch proud,
Imperial wisdom never bowed
The knee she bows to love!

"Who through the steep and starry sky,
Goes onward to the gods on high,

Before thee, hero-brave?
 Who halves for thee the land of heaven;
 Who shows thy heart, Elysium, given
 Through the flame-rended grave?

"Below, if we were blind to love,
 Say, should we soar o'er death, above?
 Would the weak soul, did love forsake her,
 E'er gain the wing to seek the Maker?
 Love, only love, can guide the creature
 Up to the Father-fount of Nature;
 What were the soul did love forsake her?
 Love guides the mortal to the Maker!"

This is the confession of faith of my reason, a hasty sketch of inchoate creation. This comes of the seed which thou hast planted in my soul. Now laugh, rejoice, or blush at thy disciple. Just as thou pleasest, but this philosophy has ennobled my heart, and has beautified the prospect of my life. It is possible that the whole structure of my conclusions may have been the "baseless fabric of a vision." The world as I have here conceived it, exists perhaps really nowhere, except in the brain of thy Julius; after the lapse of thousands of thousands of years, when wisdom shall have sharpened and enlightened my judgment, I may perhaps, on beholding the true original, tear my own childish sketch in pieces for very shame; all this may take place, I am prepared for it; but, in that case, if the reality should not even resemble my dream, reality will afford me a much more ravishing and more majestic surprise. Could my own ideas be more beautiful than those of the eternal Creator? What? Could the Creator permit his sublime work to be beneath the expectations of a mortal judge? It is the ordeal of his great perfection, and the sweetest triumph for the highest intelligence not to be injured by the wrong conclusions and by the erroneous perceptions of the creatures whose reason, in spite of all its serpentine sinuosities, must finally coincide with the straight line of eternal truth, in which all the devious meanderings of the human understanding have finally to unite, as in their common haven. Raphael, what a sublime idea must I entertain of an artist who, disfigured in a thousand copies, remains ever the same, and whom not even the desolating hand of a bungler can rob of adoration.

My conception may possibly be faulty, even entirely spurious; I may even be convinced that it is so, and yet the results which I have depicted may flow from it. All philosophers agree that all our knowledge amounts at last to a conventional illusion, with which the most rigid truth may consistently exist together. Our purest conceptions are not by any means the real images of objects, but only their necessarily definite and co-existing symbols. Neither God, nor the human soul, nor the world, are what we imagine them to be. Our ideas of these objects are only the endemic forms peculiar to them upon the planet which we inhabit. Our brain belongs to this planet, hence likewise the idiomatic forms of our ideas which lie slumbering in the brain. But the power of the soul is *sui generis*, necessary, and always like itself; arbitrary changes in the mate-

rials which serve as a vehicle of manifestation, do not alter the eternal laws according to which the manifestation takes place, as long as these changes do not contradict each other, as long as the symbol continues to symbolize the same thing. The relations which the thinking mind develops between idiomatic forms and the objects which they are supposed to designate, should have been suggested by, and be exactly harmonious to, the essence of these objects. Truth, therefore, is not the property of idiomatic forms, but of inferences; it is not the similarity of the symbol to the thing symbolized, of the idea to the object, but the perfect accord between the idea and the laws of the thinking faculty. In a similar manner, the doctrine of quantities employs figures which exist nowhere except on paper, and by means of them discovers that which exists in the real world. What similarity is there between the letters A and B, the signs : and =, + and —, and the result which is to be evolved? Yet the comet which had been announced centuries ago, ascends above the distant horizon, the expected planet takes its place in front of the sun. Trusting to the infallibility of his calculus, the world-discoverer Columbus launches forth upon the perilous ocean, in order to discover the unknown hemisphere, the island Atlantis, which is to fill up the gap on his map. He found this island which only existed on his paper, and his calculus was found correct. Would it have been less so, if a hostile storm had dashed his ships to pieces, or had driven them back to their homes? A similar calculus is made by human reason, when it measures the supra-sensual by means of the sensual, and applies the mathematics of its conclusions to the concealed physics of the supra-sensual. But reason has yet to verify its calculus by a last proof, for no traveler has as yet returned from yonder country to relate his discoveries.

Human nature has its own limits; each individual has its own. As regards the former limitation, we will console each other; in regard to the latter, I trust that Raphael will excuse the boyhood of his Julius. I am destitute of ideas, a stranger to many branches of knowledge which are supposed to be indispensable in investigations of this kind. I have never attended lectures on philosophy, nor have I read many philosophical works. I may possibly have substituted here and there my own fancies for the more rigid conclusions of reason; I may have regarded a more buoyant flow of the blood, the intuitions and wants of my own heart for safer wisdom; but even these mistakes shall not beguile me into regretting the lost moment. It is actual gain to the general perfection, it was foreseen by the wise Spirit that a wandering reason would people even the chaotic land of dreams, and would sow even the barren field of dispute and contradiction. Not only the artist deserves our respect who polishes the rough diamond, but also he who invests the common stones with an appearance of its beauty. A polished exterior may sometimes make us forget the massive truth of the substance. Is not every exercise of the thinking power, every acute perception of the understanding, a slight advance toward its perfection, and

every perfection necessarily exists as part of the complete universe. The reality is not limited to that which is absolutely necessary; it likewise comprehends that which is relatively necessary; every offspring of the brain, every product of the understanding, enjoys the right of citizenship in this vast empire of creation. Every activity had to be provided for in the infinite sketch of Nature, no degree of enjoyment must be wanting toward the universal bliss. The great Governor of his universe, who does not allow a splinter to fall down unimproved; who does not leave a single corner where life may be enjoyed, without it; who with the poison that is hostile to man, satiates vipers and spiders; who conjures up vegetation from the domain of corruption; who improves with a wise economy the trifling blossom of pleasure which may still bud in the mind of the maniac; who bends vice and folly as means of moral excellence, and weaves the idea of a world-ruling Rome out of the lust of Tarquinius Sextus; should not this ingenious Governor use error as an instrument for the accomplishment of his great plans; should he allow this vast region in the soul of man to remain waste and joyless? Every skill of the reason, even in error, augments its skill toward the conception of truth.

Friend of my soul, let me add my own web to the expansive cobweb of human wisdom. The image of the sun is seen in the drops of the morning-dew differently from what it is in the majestic mirror of the earth-encircling ocean! Shame upon the turbid pool that never receives and never reflects this image! Millions of beings imbibe the four elements of Nature. One magazine is open to all; but all beings mix their fluids differently, return them in different proportions and combinations into the bosom of Nature. This beautiful variety shows that the edifice is owned by a rich master. Out of four elements all spirits draw sustenance: their own Self, Nature, God, and the Future. All spirits combine them in million fold different ways, evolve them as differently: but there is one truth which, like a firm axis, pervades all religions and all systems: "Approximate the God whom you believe in!"

RAPHAEL TO JULIUS.

It were a sad thing, Julius, if there were no means left to tranquilize thee except by restoring thy faith in the firstlings of thy meditations. I have hailed with an intense pleasure the ideas which I saw germinate in thy mind. They are worthy of a soul like thine; but thou shouldst not, neither couldst thou remain standing still here. There are joys for every age, and enjoyments for every grade of spirits.

Thou must have found it difficult to part with a system which seemed so well adapted to the wants of thy heart. No other system will ever become so deeply rooted in thy mind, and it might be sufficient to leave thee to thyself, in order to reconcile thee sooner or later with thy favorite ideas. Thou wouldst soon perceive the weak points in opposite systems, and, either side

being equally incapable of proof, prefer that which is most desirable, or thou wouldst perhaps find new arguments in order to save the essential features of thy own system, even though some of the bolder assertions should have to be given up.

But nothing of all this is part of my plan. I wish thee to attain to a freedom of mind where thou wilt not be any longer in need of such expedients. Assuredly this is not the work of a moment. The ordinary aim of the earliest education is the subjugation of the mind; of all pedagogical tricks, this one unfortunately succeeds best. Even thou, with all the elasticity of thy character, seemedst destined, above a thousand others, to submit to the government of opinions, and this state of mental minority might have lasted the longer, the less thou wast sensible of its oppressive weight. Thy head and heart are most closely united. The doctrine became dear to thee on account of the teacher. Soon thou succeededst in discovering an interesting feature in it, in ennobling it agreeably to the wants of thy heart, and in quieting thy mind with a spirit of resignation concerning the points that must startle thee. Thou despisedst assaults upon such opinions as the villainous revenge of a slavish soul against the rod of its oppressor. Thou boastedst of thy fetters which thou fanciedst thou wert bearing from free choice.

In this condition I found thee, and it was a sad sight to see thee so often deterred by pusillanimous considerations from enjoying the bloom of life, and manifesting thy noblest energies. The consistence with which thou actedst in accordance with thy convictions, and the strength of soul which facilitated to thee every sacrifice, were double limitations of thy activity and thy joys. At that period I resolved to defeat the bungling efforts which had been made to force a spirit like thine into the mould of commonplace minds. Every thing depended upon calling thy attention to the value of self-inquiry, and inspiring thee with confidence in thy own powers. The success of thy first attempts favored my intentions. It is true thy fancy was more active in this work than thy ingenuity. Its intuitions replaced to thee the loss of thy dearest convictions more speedily than thou couldst have expected of the snail's pace of a cold-blooded inquiry which progresses step by step from the known to the unknown. It was this inspiring method which afforded thee the first enjoyment in this new field of activity, and I took good care not to disturb a welcome enthusiasm which promoted the development of thy most excellent qualities. Now the scene has changed. A return to thy childish minority is cut off for ever. Thy journey is onward, and thou art no longer in need of lenient treatment.

Thou shouldst not wonder if a system like thine cannot stand the test of severe criticism. This fate has been shared by all other experiments resembling thy own in boldness and comprehensiveness. Moreover, it was quite natural that thy philosophical career should commence with thee individually, as it has with the human race collectively. From time immemorial the *universe* has constituted the *first object* of human inquiry. Hypotheses concerning the origin of the

universe, and the cohesion of its parts, had occupied the greatest thinkers for centuries, when Socrates called the philosophy of his age from heaven down to earth. But the boundaries of living wisdom were too restricted for the proud desire of knowledge which inflamed his followers. New systems were formed of the ruins of the former. The sagacity of subsequent periods roved through the boundless field of possible answers to the unceasingly intruding questions concerning the mysterious interior of Nature, which it was impossible for human experience to unvail. Some even succeeded in imparting to the results of their cogitations, an appearance of precision, completeness, and evidence. By resorting to a variety of tricks, human reason seeks to avoid the shame of not being able to transgress the boundaries of human nature in the acquisition of knowledge. At one time one imagines that new truths are discovered upon analysing an idea into parts out of which it had been arbitrarily compounded. At another time some unconsciously-mistaken supposition is made the basis of a series of conclusions whose gaps are cunningly concealed, and the fraudulently-obtained inferences are gazed at as sublime wisdom. Again, at another time one-sided experiences are accumulated for the purpose of corroborating an hypothesis, whereas opposing phenomena are overlooked; or else the meaning of words is altered agreeably to the necessities of the logical process. These are not merely the tricks of which the philosophical quack avails himself for the purpose of deceiving his public. Even the most honest and candid inquirer frequently, though unconsciously, employs similar means, in order to quench his thirst for knowledge, as soon as he steps out of the sphere where alone his reason may rightfully rejoice at the results of its activity.

Judging by what thou hast heard me utter on former occasions, these statements cannot fail to surprise thee. Nevertheless they are not the result of skeptical caprice. I could account to thee for the reasons upon which these statements are founded; but, in order to do this, I should have to premise a rather dry inquiry into the nature of human cognition, and fatigue thee with reasonings and opinions, the want of which thou mayst not as yet have experienced. Thou art not as yet prepared to listen with interest to the humiliating truths concerning the boundaries of human knowledge. First experiment with the system which has replaced thy own. Examine it alike impartially and rigidly. Apply the same process to other systems which thou mayst have become acquainted with more recently; if not one of them answers thy demands entirely, the question will obtrude itself: "Were these demands *just*?"

"Poor comfort," thou mayst reply. "After so many brilliant hopes, is resignation my only prospect? Was it worth while, in such a case, to invite me to the full use of my reason, in order to restrict it within limits at the very moment when it promised to bear me the richest fruit? Had I to become acquainted with a higher enjoyment for no other purpose than to be made aware of the painful consciousness of my finiteness?"

Nevertheless it is this feeling of depression

which I should like to free thee from. My aim is to remove every thing that might hinder the full enjoyment of thy existence, and to vitalize the germ of every exalted enthusiasm, the consciousness of thy soul's nobility. Thou hast waked up from the slumber into which the yoke of other people's opinions had lulled thee. But thou wouldst never fill the measure of greatness for which thou art destined, if thou shouldst squander thy energies in endeavoring to reach an unattainable goal. This might have been well enough until now; it was a natural consequence of thy newly acquired liberty. The ideas which had occupied thee most at first, must necessarily impart the first direction to thy mind's activity. Thy own experience would have taught thee sooner or later whether this direction was the most fruitful. It was my business to hasten this period, if possible.

It is a common prejudice to estimate man's greatness by the *materials* with which he works, not by the *manner* in which he works them. A higher being undoubtedly honors the imprint of perfection even in the least sphere, whereas it looks down with feelings of pity upon the attempt to survey the universe with the eyes of an ant. Among the ideas which thou hast expressed in thy composition, the one which I can concede least of all is the supposition that it is man's destiny to acquire an intuitive view of the spirit of the Creator by the contemplation of his work. I admit that I am not acquainted with any higher figure for the activity of the highest Being, than the figure of *art*. But thou appearest to have overlooked an important difference. The universe is no pure expression of an *ideal* like the perfect work of a human artist. This one rules despotically over the inanimate matter by means of which he embodies his ideas. In the divine work of art the characteristic nature of each constituent element is carefully preserved, and the watchful attention which he unceasingly bestows upon every germ of energy, even in the smallest creature, exalts the master as much as the harmony of the boundless whole. *Life* and *liberty*, in their largest possible extent, constitute the imprint of Creation, which is never more sublime than where its ideal seems to have been realized least. This higher perfection cannot be grasped by us in our present finiteness. We survey too small a portion of the universe, and the perception of the larger number of discords as elements of harmony is as yet an inaccessible task to our minds. Every succeeding ascent on the scale of progression, fits us more thoroughly for this higher enjoyment of art, which, however, even in such a case, is only valuable as a means, in so far as it inspires us with a desire to imitate the Creator's method. A mere idle gazing at others' greatness cannot be reckoned as a higher quality. The man of a higher order of goodness is neither wanting in materials for action, nor in power to become a *creator* within his own limited sphere. This, too, is thy calling, Julius. If thou hast once recognized it, thou wilt never again complain of the barriers which thy desire of knowledge is unable to leap over.

It is this period that I am waiting for, in order to witness a perfect reconciliation between thee and

me. First thou must become perfectly acquainted with the extent of thy powers before thou canst appreciate the value of their most unbounded development. Until then, make me the object of thy wrath, but do not despair of thyself.

LETTERS ON DON CARLOS.

LETTER I.

You inform me, my dear friend, that the criticisms which have been published on Don Carlos have not satisfied you, and are of opinion that most of them have failed to do justice to the real point of view of the author. You deem it even possible to save certain bold passages declared untenable by critics; many doubts which have been expressed against them seem to you, if not answered, at least foreseen and considered in the body of the play. You inform me that in many of these objections, what astonishes you most is not so much the sagacity of the critics as the self-satisfaction with which they express their doubts, without being in the least disturbed by the thought that transgressions which strike the eye of the most timid, must have been visible to the author, who certainly should not be looked upon as the least informed of his readers; hence it appears to you that it is not so much the matter itself as the motives which induced the author to resort to his peculiar manner of treating it, that constitute the legitimate subject of criticism. These motives may be insufficient; they may be based upon a one-sided mode of viewing the facts; the critic should have shown this insufficiency and one-sidedness, if he is desirous of being estimated as a capable judge by the author whose judge or adviser he claims to be.

What matters it to the author, however, whether his critic was competent or not; whether he was possessed of much or little sagacity. Let the critic settle that point in his own mind. It is a bad thing for the author and his work, if he depended for its effect upon the *divining power* and *equity* of his critics; if he depended for its impression, upon qualities that are only found united in few heads. It is one of the most defective conditions in which a work of art can be placed, if its interpretation depends upon the arbitrary disposition of the spectator, and if his judgment has to be enlightened by subsequent explanations from the author. If you meant to convey the idea that my work occupies this very position, you have said something very unfavorable of it, and you induce me to examine it again and more closely from this point of view. It seems, therefore, as though we ought to examine whether the piece contains every thing that is necessary to an intelligent comprehension of the plot, and whether every thing is stated in such clear terms that the reader can have no difficulty in apprehending the author's meaning. Allow me, therefore, my friend, to entertain you for a few moments with this subject. The play has been further removed from me; I find myself, as it were, holding the middle

between the artist and the spectator, and enabled by this position to unite the former's familiar acquaintance with his subject with the candid independence of the latter.

In the first acts—it is of importance that I should premise this statement—I may have excited other expectations than I have fulfilled in the last. St. Real's novel, and perhaps my own statements in the first number of the *Thalia*, may have placed the reader upon a point of view from which the piece should no longer be judged.

During the period that I was engaged on the piece, and which was lengthened by many interruptions, many changes were taking place within my own mind. The piece had necessarily to feel the effects of these changes, which a variety of events caused in my mode of thinking and feeling. That which had chained me in the commencement of the work, seemed much less important to me as I proceeded, and still less so at the conclusion. New ideas were budding in my mind, and superseded the former; Carlos himself was not as high in my favor as he had been, perhaps because I had gone ahead of him in years, and, for a similar reason, Marquis Posa had taken his place. Thus it happened that my heart was differently attuned when I commenced the fourth and fifth act. The first three acts were in the hands of the public; the plan of the whole could no longer be disturbed; I should have been obliged either to suppress the piece—and my readers would not have been satisfied with this proceeding—or else I had to adapt the second half to the former as well as I was able. If I have not succeeded in this arrangement to my perfect satisfaction, I may console myself with the thought that more skillful hands than mine would not have done much better. The main fault was that I had been too long in completing the piece; whereas a dramatic work should be matured in one summer. The plan likewise was vaster than was suitable for the boundaries and rules of a dramatic work. This plan rendered it necessary that the Marquis Posa should enjoy the most unlimited confidence of the King; the arrangement of the plot allowed me only one scene to bring about this remarkable result.

These explanations may justify me in the eyes of friendship, but not in those of art. They may, however, serve to terminate the numerous declamations with which critics have assailed me from this quarter.

LETTER II:

The character of Posa has been criticized as too ideal; how far this criticism is founded, is best seen, if this man's characteristic mode of action is viewed in its essential light. You perceive that in this matter, I have to contend with two classes of judges. To those who banish him altogether from the class of natural beings, I have to show how far he is still connected with human nature, how far his opinions and acts emanate from human instincts, and are founded upon the action and reaction of external circumstances; those who assign to him the name of a divine man, need

but have their attention called to a few weaknesses which are exceedingly human. However far the Marquis is elevated above the ordinary life by the sentiments which he utters, by the philosophy that guides him, by the favorite feelings by which his soul is inspired, these facts, so far as they imply simple states of the mind, certainly do not rightfully banish him from the class of natural beings. For what may not be conceived by the head of man? What offspring of the brain may not enkindle a passion in a glowing heart? Nor can his actions be regarded as superhuman, for history records examples of such conduct; Posa's sacrifice for his friend is not superior to the heroic death of a Curtius, a Regulus, and others. If there is anything erroneous or impossible, it must be because his sentiments were contrary to the spirit of his age, or because they are too powerless and lifeless to inspire the love of such actions. The objections which have been raised against the naturalness of Posa's character, can therefore be only understood as implying the assertion that during Philip the Second's reign no man could have thought as the Marquis Posa does; that such thoughts are not transformed into will and act as readily as is the case in my play, and that an ideal enthusiasm does not act with such consistent firmness of purpose and energy.

The objections which have been raised against this character as being inconsistent with the age where it makes its appearance, seem to me to be rather *in favor of* than against it. After the example of all great minds the character arises between darkness and light as a prominent, isolated phenomenon. The epoch which gives rise to this character, is a period of universal ferment, a struggle between prejudice and reason, anarchy of opinions, dawning of the truth,—such a period has always been the hour when great men were born. The ideas of liberty and human dignity which a fortunate accident or favorable education caused to germinate in this susceptible and highly organized soul, astonish it by their novelty, and act upon it with all the power of a new and surprising discovery; even the mysterious manner in which they were communicated, must enhance the force of their impression. In consequence of long use they have not yet acquired the trivial appearance which blunts their impression on the present generation; their great characteristics have not as yet been effaced by the twaddle of schools, and the wit of society. In these ideas Posa's soul breathes as in a new and beautiful region which acts upon it with dazzling light and transports it into a beautiful dream. The opposite misery of servitude and superstition attaches his soul more and more firmly to this favorite world; are not the most beautiful dreams of freedom experienced in a dungeon? Tell me, my friend, where could the most beautiful ideal, of a republic, of universal toleration and liberty of conscience, have been conceived more fitly and more naturally than in the proximity of Philip the Second and his Inquisition?

All the maxims and favorite inclinations of the Marquis revolve around republican virtue. This is even shown by his self-sacrificing devotion to his friend, for the capability of sacrifice is the sum total of all republican virtue.

During the period when he made his appearance, human rights and liberty of conscience were debated more animatedly than ever. The previous reformation had first circulated these ideas, and the disturbances in Flanders kept them afloat. His social independence, his position as a Knight of Malta, afforded him the happy leisure of brooding over this speculative enthusiasm until it had completely matured.

It is, therefore, evident that the age and the country where the Marquis commenced his career, and the external conditions in which he was placed, are not the reasons why he should not have been capable of this philosophy, why he should not have been devoted to it with enthusiastic attachment.

If history furnishes a number of examples that all terrestrial interests can be sacrificed to *opinions*; if the most baseless illusion has power to inflame the minds of men to a degree which renders them capable of every sacrifice; it would be indeed singular if this power were to be denied to *truth*. It seems to me that at a period when men risked their property and life for dogmas which of themselves were not calculated to kindle enthusiasm, the appearance of a man who is willing to risk similar sacrifices for the sublimest of all ideas, cannot seem extraordinary, unless we believe that truth is less capable of touching the heart than an illusion. The Marquis, moreover, is announced as a hero. In his early youth he had given, with his sword, proofs of the bravery which he is to display hereafter in a nobler battle. I should think that inspiring truths, and a soul-stirring philosophy, must produce different results in the soul of a hero from what they do in the brain of a pedant, or in the frigid and worn-out heart of an effeminate worshiper of worldly pleasure.

You inform me that it is especially two of the Marquis's acts which have given offense: his conduct toward the King in the tenth scene of the third act, and his self-sacrificing devotion to his friend. But it is possible that the candor with which he expresses his sentiments to the King, is less to be credited to his courage than to his exact knowledge of the King's character; the objection would of course cease, if the danger is first removed. We will return to this subject, when I shall entertain you about Philip the Second; for the present, all I had to account for was Posa's willingness to die for the prince, on which subject I shall suggest a few ideas in my next letter.

LETTER III.

Some time ago you professed to have found in Don Carlos the proof that *passionate friendship* might be made just as good a subject for tragedy as *passionate love*, and you seemed amazed at my reply that I intended to draw the picture of such a friendship on some future occasion. Do you, like most of my readers, assume that it is *passionate friendship* which I intended to portray by the relation existing between Carlos and the Marquis Posa? Is it from this point of view that you have

heretofore considered these two characters, and, perhaps, the whole drama? What would you say, my friend, if I should inform you that you have interpreted this friendship in a light which was not intended? that the whole context of the scenes shows that this was not, and could not have been the object of Posa's friendship to Carlos? that the character of the Marquis, as it results from the sum-total of his acts, is not compatible with such a friendship, and that his most beautiful acts, which are generally ascribed to this friendship, furnish the best proof of the contrary?

The first announcement of the relation existing between these two young men, might have led the reader astray; but the error might easily have been discovered by examining with some attention the contrast in the conduct of these friends. The poet, in making the youthful friendship of these two persons his starting-point, has not weakened his higher plot; on the contrary, this was the very best mode of preparing the great interests of the play. The relation of friendship in which both are made to appear, was a reminiscence of their academical career. Harmony of feeling, the same love for the great and the beautiful, a like enthusiasm for truth, liberty, and virtue, had united them during that period. A character like that of Posa, which takes such developments as are indicated in the play, must have commenced early to realize his intense love-power in act; a benevolence which was to extend over humanity, had to begin with a more restricted relation. This creating and fiery spirit had to have, at an early period, a subject upon which it might act. Could a more beautiful subject offer than a delicately and intensely feeling prince, who, of his own accord, responded to Posa's friendship? But even at this early stage, the seriousness of his character is visible in a few traits; even here Posa is the colder and later friend, and his heart, which is even now too comprehensive to concentrate itself upon a single being, has to be conquered by means of a severe sacrifice.

"So I vowed,

Since I might never cope with thee in power,
That I would love thee with excess of love.
Then with a thousand shows of tenderness
And warm affection I besieged thy heart,
Which cold and friendly still repulsed them all.

You might despise me, crush my heart,
but never

Alter my love. Three times didst thou repulse
The Prince, and thrice he came to thee again,
To beg thy love, and force on thee his own.

My royal blood streamed 'neath the pitiless
lash;

This price I paid for what might seem a foolish
passion,
For my Roderigo's friendship."

Here a few hints are given which show how little the Marquis's attachment to the Prince is founded upon *personal* accord. Even at the commencement of their intercourse, Posa thinks of his friend as a king's son, and this idea intrudes between him and his supplicating friend. Carlos opens to him his arms; the young citizen of the

world kneels before him. The sentiment of liberty and human dignity had matured in his soul before he became the friend of Carlos; this branch was grafted upon the more vigorous trunk at a later period. Even at the moment when his pride is conquered by the great sacrifice of his friend, he is still mindful of the Prince. "I will pay thee," he says, "when thou art king." Is it possible that *friendship* which is essentially based upon *equality*, should have existed in so young a heart, in spite of this vivid and ever-present consciousness that their conditions were unequal? Even at that period it was not so much love as gratitude, not so much friendship as pity, which gained the Marquis to the Prince. The feelings, intuitions, dreams, resolutions, which crowded upon each other in this boyish soul in dark confusion, had to be communicated to another soul where they might be held and examined, and Carlos was the only one who was capable of sharing these thoughts and emotions, and experiencing them likewise. A mind like Posa's must have endeavored at an early age to enjoy his superiority, and the gentle and affectionate Carlos attached himself to the former with so much submissiveness and docility. In this beautiful mirror Posa saw himself and rejoiced at his image. Thus it was that this academical friendship was formed.

But now they are separated, and things assume a different aspect. Carlos goes to his father's court, and Posa launches into society. The former, spoiled by his early attachment to the noblest and most enthusiastic of all young men, finds but little at the court of a despot that satisfies his heart. All his surroundings are barren and void. Alone amidst a crowd of courtiers, oppressed by his present relations, he refreshes his heart by the sweet reminiscences of the past. In him these early impressions continue warm and living, and his heart, formed for benevolence, is devoured by illusions which are never realized. In this way he gradually sinks into a state of *idle reverie*, inactive contemplation. In this unceasing struggle with his situation, his strength wears out; the unfriendly meetings of a father who is so dissimilar to him, spread a gloomy melancholy over his being, gnawing like a worm at every blossom of the mind, or like a chilling blast extinguishing his enthusiasm. Oppressed, without energy, idle, brooding, exhausted by severe and fruitless struggles, driven from one startling extreme to another as by an intimidating conscience, no longer capable of an independent and spontaneous effort, he experiences his *first love*. In this condition he is unable to resist it; his former ideas which alone might have counterbalanced its assaults, have wandered away from his soul; love rules him with a despotic power; he sinks into a condition of voluptuous *pain*. All his energies are now centred in one object. An unceasing desire keeps his soul captive within itself. How could it have poured itself forth into the universe? Unable to gratify this desire; still less unable to conquer it by his inner strength, he dwindles away, half living, half dead, a visible prey to a consuming fire; no diversion for the burning pain of his bosom, no sympathetic heart to which he might communicate it.

"Not one have I, not one,
In the wide circuit of this earth, not one,
Far as the sceptre of my sire extends,
Far as his navies bear the flag of Spain,
There is no spot, none, none, where I dare yield
An outlet to my tears, save only this."

Helplessness and poverty of the heart now lead him back to the point whence the abundance of his heart had caused him to start. He feels the want of sympathy so much more intensely, because he is *alone* and *unhappy*. In this condition he is found by his returning friend.

This one has met with a different fate. Cast upon the broad universe, with his senses wide open, endowed with the strength of youth, with the impulse of genius, with a warm, feeling heart, he observes man as he acts in small and in great things; he finds opportunities of testing the ideal which he has brought with him from the University by the active powers of the race. Whatever he hears and sees is devoured by him with a keen enthusiasm, is felt, thought, and used with *reference* to this ideal. Man is seen by him in various aspects; he sees him in different climes, constitutions, degrees of culture, and happiness. By this means a more universal and elevated idea of man *in the abstract* gradually arises in his mind, which supersedes every petty, and contracted view of man's nature. Posa seems to soar above his own personality, as it were; in the free and open space of heaven his soul expands into larger proportions. Remarkable men whom he meets on his travels, divert his attention; they inspire him with respect and love. In the place of an individual he now deals with the race; a passing emotion of his youthful heart now increases to an unbounded philanthropy. The idle enthusiast has been converted into an active man. The dreams and the obscure and undeveloped intuitions of his soul have assumed the form of clear and definite perceptions, have caused idle projects to ultimate in acts; a vague longing for activity has been directed to honorable and useful objects. He studies the spirit of the nations, weighs their strength and means, examines their constitutions; in his intercourse with kindred spirits his ideas acquire shape and expansion; tried men of the world, like William of Orange, Coligny, and others, divest them of their romantic character and gradually mould them for the actual uses of life.

Enriched with a thousand new and fruitful ideas; filled with aspiring energies, with creating instincts, with bold and comprehensive projects; his mind stirring and active; his heart inspired with the idea of human power and dignity; burning for the happiness of the race, with which he had become identified through his intimacy with so many individuals, he now returns from the harvest-field, glowing with a longing desire for a scene of action where he may realize these ideal hopes and aspirations, and find employment for the treasures he has been gathering.* His mind

* In his subsequent conversations with the King these favorite ideas are embodied. One stroke of your pen, he

dwells upon the condition of Flanders. Here he finds every thing ripe for a revolution. Acquainted with the spirit, the powers and resources of this people, which he weighs against the power of its oppressor, he already regards the great undertaking as accomplished. His ideal of republican freedom cannot find a more favorable moment or a more susceptible soil.

"So many rich and prosperous provinces!
A people great and vigorous, and forsooth!
Kind-hearted. To be father to this people,
That, thought I, that must be divine."

The more wretched he finds this people, the more his heart presses him, and the more he hastens to see his ideal realized. At this stage, and not before, he is reminded of the friend with whom he parted in Alcala, where he left him inspired with glowing feelings for humanity. He thinks of him as the saviour of an oppressed people, as the instrument of his high plans. Full of unutterable love for him, because he considers him identified with the favorite business of his heart, he hastens to Madrid, into his friend's arms, expecting to find the seed of humanity and heroic virtue, which he had scattered in his soul at a former period, fully ripe for the harvest, and to embrace in him the deliverer of the Netherlands, the future creator of his *imaginary republic*.

More passionately than ever, with a feverish vehemence, the young friend rushes to meet him.

"I press thee to my bosom, and I feel
Thy throbbing heart beat wildly 'gainst mine own.
And now all's well again. I hang
Upon my Roderigo's neck."

This reception is characterized by the most intense cordiality; but how does Posa meet it? Does he, who left his friend in the full bloom of youth, and now sees him a walking skeleton, dwell upon this mournful change? Does he waste his time in anxious inquiries into its causes? Does he descend to the more trifling affairs of his friend? He responds to this unwelcome reception with consternation and earnest regret.

"Not thus I looked to find Don Philip's son.
No more I see
The youth of lion heart, to whom I come
The envoy of a brave and suffering people.
For now I stand not here as Roderigo,
Not as the playmate of the stripling Carlos,
But as the deputy of all mankind,
I clasp thee thus:—'tis Flanders that clings here
Around thy neck * * * * ."

informs the King, might renew the earth. Let thought be free.

"Look round on all the glorious face of Nature,
On freedom it is founded—see how rich
Through freedom it has grown.
* * * * Restore

The prostrate dignity of human nature,
And let the subject be what once he was,—
The end and object of the monarch's care,
Bound by no duty save a brother's love."

Involuntarily his ruling idea escapes him in the first moments of their longed-for meeting, where friends generally have so many small matters to talk about; and Carlos has to present the most vivid picture of his sad situation, and has to call up the remotest scenes of his childhood, in order to overcome the favorite idea of his friend, and to excite the latter's sympathy with his own sad condition. Posa is terribly disappointed in the hopes with which he met his friend. He had expected to find a heroic character who was thirsting for deeds for which he now intended to show him a theatre. He expected to find that wealth of sublime philanthropy; he relied upon the vow which they had taken, in the days of their enthusiasm, upon the host; and instead of all this he discovers a passion in Carlos' soul for the wife of his own father.

"He thou seest here, no longer is that Carlos,
Who took his leave of thee in Alcala,
Who, in the fervor of a youthful heart,
Resolved, at some no distant time to wake
The golden age in Spain! Oh, the conceit,
Though but a child's, was yet divinely fair!
Those dreams are past!"

A hopeless passion, which consumes his energies and even exposes his life to risk. How would a solicitous friend of the Prince, who had been nothing more than a friend, have acted under these circumstances? And how does Posa act, this citizen of the world? Posa, the Prince's friend and confidant, would have trembled too much for his friend's safety, than to dare to aid him in obtaining a dangerous interview with the Queen. It would have been the friend's duty to think of quenching this passion, not of gratifying it. Posa, the advocate of the destinies of Flanders acts differently. He knows of nothing more important than to end, as soon as possible, even at some risk, this hopeless condition which absorbs the active strength of his friend. As long as his friend languishes in ungratified desires, he cannot feel the misery of others; as long as his strength is pressed down by melancholy, he cannot elevate his mind to heroic resolutions. Flanders cannot hope for any thing of the unhappy, but may perhaps hope something of the happy Carlos. He hastens to gratify his friend's most ardent desire, and himself leads him to the Queen's feet. This is not all. Finding the Prince's heart no longer capable of conceiving heroic resolutions out of its own fullness, he deems it expedient to kindle the extinguished heroism by a borrowed flame, and to use for this purpose the only passion which is still burning in the Prince's heart. It is upon this passion that he now seeks to graft the new ideas to which he desires to secure the ascendancy in the Prince's soul. A glance into the Queen's own heart convinces him that he may expect every thing from her co-operation. All he cares to borrow of this passion is its first fire. After it has helped to kindle this new enthusiasm in his friend's soul, the passion will have become superfluous, and will—he depends upon this result with perfect certainty—consume itself by its own fire. This

very obstacle, which seemed to oppose his great plans, his friend's unfortunate passion is now converted into an instrument for his higher and more important ends, and the fate of Flanders has to appeal to his friend's heart by the voice of love.

"In a flame

So hopeless I discerned hope's golden beam,
I wished to lead him to the excellent—
To exalt him to the highest point of beauty.
The proudly royal fruit which often ripens
So slowly, after ages have elapsed,
I hoped to hasten by the genial rays
Of love's most wondrous power, to see his vir-
tue's strength
Unfold its fullness by this magic sun."

From the hands of the Queen, Carlos now receives the letters brought to him by Posa from Flanders. The Queen rekindles his fugitive genius.

This subordination of friendship to the more important interests of political liberty, is still more visible during the interview in the convent. A project which the Prince had formed against the King, has failed; this project, and a discovery which he fancies he has made in favor of his passion, plunge him into it more deeply than ever. Posa thinks he perceives an admixture of sensuality in this passion. Nothing could be less compatible with his higher plans. All the hopes for his Netherlands which he had based upon Carlos' love for the Queen, would be crushed, if this love descended from its lofty height. The indignation which this disappointment kindles in his breast, causes the following outburst of feeling:

"Oh, I feel

From what it is that I must wean myself.
Once it was otherwise! Yes, once thy soul
Was bounteous, rich, and warm, and there was
room
For a whole world in thy expanded heart.
Those feelings are extinct, all swallowed up
In one poor, petty, selfish passion. Now
Thy heart is withered, dead! No tears hast thou
For the unhappy fate of wretched Flanders—
No, not another tear. O Carlos, see
How poor, how beggarly thou hast become,
Since all thy love has centred in thyself!"

Afraid lest a similar relapse should take place, Posa thinks he will have to take violent measures. As long as Carlos remains near the Queen, he is lost to Flanders. His presence in the Netherlands may give a different turn to the condition of things; he therefore does not hesitate an instant to move him to take this step.

"He must prove faithless to the King, and fly
With secrecy to Brussels, where the Flemings
Wait him with open arms. The Netherlands
Will rise at his command. Our glorious cause,
From the King's son will gather matchless
strength."

Would the friend of Carlos have been able to prevail upon himself to play such a desperate

part with his friend's good name, or even life? Posa, who took a deeper interest in the deliverance of a suppressed people than in the more trifling business of a friend, and who had enlisted in the cause of humanity, had to act just so, and not otherwise. Every step which he takes in the course of the play, betrays a *daring boldness*, which a heroic aim is alone capable of inspiring. Friendship is often timid, and always solicitous. Has any thing occurred so far that evinces in the character of the Marquis a single trace of this anxious care for one human being? of this exclusive inclination, in which the peculiar character of this passionate friendship exists? In what point is not his sympathy for the Prince subordinate to his higher interest for humanity? With consistent firmness, the Marquis pursues his course as a reformer, and the events that are taking place around him are only important to him in so far as they are connected with his higher aim.

LETTER IV.

This avowal might cause him the loss of a goodly number of his admirers; but he may comfort himself with the few new admirers whom it brings to him; moreover a character like that of Posa could never expect to enjoy universal popularity. An exalted and active benevolence toward mankind does not by any means exclude a tender interest in the joys and sufferings of a single being. His friendship for Carlos is not prejudiced by his higher sympathy for the human race. Even if destiny had not called Carlos to a throne, he would have been distinguished by his friend, above all others, with a peculiar tenderness and solicitude; Posa would have borne him in his heart of hearts as Hamlet did his Horatio. It is supposed that benevolence decreases in intensity in proportion as its objects multiply; but this observation cannot be applied to the Marquis. He beholds the object of his love with the eyes of an enthusiast; it stands before his soul encircled with glory like the image of one whom his heart adores. Since Carlos is to be the realizer of this ideal happiness of the human race, Posa, in his own mind, identifies the former with it, until finally his philanthropy and his friendship for Carlos become indissolubly united in one feeling. In Carlos he sees the ardently-loved humanity, his friend is the focal image of that complex unity; this image acts upon him through one personality to whom he devotes all the enthusiasm and all the energies of his soul.

"My heart to one—

To that one object given, embraced the world!
I have created in my Carlos' soul

A paradise for millions!"

These lines express love for one being without any decrease of love for mankind; a careful regard for friendship, without the selfish exclusiveness of this passion. Here we have a general, comprehensive philanthropy pressed into a single burning ray.

Could that which has elevated the character of

the plot, have diminished our interest in the play? Should this picture of friendship move us less by its loveliness and beauty, because it has gained in extent? Why should the friend of Carlos have less claims upon our tears and our admiration because he unites the vastest sphere of benevolence with its most limited manifestation, and softens the divine character of universal love by its most human application?

The ninth scene of the third act opens an entirely new sphere of action for this character.

LETTER V.

His passion for the Queen has finally brought the Prince to the brink of ruin. The proofs of his guilt are in his father's hands; his indiscreet impetuosity has beguiled him into exposing his most dangerous weaknesses to the lurking suspicion of his enemies; he is in momentary danger of falling a victim to his frantic love, to paternal jealousy, to priestly hatred, to the vindictiveness of an offended enemy, and a rejected courtesan. His external position is in need of the most urgent help; still more so the state of his heart, which threatens to defeat all the expectations and projects that the Marquis had formed. The Prince has to be delivered of this danger, has to be torn away from this withering passion, if the Marquis's plans for the deliverance of Flanders are to be realized. It is the Marquis whom we expect to accomplish both these results, and who excites in us the hope that he will do so.

But by the same channel which threatens danger to the Prince, a change has been induced in the King's soul, which now, for the first time, experiences the necessity of communication. The pain of jealousy has transferred him from the artificial condition of royalty to the primitive state of man, has made him feel the emptiness and artificial character of his despotic greatness, and has caused desires to arise in his heart which neither power nor majesty can gratify.

"King, nought but king!

And king again! No better answer than
Mere hollow echo! When I strike this rock
For water, to assuage my burning thirst.
It gives me molten gold."

It seems to me that in a monarch like Philip the Second, no other course of events than the one which is here marked out, could have produced such a state of despondency; such a state had to be produced in order to prepare the subsequent scenes and render an approximation of the Marquis to the King's person possible. The father and son have been led upon entirely different ways to the point where the poet requires to see them; upon entirely different ways both were drawn to the Marquis Posa, in whom the interest of the play which had hitherto been divided is now centred. The whole part of the Marquis depended upon Carlos' passion for the Queen and its inevitable consequences as soon as the King knew of it; for this reason it was necessary that the play should have been opened with

this passion. For a time it had to place the Marquis in the shade, who had to content himself with an inferior position, because it was from this very passion that he was to derive all his material for future action. Hence it became necessary to keep this passion before the eyes of the spectator as the main interest in the drama, and merely to allude, by remote indications, to the subject which was to become a prominent feature of the play at a subsequent period. As soon as the edifice is completed, the scaffolding is taken down. The history of Carlos' passion serving as a preliminary or introductory circumstance, it had to retreat to the background and make way for the great events which now were to occupy the attention of the public.

The secret motives of the Marquis, which are nothing less than the deliverance of Flanders and the future fate of the nation,—under cover of his friendship these motives had only been suspected,—now became prominent features of the play, absorbing all the interest of the spectator. From what has taken place it is perfectly evident that Carlos was regarded by his friend as *an indispensable instrument* which alone could help him to reach an object so passionately and perseveringly sought, and which was on this account, cherished with the same enthusiasm as the object itself. The most intensely *personal* sympathy could not have produced a more solicitous interest in the woe or weal of his friend, a more tender regard for this instrument of his love than flowed from this more universal motive of the public good. The friendship which Carlos feels for him, affords him an opportunity to enjoy his ideal most fully. This friendship becomes a point of union for all his desires and actions. As yet he knows of no better or shorter road to the realization of his ideal good than the one which Carlos' friendship has opened for him. He never dreamed of seeking it through another channel; least of all of making *the King himself* the instrument of his plans. When invited before the king, he manifests the most perfect indifference.

“Does he want me? What me? Impossible! You must mistake the name. What can he want With me?”

He does not long remain in this state of idle and puerile amazement. A mind accustomed like Posa's to turn every circumstance to account, to fashion even a mere chance as a means to his end, to adapt every event to his ruling love, is not long at a loss how to profit by the present moment. The least portion of time is to him a capital which has to bring him a usurious interest. He has not as yet found a clear and coherent plan; it occurs to him as an obscure thought, a passing impression that something may perhaps opportunely turn up during his intercourse with the King which may be of service to his undertaking. He is now to appear before him who rules the destinies of millions. The moment, says he to himself, which only comes once should be well-improved. If I could only cast one spark of truth into the soul of this man who has never yet heard the truth! Who knows for what important pur-

poses Providence may use it? All he expects to accomplish by means of this interview, is to improve this accidental circumstance in the best manner that his genius may be able to think of. In this state of mind he awaits the King's arrival.

LETTER VI.

If you desire it, I shall furnish you on *some* other occasion, my explanations regarding the tone which the Marquis adopts toward the King at the very commencement; I shall likewise explain his general conduct in this scene, and the manner in which it was received by the King. For the present I shall content myself with dwelling upon points that are more immediately connected with the Marquis's own character.

All that the Marquis, according to the opinion he entertained of the King, could expect to obtain from this monarch, was, a somewhat humiliating expression of surprise that the high idea which the King entertained of himself, and the low opinion he had of men, might possibly be amenable to exceptions; after that, the embarrassment which a small mind naturally and inevitably experiences in the presence of a great one. This effect might be attended with beneficial results, even if it were not any thing more than to shake for a moment the prejudices of this man, and make him feel that, beyond the narrow circle of his present thoughts, movements he had never dreamed of, might still occur. This single sound might leave a long echo in his life, and the impression must be the more durable the more unexampled it was.

But Posa had judged the King too superficially; or, even if he had known him, he was too little aware of this man's present state of mind to consider its full bearing upon the King's conduct. This state of mind was exceedingly favorable to Posa's statements and secured for them a reception which he could not have expected. The unexpected discovery of the King's favorable disposition animates his discourse, and imparts an unexpectedly new turn to the play. Emboldened by a success which surpassed all his expectations, fired by a few symptoms of *humanity* which he discovered in the King, he is beguiled for a moment by the extravagant notion of connecting his ruling ideal of the happiness of Flanders directly with the King's own person and realizing it by the King himself. This conception enkindles a warmth in his nature, which shows the whole depth of his soul, reveals all the aspirations of his fancy, all the results of his silent thoughts, and shows most manifestly to what an extent he is ruled by his ideal projects. In his mental excitement he shows the motives which have prompted his conduct hitherto; he now behaves like every enthusiast who is carried away by his ruling idea. He knows no bounds; in the fire of his enthusiasm he *exalts* the King who listens to him in utter astonishment, and he forgets himself so far as to base upon the King's conduct hopes which will cause him to blush the very next moment. Carlos now is out of his mind. What a circuitous route

if he were to wait for this one! The King offers him a much nearer and readier realization. Why should the happiness of mankind be postponed until the son takes the reins of power?

Would the bosom friend of Carlos have forgotten himself thus far? Would any other than the *ruling* passion have carried the Marquis away to such extremes of boldness? Every thing is explained the moment his friendship is made *subordinate* to his ruling passion. In such a case it becomes quite natural that at the very next opportunity friendship should reclaim its rights, and should not hesitate to exchange its means and instruments.

The zeal and candor with which Posa explained to the King his favorite ideas that had so far been a secret between Carlos and himself, and the illusion that the King might perhaps understand and realize them, constituted an act of faithlessness, of which Posa made himself guilty toward Carlos. Posa, a citizen of the world, might act so, and he alone could be forgiven for observing such conduct; but such conduct on the part of Carlos would have been as condemnable as it would on the other hand have been incomprehensible.

It is true this delusion was not to last longer than a few short moments. It is readily forgiven as the product of a first surprise of passion; but if he had continued to have faith in his delusion in a state of thoughtful soberness, he would then have descended in our estimation to the position of a mere dreamer. That such a delusion had actually taken possession of his mind, is clear from a few passages where he laughs at it, or seeks to clear himself of it in a serious manner. "Suppose," he says to the Queen, "I entertained the notion of placing my reliance upon the throne?"

"QUEEN.

No, Marquis! no! not even in jest could I suspect you of so wild a scheme as this—
No visionary you!—to undertake
What you can ne'er accomplish.

MARQUIS.

But that seems
To be the very point at issue."

Carlos himself has penetrated his friend's soul to a sufficient depth to cause him to suspect that such a resolution is not incompatible with the Marquis's judgment and ideas; Carlos' own utterances on this occasion justify the author's point of view. Still believing that the Marquis has sacrificed him, he thus addresses the former:

"Thou thyself, wilt now
Fulfill the joyous course I should have run.
Thou wilt bestow on Spain those golden days
She might have hoped in vain to win from me.
I'm lost, for ever lost—thou saw'st it clearly.
This fatal love has scattered—and for ever,
All the bright early blossoms of my mind.
To all thy great exalted hopes, I'm dead.
Chance led thee to the King—or Providence—
It cost thee but my secret—and at once

He was thine own—thou may'st become his
angel!
But I am lost, though Spain, perhaps, may
flourish."

And in another passage, he uses the following words to the Count Lerma, with a view of excusing his friend's supposed faithlessness:

"He loved me—loved me greatly: I was dear,
As his own soul is to him. That I know—
Of that I've had a thousand proofs. But should
The happiness of millions yield to one?
Must not his country dearer to him prove
Than Carlos? One friend only is too few
For his capacious heart. And not enough
Is Carlos' happiness to engross his love.
He offers me a sacrifice to virtue."

LETTER VII.

Posa felt how much he had taken from his friend Carlos by confiding to the King a statement of his favorite aspirations, and making an attempt upon his heart. It was because he *felt* that these aspirations constituted the *real* bond of friendship between him and Carlos, that he must have become conscious of having violated this friendship the moment he profaned his aspirations by divulging them to the King's ears. Carlos was not aware, but Posa knew full well, that this philosophy, and these projects, constituted the sacred *palladium of their friendship*, and the important title under which Carlos possessed his heart. Precisely because he knew this, and believed in his inmost soul that Carlos must be cognizant of it, how could he dare to admit to Carlos that this palladium had been desecrated by his friend? To admit to Carlos what had taken place between himself and the King, would have been equivalent, in his own mind, to an announcement that there was a time when Carlos ceased to be any thing to him. If Carlos' future dignity, if his character as the son of a king had no part in this friendship; if this friendship was no more than a personal sympathy, it might have been offended, but could never have been betrayed, or torn asunder by Posa's familiarity with the King; this accidental circumstance could not have altered the essential character of his friendship. It was from feelings of delicacy and compassion that the philanthropist Posa concealed from the future monarch the expectations which he based upon the present ruler; but Posa, in the capacity of Carlos' friend, could not have committed a greater crime against Carlos, than by keeping him uninformed of the King's strange confidence.

It is true, Posa assigns to himself, and afterward to his friend, different reasons for this reserve, which is the source of all subsequent confusion. Fourth act, sixth scene:

"In me the King has placed his confidence,
His holiest trust reposed, as in a casket,
And this reliance calls for gratitude.
How can disclosure serve thee, when my silence

Brings thee no harm—serves thee, perhaps? Ah!
 why
 Paint to the traveler the impending storm?"

And in the third scene of the fifth act:

"But by mistaken delicacy led,
 And blinded by the vain desire to end
 My enterprise alone, I kept concealed
 From friendship's ear my hazardous design."

Any one who has cast a few glances only into the human heart, must see that the Marquis, who does not admit to himself the true cause of his conduct, only seeks to deceive himself with these reasons, which are far too trivial to justify such an important step. The state in which his mind then was, is much more clearly revealed by another passage, where it is distinctly seen that he must have had moments when he deliberated with himself whether he had not better sacrifice his friend. He says to the Queen:

"I had designed a new, a glorious morn,
 To waken in these kingdoms: for to me
 Philip had opened all his inmost heart—
 Called me his son—bestowed his seals upon me—
 And Alva was no more his counselor," etc.

"I now give up
 The King for ever. What were I to the King?
 In such cold soil no rose of mine could bloom;
 In my great friend must Europe's fortune ripen;
 Spain I bequeath to him, still bathed in blood,
 From Philip's iron hand. But woe to him,
 Woe to us both, if I have chosen wrong!
 Have misinterpreted the sign of Providence,
 Who placed me on this throne, not him!"

These lines show that he has made a choice, and, in order to make a choice, he must have deemed the opposite possible. From all these passages it is clear that the interest of friendship is subordinate to higher plans which determine its direction. No one in the whole play has judged this relation between the two friends more correctly than Philip himself, of whom this might first be expected. Through the mouth of this connoisseur of human nature I have pronounced my apology and my own opinion of the hero of this drama; let me conclude this inquiry with Philip's own words:

"And for whom gave he his life?
 For no one but a *boy*? no, never!
 By friendship's cheerless flicker this Posa's heart
 Is not warmed to its centre; it beat
 For all mankind; *his passion was*
The world and future generations."

LETTER VIII.

But, you may ask, why this inquiry? What matters it, by what circumstance the bond of friendship between these two natures was tied, whether by an involuntary movement of the heart,

by harmony of character, a mutual personal dependence upon each other, by external relations or a free choice, the effect remains the same, and the conduct of the play is not modified thereby. Why then take all this trouble to draw the reader out of a state of illusion which was perhaps dearer to him than the truth itself? What would become of the charm of most moral phenomena, if we had to look down into the heart in every case, and witness their gradual unfolding? It is sufficient for us that every thing for which the Marquis has an affection, is united in the Prince, is *represented* by, or at any rate, can only be realized by means of the Prince; that he finally identifies in an irrevocable manner this accidental, conditional interest for his friend with the very being of the latter, and that all his feelings for his friend culminate in a personal affection. In such a case we enjoy the pure beauty of this picture of friendship simply as a moral fact, no matter into how many parts the philosopher undertakes to analyze it.

But suppose the correction of this error should be a matter of importance to the whole drama? If the ultimate aim of the Marquis lies beyond the Prince; if the Prince is of importance to him only as an instrument to a higher end; if Posa's friendship only serves him as a means to gratify another impulse than *this* friendship, the limits of the play should not have been bounded by the narrow proportions of a personal sympathy, and the ultimate object of the play should at least have coincided with the Marquis's own project. The fate of a country, the happiness of mankind for generations to come, at which all the efforts of the Marquis are aiming, cannot constitute *a mere episode in an act which has for its object the result of a love-affair*. If we have misapprehended the meaning of Posa's friendship, I fear that the ultimate object of the drama has likewise been misapprehended. Let me show you this friendship from this new point of view; it may perhaps reconcile you with many apparent inconsistencies which have shocked you heretofore.

What then becomes of the pretended unity of the piece, if *love* is not to be it, and if friendship never could be? The former is the subject of the first three acts, the latter that of the two last; but neither the one nor the other occupies the whole play. Friendship sacrifices itself, and love is sacrificed, but neither is sacrificed to the other. There must then be a third power different from either friendship or love, for which both impulses have worked, and to which both are sacrificed; if the play has a unity, where should it be found, if not in this third influence?

Recall to your mind a certain conversation which we carried on some time ago with considerable vivacity, about a favorite subject of our decade, the spreading of a purer and gentler humanity, the highest possible liberty of the individual accompanied by the most flourishing condition of the country, in one word, the most perfect development of humanity which the powers of man make it possible to attain; recall to your memory this delicious dream of our fancy, where the heart delights to revel. We concluded our conversation with the romantic desire that chance, which has undoubtedly achieved greater wonders,

might be pleased, within the next ten years, to inspire the first-born son of some ruler on this or the other continent with our thoughts, with our dreams and convictions, quickened by the same intensity of enthusiasm and good will. What seemed mere play in our conversation, might, I should think, become sober earnest and truth in a drama. What may not the fancy conceive, or what is it not lawful for a poet to imagine? Our conversation had been forgotten when I became acquainted with the Prince of Spain; and soon I discovered that this young man might be the Prince in whom our ideal might become embodied. As soon as the thought was conceived, I commenced to give it shape. The circumstances favored my plan; the love of liberty struggling with despotism, the fetters of stupidity broken, hoary prejudices shaken, a nation reclaiming its human rights, republican virtue practiced in life, clearer notions circulating among the people, the minds in a state of fermentation, the hearts inspired with noble sympathies for the public good, and, to complete the happy constellation, a noble-minded youth near the throne grown up amid oppression and suffering, to a state of unsullied though isolated manhood. We concluded that a Prince, who was to embody in himself all our ideal perfections, must have learned unhappiness.

“Be

A man upon King Philip's throne!
You too have suffered—”

He could not come from the bosom of sensuality and fortune; art must not yet have falsified his character, he must not yet have been stained by the vices of his age. But how was a Prince of the sixteenth century, the son of Philip the Second, a pupil of monks, whose hardly ripening reason was guarded by such rigid keepers, to climb up to this liberal philosophy? This too was provided for. Fate gave him a friend, a friend in those critical years when the blossoms of the mind become unfolded, when ideal perfections are conceived and the heart is purified; a spiritual, sensitive youth whose education—why should I not indulge this supposition?—had been watched over by a happy star, whose career had been signalized by remarkable good fortune, and who had been prepared for his beautiful mission by some hidden sage of his century. It is of friendship that this bright philosophy is born, which the Prince is to carry out upon the throne. It is invested with all the charms of youth, with all the gracefulness of poesy; it is deposited in his heart with rays of light and warmth, it constitutes the first blossoms of his being, his *first love*. The Marquis is deeply concerned to preserve this youthful freshness of the mind, to perpetuate in it his philosophy as an object of passionate adoration, without which he would never be able to conquer the difficulties that he will meet in carrying out the behests of his inspiring philanthropy. “Tell him,” he charges the Queen,—

“Tell him, in manhood, he must still revere
The dreams of early youth, nor open the heart
Of Heaven's all-tender flower, to canker-worms

Of boasted reason,—nor be led astray,
When, by the wisdom of the dust, he hears
Enthusiasm, heavenly-born, blasphemed.
I have already told him—.”

Between the two friends the project ripens of producing the happiest state which it is possible for human society to attain; *it is the conflict between this enthusiastic project and personal passion*, which constitutes the subject of the present drama. The problem was to depict a Prince who was to realize the highest possible ideal of civil society during his reign, not to first educate this Prince for such an object; this had to have been done long before, it could not well have been made the subject of a play; still less could he have been shown engaged in the work of realizing the ideal, for this would have been transgressing the narrow bounds of a tragedy. The question was simply to *show* this Prince, to develop in him, as a ruling power, the state of the soul upon which such an effect is to depend, and to raise the subjective possibility of such a state to a high degree of probability, unconcerned whether and when fortune and chance will realize it.

LETTER IX.

Let me be more explicit in regard to my last statements.

The young man of whom this extraordinary effect had to be expected, had to have conquered the passions that might have proved dangerous obstacles to such an undertaking; like yonder Roman, he had to hold his hand over burning coal in order to convince us that he was capable of conquering pain; he had to pass through a fiery ordeal, and come out proof against pain. It is only after we have seen him struggle successfully against internal obstacles, that we may expect of him a triumph over the external obstacles which may obstruct his path as a reformer; it is only after we have seen him successfully resist the temptation of sensuality in spite of the fire of youth, that we may safely rely upon his victorious firmness in the ripe age of manhood. What passion could have produced this effect more certainly than the most powerful of all passions—*love*?

All the passions of which any evil results might be dreaded for the great end for which I have reserved him, have been banished from his heart, or have never lived in it; except the passion love. Living in the midst of a depraved and immoral court, he has preserved the purity of his first innocence: it is neither by his love, nor by the power of principles that he has been preserved from pollution, but by his moral instinct.

“Lust's poisoned shaft was spent on this pure
breast,
Long ere Elizabeth inspired this love.”

Toward the Princess Eboli, whom both passion and design caused so often to forget herself in his presence, he shows an innocence which borders on silliness. How many of my readers would have

understood the Princess much more quickly? It was my intention to show a purity in his disposition which no seductive arts could influence. The kiss which he gave to the Princess, was, according to his own statement, the first kiss he ever gave, and this certainly was a virtuous kiss. But it was my desire to show him superior to a more cunning seduction; hence the episode with the Princess Eboli, whose seductive arts are defeated by his purer love. It is against this love alone that he has to struggle, and virtue will possess him entirely after he shall have succeeded in conquering this passion; this subject makes up part of the plot. You now perceive why the Prince's character has been delineated as I have seen fit to do in the play; why I have permitted this beautiful nature to be disturbed by so much vehemence and such an inflammable disposition, as limpid water is rendered turbid by violent motion. He had to possess a gentle and benevolent heart, enthusiasm for greatness and moral beauty, delicacy, courage, firmness, disinterested generosity; he had to display beautiful and bright intuitions and capacities, but it was not my intention to endow him with *wisdom*. The great man had to be slumbering in his nature, but his ardent temperament had as yet to prevent him from being great now. Whatever constitutes an exalted ruler, whatever may justify the expectations of his friend, and the hopes of an expecting world, whatever is required to enable him to realize his ideal of a future monarchy, had to be found united in this character, but without any perfect development, without being perfectly purified of the vehemence of passion, without being transformed into pure gold. It was my object to bring him nearer to that perfection in which he is yet deficient. If the character of the prince had been more perfect, I might have been spared the trouble of writing the play. You now see why it was necessary to allow such a vast range to the characters of Philip and his compeers; it would have been an inexcusable fault, if these characters had simply been used as tools for the involution and evolution of a love-affair; it must especially have become clear to you why *spiritual, political, and domestic* despotism was permitted such a vast field. Inasmuch as I had designed in my play to show the *gradual preparation of the author of human happiness*, it was expedient to contrast with him the *author of misery*, and, by presenting a complete and horrid picture of despotism, to place its charming opposite in a much more beautiful light. We behold the despot on his gloomy throne, we see him starving in the midst of his treasures, we hear him say that he feels alone in the midst of his subjects, that the furies of suspicion disturb his sleep, that his creatures offer him molten gold in the place of a refreshing beverage. We follow him in his solitary chamber, where we behold the ruler of a continent as he prays for the gift of a human being, and, after his prayer has been granted, destroys again with frantic rage the present of which he was no longer worthy. We see him minister, without knowing it, to the basest passions of his slaves; we see how dexterously they twist the cords by which they guide, like a mere boy, the despot who imagines he is the sole

author of his actions. He, at whose nod distant continents tremble, is seen giving a debasing account before an imperious priest, and doing severe penance for a trifling transgression. We see him struggle against Nature and humanity, which he is unable entirely to overcome, although he is too proud to recognize its power, and too feeble to resist its sway; robbed of all the enjoyments of human nature, but persecuted by its weaknesses and terrors; severed from his kind, in order to excite our pity as a monstrous compound of creature and creator. We despise this greatness, but we mourn over his perverse understanding, for beneath all this distortion, we still perceive human traits which make him one of us, and are the cause of the misery that he is suffering. The more, however, we are repelled by the frightful picture of the despot, the more powerfully we are attracted by the enchanting image of gentle humanity which we see so angelically unfolded in Carlos', his friend's, and the Queen's characters.

Now, my friend, review the play once more from this new point of view. What has seemed to you an unnecessary crowding of the complications of passion, may seem to you less so now; the elements of the play may seem to you to coalesce more naturally in this new *unity* about which we have become agreed. I might continue the thread which I have taken up, but I will content myself with having indicated in a few outlines, the points concerning which the piece itself furnishes the clearest and fullest information. It may be that, in order to fully appreciate the leading idea of the play, it may be necessary to study the piece with more attention than is generally bestowed upon the perusal of this class of compositions; but the object which the artist has sought to reach, should have been accomplished at the end of the play. What constitutes the end of a tragedy, should have formed the body of the plot, and now let us see how Carlos takes leave of us and of his queen.

"I have

Laid in a long and heavy dream,
I've loved—Now I am sober.

Forget

The past. I now have learned to know
That there are goods more priceless than thy love.
Here are your letters, destroy all mine to you!
Fear not my passion now, for all is ended;
A purer flame has purified my heart.
I will erect a tomb-stone for my friend,
Such as no kingly sepulchre can boast.
A paradise shall blossom o'er his ashes."

"QUEEN.

Thus do I like to see you!
This was the exalted meaning of his death."

LETTER X.

I neither belong to the order of illuminati nor to that of free-masons, but if these two orders have the same moral end, and, if this moral end is the most important for human society, it must be very nearly allied to that which the Marquis Posa

had proposed to himself. What these two orders seek to accomplish by the secret union of a number of active members scattered throughout society, the Marquis undertakes to achieve in a more complete and shorter manner by a single subject; that is to say, by means of a Prince who is the legitimate heir to the most powerful throne in the world, and by this elevated position is enabled to carry out such a work. He seeks to impress this Prince with the ideas and sentiments from which this beneficent effect must follow as a necessary consequence. Many of my readers may find this subject too abstract and serious for a drama; indeed, if they expected nothing more than the picture of a passion, I must have disappointed them; but it has seemed to me that an attempt might be worthily made of "transferring truths which must appear most *sacred* to any one who takes an interest in his fellowmen, and which have hitherto been the exclusive property of science, to the domain of the fine arts, to animate them with light and warmth, and to exhibit them as living impulses in the heart of man, engaged in a vigorous conflict with the passions." If the genius of tragedy has punished me for this transgression of his boundaries, a few not unimportant ideas, which have been scattered through the play, are not, on that account, lost to the honest finder who may perhaps be agreeably surprised to find observations which he may remember having read in Montesquieu, applied and confirmed in a tragedy.

LETTER XI.

Before I take final leave of our friend Posa, let me say a few additional words concerning his mysterious conduct toward the prince and concerning his death.

He who entertained such high notions of freedom, and had this word continually in his mouth, has been reproached by many with the despotic manner which he arrogated to himself toward his friend; he has been accused of guiding the latter blindly like a child, and thus leading him to the brink of the precipice. How can it be excused, you say, that the Marquis, instead of revealing to him at once the relation which is now existing between the Marquis and the King; instead of concerting with Carlos the necessary measures in a sensible manner, and preventing, by an open communication of his own projects, all the hasty steps to which the Prince might be, and afterward really is drawn by ignorance, distrust, fear, and indiscreet zeal, how can Posa, instead of taking this innocent and natural course, be excused for running an extreme risk, for awaiting these consequences which might have been so easily avoided, and afterward, when these consequences have actually happened, seeking to remedy them by a measure which may result as unfavorably as it seems brutal and unnatural, to wit, by the arrest of the Prince? He knew his friend's docile heart. Quite recently we had had a proof of the power which Posa exercised over it. Two words might have rendered this harsh measure unnecessary.

Why does he resort to *intrigue* whereas a *straight* course would have enabled him to reach his end more speedily and safely?

Since this violent and mistaken conduct of the Marquis has led to all the subsequent scenes, and more particularly to his death, it has been inferred with rather undue haste, that the poet had been induced by this insignificant advantage, to do violence to the internal truth of this character, and to force the natural development of the plot into an unnatural channel. This being undoubtedly the shortest and most convenient method of accounting for the strange conduct of the knight, it was no longer deemed necessary to look for a more *direct* explanation in the total workings of his character; it would be asking too much of a critic to suppress his verdict for no other reason than because it may not be favorable to the author. But I fancied, nevertheless that I had obtained some claim to this equitable treatment, because I have more than once sacrificed in the play mere brilliancy of dramatic effect to *truth*.

It is undeniable that the character of the Marquis Posa would have gained in beauty and purity, if he had acted in a more straight-forward manner, and had remained elevated above the ignoble resources of intrigue. I own that this character appealed powerfully to my sympathies, but truth appealed more mightily. I believe if to be true "that love for some *real object*, and love for an ideal must be as unequal in their effects as they differ in their essence; that the most disinterested, the purest and noblest man frequently inclines, from enthusiastic devotion to his notion of virtue and to the happiness he intends to realize, to act as arbitrarily toward individuals as the most selfish despot, for the reason that both direct their efforts toward a subject which resides *within*, not *without* them, and that a person who fashions his actions in accordance with an internal, imaginary model, embarrasses the freedom of others as much as the one whose chief aim is *his own self*." True moral greatness frequently leads to violations of other persons' liberty as much as egotism and the love of rule, for the reason that such greatness considers the act itself, and not a person, as its main object. It is because it is continually aiming at the whole that the lesser interest of the individual is but too readily overlooked within the limits of this vast horizon. Virtue performs great deeds for the sake of the law, enthusiasm for the sake of the ideal, and love for the sake of its object. Among the first class we expect to find lawyers, judges, kings; among the second class *heroes*, but our friend only among the third class. We worship the first, admire the second, love the third. Carlos has found reason to regret having chosen a great man for his bosom friend.

"What is the Queen to thee? Say, dost thou love her?"

Could thy exalted virtue ever consult
The petty interests of my wretched passion?
Well, there's nothing to condemn it, if not
My own mad blindness. Oh, I should have known
That thou art no less *great* than *tender-hearted*.

The enthusiasm of the Marquis leads him to act

without noise, without companions, in silent greatness. Quietly as Providence takes care of a sleeping person, he desires to untie the knot of his friend's fate, he wants to save him after the fashion of a God; and by this means he ruins him. In looking up too high at his ideal of virtue, and not stooping sufficiently to watch his friend, he ruins both him and himself. Carlos perishes because his friend is not content with saving him in an ordinary manner.

This arrangement, it seems to me, coincides with a rather remarkable experience in the moral sphere, which every body must have noticed who has taken some pains to look around or to watch the course of his own sentiments. It is this: that the moral motives which are suggested by *some imaginary ideal of excellence*, are not spontaneously rooted in the human heart, and, because they have been grafted upon it by artificial means, do not always produce beneficial results, but are frequently exposed to injurious abuses in consequence of changes so naturally arising from the movements of human nature. It is by practical laws, not by the artificial abstractions of the theoretical reason, that man should be guided in his moral acts. Every system of ideal morality being nothing more than an idea which, like all other ideas, partakes of the limited point of view of its author, and, in its application, is incapable of the universal acceptation in which it had been conceived by the author's mind: such a system must become an exceedingly dangerous instrument in the hands of an enthusiast, were it for no other reasons than those which we have just now stated; but still more dangerous on account of its readily perfected alliance with passions which are more or less found in every human heart: I mean love of rule, vanity, and pride, which take possession of, and become indissolubly united with the moral ideal. To select only a single example among many, mention the author of a sect or fraternity who, in spite of the purest motives and noblest sentiments, has remained perfectly free from an arbitrary disposition in his arrangements, from violence toward the liberty of others, from the spirit of mysteriousness and love of dominion? Who, in carrying out a moral object essentially free from all impure admixture, in agreement with the ideal purity in which his reason had conceived it, has not been imperceptibly led to encroachments upon other people's liberty, to the violation of rights which had always been sacred to him, and to the exercise of the most arbitrary despotism, without, moreover, altering his intentions, or sully the high character of his motives? I account for this phenomenon by the want of finite reason to *shorten* its course, to simplify its business, and to substitute general principles in the place of individualities that distract and confound it; by the general disposition of the human heart to rule, or by the universal desire to push every thing out of the way that might be an obstacle to the free play of our powers. On this account I selected a man of benevolent character soaring far above every selfish desire, I endowed him with the highest respect for the rights of others. I made it his object to realize the enjoyment of universal liberty, and I do not believe that I have

gone contrary to universal experience, in allowing him to assume the manners of despotism at the very moment when he was engaged in securing his great ideal. It was part of my plan to allow him to fall into the snares which beset every one who is engaged in similar pursuits. How easy it would have been for me to lead him safely through these temptations, and to procure for the reader who had learned to love him, the unalloyed enjoyment of all the other great qualities of Posa's character, if I had not deemed it a greater gain to remain true to human nature, and to confirm by his example an experience which we can never heed with too much earnest attention. I allude to the experience that it is not without danger that in moral things we swerve from the practical tact of the heart in order to soar to general abstractions; that it is far safer for man to confide himself to the inspirations of his heart, or to the actual and individual feeling of right and wrong, than to the dangerous direction of universal theories of the reason, which are the product of artificial speculation—for nothing that is not *natural* can lead to *good*.

LETTER XII.

It now remains to say a few words concerning the sacrifice he made of his life.

He has been censured for precipitating himself into the jaws of death, when he might have saved his life. Not every thing was lost. Why might he not have escaped as easily as his friend? Was he watched more closely than the latter? Did not his friendship for Carlos impose upon him the duty of preserving himself for his friend? Might not his life have been of more service to Carlos than his death would probably be, even if every thing had turned out as he expected? Might he not—ah, indeed, what might not have been done by the calm spectator, and how much more wisely and discreetly might he have taken care of his life! What a pity that the Marquis should neither have possessed the happy coolness nor the leisure required for a rational survey of the consequences! But, it may be said, the artificial and even ingenuous means to which he had recourse in order to insure his death, could not possibly have occurred to him at once, without some reflection; why did he not employ the time he consumed in contriving his death, in thinking of some suitable plan of saving his life, or in seizing that which he had immediately at hand, and which the most shortsighted reader must have thought of. If he did not mean to die for the purpose of dying, or, as one of my critics expresses himself, if he did not court death *in order to obtain the crown of martyrdom*, we can scarcely comprehend how the means which he contrived to achieve his destruction, can have suggested themselves to his mind more readily than the much more natural means of saving his life. This criticism is very plausible, and, for this reason, deserves a more than passing reply.

In the first place this objection is based upon the erroneous supposition which has been refuted

In my previous letters, that the Marquis died *only* for his friend; this could not possibly be the case, if, as I have shown, *he did not live for him*, and if this friendship had an entirely different aim from what has been supposed. He cannot have died for the purpose of saving the Prince; it is very possible that, in order to accomplish this purpose, he may have thought of other and less violent means than his own death——“he dies, in order to do and to give for his ideal, which he had deposited in the Prince’s soul, every thing that it is possible for any man to do or to give for that which is dearest to him; in order to show to him in the most effectual manner within his reach, how intensely he believes in the truth and beauty of his project, and how important the accomplishment thereof is to him;” he dies for his project in the same spirit as other great men have died for a truth which they desired to see followed and recognized by many; in order to show by his example that this truth was worthy of every sacrifice. When the lawgiver of Sparta saw his work accomplished, and the Delphian oracle had declared that Sparta would flourish as long as the Spartans should respect his laws, he convoked the people and demanded of them that they should bind themselves by an oath not to alter the new constitution until he should have returned from a journey which he was on the point of undertaking. As soon as this promise had been solemnly made, Lycurgus left the territory of Sparta, ceased to partake of food, and his return was expected in vain. Previous to his death he ordered his ashes to be thrown into the sea, so that not an atom of his frame might be sent back to his native land, and his fellow-citizens might even be deprived of the shadow of an excuse to make a change. Could Lycurgus have seriously believed to bind the Spartan people by this ruse, and to protect his laws from all innovations? Can it be supposed that a man whose life was so important to his native land, should have sacrificed it for such a romantic whim? But his self-sacrifice becomes invested with greatness and dignity, if we suppose that he gave up his life in order to make an indelible impression upon the hearts of his Spartans by the extraordinary manner of his death, and in order to spread around his work a halo of sacredness by exciting feelings of tenderness and admiration for its author.

Secondly; it is easily seen that the question, in this case, is not how *necessary*, how *natural*, and how *useful* this expedient was *in reality*, but how far it appeared so to him who had to contrive it, and with how much ease or difficulty the contrivance was effected. It is not so much the condition of things as the moral condition of the person upon whom they act, that we have to consider. If the Marquis is *familiar* with the ideas which lead him to his heroic resolution, if they occur to him quickly, spontaneously, his resolution is at once cleared of all appearance of affectation; if these ideas occupy the foreground in his soul, and if the thoughts which might have suggested a milder development, are pressed into the background by the former, his resolution becomes *necessary*; if the sentiments which would combat this resolution in any other person, have

little influence over him, the execution of his resolution cannot appear difficult to him. This point requires a close examination.

First.—Under what circumstances does he take this resolution? In the most torturing situation, in which any man has ever been placed, where his soul is assaulted by terror, doubt, indignation against himself, pain and despair. *Terror*:—he sees his friend on the point of revealing to a woman with whose mortal enmity against the latter he is fully acquainted, a secret upon which the preservation of the friend’s life depends. *Doubt*—he knows not whether the secret has been divulged or not. If the Princess is acquainted with it, he has to act toward her as a co-conspirator; if she does not yet know it, a single syllable may make him a traitor, the murderer of his friend. *Indignation against himself*—he alone, by his unfortunate silence, has dragged the Prince into this haste. *Pain and despair*—he sees that his friend is lost, and with his friend he loses all the hopes which he had based upon him.

“Forsaken by thy only friend—’twas then—
Thou sought’st the arms of Princess Eboli—
A demon’s arms! ’Twas she betrayed thee, Carlos!
I saw thee fly to her—a dire foreboding
Struck on my heart—I followed thee, too late!
Already wert thou prostrate at her feet,
The dread avowal had escaped thy lips—
No way was left to save thee.”

At this moment when his soul is assailed by so many different emotions, he is to improvise the means of saving his friend; what means can he think of? He has lost his clearness of judgment, and no longer sees the thread which a calm reason alone is capable of conducting. He is no longer master of his own thoughts; he is therefore in the power of such ideas as are most lucid and most familiar to his mind.

What is the character of these ideas? Who does not infer from the whole tenor of his life as we see it unrolled before our eyes, that his fancy is filled with images of romantic greatness, that the heroes of Plutarch are living in his soul, and that of two expedients the *heroic* one first occurs to it? Did not his interview with the King show us what and how much this man is capable of risking for that which seems to him true, beautiful, and excellent?—What is more natural than that the indignation which he now experiences against himself, should prompt him to first hit upon such means of safety as involve personal sacrifice; that he believes it due to justice to effect the salvation of his friend at *his own* expense, since it is through his own indiscretion that this friend’s life has been imperiled! Consider moreover that he hastens as much as possible to free himself from this state of suffering, to reconquer the free enjoyment of his nature, and the government of his own emotions. You must admit that a mind like Posa’s seeks the means of safety within, not without itself; and, whereas, the prudent man would have thought of first examining on all sides the situation where he found himself placed, until he should have dis-

covered a favorable opening: the heroic enthusiast is impelled, by the natural bent of his character, to shorten the road, and to regain his self-respect by some extraordinary deed, by some instantaneous exaltation of his being. These views explain to us the resolution of the Marquis as an heroic palliative, by means of which he seeks to escape from a momentary feeling of *gloomy despair*, the most horrid condition in which such a spirit can be plunged. Add to this that from his boyhood, from the very day when Carlos offered himself voluntarily as his substitute for the infliction of a severe penalty, his soul was tormented by a desire to render this generous service to his friend, that it was oppressed by this feeling as by the load of an unpaid debt, and that these reminiscences must have greatly strengthened the motives which now prompted him to act. That Carlos' early devotion must have been hovering before his soul, is evident from a passage, where the recollection thereof escapes his lips. Carlos urges him to flee before the consequences of his bold step overtake him. "Was I so conscientious, Carlos," he replies to him, "when thou, a mere boy, bledst for me?" The Queen, carried away by her grief, accuses him of having harbored this resolution for a long time past.

"No! no! you rush
Headlong into a deed you deem sublime.
Do not deceive yourself: I know you will;
Long have you thirsted for it."

Finally it is not my intention to purge the Marquis of fanaticism. Fanaticism and enthusiasm are so closely allied, their line of demarkation is so delicate, that it is easily leaped across by one in a state of passionate excitement. The Marquis has only a few moments to make his choice. The same state of mind, in which he resolves to do the deed, is the same in which he executes it. He is not granted the privilege of surveying his resolution once more in another state of mind, before he executes it—who knows whether he might not have altered it? Such a change of mind, for instance, has occurred on his leaving the Queen. "Ah," he exclaims, "life is beautiful!"—But this discovery was made too late. He wraps himself up in the greatness of his deed in order not to experience any regret on account of it.

WHAT MEANS, AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE DO WE STUDY UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

AN ACADEMICAL INTRODUCTORY.*

GENTLEMEN, I feel honored by, and rejoice at the duty of traversing by your side a field that affords so many objects of instruction to the thinking observer, such splendid models for imitation to the active politician, such important revelations to the philosopher, and such rich sources of exalted entertainment to every body—I mean the

vast field of universal history. The sight of so many young men, whom a noble desire of knowledge gathers around me, and among whom more than one active genius is already ripening for future generations, makes my duty a pleasure to me, but likewise impresses me most fully with the stern importance of my task. The greater the gift which I am to present to you—and what greater gift can man give to man than truth?—the greater care shall I have to take that the value of this gift is not diminished in my hands. The more genuinely and quickly the youthful mind receives ideas, especially during the happy years of incipient manhood, the more easily your youthful feelings can be inflamed: the more sacred my duty, not to fritter away by illusions and sophistical arguments the enthusiasm which it is the legitimate right of truth alone to enkindle.

Fruitful and comprehensive is the domain of history; the whole moral world is embraced within its boundaries. History accompanies man in all situations, follows him through all changes of opinion, observes him in his folly and wisdom, in the deterioration as well as the elevation of his race, and gives an account of every thing that man *has taken from or added to himself*. There is not one of you whom history may not teach an important lesson; it bears in some measure upon the destinies of each of you; but there is one destiny which you all have in common; it is that which was assigned to each of you at his birth, the destiny of developing himself as a man; and it is man whom history addresses.

Before attempting to define more minutely your expectations concerning this subject, and to indicate the relation it holds to the special object of your diversified studies, it may not be superfluous that we should first agree about the *nature of the object* which you seek to realize by your studies. A previous settlement of this point which seems to me of sufficient importance to constitute the beginning of our future academical connection, will enable me to at once direct your attention to the worthiest aspect of universal history.

A routine-student follows a different plan in the pursuit of science from that which constitutes the privilege of the philosophical mind. The former, whose sole and exclusive object it is to fulfill the conditions that will fit him for an office and secure his participation in its benefits, and whose mental activity has no higher aim than the improvement of his material condition, and the gratification of a petty ambition; such a one, upon entering the university, knows of no more important business than to separate the sciences which bear more immediately upon the acquisition of a livelihood, from all those that interest the mind only as a mental being. It would seem to him as though he were robbing his future vocation of the time he devotes to the latter. Such robbery he would consider unpardonable. He will regulate his whole industry by the demands which the future master of his destiny makes upon him, and he will imagine that he has done every thing he ought to do, if he has prepared himself to meet this judge. After he has finished his course, and reached the goal of his wishes, he dismisses his scientific pursuits as unnecessary. His greatest ef-

* With this Introductory the author began his course of historical lectures in Jena. It was first published in the German "Mercur" in November, 1789.

fort now consists in displaying the treasures he has accumulated in his memory, and maintaining their value at par. Every new discovery or addition to his bread-and-butter science disturbs him, because new ideas make new work, or render his past labor useless; every important innovation frightens him, for it breaks in upon the old doctrines which he had appropriated to himself with so much labor, and exposes him to the danger of losing the work of his former years. By whom have reformers been more bitterly denounced than by routine-students? By whom are useful revolutions in the domain of knowledge more bitterly opposed than by this class? Every light which is kindled by some fortunate genius, no matter in what science, exposes their indigence; they fight with bitterness, with malice, with despair, because in defending their scholastic systems, they are contending for their very existence. Hence no more irreconcilable enemy, no more envious colleague, no more willing accuser of heresy than a routine-student. The less he is *internally* rewarded by his knowledge, the more brilliant rewards he seeks outside of himself; the work of day-laborers and the work of minds, he measures by the same standard, *labor*. Hence, nobody complains more of ingratitude than the routine-student; his own mental treasures do not constitute his reward; public acknowledgments, honors, offices have to reward him for his labor. If these fail him, who is more unhappy than he? He has lived, watched, labored in vain; his inquiries after truth are in vain, if truth is not converted into gold, newspaper praise, or kingly favor.

Pitiable man who seeks and reaches no higher end with the noblest instruments,—science and art,—than the day-laborer with the meanest; who moves in the empire of boundless freedom with the soul of a slave! Still more pitiable the young man whose naturally beautiful development is misdirected into such a lamentable channel by injurious teachings and examples; who is beguiled by others into gathering materials for his future calling with the penurious care of a miser. Very soon his professional knowledge will disgust him as something fragmentary; desires will whisper in his heart which this knowledge will be unable to gratify; his genius will rebel against his destiny. What he does seems to him fragmentary; his activity does not seem to have an object, and yet this objectless existence is to him intolerable. The fatigue and the petty details of his calling press him down, because he cannot oppose them with the cheerful courage which is only afforded by a lucid intelligence, by a lofty aspiration after perfection. He feels like one cut off from, snatched out of, the universal unity of things, because he has taken no pains to bring his mental labor in union with the great system of the universe. The lawyer becomes disgusted with law as soon as the dawn of a higher civilization discloses its nudities, whereas he should endeavor to become the founder of a new and better system, and to remedy out of his own fullness the imperfections of the old. The physician becomes displeased with his profession as soon as important errors reveal to him the insufficiency of his art; the theologian

ceases to respect his science, if his faith in the infallibility of his dogmas begins to waver.

How differently does the philosophical mind worship at the shrine of science! With the same care that the routine-student seeks to sever his science from all others, the philosophical student endeavors to enlarge its domain, and to restore its union with the other sciences; I say, to *restore*; for it is the pure understanding alone that has drawn lines of demarkation between the sciences. Where the routine-student draws such lines, the philosophical inquirer seeks to unite the elements of knowledge. At an early period he has become convinced that in the sphere of mind, as in the sensual range, all things are united, and his active desire for agreement and unity cannot be content with fragmentary knowledge. All his efforts tend to perfect his own; his noble impatience will not rest until all his ideas have become co-ordinated in a beautiful whole, until he occupies the centre of his art and science, whence he may survey their domain with an eye of delight. New discoveries within the range of his functions, which crush the routine-student, enchant the philosophical mind. Perchance they fill a gap by which the nascent unity of his knowledge had been interrupted hitherto; or, may be, complete his mental fabric by adding to it the last stone that was still wanting. But even if this fabric should be dashed to pieces; if his scientific structure should be completely overturned by a new series of ideas, a new phenomenon, a newly-discovered law in physical nature, *he has loved truth more than his system*, and with pleasure he will exchange the old and defective form with a new and more perfect one. Yes, if no blow from without disorganize his fabric, he himself, impelled by an ever-active desire for improvement, is the first to take his system to pieces, in order to reconstruct it with increased beauty. Through ever new and more beautiful forms of thought, the philosophical mind progresses to higher degrees of excellence, whereas the routine-student guards in the perpetual prison-house of his mind the sterile sameness of his scholastic acquirements.

There is no more equitable judge of the merit of others than the philosophical inquirer. Endowed with sufficient ingenuity and genius to profit by every manifestation of power, he is likewise sufficiently equitable to honor the author of the least important discovery. All minds work for him; all minds work against the routine-student. The former knows how to appropriate to his own use whatever is done and thought around him; between thinking minds there is an intimate community of spiritual good; what one has acquired in the empire of truth, he has acquired for all. The routine-student fences himself in against his neighbors, whom envy prompts him to deprive of light and sun, and he guards with a careful anxiety the decaying barrier which defends him but feebly against the inroads of a triumphant reason. For every thing that the routine-student undertakes, he has to borrow incentives and encouragement from without; the philosophical inquirer derives his incentive and reward from his subject, from his industry. With how much more

enthusiasm does he begin; with how much more perseverance will he continue his work; with how much more fire and energy will he devote himself to his labor that becomes brighter and more encouraging as he progresses with his task! In his creating hand even trifles become great things; for he is continually aiming at greatness to which even trifles may minister, whereas the routine-student regards great things even as small. The philosophical inquirer is not distinguished by that which he does, but by the manner in which he attends to, and accomplishes his work. Wherever he is placed, he is always placed in the centre of the whole; how far soever the object of his activity may separate him from his co-laborers in the domain of science, he is affiliated with them by harmony of mind; he meets them where all clear minds do meet.

Shall I continue these delineations still further, or may I hope that you have already decided which of these pictures you intend to adopt as your model? It will depend upon this decision whether the study of universal history will be a profit or a burden to you. I shall address myself exclusively to the philosophical mind; for by endeavoring to benefit the routine-student, I might cause too wide a breach between science and its high aim, thus purchasing a small profit at too high a price.

Having come to an understanding with you regarding the point of view from which the value of science should be determined, I may now attempt to define the object of universal history, for which purpose we have met.

The discoveries that have been made by European navigators upon distant oceans and along distant coasts, afford us a spectacle as instructive as it is entertaining. They show us tribes occupying the most varied degrees of culture, as children of various ages are grouped around a full-grown man, and remind him by their example of what he has been and from what point he has started on his course. A wise hand seems to have reserved these rude tribes for a period when we would have become sufficiently advanced in civilization to make a useful application of this discovery to ourselves, and to restore the lost beginnings of our race by the reflections of this mirror. How humiliating and gloomy is the image which these tribes present to us of our infancy! and yet it is not the first degree where we see them. At the beginning, man was a much lower creature. These tribes already constitute political bodies, peoples; it was only by extraordinary exertions that man was enabled to form a political society.

What do travelers relate to us of these savages? Many were found unacquainted with the most indispensable arts, without iron, without a plow, some, even, without fire. Many of them still disputed with wild beasts about food and shelter; among many, speech had scarcely ascended from the sounds of animals to intelligible utterances. Here *marriage* was as yet unknown; yonder a knowledge of *property* was wanting; here the feeble soul was unable to retain the remembrance of an experience which it made day after day; thoughtlessly the savage abandoned his couch to-day, because he was unable to comprehend that he would have to sleep again to-

morrow. All tribes waged war against each other; and the flesh of the vanquished was the prize of victory. Among others who were already familiar with various comforts of life, and who had already reached a higher degree of culture, slavery and despotism showed their horrible traces. Here an African despot sold his subjects into bondage for a glass of brandy; yonder they were slaughtered upon his grave in order to serve him in the lower regions. Here pious stupidity lies prostrate before a fetich, yonder before some horrid monster. Man depicts himself in his gods. Yonder he is humiliated as much by bondage, stupidity, and superstition, as he is here rendered miserable by the opposite extreme of lawless freedom. Ever prepared for attack and defense, frightened by every noise, the savage pricks his startled ear in the wilderness; whatever is *new* is hostile to him, and woe to the stranger whom a storm casts away on his shore! No smoke will ascend for him from the hospitable hearth; no shelter will refresh his exhausted limbs; and even in countries where man has elevated himself from a hostile solitude to social life, from famine to affluence, from fear to joy—how monstrous and fantastic he appears to our eyes! His crude taste seeks mirth in stupefaction, beauty in distortion, glory in extravagance; even his virtue excites in us feelings of horror, and what he calls his happiness, rouses a sensation of loathing and pity in our hearts.

This is what *we were*. Eighteen hundred years ago Cæsar and Tacitus found us not much better.

What are we now? Let me dwell for a moment upon the age where we live, upon the present condition of the world in which we live.

Human industry has cultivated it, and has conquered the refractory soil by perseverance and skill. Yonder, man has won land from the sea; here, he has caused rivers to flow through arid regions. Zones and seasons have been mingled by man's care, and the delicate vegetation of the East has been acclimated under his rougher sky. As he transported Europe to the West Indies and the South Sea, so he has caused Asia to arise in Europe. A bright sky now smiles over the forests of Germany, which the strong hand of man has opened to the sunbeam, and in the flood of the Rhine the grape-vines of Asia are mirrored. On its shores we behold populous cities, through which rove merry crowds, stimulated by pleasure and work. Here we find every single man safe among a million in the possession of his property, whereas formerly a single neighbor deprived him of his rest. The equality which he lost by the social compact, has been restored to him by wise laws. From the blind compulsion of chance and necessity he has sought refuge under the rule of contracts, and he has given up the freedom of a beast of prey, in order to save the nobler freedom of man. His cares have been distributed among many, his labors have been divided. Now imperious want no longer drives him to the plow, no enemy calls him from the plow to the battlefield to defend his country's penates. With the arm of the farmer he fills his barns, with the weapons of the warrior he protects his territory. The

law watches over his property, and he has preserved the inestimable right of selecting for himself his own duty.

How many creations of art, how many wonders of industry, what a flood of light in all the regions of knowledge, since man is no longer obliged to waste his energies in the sad defense of himself; since it has been left to his own free choice to come to terms with necessity, from whose rule he is never wholly to be enfranchised; since he has acquired the precious privilege to govern his own capacities and to follow the call of his genius. What activity, since the multiplied wants have given new wings to the genius of invention, and have opened new channels for human skill! The barriers of hostile egotism are broken, which separated states and nations. All thinking minds are now united by a cosmopolitan bond of friendship, and all the light of his age may now illuminate the mind of a modern Galilaei or Erasmus.

Since the laws have descended toward human weakness, man has ascended to meet the laws. As the laws became less stringent, his nature was correspondingly softened; the abolition of barbarous penalties has been gradually followed by the diminution of barbarous crimes. A great step toward a nobler civilization is made, if the laws become more virtuous, although man should not yet be so. Where forced duties recede from him, the rule of moral custom takes their place. He who is not intimidated by punishment or held in check by conscience, is now restrained by the laws of propriety and honor.

It is true, many barbarous features of former ages have penetrated into our own; they are the offspring of chance and violence, which should not be perpetuated by the age of reason. But what useful and appropriate applications has man's understanding made of the barbaric institutions that have been handed down to us by former ages! How innocuous and even how useful have laws and customs been made which it would have been as yet too hazardous to abolish! It is upon the barbarous foundation of feudal anarchy that Germany erected her system of political and ecclesiastical liberty. The shadow of the Roman Emperor, which has been preserved on this side of the Apennines, is far more useful to the world now than his prototype was to ancient Rome; for it keeps a useful political system together by the bonds of concord; the ancient system pressed down the most active powers of humanity under the slavish yoke of *uniformity*. Even our religion, so woefully disfigured by the faithless hands that have transmitted it to us, who does not recognize the ennobling influence that a more enlightened and more elevated philosophy has had upon it? Our Leibnitz's and Locke's have done as much for Christian dogmas and ethics as the pencil of a Raphael and Correggio has done for sacred history.

Finally: Our states, how intimately are they united! How much more durably is their harmonious union cemented by the beneficent restraints of necessity than it formerly was by the most solemn compacts! Peace is now guarded by an everlasting readiness for war, and the egotism of

one state makes it the guardian of the prosperity of its neighbor. The European political system seems like one great family, whose members may be enemies, without, I trust, being permitted to lacerate each other.

What a contrast of pictures! Who would suspect to see in the refined European of the eighteenth century nothing but a more advanced brother of the modern Indian or the ancient Celt? All these talents, artistic impulses, contrivances; all these creations of the reason have been planted and developed in man in the space of a few thousand years; all these marvels of art, these gigantic works of industry have been evoked by his genius. What has vitalized the slumbering powers, what has realized these great works? What conditions has man passed through before he ascended from one extreme to the other, from the inhospitable inhabitant of a cavern to the sphere of a spiritual thinker, of a cultivated man of society? Universal history will answer this question.

The same immeasurable inequalities are exhibited by the same people, inhabiting the same region, if viewed in different periods. No less striking is the difference exhibited by the same race in different countries. What a variety of customs, constitutions and manners! What striking contrasts of darkness and light, of anarchy and order, of happiness and misery are exhibited by the human race in the single continent of Europe! Free on the Thames, and indebted for this freedom to himself! here unconquerable between his Alps, yonder unconquered between his artificial rivers and marshes! On the Vistula miserable and without vigor in consequence of his discord; and equally miserable and without vigor on the other side of the Pyrenees in consequence of his idleness. Opulent and prosperous in Amsterdam without agriculture; indigent and unhappy in the unimproved Paradise of the Ebro. Here two distant nations separated by an ocean, made neighbors by want, industry, and political bonds; yonder the inhabitants on two sides of a river immeasurably separated by different liturgies! What has led Spain's power across the Atlantic ocean into the heart of America, without causing it to leap across the Tago and the Guadiana? What has preserved so many thrones in Italy, and Germany; and in France, has caused them all to disappear except one? Universal history solves this question.

The privilege which we enjoy of meeting here at this moment, possessing the present degree of national culture, with our present language, customs, political advantages, and liberty of conscience, is perhaps the result of all the previous events in the history of the world: at any rate, universal history would have to be taxed to account for this single circumstance. In order that we might meet here as Christians, this religion, whose advent had to be prepared by innumerable revolutions, had to issue from Judaism; it had to find the Roman empire precisely as it was found, which would enable Christianity to extend its victorious career over the world, and finally to ascend the throne of the Cæsars. Our rude ancestors in the Thuringian forests had to succumb to the power of the Franks, who imposed their faith upon

the former. By his growing riches, by the ignorance of the people, and by the weakness of their rulers, the clergy had to be favored in their attempts to abuse their authority, and to convert their silent power over the consciences into a political sword. Through a Gregory and Innocent the pontifical hierarchy had to empty all its horrors upon the human race, in order that an intrepid Augustinian monk might be induced, by the universal depravity and the crying scandal of spiritual despotism, to raise the standard of revolution, and to snatch one-half of Europe from the clutches of the pope. If we were to meet here as protestant Christians, the arms of our princes had to compel Charles V. to sign a religious peace; a Gustavus Adolphus had to avenge the rupture of this compact, which had to be consolidated anew and for centuries by another peace. Cities had to rise in Italy and Germany, had to open their gates to industry, break the chains of serfdom, snatch the judicial power out of the hands of ignorant tyrants, and cause themselves to be respected by a warlike hansa. If industry and trade were to flourish, if abundance was to invite the arts of peace and pleasure, if the state was to honor the useful husbandman, and if the basis of the permanent happiness of the world was to be laid by the creation of the beneficent *middle class*, the originator of our civilization. The German emperors had to become weakened by unceasing struggles with the popes, with their own vassals, with jealous neighbors; Europe had to bury its dangerous excess of population in the tombs of Asia, and the rebellious insolence of a feudal nobility had to be wiped out by the bloody conflicts of the club-law, by expeditions to the holy sepulchre and to Rome; if the chaotic confusion was to be cleared up, and the contending political powers were to rest in the blissful equilibrium of which our present leisure constitutes the reward. If our minds were to be freed from the ignorance in which they had been held captive by spiritual and political despotism, the germ of erudition that had been stifled for ages, must again break forth among her most furious antagonists, and an Al Mamun had to restore to science the loss which an Omar had inflicted upon it. The unspeakable wretchedness of barbarism had to drive our ancestors from the bloody *judgments of God* to human tribunals; devastating epidemics had to lead the erring healing art back again to the contemplation of natural laws; monkish idleness had to prepare a distant compensation for its evil results, and the profane industry of the cloister had to preserve the scattered debris of the Augustinian age until the art of printing should flash upon the world. Inspired by Grecian and Roman models, the debased spirit of northern barbarians had again to ascend to higher and purer spheres, and erudition had to conclude an alliance with the muses and graces, if it was to find an avenue to the human heart, and deserve the name of a civilizer of the human race. Would Greece have given birth to a Thucydides, to a Plato, an Aristotle; would Rome have produced a Horace, a Cicero, a Virgil, a Livius, if these two states had not reached the height of political power to which they really ascended? In one word, if their whole

history had not previously taken place? How many inventions, discoveries, political and ecclesiastical revolutions had to coincide, in order that the spread of these new and delicate germs of science and art might be secured? How many wars had to be waged, how many alliances had to be concluded, torn asunder, and re-concluded, in order that the principle of peace might become the leading political maxim of Europe, which alone enables citizens as well as states to watch over their best interests, and to unite their energies for the accomplishment of noble ends.

Even in the daily business of life we cannot avoid becoming the debtors of past centuries; the most unequal periods in the life of humanity are found to contribute to our culture, as the most distant continents contribute to our refinement. The clothes that we are wearing, the condiments with which we season our food, the gold that we pay for them, a number of our most active remedial agents, which may likewise be used as so many means of destruction—do they not remind us of a Columbus who discovered America, of a Vasco de Gama who sailed round the southern point of the African continent?

We see then that a long chain of events can be traced from the present moment to the commencement of the human race, which seem to bear upon each other as cause and effect. Only the Infinite Spirit can survey it *wholly* and *completely*; man moves within narrower limits.

I. Many of these events have not occurred in the presence of witnesses or have not been recorded by permanent signs. Among these events we have to number all those that occurred previous to the existence of the human race, or to the invention of signs. The source of all history is tradition, and the organ of tradition is speech. The whole epoch preceding the use of speech, however pregnant with consequences it may have been to the *world*, is lost to *universal history*.

II. Even after speech had been discovered, and it had become possible to express and communicate to others the things which had taken place, yet these communications were carried on in the beginning by means of the uncertain and changeable channel of *tradition*. From mouth to mouth such events were perpetuated through a long line of generations, a system of recording events which must necessarily partake of the changes that affected the transmitting agents. Oral traditions constitute an exceedingly uncertain channel for historical events; hence such as happened *previous to the introduction of written signs*, are, so to say, lost to universal history.

III. Written records are not imperishable; innumerable monuments of antiquity have been destroyed by age and accidents; but few ancient remnants have been preserved until the period when the art of printing was invented. Most of them have perished, and with them we have lost the light that they would have shed upon historical events.

IV. Most of the records that have been preserved, have been disfigured and rendered unintelligible by *passion*, *imperfect comprehension*, and even by the *genius* of their expounders. Even the most ancient historical record excites our sus-

picion, nor does a modern chronicle convey certainty to the mind. If an event which took place this very day, among people with whom we are living, and in a city which we are inhabiting, is related in so many different ways, that we find it difficult to extract the truth from the many contradictory statements; how can we expect to have a correct knowledge of nations and ages that are removed from us much further by the strangeness of their customs than by age? The small sum of events which remains after making all the previously-named deductions, constitutes the subject of history in its vastest acceptation. *What and how much of this belongs to universal history?*

Among these events the general historian distinguishes such as have had an essential, incontrovertible, and readily perceptible influence upon the *present* constitution of the world, and the condition of living generations. In order to gather materials for universal history, we have to regard the relation between the historical fact and the present order of things. Universal history starts from a beginning which is the exact opposite of the beginning of the world. Actually, events descend from the commencement of things to their most recent developments; the general historian starts from the most recent changes of society, tracing events backward to the first beginning of history. If he ascends mentally from the present year and century to the next preceding, noting among the events of the latter period those that shed light upon the events of the next following; if he continues this course step by step, to the beginning—not of the world, for no guide leads thus far—but of monumental records: he may then turn back by the same road, and, guided by the facts he has noted, descend readily and without impediment from the commencement of monumental records to the most recent period. This is the universal history we possess, and it is that which will be expounded to you.

Since universal history is dependent upon the abundance or paucity of sources, there must exist as many gaps in universal history as there are blanks in the series of traditions. Howsoever uniformly, necessarily, and precisely, social and political changes succeed each other as cause and effect, yet historically the chain of events will be found interrupted, and arbitrarily or accidentally united. Between the course of the *world* and the course of *universal history* there exists a marked disagreement. The world's course may be compared to an uninterrupted stream of which only a few ripples are shown in the mirror of universal history. Inasmuch as the connection between a distant event and the events of the current year may become strikingly manifest before its connection with previous or cotemporaneous events is seen: it inevitably follows that events which are intimately connected with the latest epoch will sometimes appear *isolated* in the age to which they properly speaking belong. The origin of Christianity and especially of Christian ethics is an event of this kind. Christianity is so deeply interested in the present condition of the world, that no fact in universal history claims a greater portion of our regard than the origin of

that institution; but this origin cannot be satisfactorily accounted for either by the age in which, or by the people among whom it took place. The data for such an explanation are wanting.

With all these defects before us, universal history would only remain an aggregation of fragments which could never be dignified with the name of science. Here it is that the philosophical reason supplies the deficiencies, and by uniting these fragments by means of artificial links, the aggregation of facts is systematized, and changed to a rational, coherent whole. Authority for this proceeding is derived from the uniformity and immutable oneness of the laws of nature and of the human mind, in consequence of which oneness the events of the remotest antiquity recur in our age, if similar circumstances act as determining causes; by which means we are enabled to obtain light and draw inferences from the most recent events occurring within the range of our own observation, regarding those that took place in the primeval ages. In history, as in other departments of science, the method of reasoning by analogy is a powerful auxiliary; but it should be justified by an appropriate object, and resorted to with caution and judgment.

Scarcely has the philosophical observer commenced to dwell upon the materials of universal history, when a new impulse becomes active in his mind, which leads him irresistibly to trace events to a general law of development, and to determine the *idea* from which they flow as their generating principle. The more frequently and successfully he renews the attempt of uniting the past with the present, the more he will be disposed to unite in the relation of *means to end* what has manifested itself to his mind as *cause and effect*. One phenomenon after another ceases to stand before him as the product of blind chance, of lawless anarchy, and becomes an harmonious element in a concordant whole, of which he, it is true, only possesses an intellectual perception. Very soon he finds it difficult to persuade himself that this succession of phenomena which, to his mind, seems so full of regularity and design, does not possess these qualities in reality; he finds it difficult to resign under the blind rule of necessity what had begun to assume such a luminous shape under the borrowed light of the understanding. Out of his own reason he transfers this harmony into the order of things; in other words, he arranges the cause of things under a rational end, he introduces a teleological principle into *universal history*. In company with this principle he again wanders through the labyrinth of history, examining in its mirror every phenomenon which this great stage presents to his mind. He sees the same phenomenon *confirmed* by a thousand facts, and *refuted* by as many more; but as long as important links remain wanting in the series of the world's changes; as long as destiny keeps back the ultimate explanation of so many events, he declares the question as *undecided*, and the victory is awarded to the opinion that offers more satisfaction to the understanding, and a higher degree of happiness to the heart.

I need hardly make the statement that a uni-

versal history written in this spirit, can only be achieved in the latest periods of the world's existence. A premature application of this great measure might tempt the historian to do violence to events, and, by attempting to accelerate this happy epoch for universal history, to remove it more and more. But we cannot direct too soon our attention to this luminous, and yet so much neglected aspect of history, by which it connects itself with the highest subjects of human endeavors. Even the silent contemplation of this, as yet only possible end, must be a stimulating incentive and a sweet reward to the industry of the inquirer. He will attach importance to the slightest exertion, if he finds himself upon the road or leads his successors to the road upon which the solution of the world's problem may be reached, and where the Supreme Mind may be met in the beautiful order of his government.

Treated in this manner, the study of universal history will afford you an occupation as attractive as useful. It will kindle a light in your understandings, and a beneficent enthusiasm in your hearts. It will elevate you above all petty views of common morality, and, by spreading out before your vision the great picture of ages and nations, it will rectify the premature decisions of the moment, and the contracted verdicts of egotism. By accustoming man to identify himself with the past, and to embrace the distant future in his conclusions, it hides the extreme points of birth and death which confine man's life within such narrow and oppressive limits, and, like an optical illusion, it expands his short existence into an infinite space, and imperceptibly merges the individual in the species.

Man changes and quits the stage; his opinions pass away and change with him; history alone remains upon the stage, as the immortal citizen of all nations and ages. Like Homer's Zeus, it regards with the same cheerful eye the bloody labors of war and the peaceful tribes that derive their guiltless support from the milk of their flocks. However lawlessly man's freedom may seem to dash along on its course, history looks calmly upon the chaotic movement; her far-reaching eye beholds in the distant future the rule by which this anarchical chaos is bent toward a higher system of order. What she hides from the rebellious conscience of a Gregory, or a Cromwell, she hastens to reveal to humanity: "that a selfish man may pursue low aims, but unconsciously promotes those of a higher order."

No false glitter can dazzle her, no ruling prejudice can carry her away, for she witnesses the ultimate fate of things. Whatever ceases, has been of equally short duration for her; she preserves the freshness of the well-earned wreath of olives, and breaks the obelisk erected by vanity. By showing the workings of the delicate mechanism by which the quiet hand of Nature has developed man's powers from the commencement of the world, according to an immutable design, and by indicating the progressive evolutions of this great design in every age, she restores the true measure of happiness and merit which the ruling delusion falsifies differently in every century. She cures us of the extravagant admiration of antiquity, and

of the childish longing for the past; and by pointing out to us our own acquirements, she prevents us from wishing back again the age of Alexander or Augustus.

All the preceding ages have unconsciously and unintentionally endeavored to prepare the *advent* of our *humane* century. Ours are the treasures which industry and genius, reason and experience, have conquered in the world's protracted existence. History teaches us the value of goods which habit and unassailed possession incline so readily to rob of our gratitude; precious goods, stained with the blood of the noblest of our race, and conquered by the severe labor of generations. Who among you, in whom a clear mind and a feeling heart are allied, could think of the obligation of gratitude without experiencing a silent wish to discharge to the coming generation the debt which the past can no longer receive? A noble desire must become kindled in our hearts to contribute with our *own* means to the rich legacy of truth, morality, and liberty, that has been bequeathed to us by our ancestors, and which we have to leave again to our successors; and to link our fleeting existence with the imperishable chain that winds through all the generations of mankind. Whatever may be the destiny that awaits you in human society, you all can contribute something to that legacy! For every merit the road to immortality is open, to that true immortality where the deed lives and is perpetuated to future generations, though the name of its author should remain buried in the urn of time!

THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE FIRST HUMAN SOCIETY,

SUGGESTED BY THE MOSAIC RECORD.*

MAN'S TRANSITION TO FREEDOM AND HUMANITY.

It is by the guiding power of instinct, which directs the movements of the animal, that Providence had to introduce man into life, and, his reason, being still undeveloped, had to stand behind him like a watchful nurse. Hunger and thirst led him to the perception of the necessity of food; what he required to gratify this necessity, had been accumulated around him in copious abundance, and smell and taste guided him in his selection. His nudity was protected by the mildness of the climate, and his defenseless life was secured by universal peace. The preservation of the species had been cared for by the sexual instinct. In this way man's vegetative and animal organism was perfect. While Nature was still thinking, caring, and acting for him, his powers were permitted to cultivate more easily, and with less trouble, habits of calm observation; his reason, undisturbed by care, was enabled to cultivate its instrument, language, and attune the delicate play

* This Essay, with the two following, is part of the author's lectures on Universal History, delivered at the University of Jena. It first appeared in the 11th number of the *Thalia*.

of ideas. As yet he beheld creation with a happy eye; his cheerful mind received a genuine impression of all phenomena, and deposited them in their purity in an active memory. Gentle and smiling was the beginning of human existence, and this had to be so, if he was to fortify himself for the struggle that awaited him.

If Providence had kept man on this low plane of life, he might have been the happiest and the most intelligent of all animals, but he would never have elevated himself above the guardianship of the natural instinct; his acts would never have been acts of freedom and morality; he would never have been more than an animal. In a pleasurable repose, he would always have remained a child, and he would always have moved in the smallest possible circle, from desire to enjoyment, from enjoyment to repose, and from repose back again to desire.

But man was destined to fulfill different purposes; the powers that were slumbering in him, called him to a different order of bliss. What nature had done for him in the cradle, he was now, since he had become of age, to do for himself. He was to become the creator of his own bliss, and the degree of this bliss was to depend upon the share he had in realizing it. He was to learn to reconstruct *by his reason* the state of innocence which he now lost, and as a free and rational spirit he was to return to the point whence he had started as a *plant* and a creature of instinct: from a paradise of ignorance and bondage he was to raise himself, were it only after thousands of years, to a paradise of knowledge and freedom, a paradise where he would obey the moral law in his heart as implicitly as he had obeyed the movements of a blind instinct, which are still the ruling impulses of the plant and the animal. What was inevitable? What had to take place if he was to advance to this end? As soon as his reason had tested its first powers, Nature repelled him from her nursing arms, or rather, and more correctly, man himself, impelled by a power of whose nature he was still ignorant, and not knowing what a great deed he was doing at the time, severed himself from Nature's guiding hand, and, with his still feeble reason which the instinct only accompanied from afar, he plunged into the wild chances of life, and betook himself to the dangerous path that was to lead him to moral freedom. By converting the voice of God in Eden, which forbade him to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, into the voice of instinct that drew him back from this tree, his pretended disobedience against that divine commandment simply becomes a rebellion against his instinct, the first manifestation of his independent activity, the first attempt of his reason, the beginning of his moral existence. Man's rebellion against his instinct, which, it is true, introduced moral evil into Nature, but only to the end that the moral good might find room in it, is without contradiction, the greatest and most fortunate event in human history; his freedom dates from this event; this event was the corner-stone of his morality. The popular teacher is quite right in considering this event as a *fall*, and drawing useful moral lessons

from it; but the philosopher is equally right in congratulating human nature in the abstract upon this important step to perfection. The former is right in declaring it a fall, for from an innocent creature man became a guilty one, from a perfect pupil of Nature he became an imperfect moral being, from a happy instrument an unhappy artist.

The philosopher is entitled to look upon this event as a gigantic stride on the road of progress; for, by it man was converted from a slave of the natural instinct into a free creature, from an automaton into a moral being; this stride was the first step on the ladder which, after the lapse of thousands of years, will lead him to self-government. Now the road to enjoyment was longer than before. At first, all he had to do was to stretch out his hand, in order to enjoy as soon as the desire was felt; but now he had to think, industry and trouble had to intervene between desire and its gratification. The peace existing between him and the animal creation, was at an end. Necessity drove the beasts against his works, even against himself, and by means of his reason he had to contrive the means of protection, and a superiority of power that Nature had denied him; he had to invent arms and protect his slumbers from the hostile brute. But even here Nature compensated him by intellectual pleasures for the loss of vegetative delights she had inflicted upon him. The corn he himself had planted, surprised him with a savor he had never known; sleep overcame him after the fatigue of the day, and was sweeter under the roof made by his own hands than in the idleness of paradise. In struggling with the assaulting tiger he became conscious of his cunning and physical power, and after every victory he might thank himself for the gift of life.

At this stage he had become too noble for paradise, and if, impelled by want he had wished himself back again amidst his idle joys, it would have been because he was ignorant of his nature. An internal restlessness, the awakened instinct of self-activity, would have soon pursued him in his idle bliss, and would have disgusted him with the delights that he had not created for himself. He would have transformed paradise into a wilderness, and this wilderness again into a paradise. Happy the human race, if it had had no worse enemy to combat than the indolence of the soil, the fury of wild animals, and the tempests of Nature! Want besieged man, passions were aroused, and soon armed him against his like. Against man he had to fight for his existence, a long fight, replete with vice, and not yet ended; but in this fight alone he was enabled to cultivate his reason and morality.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

The first sons born of the mother of men, enjoyed an important advantage over their parents; they were reared by men. All the improvements which the parents had made by their own genius, and therefore much more slowly, benefited the children to whom they were transmitted even in their earliest infancy, by parents who loved them. With the first son who was born of woman, the

great instrument through which the whole human race was to receive its culture, and will continue to do so—I mean tradition, or the transmission of ideas—was set in motion.

Here the Mosaic record leaves us, and leaps over a period of fifteen and more years, in order to present the two brothers before us as full-grown. But this interval is important to universal history, and, in the absence of written records, has to be completed by human reason.

The birth of a son, the necessity of feeding, nursing, and educating him, increased the knowledge, experience, and duties of the first men, an increase which it behooves us to note with due care.

Animals probably taught our first mother her most imperious maternal duties, and necessity may have taught her the means she had to make use of during the act of parturition. Her solicitude for her children pointed out to her a number of small comforts that had been unknown to her heretofore; the number of objects which she learned to use, became larger, and the ingenuity of motherly love contrived new inventions.

Until now, both had known only one form of love, one matrimonial relation, for the reason that each had only one object to love. Now the possession of children taught them a new species of love, *parental* affection! This new affection was purer than the former, disinterested, since the former was exclusively based upon pleasure, upon the reciprocal desire for social intercourse.

This new experience raised them to a higher degree of morality, of social culture. The parental affection for their offspring, in which both met, effected a considerable change in the relation which they had held to each other. The care, the joy, the tender sympathy which they conjointly experienced for this new object of their affection, realized a new and more beautiful bond of union between themselves. Each discovered in the other new and more beautiful traits of character, and each discovery of this kind elevated and refined their matrimonial connection. In his wife, the husband loved the mother of his cherished son. The wife loved in the man the father and preserver of her child. The sensual delight with which they had greeted each other heretofore, was purified by a sentiment of esteem; from the selfish love of sex arose the beautiful phenomenon of conjugal affection.

Very soon new affections were added to the former. The children grew up, and were united by tender bonds. The child preferred the company of the child, because every creature is attracted to its like. With tender and imperceptible threads the *love of brother and sister* wove a tissue of new emotions in the hearts of the parents. For the first time they beheld a picture of social life, of benevolence outside of themselves; they saw their own feelings reflected in the mirror of youth.

Until now, as long as they were alone, both had lived only in the present and the past; but now a distant future held out to them prospective joys. In proportion as their children grew up, and every day developed a new capacity in them, the future opened new and smiling prospects to the parents,

in whose hearts the emotion of *hope* was enkindled by the expectation of seeing their offspring grow up to the age of manhood. What a boundless range was opened to them by hope! Formerly they had enjoyed every pleasure once only in the present; now every future joy was anticipated with numberless repetitions.

As the children grew up to manhood, what variety was introduced into this first human society! Every notion that had been communicated to them, had assumed a different form in each soul, and now surprised it by the newness of the phenomenon. Thoughts crowded upon thoughts, the moral sense became quickened, and was developed by practical applications; language was enriched, the more delicate shades of sentiment were defined with more precision; observations of natural phenomena were multiplied, and the experience of former days led to new experiments. Now, man became the highest object of care, and there was no danger of his relapsing into the condition of an animal.

DIFFERENT MODES OF LIFE.

Already among the first generation of men the progress of culture became visible. Adam tilled the field; one of his sons, Abel, resorted to a new branch of industry, cattle-raising. Already at this early period, the human race was divided into two different classes—agriculturists and herdsmen.

The first man was a pupil of Nature, she taught him all the useful arts of life. A little attention must have shown him the order according to which plants reproduce themselves. He saw Nature perform the act of sowing and watering, his desire of imitation became active, and soon necessity stimulated him to assist Nature and to favor her productiveness by artificial means.

It must not be supposed that man's first attempt at agriculture was the raising of grain; this requires considerable preparation, and the natural progress of things is from the simple to the more complicated. Rice was probably one of the first grains cultivated by man; Nature invited him to this branch of labor, rice grows wild in India, and the most ancient historians mention rice-growing as one of the most ancient branches of agriculture. Man saw that a continued drought causes the plants to wither, and that they recover their vigor after a shower of rain. He likewise perceived that the soil became more fertile where a layer of mud had been left behind by an inundation. Profiting by these discoveries, he instituted an artificial system of irrigation, and, if no river was sufficiently near to provide his fields with mud, he carried it there. He learned the art of manuring and irrigating the soil.

He must have found it more difficult to learn the use of animals. Here too, as in all other things, he began with natural and innocent wants. For centuries he may have contented himself with the milk of animals before he undertook to slaughter them. The mother's milk undoubtedly led him to the attempt of using the milk of animals. Scarcely had he become acquainted with this new food, when he appropriated it permanently. In

order to have a sufficient supply on hand at all times, it was not well that his meeting a milch animal should depend upon chance. He therefore hit upon the idea of gathering a number of such animals around himself, he procured for himself a herd; this herd had to consist of gregarious animals which had to be tamed, or, in other words, had to be transferred from the condition of wild freedom to a state of servitude and quiet. Before undertaking the taming of animals of the wild sort, and superior to him in natural powers and means of defense, he first attempted to tame those to which he was superior and which were naturally of a rather gentle disposition. He therefore kept sheep before keeping hogs, oxen, and horses.

From the moment he deprived animals of their freedom, he was obliged to feed and take care of them. Thus he became a herdsman, and as long as society remained limited in number, Nature had abundant food for his flock. He had no other trouble than to find pasture-grounds for them, and to conduct them to other localities after the former had been denuded of their grass. The richest abundance rewarded him for this easy occupation, and the product of his labor was not subject to changes of the seasons or weather. Uniform enjoyment was the lot of shepherds, freedom and a joyous idleness made up his character.

The agriculturist was differently situated. Like a slave he was bound to the soil he had cultivated, and this compulsory mode of life had compelled him to renounce every choice of habitation. With anxious care he had to accommodate himself to the nature of the grain he was growing, and had to help his crops along by art and labor, whereas his brother's flocks took care of themselves. At first his labor was impeded by the absence of suitable utensils; and yet his hands were scarcely adequate to the work. How laborious must it have been before the plow facilitated his endeavors, before he compelled the ox to share the work with him.

Breaking up the ground, sowing and irrigation, the harvest itself, how much labor did all this require! And how much labor had to be performed after the harvest, until the fruit of his industry should have undergone all the changes necessary to fit it for use! How often had he to drive off wild animals that invaded his fields, which he had to fence in, or defend even at the peril of his life! And in spite of all this, how unsafe was the fruit of his labor, exposed, as it was, to the violence of storms, and to unfavorable weather! A freshet, a hail-storm, might deprive him of it at the very goal, and thus expose him to bitter want. Hard, unequal and dubious was the lot of the peasant compared to the comfortable lot of shepherds, and his soul must become brutish in a body hardened by so much fatiguing work.

If he thought of comparing his hard lot with the happy life of a shepherd, this inequality must impress his sensual mind with the idea that the latter was the favorite of Heaven.

Envy became roused in his breast; in consequence of the first inequality, this unfortunate passion could not fail to become excited in the

human heart. With a squinting eye he looked at the shepherd's prosperity, who fed his flock in the shade, whereas he was exposed to the heat of the sun, and labor caused the perspiration to trickle from his brow. The cheerful and careless manner of the shepherd shocked his brother's feelings. This one hated the former on account of his happiness, and despised him for his idleness. Thus he entertained a silent indignation against his brother that could not fail in breaking out in acts of violence at the first opportunity. It was not long in presenting itself. Individual rights were not yet clearly defined, and mine and thine were not yet determined by law. Each fancied himself entitled to the whole earth, for the institution of property was only to result from previous collisions. Let us suppose that a shepherd had cleared with his flocks, all the pastures in the neighborhood, and yet was unwilling to wander far away from the family to distant regions, what must he necessarily conclude to do? He drove his flock on the fields of the peasant, or, at any rate, did not prevent them from invading his domain. Here his sheep found an abundance of grass, and there was no law that forbade this inroad. Whatever he could lay his hands upon, was his,—thus reasoned man in his infancy.

Now for the first time, man came into collision with his like; instead of fighting wild animals which had hitherto beset the peasant, he now had to wage war against his neighbor. This neighbor now appeared to him like a hostile beast of prey, bent upon devastating his fields. Is it a wonder that he received his neighbor in the same manner as the beast of prey, which man now imitated? The hatred he had nourished in his breast for many a year, added to his wrath; a murderous blow with a club avenged him at once of the long happiness of his envied neighbor.

This was the sad end of the first collision among men.

CESSATION OF EQUALITY OF CONDITION.

A few passages in the ancient records permit us to infer that polygamy was something rare, even in those early ages, and that monogamic habits were the order of the day. Regular marriages seem to denote a certain degree of morality and refinement which could hardly be expected in those early periods. It was the consequences of disorder that led men, in most cases, to orderly institutions; anarchy evoked the government of laws.

The introduction of regular marriages seems to have taken place in accordance with custom rather than in obedience to law. Man must necessarily live in matrimonial relations, and the example of one acted with the force of law toward his successor. The human race had commenced with a single pair. By this example, Nature had announced, as it were, her will.

If we suppose that in the first period of human existence, the numerical proportions of both sexes were the same, it is evident that nature had provided for what man had omitted to do. Each took to himself *one* wife, because there was only *one* to be had.

Even if numerical differences set in, and an opportunity was afforded to make a selection, this order having become an established custom, nobody was willing to violate it by rash and daring innovations.

In the same way as the matrimonial relations had become regulated by custom, a government naturally arose in the bosom of society. Nature had established the paternal authority because the helpless child was dependent upon the father, and was accustomed, from the tenderest infancy, to respect his will. The son would naturally preserve this feeling during the whole course of his life. If he himself became a father, his own son could not regard, without respect, one whom the father treated with so much veneration, and implicitly he would accord a higher degree of respect to the father of his own parent. This authority of the grandsire must necessarily increase with every increase of family, and advance in years, and his greater experience, the fruit of a long life, must afford him a natural superiority over every younger member of his tribe. In every litigation, the grandsire was appealed to as the supreme judge, and the long continuance of this custom led to a natural and mild government, the patriarchal authority, which did not do away with, on the contrary fortified the general equality.

But this equality could not last. Some were less industrious, others were less favored by fortune and soil, some were of less robust frame than others; there were robust and feeble, bold and timid, opulent and poor people. The feeble and poor had to beg, the rich might give or refuse. Man began to become dependent on man.

It was in the nature of things that old age should be relieved from labor, and that the son should work for his ancient sire. Soon this natural duty was imitated by art. By some, a desire was felt to unite the quiet of old age with the labor of youth, and to select some one who might take it upon himself to serve as a son. They selected the poor or the feeble, who claimed their protection, or appealed to their abundance. The poor and the feeble required his assistance, whereas he needed the industry of the poor. Hence, a mutual relation of dependence was established. The poor and feeble served and received, the strong and rich gave, and went idle.

FIRST DISTINCTION OF RANKS.

The rich became richer by the industry of the poor; in order to augment his wealth, he increased the number of his servants; he saw himself surrounded by many who were less fortunate than himself; many were dependent upon him. The rich began to feel his power and became proud. He commenced to regard the instruments of his happiness as the tools of his will; the labor of many redounded to his exclusive benefit; hence he concluded that these many existed for his sake; he was only one step removed from being a despot.

The son of the rich began to think better of himself than of the sons of his father's servants. Heaven had favored him more than these; hence he concluded that Heaven preferred him to others.

He called himself son of Heaven, as we designate the favorites of fortune as her sons. Compared to him, who was the son of Heaven, the servant was only the son of a man. Hence the difference in Genesis between the children of Elohim and those of men.

Fortune led the rich to idleness; idleness led him to lust, and finally to vice. To fill up the blank of his existence, he had to multiply the number of his enjoyments; the ordinary measure of Nature was no longer sufficient to gratify the debauchee who strove to imagine new delights in his indolent repose.

He had to have every thing better and more abundantly than the servant. The servant continued to content himself with *one* spouse. He, on the contrary, took to himself a number of wives. Continual enjoyment blunts and fatigues the senses. He had to think of stimulating it by artificial incentives. A new step. He no longer merely contented himself with gratifying the sensual instinct; he sought to concentrate in one enjoyment a number of refinements. Legitimate pleasures no longer satisfied him; his desire led him to seek secret delights. The mere woman no longer charmed him; now she had to be beautiful.

Among the daughters of his servants he espied beautiful women. His fortune had made him proud; pride and security rendered him insolent. He readily persuaded himself that what belonged to his servants, was his. Because he was not punished for any thing, he permitted himself every thing. The daughter of his servant was too low for him as his spouse, but she might be useful to him as an instrument of lust. A new and important step toward a more refined depravity.

As soon as the example had been set, the depravity must become general. The less numerous the restraints by which it might have been checked; the nearer the society which became tainted had remained to a condition of innocence, the more rapidly the depravity must spread.

The right of the stronger is set up, might justified oppression, and for the first time tyrants make their appearance.

The record indicates them as the sons of pleasure, spurious children, the result of legal unions. If this is literally true, this statement conceals a moral that has not yet been dwelled upon as far as I know. These bastards inherited their father's pride, but not his estates. The father may possibly have loved them during his lifetime, and preferred them to his legitimate heirs; but, after his death, they were excluded and expelled by the latter. Expelled from a family upon whom they had been forced by an illegitimate road, they found themselves abandoned and alone in the wide world; they belonged to nobody, and nothing belonged to them; at that period there was no other social position than either to be master or a master's servant.

Without being the former they were too proud to be the latter; moreover, they had been brought up in too much affluence to be able to do hard work. What were they to do? The pride of birth, and sound limbs, were all that had been left them; the recollection of their former prosperity,

and a heart replete with bitter indignation against society, accompanied them in their misery. Hunger made them robbers, robber-fortune made them adventurers, and finally heroes.

Soon they became terrible to the peaceful cultivator of the soil, to the defenseless shepherd, and extorted from these people whatever they wished. Their fortune and triumphs spread their reputation far and near, and the comfort and affluence of this mode of life attracted numbers to their band. Thus, according to the sacred record, they became men of power and celebrity.

This excessive disorder of the first society would probably have ended in order, and the cessation of equality among men would have led from the patriarchal form of government to the monarchical. One of these adventurers, more powerful and bolder than the rest, would have made himself master, would have built a fortified city, and founded the first state; but these results were considered premature by the Supreme Ruler of the world's destinies; a frightful revolution in Nature suddenly arrested the progress which the human race was on the point of making in culture.

THE FIRST KING.

Asia depopulated in consequence of the flood, soon fell a prey to wild beasts which multiplied rapidly and in great numbers, and extended their dominion, in parts, where man was too feeble to resist them. Every region of country that was cultivated by the new race, had to be conquered from the wild beasts, and had to be protected against their incursions by cunning and force. Europe is purged of these savage inhabitants, and we are scarcely able to picture to ourselves the misery that weighed upon those times; but we may form an idea of the extent of this dreadful plague from several passages of Holy Writ, and from the custom of ancient nations, and especially the Greeks, who invested the conquerors of wild beasts with immortality and the dignity of gods.

The Theban Ædipus was elevated to the rank of a king, because he had exterminated the devastating Sphinx; Perseus, Hercules, and Theseus won their immortal fame and elevation to the rank of gods by similar deeds. He who engaged in the extirpation of these enemies of the public good, was the greatest benefactor of his race, and, in order to be successful in this career, had indeed to possess rare gifts. Before men fought against each other, the chase of these animals was the special business of heroes. Such a chase was probably undertaken by great crowds under some intrepid man whose courage and cunning constituted him a natural leader. He gave a name to the most important of such expeditions, and such a name united hundreds under his banner, where they expected to perform deeds of valor. Since these expeditions had to be planned and directed by a chief, he was implicitly enabled to assign his part to each follower, and to impose his will upon the whole band. Imperceptibly they became used to submit to, and act according to his higher intelligence. If he had distinguished himself by

deeds of personal bravery, by a bold spirit and a strong arm, fear and admiration acted in his favor, until his orders were blindly obeyed in the end. If disputes arose among his companions, which could not well be otherwise among such a numerous and rude swarm of hunters, he, whom all respected and honored, was the most natural arbiter of their difficulties, and the respect and fear which his personal bravery inspired, enabled him to enforce his decrees. In this way a leader of the chase was transformed into a chief and judge.

On dividing the booty, the greater portion must reasonably fall to the leader's share, and inasmuch as he did not require the whole for his own use, he became possessed of means to obligate others, and to attach them to his person. Soon the bravest, whose number he sought to increase by new favors, assembled around his person; gradually he transformed them into a sort of body-guard who supported his pretensions with fierce devotion, and by their number frightened every body who dared to oppose them.

Since his hunts became useful to shepherds and owners of the soil, whose domain he purged of devastating enemies, it is probable that voluntary presents consisting of the fruits of the field and flocks were at first given him for this useful labor; subsequently he insisted upon a continuance of these presents as a tribute that was due to him, and finally extorted them by forcible means as a debt and a lawful tax. By distributing these acquisitions likewise among his partisans, he swelled their number more and more. Since his hunts frequently led him across fields which might have been damaged by these expeditions, many owners of the soil deemed it prudent to get rid of this trouble by voluntary presents. These presents were afterward extorted from all those who might have suffered losses at his hands. By these and similar means he augmented his wealth, and by his wealth he increased the number of his followers to a small army that had become inured to danger and fatigue by its battles with lions and tigers, and had become all the more terrible from such causes. Terror preceded his name, and nobody dared refuse his request. If disputes arose between a member of his band and a stranger, the huntsman would naturally appeal to his leader and protector, and in this way the leader was taught to extend his jurisdiction over things that had nothing to do with his chase. All that was now wanting to make him a king, was a solemn recognition that could not well be denied him at the head of his armed and imperious bands. He was most able to rule, because he possessed most power to enforce his orders. He was the benefactor of all, because they were indebted to him for peace and safety from the common enemy. He was already in possession of the power, since the most powerful obeyed his commands.

In a similar manner the ancestors of Alaric, of Attila, of Meroveus, became the kings of their people. The same statement applies to the Grecian kings whom Homer mentions in the Iliad. All were at first leaders of a warlike band, conquerors of monsters, benefactors of their nation. From warlike chiefs they were gradually transformed into arbiters and judges; with the ac-

quired booty they purchased partisans who rendered them powerful and terrible. At last they ascended the throne by force.

Historians quote the example of King Dejoces, of the Medes, whom these invested with the royal dignity because he had done them good service as a judge. But it is incorrect to refer this example to the origin of royalty. When the Medes made Dejoces their king, they already constituted a people, a political body; in the present case, the first political society was to be formed by the first king. The Medes had borne the oppressive yoke of the Assyrian monarchs; on the contrary, the king of whom mention is made here, was the first king that ever existed, and the people who submitted to his dominion were a society of free-born men who had never yet known any power to rule over them. A power that had already been tolerated on a previous occasion, may be *restored* in this quiet manner, but in this quiet way no entirely new and hitherto unknown power can be instituted.

It seems therefore more conformable to the course of events to suppose that the first *king* was a usurper, called to the throne, not by a voluntary, unanimous call of the nation—a nation did not yet exist—but by force and fortune, and by a readily organized military power.

THE MISSION OF MOSES.*

THE foundation of the Jewish republic by Moses is one of the most memorable events recorded in history, important if we regard the strength of mind with which it was accomplished, and still more important, if we regard its consequences to the world, which continue even to the present moment. Two religions that govern the larger portion of the inhabited globe—Christianity and Islamism—both rest upon the religion of the Jews; without it neither Christianity nor the Koran would have existed.

In a certain sense it is even indisputable that we are indebted to the religion of Moses for a large portion of the culture we now possess. Through its instrumentality a precious truth—which the unaided efforts of reason would only have discovered in the course of a slowly progressing development—namely, the doctrine of one God, was spread among the people and established as an article of creed, until it had time to dawn in the clearer intellects as a rational perception. By this means a large portion of the human race was spared the sad mistakes to which the belief in many gods must finally lead, and the constitution of the Hebrews enjoyed the characteristic distinction that the religion of their sages was not opposed to that of the people, as was the case among the enlightened heathens. Viewed in this light, the Hebrews must appear to us as a nation invested with high importance as a subject of universal history, and the evil which has been im-

puted to them, or the efforts of shallow wits to degrade them in public appreciation, should not prevent us from doing them justice. The low and depraved character of the nation cannot efface the sublime merit of its lawgiver, nor can it do away with the great influence which this nation has acquired in history. We cannot help valuing it as an impure vessel in which precious treasures have been preserved; we have to respect it as the channel, be it ever so impure, which was chosen by Providence for the purpose of communicating to us the noblest of all goods, truth, and which was destroyed as soon as it had accomplished its purpose. By pursuing this course we shall avoid the double wrong of imputing to the Jews qualities which they never possessed, or of robbing them of a merit that cannot be denied them.

It is well known that the Hebrews went to Egypt as a single nomadic family, not numbering above seventy souls, and that they increased in this country until they had become a nation. During a period of about four hundred years that they resided in Egypt, their numbers increased to about two millions, among whom they counted six hundred thousand fighting men at the time when they marched out of Egypt. During this long sojourn they lived separately from the Egyptians, from whom they were distinguished by a separate region of country, which they occupied, and by their nomadic habits that made them an object of aversion to the Egyptians, and excluded them from the civil rights of the natives. They kept up their nomadic system of government, the father ruled over the family, an hereditary prince over the tribes, thus constituting a state within the state, which finally excited the apprehensions of the kings.

Such a separate multitude of people in the heart of the country, leading an idle nomadic life, and closely united among themselves, without having a single interest in common with the kingdom, might become dangerous during an invasion, and might be tempted to profit by the weakness of the kingdom of which they had been the idle spectators. Political prudence suggested the propriety of watching them closely, of giving them employment, and preventing their increase. They were oppressed by heavy labor, and inasmuch as it was found that they might be made useful to the kingdom, interest and political cunning went hand in hand, and lead to the system of exacting a heavy tribute from them. They were compelled in the most inhuman manner to labor for the king, and special overseers were appointed to incite them to work, and abuse them. This barbarous treatment did not prevent their increase. Sound policy would have thought of distributing them among the people and allowing them equal political rights with the rest of the nations; but this was prevented by the general detestation which the Egyptians felt for them. This detestation was still heightened by the consequences it must necessarily entail. When the Egyptian King assigned to the family of Jacob the province of Goshen, on the east bank of the Nile, as their dwelling-place, he probably never imagined that two millions of people would live in it at some future period; the

* This essay was first published in the tenth number of the *Thalia*.

province was of limited extent, although it was a generous gift, even if not calculated for more than the one-hundredth part of this number. Since the locality where the Hebrews resided did not expand with their numbers, the consequence was that with every succeeding generation they lived more closely together, until they were finally crowded together in a very small space in a manner which was exceedingly prejudicial to their health. The consequences of such a mode of existence were inevitable. Uncleanliness and contagious diseases prevailed among them. Here it was that the evil first commenced which has visited this nation to the present period; but at that time it raged to a frightful extent. Leprosy, the most frightful epidemic of those countries, broke out among them, and was perpetuated through many generations. The very sources of life were contaminated by this plague, and an accidental disease was finally converted into an hereditary national malady. The universality of this plague may be inferred from the numerous precautionary measures which the lawgiver instituted against it; and the unanimous testimony of profane writers, the Egyptian author Manetho, Diodorus of Sicily, Tacitus, Lysimachus, Strabo, and a number of others, who scarcely knew any thing else of the Jewish nation than this national malady, shows how universal and deep was the impression it had made upon the Egyptian mind.

This leprous disease, a natural consequence of their confined habitations, of their bad and scanty food, and of the ill treatment which they experienced, became a new cause of injustice and wrong. Those who at first had been despised as shepherds and avoided as strangers, now were detested and expelled from all intercourse, as pestiferous outcasts. The fear and repugnance which the Egyptians had felt against them at all times, were now accompanied by loathing and a deep and repelling contempt. Every thing was deemed lawful against people whom the wrath of the gods had struck down in such a frightful manner, and the most sacred rights of man were disregarded in their case without the least hesitation.

It is no wonder that they were treated the more barbarously, the more the consequences of this barbarous treatment became visible, and that they were punished more and more cruelly for the misery which their own persecutors had inflicted upon them.

The vicious political system sought to remedy the mistakes it had committed against them, by another still more flagrant wrong. Unable, in spite of all oppression, to prevent the increase of the Hebrew nation, the Egyptians hit upon the dreadful and inhuman plan of causing all the new-born sons of the Hebrews to be destroyed by the midwives. But, man's better nature be praised! despots are not always obeyed when they issue inhuman commands! The midwives found means and ways to evade this unnatural order, and the government had to resort to forcible measures in order to execute its plan. By royal command, authorized murderers invaded the dwellings of the Hebrews, destroying every male offspring in the cradle. In this way the Egyptian government must finally succeed in carrying out its murderous

designs, and, unless a saviour should arise, the Jewish nation must eventually be extirpated.

Whence was this saviour to come? He could scarcely be expected to arise among the Egyptians, for why should one of them intercede in behalf of a nation that was a stranger to him, whose language he did not even understand, and would probably not take the trouble of studying, and that seemed to him both incapable and unworthy of a better fate. Still less probable it was that he would arise in their own midst, for how deeply had the Hebrews sunk in the course of a few centuries, in consequence of the inhuman treatment the Egyptians had inflicted upon them! They had become the most brutal, the most malicious and depraved people on the earth, utterly brutalized by the debasing bondage of three hundred years, intimidated and embittered by this oppression, degraded in their own eyes by an hereditary and most infamous disease, unmanned and paralyzed for all heroic resolutions, sunk to the condition of brutes by a long-lasting imbecility. How could a free man, an enlightened mind, a hero and a statesman, be expected to come from such a debased race? Where should a man be found among them who would inspire respect for such a despised mob of slaves, kindle feelings of conscious dignity in the hearts of such a deeply oppressed people, and render such ignorant and raw bands of shepherds superior to their more cunning oppressors? A bold and heroic leader could no more be hoped for among the Hebrews, than among the degraded pariahs of the Hindoos.

Here the hand of Providence, which unties the most complicated knot by the simplest means, excites our admiration, not the Providence which interferes in the economy of Nature by violent means, but the Providence which so arranges the government of Nature as to effect extraordinary things in a quiet way. A native Egyptian was not inspired by the national sympathy necessary to become the saviour of the Hebrews. A mere Hebrew was deficient in power and mind for this purpose. What expedient did destiny resort to? It snatched a Hebrew at an early age from the bosom of his brutalized nation, and placed him in possession of Egyptian wisdom; thus it was that a Hebrew, reared by Egyptians, became the instrument, by means of which his nation was freed from bondage.

For three months, a Hebrew mother of the tribe Levi, had concealed her new-born son from the King's murderers, who were commissioned to destroy every male offspring; at last she abandoned all hope of affording him an asylum much longer. Necessity suggested a ruse that might perhaps enable her to preserve him. She laid her babe in a little box made of papyrus, which she had protected by means of pitch against filling with water, and now awaited the hour when Pharaoh's daughter was in the habit of bathing. Shortly previous, the babe's sister was directed to place the box among the rushes where the princess had to pass, and could not help noticing it. The mother remained in the neighborhood, to watch the fate of the infant. Pharaoh's daughter saw the box, and inasmuch as the babe pleased her, she determined to save it. His sister now ap-

proached and offered to obtain a Hebrew nurse, which was granted. A second time the son was given to his mother, who now enjoyed the privilege of publicly showing and educating him. Thus he learned the language of his people, became acquainted with their customs, and his mother probably took every opportunity of depicting to him their pitiable condition in the most heart-rending language. After he had reached the age when it became necessary to remove him from the common fate of the nation, the mother returned him to the princess who now took charge of his destiny. She adopted him, and called him *Moses*, because he had been saved from the water. In this way, from the son of a slave and the victim of murder, he became the son of a princess, and in this capacity enjoyed all the advantages reserved for the children of kings. The priests to whose order he belonged the very moment he became a member of the royal family, took charge of his education, and instructed him in the erudition of Egypt, which was the exclusive property of their caste. It is even probable that they initiated him in all their mysteries, since we infer from a passage in the Egyptian historian Manetho, where he designates Moses as an apostate from the Egyptian religion and a priest who had escaped from Heliopolis, that Moses was destined for the priestly office.

In order to determine the degree and quality of the instruction which Moses received in this school, and what share the education he received from Egyptian priests, had in his subsequent legislation, we shall have to subject the doctrines and usages of the Egyptian priesthood to a closer examination. Let us hear the testimony of ancient authors on this head. The apostle Stephanus states that Moses was initiated in the wisdom of Egypt. The historian Philo informs us that Moses had been initiated by the Egyptian priests in the philosophy of symbols and hieroglyphics, and in the mysteries of the sacred animals. This testimony is confirmed by a number of other authors, and after casting a glance at what has been called Egyptian mysteries, we shall discover a remarkable similarity between these mysteries and the subsequent acts and institutions of Moses.

We know that the worship of the most ancient nations soon assumed the form of idolatry and superstition; even among tribes whom Holy Writ designates as worshipers of the true God, the notions entertained of the Supreme Being were neither pure nor noble, nor were they at all founded upon a lucid and rational comprehension of his character. As soon as, in consequence of a better organization of human society and the establishment of a regular government, a separation of men into classes had taken place, and the care of divine things had become the exclusive business of a particular class of men; as soon as the human mind, free from all harassing care, had leisure to devote itself exclusively to the contemplation of its own essence and of nature; as soon as the physical mechanism of nature was more clearly understood, the reason must finally overcome those coarse prejudices, and the ideas concerning the Supreme Being must assume a higher and purer character. The idea of a general connection of all things must necessarily lead to the idea of a

Supreme Intelligence, and where should such an idea have taken root sooner than in the mind of a priest? Egypt being the first civilized state of which history makes mention, and the most ancient mysteries having come from Egypt, it was most probably here that the idea of the unity of the Supreme Being was first conceived by the human mind. The fortunate discoverer of this soul-exalting idea selected among those who were around him, able subjects to whom he confided it as a sacred treasure, and thus it was perpetuated from one thinker to another through perhaps an unknown series of generations, until it finally became the property of a small society capable of comprehending the idea, and developing it still further.

Inasmuch as a certain amount of knowledge and intellectual culture is required to correctly comprehend and apply the idea of one God; inasmuch as the belief in one God must necessarily lead to the contempt of idolatry, which was the dominant religion, it was readily seen that it would be indiscreet or even dangerous to spread this idea among the people. Without previously upsetting the customary gods, and showing them in their ridiculous nakedness, this new doctrine could not expect to meet with a favorable reception. Moreover it could not be expected or foreseen that every one who began to feel the absurdity of the old superstition, would at once comprehend the pure and exalted idea of one God. The whole constitution of society was based upon idolatry; if this faith was crushed, all the pillars which supported the political edifice were likewise torn down, and it was very uncertain whether the new religion that was substituted for the former superstition, would at once be established with sufficient firmness to support the social edifice.

On the contrary, if the attempt to crush the ancient gods, failed, fanaticism would rise in arms, and the innovators would become the victims of an enraged crowd. It was therefore deemed advisable to make the new truth the exclusive property of a small class, to select those among the crowd who showed the required capacity, as members of this class, and to invest the truth itself which was to be kept hidden from impure eyes, with a robe of mystery that could only be removed by him who had been capacitated for this business.

For this purpose the hieroglyphics were chosen, a symbolic language that concealed a general idea under the garb of sensual symbols, and was based upon a few arbitrary rules concerning which they had agreed. Having been reminded by the worship of idols what strong impressions may be made upon the youthful heart through the instrumentality of the imagination and the senses, these enlightened men did not hesitate to make use of this artifice in behalf of truth. They therefore conveyed the new ideas to the soul with a certain sensual pomp, and by all sorts of contrivances adapted to this end, they first roused up in the pupil's mind a deep feeling of emotion that rendered the mind more susceptible to the new truth. Of this character were the purifications which the candidate had to undergo, the washings and sprinklings, the wrapping up in linen cloths, abstinence from all sensual enjoyments elevation and

devotional solemnity of the mind by singing, a long-lasting silence, alternate darkness and light, and the like.

These ceremonies, accompanied by those mysterious figures and hieroglyphics, and the truths that lay hidden in them, and were preceded by these formalities, were designated in their integrality as the Egyptian mysteries. They were located in the temples of Isis and Serapis, and constituted the prototype of the subsequent mysteries of Eleusis and Samothrace, and of the more recent order of the free-masons.

It seems past all doubt that the meaning of the ancient mysteries of Heliopolis and Memphis, during their purity, was the doctrine of one God, refutation of paganism, and the immortality of the soul. Those who participated in these important teachings, called themselves *epoptæ*, or beholders, since the recognition of a previously hidden truth may be compared to the transition from darkness to light, or perhaps for the reason that the newly recognized truths were actually beheld by them under the garb of symbolic signs.

They could not, at once, enjoy the full perception of the truth, because the mind had first to be purified of many errors, and had first to pass through many preparations before it was able to bear the full light of truth. Hence there were degrees of initiation, and it was only in the inner sanctuary that the scales were completely removed from their eyes.

The *epoptæ* acknowledged one highest cause of all things, a primary force in Nature, the Being of beings being identical with the demiurgos of Greek sages. Nothing surpasses in sublimity the simple greatness with which they spoke of the Creator of the world. In order to distinguish him in a very marked manner, they did not name him. Names, they said, are only intended to enable us to discriminate between different objects; he who is the Only One does not require a name, for there is not any body with whom he could be confounded. Under an old statue of Isis the following inscription was read: "*I am what is*," and upon a pyramid in Sais, the following ancient and most remarkable inscription is found: "*I am who is, was, and will be; no mortal man has lifted my veil*." No one was permitted to enter the temple of Serapis, who did not wear upon his breast or forehead the name *Iao* or *Joha-ho*, a name that has almost the same sound and probably the same meaning as the Hebrew *Jehovah*; and no name was pronounced with more respect in Egypt than this name *Iao*. In the hymn which the hierophant or president of the sanctuary sang to the candidate, the following preliminary explanation was given concerning the nature of the deity. "He is alone and of himself, and to this only One all things owe their existence."

Before being initiated in the Egyptian mysteries, the candidate had to undergo circumcision. Pythagoras had to comply with this requirement. This distinction between them and others who were not circumcised, was to denote a closer fraternity, a closer relation to the deity, for which purpose Moses introduced circumcision among the Hebrews.

In the interior of the temple the candidate saw

several sacred vessels significative of some sacred meaning. Among them was a sacred ark named the coffin of Serapis, which, according to its origin, was intended as a symbol of hidden wisdom, but afterward, when the priesthood had degenerated, was used as an instrument of priestly fraud and mercenary mysticism. It was the privilege of the priest, or of a special class of ministers of the sanctuary, named on this account, *Kistophors*, to carry the ark in the procession. Only the hierophant was permitted to remove the lid of the ark, or even to touch it. Of one person who had the boldness to open it, it is related that he was suddenly bereft of his reason.

In the Egyptian mysteries several hieroglyphical images of gods were seen, that were composed of several figures of animals. The well-known Sphinx is of this kind; by these figures it was intended to designate the attributes which are united in the Supreme Being, or else to combine in one body the highest powers of the living. Something was taken from the mightiest bird, as the eagle; from the mightiest wild quadruped, as the lion; from the most powerful domestic animal, as the bull; and lastly from the most powerful animal of all, man. The figure of the bull, or *Apis*, was especially employed as the symbol of power, in order to designate the omnipotence of the highest Being; in the primitive tongue the name for bull is *cherub*.

These mystic forms, to which none but the *epoptæ* had the key, imparted to the mysteries themselves a sensual exterior which deceived the people, and partook somewhat of the character of idolatry. Thus the superstition of the people was sustained by the external garb of the mysteries, whereas those who dwelled in the sanctuary discarded it with scorn.

We can comprehend how this pure deism was compatible with idolatry, for while the latter was overturned among the priests, it was favored among the people. This contradiction between the religion of the priests and that of the people was excused by the first founders of the mysteries on the score of necessity. It seemed less dangerous and less impracticable, because leaving more room for hope, to arrest the evil consequences of a concealment than those of a premature unveiling of truth. But in proportion as unworthy members were received among the initiated, and the institution lost its primitive purity, mystery, which had originally been a necessary expedient, was set up as the ultimate end of worship; and instead of gradually removing superstition and fitting the people for the reception of truth, advantage was taken of their ignorance, and they were plunged more and more deeply into it. Priestly artifice now took the place of those pure intentions, and the institution whose object it was to preserve, and cautiously to spread a knowledge of the only true God, now became the most powerful means of eradicating it, and substituting in its place an idolatrous worship. In order to preserve their influence over the public mind, hierophants deemed it advisable to postpone their ultimate disclosures as long as possible, and, instead of gratifying the expectation of knowing the truth, to obstruct the avenues to the sanctuary by all sorts of theatrical tricks. At last the key to the hieroglyphics and

mysterious symbols was entirely lost, and whereas, it was the original design to use them as a veil for truth, they were now regarded as truth itself.

It is difficult to say whether Moses was educated during the bright period or the decay of the institution; it is probable that the institution was already declining, as we may judge from a few juggleries which the Jewish lawgiver borrowed from the mysteries, and from a few rather inglorious tricks which he resorted to. But the spirit of the original founders had not yet disappeared, and the doctrine of one God still rewarded the initiated.

This doctrine which necessarily leads to a contempt of idolatry, and the belief in the immortality of the soul which could not well be separated from such a doctrine, were the precious treasures vouchsafed to Moses by his initiation in the mysteries of Isis. At the same time he obtained a more accurate knowledge of the powers of Nature which were likewise ranked among the mysteries. This knowledge enabled him afterward to perform miracles, and to contend in Pharaoh's own presence with his teachers and magicians whom he even surpassed in many respects. His subsequent career shows us that he had been an able disciple, and had reached the highest degree of initiation.

In the school where he was educated, he gathered a treasure of hieroglyphics, mystic figures and ceremonies, of which his genius afterward availed itself. He had wandered through the whole domain of Egyptian wisdom, had penetrated with his thoughts the whole priestly system, had weighed in the balance its defects and its advantages, its strength and its weakness, and had cast a deep and significant glance into the political science of the people.

It is not known how long he remained in the school of the priests, but from the fact that he first assumed the political leadership of his nation at the age of eighty years, we infer that he devoted twenty or more years to the study of the mysteries and of the art of government. His sojourn among the priests does not seem to have excluded him from intercourse with his people, and he had abundant opportunities of witnessing the barbarities under which they groaned.

The Egyptian education had not extinguished his national sympathies. The abuse which his people suffered, reminded him of his Hebrew extraction, and a deep feeling of indignation was kindled in his bosom whenever he saw one of them maltreated. The more his own self-respect increased, the more he revolted at the sight of the cruelties which his people had to endure.

One day he saw a Hebrew wincing under the blows of an Egyptian overseer; the sight overpowered him; he killed the Egyptian. Soon the deed became known, he had to flee from Egypt and hide himself in the Arabian desert. According to many authors, this flight took place in his fortieth year, but there is no proof for this statement. It is sufficient for us to know that Moses was not very young when it occurred.

This exile is the beginning of a new epoch in his life; if we desire to judge correctly his subsequent political career in Egypt, we have to ac-

company him through his solitude in the Arabian wilderness. He carried a bloody hatred against the oppressors of his people, and the knowledge he had derived from the Egyptian mysteries, along with him into the desert. His mind was full of ideas and plans, his heart full of bitterness, and nothing in this wild and uninhabited region disturbed his solemn and contemplative mood.

According to the record, he guarded the sheep of an Arabian Bedouin, Jethro. How deeply his soul must have been wounded by the fall from his prospects and hopes in Egypt to the position of a shepherd in Arabia, from the future ruler of men to the hired servant of a Nomad?

Dressed as a shepherd, he was animated by the spirit of a ruler, by a restless ambition. In this desert, where no present interest chains his mind, he seeks refuge in the past and future, and feeds upon his own silent thoughts. The scenes of oppression he had witnessed, now pass before him with all the pang of past wrongs, and sting his soul to the quick. Nothing seems more intolerable to a great soul than to suffer wrong; moreover it was his own people that were suffering. A noble pride is awakened in his breast, and an intense desire for action and distinction inflames his heart.

All that he has gathered during many years, all the beautiful and great things he has planned, is all this to die with him in this wilderness? is he to have planned and meditated to no purpose? His fiery soul cannot bear such a thought; he raises himself above fate; this wilderness is not to be the limit of his activity; the Supreme Being into whose knowledge he has been initiated in the mysteries, has destined him for something great. His imagination, inflamed by solitude and silence, takes the part of the oppressed which appeals most powerfully to his heart. Like feelings attract each other, and the unfortunate most readily sympathizes with his unfortunate brother. In Egypt he might have become an Egyptian, a hierophant, a general; in Arabia he becomes a Hebrew. The idea: "I will redeem this people," looms up in his mind as a glorious thought.

But how was it possible for him to carry out his plan? There are countless obstacles in the way, and those which he has to contend against among his own people, are the most terrible of them all. There he finds neither harmony nor confidence, neither self-respect nor courage, neither patriotism nor the enthusiasm that will rouse a bold desire for action; a long bondage, an oppression of four hundred years has stifled all these sentiments. The people at whose head he is to place himself, are both incapable and unworthy of a bold struggle for independence. What remains to be done? Before attempting the deliverance of his people, he must first prepare them for this blessing. He must first re-awaken the consciousness of the human rights they have lost. He must restore the qualities which a long degradation has stifled among them; he must kindle hope, confidence, heroism, and enthusiasm in their hearts.

But these sentiments can only arise from the true or illusory consciousness of strength, and whence are the slaves of the Egyptians to derive this consciousness? Suppose he should succeed

in carrying them away for a moment by his eloquence, will not this artificial enthusiasm leave them in the lurch at the first sight of danger? Will they not, more dispirited than ever, relapse into bondage?

Here the Hebrew is assisted by the Egyptian priest and statesman. From his mysteries, from his school at Heliopolis he remembers the efficient instrument by means of which a small priestly caste governed millions of raw men like a band of untutored children. This instrument is confidence in supernatural protection, faith in supernatural agencies. Not knowing any thing in visible nature, in the natural course of things, which would inspire the hearts of his oppressed people with courage; unable to bind their confidence to earthly things, he binds it to heaven. Abandoning the hope of exciting in their hearts the consciousness of their own strength, he gives them a God who possesses it for them. If he succeeds in kindling the confidence in this God in their breasts, he has given them strength and boldness, and the confidence in this higher power is the flame by means of which he will have to kindle all their other virtues and energies. If he succeeds in imposing himself upon his people as the instrument and messenger of this God, they became like playthings in his hands; he will be able to guide and control them as he pleases. The question now occurs: What God is he to announce to them, and by what means shall he be able to inspire them with confidence in him?

Is he to announce to them the true God, the Demiurgos or Iao in whom he himself believes?

How can he imagine that a slavish rabble like his own people, will comprehend and cherish a truth that was the heritage of a few Egyptian sages, and the comprehension of which required a high degree of culture? How could he hope that the dregs of Egypt would comprehend that which could only be comprehended by the best thinkers of the land?

But, even if he had succeeded in imparting a knowledge of the true God to his people, in their present situation they could not have made use of him, and the knowledge of such a God would have undermined rather than promoted his project. The true God cared for the Hebrews no more than for any other people. The true God could not do battle for them, could not overturn the laws of Nature for their sakes. The true God suffered them to fight their battle with the Egyptians, without assisting them in the struggle by miracles; of what use was such a God to his people?

Is he to announce to them a false and fabulous God, against which his reason rebels, whom the mysteries have rendered odious to him? His understanding is too enlightened, his heart too sincere and noble for such fraud. He is not disposed to base his beneficent enterprise upon a lie. The enthusiasm he now feels, would not lend him its fire for an act of fraud, and he would soon lack the cheerful courage and perseverance for a contemptible part that would be so much opposed to his convictions. He designs to render the blessing he is on the point of imparting to his

people, perfect; he not only designs their independence, but likewise their happiness. He wants to build his work upon eternal foundations.

Therefore it must not be based upon fraud, but upon truth. How is he to conciliate all these contradictions? As regards the true God, he cannot announce him to his people, because they are unable to comprehend him; and he is unwilling to announce a fabulous god, because he despises this trick. What, therefore, remains for him to do. *but to announce to them his true God in a fabulous manner.*

He now examines his rational religion, and tries to determine what he has to add to or take from it, in order to secure for it a favorable reception among his Hebrews. He identifies himself with their situation, with their limited powers of comprehension, and, by diving into his people's own minds, he explores the hidden threads to which he has to fasten his truth.

He provides his God with such attributes as can be comprehended by the Hebrews in their present condition, and as are adequate to their present wants. He adapts his Iao to the people to whom he intends to announce him; he adapts him to the circumstances under which he announces him. Thus arises his Jehovah.

In the minds of his people he discovers faith in divine things, but this faith has degenerated into the crudest superstition. He has to eradicate the superstition, without impairing the faith. He has only to detach it from its present unworthy object, and turn it toward his new deity. The superstition itself favors him in his undertaking. It was a common belief in those times, that every nation was under the protection of a special national deity, and it pleased the national pride to place this deity above the gods of every other nation. The divine character of these gods was not denied on this account, only they must not elevate themselves above the gods of other nations. Upon this error Moses grafted his truth. He made the demiurgos of the mysteries the national God of the Hebrews, but he went a step further.

He did not content himself with making this God the national God of the Hebrews, he likewise made him the only God, and hurled all other gods round about him into annihilation. He made him the Hebrews' own God, in order to accommodate himself to their comprehension, but at the same time he subjected all other nations and powers of nature to his sway. By the manner in which he represented his God to the Hebrews, he saved two of his most important attributes, unity and omnipotence, and rendered them more efficient in this human garb.

The puerile vanity of possessing the deity exclusively, now had to be made subservient to the interest of truth, and had to secure willing ears to his doctrine of one God. It is only a new error by means of which he overthrows the former; but this new error is much nearer to the truth than the one which he overthrows; it is this slight admixture of error which secures the success of his truth; it is to this foreseen and indeed premeditated misapprehension of his doctrine that he is indebted for all the good he accomplishes by means of it. What could his Hebrews have ac-

complished with his philosophical God? With such a national God, on the contrary, he achieves wonders among them. Identify yourselves with the condition of the Hebrews. In their ignorance they measure the strength of the gods by the fortune of the nations over whom they watch. Abandoned and oppressed by men, they imagine they are forgotten by the gods; the relation which they hold to the Egyptians, must be held by their God to the gods of the latter; compared to these, he is a small light, they even doubt his existence. Suddenly they are told that they too have a protector in the Heavens, that this protector has waked up from his slumber, that he is girding himself, and preparing to do great deeds against his enemies.

This announcement of their God is like the call of a chieftain to place himself under his victorious banner. If this leader gives them a proof of his strength, or if they happen to remember him from former periods, the delirium of enthusiasm will overpower even the most timid; this result was likewise calculated by Moses in conceiving his plan.

The conversation he had with the vision in the burning bush, shows us the doubts he had conceived in his own mind, and the manner in which he had solved them. Will my unhappy nation win confidence in a God who had neglected it so long, who now descends to the people suddenly as from the clouds, whose name they have not even heard, who had been for centuries an idle spectator of the abuse they had to suffer at the hands of their oppressors? Will they not regard the God of their enemies as the more mighty? This thought must more immediately arise in the heart of the new prophet. How does he remove his doubts? He makes his Iao the God of their fathers, he grafts him upon their old traditions, thus converting him into an old, well-known national God. In order to show that he meant the true and only God, in order to prevent all confusion with any of the monstrous outbirths of superstition, in order to leave no room for misapprehensions, he invests him with the sacred name he has in the mysteries. I am who I am. Tell the people of Israel, he makes him say, *I am* has sent me to you.

In the mysteries, this was really the name of the deity. To the stupid Hebrews this name must be unintelligible. They could not possibly understand any thing by this name, and Moses might have had more success with another name; but he preferred running this risk to giving up an idea in which his whole soul was interested, which was, to acquaint the Hebrews with the God who was taught in the mysteries of Isis. Since it is pretty certain that the Egyptian mysteries had flourished long before Jehovah appeared to Moses in the bush, it is surprising that he assumed the same name for his God that he had been known by, in the mysteries of Isis.

It was not sufficient that Jehovah announced himself to the Hebrews as the God of their fathers, he had likewise to prove himself a powerful God, if they were to have confidence in him; this was the more necessary, as their previous condition in Egypt could not possibly have given

them a high opinion of their protector. Inasmuch as he was introduced by a third person, he had to invest this person with his own power, and enable him to demonstrate by extraordinary acts, both his own mission and the power and greatness of him who sent him.

If Moses intended to justify his mission, he had to support it by miraculous acts. There is no doubt that these acts were performed. How they were performed, and how they have to be understood, is left to every man's own discretion.

The form in which Moses related his mission to the Hebrews, has all the characteristics necessary to inspire them with confidence, and this was sufficient for the time being; with us this effect is no longer needed. We know, for instance, that, if the Creator of the world should conclude to appear before a man in fire or wind, it is indifferent to him whether the man is barefoot or not. Moses makes his Jehovah order him to take off his shoes, for he knew that among his Hebrews the idea of divine sanctity had to be assisted by some sensual symbol; such a symbol had adhered to his memory from the ceremonies of initiation.

He doubtlessly anticipated the objections that might be raised against him, and embodied them in his narrative, where they were answered by Jehovah himself. He moreover did not accept his mission until after a long resistance; hence the command of God, who imposed this mission upon him, must seem so much more solemn. In general he depicts with the most characteristic and striking details that which the Israelites would find it the most difficult to believe, and it is beyond doubt that he had good reason for doing so.

If we condense our previous remarks in one short sentence, what was the plan which Moses proposed to himself in the wilderness?

He intended to lead the Israelites out of Egypt, give them independence, and a political constitution of their own in a separate country. But inasmuch as he was well acquainted with the difficulties that would beset him in such an undertaking; inasmuch as he knew that the energies of those people could not be depended upon until their confidence in themselves, courage, hope, and enthusiasm had been restored; inasmuch as he foresaw that his eloquence would not be able to rouse the slavish feelings of his crushed countrymen, he perceived the necessity of announcing to them a higher and supernatural protection, and of ranging them, as it were, under the banner of a divine leader.

He therefore gives them a God whose first business is to deliver them out of Egypt. But this is not sufficient. In the place of the country he takes from them, he has to give them another, which they first have to conquer with arms in their hands, and where they have to maintain themselves by similar means. For this purpose, he unites their forces in a political body, and gives them laws and a constitution.

In his capacity of priest and statesman, he knows that the most powerful and the most indispensable support of all political constitutions is religion; he therefore has to employ the God whom he had given them only for the purpose of delivering them out of Egypt, as his guide in pre-

paring a code of laws for his people; and he announces him in the character with which he intended to invest him. For purposes of legislation, and the foundation of a political constitution, he requires the help of the true God, for Moses is a great and noble man, who is unable to found upon a lie a work that is to last forever. He designs to realize the permanent happiness of the Hebrews by the constitution he intends to give them, and this end can only be reached by founding his legislation upon truth. Their mental faculties are too dull to receive this truth; he is unable to familiarize their souls with it by rational means. Being unable to convince them, he has to persuade, bribe, overpower them by the influence of supernatural agencies. He invests the God whom he announces to them, with attributes that render him comprehensible and commendable to feeble minds; he has to envelop him in a heathenish robe, and has to be content if his people only estimate the heathenish attributes of his true God, and receive the true only in a heathenish dress. By this means he gains a great deal; the basis of his legislation is truth; a future reformer need not first overthrow the constitution, in order to change a few definitions,—a result which is inevitable in all false religious systems, as soon as they are examined by the light of reason.

All the other states of that period, and even of subsequent ages, are based upon fraud and delusions, and upon idolatry, although we have shown that in Egypt a small caste entertained correct notions of the Supreme Being. Moses, who belongs to this caste, and is indebted to it for his better knowledge of the Supreme Being, is the first who not only dares to divulge these secret doctrines of the mysteries, but to make them the basis of a political constitution. For the benefit of his age and of posterity, he becomes a traitor against the mysteries, and causes a whole nation to partake of a truth that had hitherto been the exclusive privilege of a few sages. It is true, with the new religion it was beyond his power to impart to them the power to comprehend it; in this respect the Egyptian epoptæ enjoyed a great advantage over them. The epoptæ recognized truth by their reason; all that the Hebrews could do was to blindly believe it.*

THE LEGISLATION OF LYCURGUS AND SOLON.† LYCURGUS.

In order to appreciate the plan of Lycurgus as it deserves, we have to look back upon the political condition of Sparta as it existed at that period, and study the constitution which the re-

public possessed at the time when Lycurgus proposed to offer his new code of laws. Two kings, both of them having equal power, were at the head of the government; each jealous of the other, each endeavoring to create for himself a party, and to limit by such means the power of his associate. From the two first kings, Procles and Eurysthenes, this jealousy had been perpetuated by their respective descendants down to the period when Lycurgus made his appearance upon this stage; During this long period Sparta had been continually disturbed by factions. Each king sought to bribe the people by granting extraordinary license, and these grants finally drove the people to insolence and rebellion. Between monarchy and democracy the republic was balancing to and fro, passing rapidly from the one extreme to the other. The rights of the people and the powers of royalty were not yet distinguished by suitable and fixed lines of demarkation, riches accumulated in a few families. The rich citizens tyrannized over the poor, and the despair of the latter broke out in rebellion.

Torn by internal discord the feeble republic had to become the prey of its warlike neighbors, or else split into several tyrannical governments. It is in this condition that Sparta was found by Lycurgus; ill-defined limits of the royal and popular powers, unequal distribution of property among the citizens, want of public spirit and harmony, and a complete political exhaustion, were the evils that claimed the most urgent attention of the legislator, and which he had therefore chiefly to consider in framing his laws.

On the day that Lycurgus intended to promulgate his new laws, he caused thirty of the most influential citizens whom he had first gained over to his cause, to appear in the public square; they were armed in order to intimidate those who might feel tempted to resist. King Charilaus, frightened by these arrangements, fled into the temple of Minerva, because he imagined that this whole movement was directed against himself. But this fear being removed from him, he was even prevailed upon to give an active support to the plan of Lycurgus.

The first change affected the government. In order to prevent hereafter all uncertain wavering of the republic between royal tyranny and anarchical democracy, Lycurgus created a third power which was to serve as a counterbalancing influence, and was denominated the Senate. The Senators, of whom there were twenty-eight, making thirty with the kings, were to side with the people if the kings abused their power; on the contrary, if the people should become too powerful, they were to side with the kings, and protect them against the people. An excellent arrangement by means of which Sparta escaped forever from the violent internal commotions that had convulsed it heretofore. By this means either party was prevented from trampling on the other; against both the Senate and the people the kings were powerless; nor could the people arrogate to themselves the reins of power, if the kings and the Senate were arrayed against them.

A third case had been overlooked by Lycurgus; where the Senate itself abused its power. As a

* The readers of this essay may be reminded of an essay of a similar import, entitled: *On the most ancient Hebrew Mysteries*, by Br. Decius, a celebrated and highly deserving author, from which essay I have extracted a few ideas and facts here enunciated.

† These Lectures were first published in the eleventh number of the *Thalia*.

mediating power the Senate, without endangering the public tranquillity, might with the same ease join either the kings or the people, but the kings could not combine with the people against the Senate without endangering the safety of the republic. The Senate soon began to improve the advantages of its position, and to use its power beyond the bounds contemplated by the constitution. In this the Senate succeeded more easily, since the small number of senators made it the more easy to concert their measures. The successor of Lycurgus filled this gap by introducing the Ephori who were to hold the power of the senators in check.

A more dangerous and bolder arrangement was the second one made by Lycurgus. It was to divide the whole country in equal portions among the citizens, and to remove the distinction between rich and poor forever. The whole territory was divided into thirty thousand shares, the land around Sparta into nine thousand, each share being sufficient to afford abundant support to a family. Sparta now exhibited a beautiful and attractive view, and Lycurgus was delighted with the sight when he made a trip through the country. The whole of Laconia, he exclaimed, is like a field which brothers have shared among each other as brothers.

Lycurgus felt disposed to distribute personal property as he had done the soil. But there were invincible obstacles in the way which impeded the accomplishment of this measure. He therefore sought to reach this end by a circuitous route, and to cause that which it was beyond his power to nullify by a decree, to fall by an inherent want of conservative vitality.

He commenced by prohibiting gold and silver coin, and introducing iron coin in its stead. At the same time he affixed a trifling value to a large and heavy lump of iron, so that a considerable space was required to keep a small sum of money, and horse-power to move it from one place to another. To prevent every temptation to put a value on this kind of money, on account of the iron, he caused the metal which was used for such purposes, to be made red hot, whereupon it was cooled in vinegar and hardened, and by this means rendered unfit for any other purpose.

Who now would be tempted to steal or to accumulate riches, since the small profit could neither be concealed nor used?

Lycurgus did not content himself with depriving his fellow citizens of the means of luxury; he removed from their sight the objects that might have tempted their desires. A foreign merchant had no use for Sparta's iron money which was the only coin they possessed. Artists who worked for the luxurious gratification of the senses, disappeared from Sparta, no foreign vessel entered the Spartan ports, no adventurous traveler sought to make his fortune in this country; no merchant showed himself to lay Spartan vanity and luxury under contribution, for there was not any thing that could be taken in exchange, except iron coin which was rejected by every other nation. Luxury ceased, because there was not any body to keep it up.

In another manner Lycurgus sought to stifle

the germs of luxury. He directed all citizens to partake of the same fare at a common table. It was unlawful to cultivate effeminate habits at home, and to indulge in costly viands prepared in one's own private kitchen. Every month, each citizen had to provide a certain quantity of aliments for the public table, and in return the republic furnished him the food he required. Fifteen persons generally sat together at the same table, and every member of such a mess had to be unanimously voted for, in order to enjoy the privilege of a seat among them. No one was permitted to stay away without a valid excuse; this rule was so stringently enforced that even king Agis was refused by the ephori the privilege which he had requested, of dining alone with his spouse after his return from a victorious campaign. Among the aliments used by the Spartans, the black soup has become famous; a dish in whose praise it was remarked that it could not be difficult for the Spartans to be brave, since it was much easier to die than to eat their black soup. They seasoned their meals with mirth and fun, for Lycurgus himself was so fond of it, that he erected an altar to the god of laughter in his own house.

By introducing among his Spartans, the custom of taking their meals in common, Lycurgus accomplished a great deal for his purpose. All extravagant expenditures for costly plate ceased, because there was no use for such articles at the public table. Excesses were prevented forever; sound and robust bodies were the consequence of this moderation and order, and healthy parents were able to beget healthy offspring. Eating in common accustomed the citizens to live in company with each other, and to look upon each other as members of the same political body, not to mention the important fact that such a uniform mode of life must exercise an influence toward producing a state of commendable equanimity.

By another law, no roofs were permitted except such as had been made by means of an ax, nor were doors permitted to be used except such as had been made by means of a saw. No one dreamed of placing costly furniture in such a plain building; every part of the house must agree with the whole.

Lycurgus saw perfectly that it was not sufficient to make laws for his fellow citizens; he had to make citizens for these laws. In the minds of the Spartans he had to secure the belief in the perpetuity of his constitution; he had to render them insensible to foreign impressions.

The most important part of his legislation was the education of children; this closed, as it were, the circle within which the Spartan republic was to revolve as an independent and self-existing unit. Education was an important work of the state and the state a perpetual result of education.

His solicitude for children extended even to the beginning of life. The bodies of young females were hardened by exercise, in order to facilitate the production of robust and sound offspring. They even went without clothes in order to learn to endure any kind of exposure. The lover had to carry them off by stealth, and was only permitted to visit them during the night and stealthily. This prevented all excessive and continued

intimacy even during the first few years of their marriage, and had the effect of preserving their love in a state of freshness and intensity.

All jealousy was banished from the marriage relation. Every thing was made subordinate to the main object, even female modesty. He sacrificed the faithfulness of a wife, in order to procure healthy children for the republic.

As soon as the child was born, it belonged to the state. Father and mother had lost it. It was examined by the parents: if it was strong and well-shaped, it was confided to a nurse; if it was feeble and deformed, it was thrown down a precipice from the top of Mount Taygetus.

The Spartan nurses became famous throughout Greece, for the rigid manner in which they brought up their children. On this account they were sent for in distant parts. As soon as a boy had reached his seventh year, he was taken from them, and was educated, fed, and instructed with other children of the same age. At an early age he was taught to endure fatigue, and to acquire a perfect mastery over his limbs by continued and severe exercise. If the boys grew up to manhood, the noblest among them enjoyed the hope of finding friends among the older citizens who were attached to them with an enthusiastic affection. The old were present at their games, watched the rising genius, and quickened their ambition by praise or censure. If they desired a full meal, they had to steal the materials, and if any one was caught in doing this, he might expect severe retribution and public disgrace. Lycurgus chose this method of giving them, at an early age, habits of cunning and intrigue; for the warlike purposes for which he brought them up, he deemed these qualities as important as bodily strength and courage. We have adverted to the fact that Lycurgus did not hesitate to sacrifice modesty to his political ends. However, we should not omit to consider that neither the profanation of marriage nor this legitimate theft could occasion in Sparta the political injury which might be caused by such legislation in our own countries. Inasmuch as the state took charge of the education of children, their education was independent of the happiness and purity of marriages; inasmuch as little value was attached to property, and property was generally held in common, the security of property was of trifling importance, and an attempt against property, especially when directed by the state and perpetrated for some definite political end, was no crime in the eyes of the law.

The young Spartans were forbidden to adorn themselves, except when going to battle or to meet some other danger. At such times they were permitted to adorn their hair, to ornament their garments and arms. It was a saying of Lycurgus, that the hair rendered handsome people still handsomer, and ugly people frightful. It was undoubtedly a cunning contrivance of the law-giver to combine an appearance of festive mirth with occasions of danger and to deprive them by this means of their dangerous character. He went still further. In war he relaxed the severe discipline somewhat; the mode of living was a little more liberal, and transgressions were punished less rigorously. Hence war became a sort

of recreation to the Spartan citizens, and they anticipated it with feelings of delight as an occasion for merry-making. If the enemy approached, the Spartan king caused the Castorean hymn to be sung, and the soldiers marched out in close ranks, at the sound of the flute, to meet the danger with fearless bravery.

The consequence of Lycurgus' legislation was to cause every Spartan to prefer his country to his own private interests, and, free from private care, to live exclusively for the former. Hence he deemed it advisable to save his fellow-citizens the trouble of attending to the ordinary business of life, and to cause even these ordinary kinds of labor to be performed by strangers, lest even the care of business or the interest in domestic affairs should withhold their attention from the national concerns. The labor in the field and house was therefore attended to by slaves, who were held like cattle in Sparta. They were called Helotes, from the Lacedemonian city Helos, whose inhabitants, against whom the Spartans waged war and who were conquered and made prisoners by the latter, became the first slaves the Spartans had. The name Helotes was afterward given to all Spartan slaves who were taken in battle.

The treatment which these unhappy people endured in Sparta was most inhuman. They were regarded as mere chattels, that might be used for political purposes as their owners pleased. In their persons humanity was disgraced in a most shocking manner. In order to illustrate to the Spartan youths the evil effects of drinking fermented liquors, these Helotes were compelled to intoxicate themselves, in which condition they were exposed to the public gaze. They were compelled to sing infamous songs, and to dance like fools; they were forbidden to indulge in any of the dances reserved for free citizens.

They were used for much more inhuman purposes. The state felt interested in putting the courage of its boldest youths to severe tests, and preparing them for war by bloody practices. For this purpose a number of young men were sent by the Senate into the country, at certain periods of the year; they were provided with nothing but a dagger and some food. In the daytime they had orders to keep themselves concealed; but at night they went out upon the public roads, killing the Helotes who fell into their hands. This arrangement was known as the Cryptia or ambush; it is doubted, however, whether it originated with Lycurgus. At all events, it is a legitimate consequence of his system. In consequence of fortunate wars, the number of Helotes grew so considerable that they became a source of danger to the republic. Driven to despair by such a barbarous treatment, they incited rebellions. The Senate hit upon an inhuman expedient, which was justified by the plea of necessity. Under cover of granting them their liberty, two thousand of the bravest Helotes were assembled on a certain occasion during the Peloponnesian War, and, adorned with wreaths, were conducted to the temples in solemn procession. Here they suddenly disappeared, and nobody ever knew what had become of them. It is a certain fact, which became proverbial among the Greeks, that Spar-

tan slaves were the most miserable of any, and that Spartan citizens were the freest men in the world.

All kinds of labor being performed by the Helotes, the citizens lived in continual idleness. The young men spent their time in warlike games and evolutions, and the old people were spectators and judges on such occasions. It was considered disgraceful for an old man in Sparta to stay away from the place where the young were educated. In this way every Spartan became identified with the republic, all his acts became public acts. Youth grew up in presence of the nation, and old age declined in life before the same witnesses. Unceasingly the Spartan kept his eye on Sparta, and Sparta kept its eye upon him. He was a witness to every occurrence, and his own life was witnessed by all. The love of glory was continually stimulated, the national spirit continually fed; the idea of *country* and *public interest* became interwoven with the inmost life of the citizens. The public festivals, which were exceedingly common among the idle Spartans, afforded other opportunities of inflaming the national enthusiasm. On such occasions warlike songs were sung, the ordinary burden of which was, the glory of the citizens who had fallen in battle for their country, or encouragement to bravery. At such festivals the citizens were ranged in three choruses. The chorus of the ancients commenced singing: *In past ages we were heroes!* The chorus of the men responded: *We are heroes now; come who may to try us!* The chorus of the boys concluded: *Heroes we shall be; we shall obscure you by deeds!*

On casting a hasty glance at Lycurgus' legislation, we are seized with a pleasant surprise. Among all similar institutions of antiquity, this legislation is undoubtedly the most perfect, the Mosaic legislation alone excepted, which it resembles in many respects, especially in its fundamental principles. It is complete within itself. All its parts cohere, one being logically dependent upon and resulting from the other. No better means could have been chosen to reach the end which Lycurgus had in view, namely, to found a republic isolated from all others, sufficient unto itself, and capable of maintaining itself by its own internal power and vital action. No lawgiver has ever imparted to any state the unity, the national character and public sentiment, which Lycurgus succeeded in developing in every Spartan breast. By what means was this end reached? By concentrating the activity of his countrymen upon the concerns of the republic, and closing up every channel that might have diverted their attention from such an exalted object.

By his legislation, he had removed every thing that attaches the soul or inflames the passions, except the public welfare. Wealth and pleasure, sciences and arts, had no access to the hearts of the Spartans. The universal poverty which was the lot of every citizen, did away with the envious contrast of fortunes that excites the love of gain in most hearts; the desire of property disappeared together with the opportunity of exhibiting and using it. The deep ignorance in the arts and sciences which, like a dark cloud, weighed upon

every Spartan mind, protected the constitution from encroachments that might have been attempted by enlightened minds; this very ignorance, together with the rude national pride peculiar to every Spartan, constituted an insurmountable and unceasing barrier to their intercourse with the citizens of other Greek republics. Even in their cradle they were sealed with the stamp of the republic, and the more they went contrary to other nations, the more they became attached to the common centre of patriotism. The country was the first spectacle that the Spartan boy beheld as soon as his mental unfolding began. He woke from his slumber in the bosom of the republic; he was surrounded by nothing but the nation, the national concerns, and his country. These made the first impression upon his brain, and his whole life was an unceasing renewal of this impression.

In his own home, the Spartan citizen found nothing that could have attracted him; the lawgiver had taken care to remove all domestic incentives. It was only in the bosom of the republic that he found occupation, delight, honor, reward; all his impulses and passions were directed to this centre. The state owned the energy and powers of all its citizens; the public sentiment which inflamed all hearts, must kindle and feed the national spirit in every single heart. It is therefore no wonder that Spartan patriotism attained a height that must seem incredible to us. The Spartan citizens could never hesitate, if occasion required, to choose between self-preservation and the preservation of the republic.

These facts enable us to comprehend how it became possible for the Spartan king Leonidas and his three hundred heroes to deserve an epitaph that is the most beautiful of its kind, and the sublimest monument of patriotic virtue. "Relate of us, wanderer, on thy arrival in Sparta, that we have fallen here in obedience to its laws."

It must be admitted that nothing could be more profound, more adequate to the end than this constitution; that it is a complete masterpiece of its kind, and, that, if rigidly enforced, it must necessarily continue by virtue of its own inherent power of preservation. But I should commit a great mistake, if I confined my picture to these statements. This admirable constitution deserves our severest condemnation; nothing could prove more disastrous for humanity than to see such a form of government established in every country. We shall have no difficulty to become convinced of the truth of this assertion.

Considered with reference to his own end, the legislation of Lycurgus is a masterpiece of political science and knowledge of human nature. He wanted to establish a powerful, self-sustaining, indestructible republic; political strength and durability were his aim, which he accomplished as far as possible with the means at his command. But if the aim of Lycurgus is contrasted with the great aims of humanity, an emphatic condemnation must take the place of the admiration which a first hasty glance had extorted from us. Every thing may be sacrificed to the highest interests of the state except the end for which the state itself is designed. The state itself is not the end; it is

important only as a means to the realization of this end, which is no other than the progressive development of all the powers of man. If a constitution impedes this development, it is unworthy of our approbation, were it otherwise ever so ingenious and complete within itself. In such a case its durability becomes a reproach rather than a distinction; it is only the prolongation of an evil; the longer it continues, the more obnoxious it becomes.

In general, in judging the value of political institutions, we may adopt the rule, that they deserve our commendation only in so far as they favor, or, at any rate, do not interfere with the development of all the useful powers of humanity. This observation applies to religious as well as to political laws; either are condemnable, if they fetter any of the powers of the human mind. A law, for instance, which should compel a nation to adhere to the dogma that may have seemed the most excellent at one time, would be a violation of the rights of humanity, which could not be justified by any pretext, were it ever so plausible. It would be opposed to the highest good, to the highest object of society.

Provided with this general standard, we cannot hesitate to pronounce judgment upon the republic of Lycurgus.

A single virtue was practiced in Sparta at the expense of all the rest: it was patriotism.

To this artificial sentiment the most natural and most beautiful affections of the human heart were sacrificed.

The political character was formed at the expense of morality. Sparta knew nothing of conjugal love, maternal affection, filial piety, friendship; it only knew citizens and civil virtues. For years we have admired the Spartan mother who indignantly repelled the son that returned from the fight, and hastened to the temple to thank the gods that the other one had met his death. It is wrong to congratulate Humanity upon such an unnatural strength of mind. A tender mother is a much more beautiful phenomenon in the moral world than a heroic monster which denies the natural sentiment in order to gratify an artificial duty.

What a much more beautiful spectacle is afforded by the rude warrior Marcius in his camp before Rome, who sacrifices vengeance and victory, because he cannot bear seeing his mother's tears flow.

By making the state the father of the child, the natural father ceased to hold this relation. The child never learned to love its father or mother, because being taken from them in its earliest infancy, it only knew its parents by hearsay, not by the favors it had received at their hands.

In the Spartan breast the common sentiment of humanity was extirpated in a much more revolting manner, and the respect for man, which is the soul of duty, was irretrievably lost. Inhumanity against their slaves was enjoined by law. In the Spartan code, the dangerous rule was laid down to consider men as means, not as the end, a perversion that led to a legal demolition of the foundations of the natural right and morality. Morality

was sacrificed in order to obtain an end which can only be valuable as a means toward the establishment of this morality.

Can there be any thing more contradictory, and can the subversion of any natural law be followed by more frightful consequences, than the antagonism existing between the legislation of Lycurgus and the inherent rights of human nature? Not enough that Lycurgus founded his republic upon the legalized ruin of morality; he undermined the highest destiny of humanity by arresting, through a cunningly-devised political system, the minds of the Spartans where he found them, and preventing every possibility of progress.

Industry was banished from Sparta, sciences were neglected, all commercial intercourse was rendered impossible, all foreign products were excluded. By this means all the channels of mental progress and enlightenment were closed; within the limits of a perpetual monotony, of a gloomy egotism, the Spartan republic was to revolve around its own centre.

It was the united aim of the citizens to preserve what they possessed, and to remain what they were, not to acquire new truths, and to elevate themselves to a higher degree of culture. Inexorable laws had to guard the mechanism of government against all innovations, or even against improvements suggested by experience. With a view of securing permanency to this local and temporary legislation, the minds of the people must be held chained to the level where their lawgiver found them.

But we have shown that the progressive development of the mental faculties should be the aim of every state.

The republic of Lycurgus could not enjoy perpetuity unless the minds of the people stood still; hence it could only secure its existence by overlooking the highest and only object of political government. What has been said in praise of the laws of Lycurgus, that Sparta would flourish only as long as it should observe them, is the very worst thing that could be said of them. What made Sparta an unhappy republic, was the very fact that it could not relinquish the old form of government which Lycurgus had contrived for it, without exposing itself to complete ruin; that it had to remain what it was; that it had to stand where a single man had seen fit to place it; its lawgiver could not have made it a more desolating present than this boasted perpetuity of a constitution which was so much opposed to the true greatness and bliss of the republic.

On looking at all these things in their totality, the false glitter by which the only prominent feature of the Spartan republic could dazzle an inexperienced eye, disappears in the light of truth; all we see is the imperfect attempt of a novice, the first political exercise of a young age that lacked the experience and the clearness of views necessary to comprehend the true relations of things. Nevertheless, however imperfect this first attempt may have been, it cannot fail to excite the interest of a philosophical student of universal history. It was a gigantic stride of the human mind, to treat as a work of art, interests which had hitherto been left to chance and passion. The

first attempt in the most difficult of all arts must necessarily have been imperfect, but, on this very account it is valuable. Sculptors first chiseled columns of Hermes, before they attempted the perfect form of an Antinous, of an Apollo of Belvidere; lawgivers will have to continue their rude attempts for a long time, until the happy equilibrium of political and social forces flashes upon their mental vision.

The marble bears patiently the fashioning chisel, and the strings which the musician causes to vibrate, respond to his touch without resistance.

The lawgiver, on the contrary, works upon a self-acting, resisting substance, the free will. It is only imperfectly that he can realize the ideal which he may have delineated in his brain ever so purely; but in such a case the bare attempt is worthy of all praise, if it is undertaken with disinterested benevolence, and carried out with practical wisdom.

SOLON.

Solon's legislation in Athens was almost the direct opposite of the legislation of Lycurgus. Inasmuch as these two republics play the principal part in the history of Greece, it is an interesting business to contrast them with each other, and to inquire into their respective defects and advantages.

After the death of Codrus, the royal office was abolished in Athens, and the highest power was confined for life to an authority named *Archon*. During a period of three hundred years thirteen Archontes ruled in Athens. We know nothing remarkable concerning the history of this period. The democratic spirit which was peculiar to the Athenians even at the time of Homer, again became active at the end of this period. The dignity of an Archon who held his office until his death, seemed too much like royalty; and some of the last Archontes may have usurped more power than was proper for them to do. For this reason an Archon's term of office was fixed at ten years. This was an important step toward liberty; by electing a new ruler every ten years, the nation renewed the act of sovereignty; every ten years it resumed its power, in order to give it away again, according to its good pleasure. By this measure, the Athenian people held in constant remembrance what the subjects of hereditary monarchies became entirely forgetful of, that the people are the source of the supreme power, and that the prince is only the creature of the nation.

For three hundred years the Athenians had tolerated the government of Archons, whose term of office lasted for life; but as to the ten-yearly Archontes, they became tired of them after the lapse of seventy years. This seemed natural; during this period the people had elected their rulers seven different times; consequently they had been reminded as many times of the possession of sovereignty. In the second period, the spirit of liberty was much more active than in the former.

The seventh of the ten-yearly Archontes was the last of this kind. The people desired to enjoy the exercise of sovereignty every year; they had

found out that the possession of power for ten successive years might still lead to abuses. Henceforth the Archontes were elected every year, and inasmuch as one Archon might assume royal privileges even during this short period, they divided the governing power among nine Archontes, who all ruled together.

Three of these nine enjoyed privileges above the remainder. The first Archon, named Eponymus, presided over the body; he signed the public acts; the year was designated by his reign. The second Archon, surnamed Basileus, or King, had to watch over the interests of religion, and the business of worship; this office was continued from former periods, when the priestly dignity was a prerogative of the crown. The third, Polemarchus, was leader of the armies in war. The six remaining Archontes had the name Thesmoctetes, because they had to watch over the constitution, and had to preserve and interpret the laws.

The Archontes were selected from the noblest families, until, at a later period, persons from the lower orders managed to be elected to the office. This constitution was an aristocratic rather than a democratic form of government: the people had not gained much by the change.

Next to the good feature of this form of government, which was, to prevent the abuse of power, on the other hand it labored under the great disadvantage of giving rise to factions. The supreme power had been possessed and relinquished by many citizens. On laying down their dignity, they found it difficult to relinquish the taste of power which they had once enjoyed. They desired again to hold office: they formed partisans, excited disturbances in the bosom of the republic. The rapid changes in the office of Archon excited a hope in every rich and distinguished Athenian to fill this office; as long as only one was invested with this dignity and kept it for a long period, there was no room for such a hope. At last this hope increased to impatience, and the impatience gave rise to dangerous plots. Both classes, as well those who had been, as those who desired to be Archontes, became alike dangerous to civil liberty.

The worst was, that the governing power being divided among several, and changing so frequently, became exceedingly weak. A strong hand was required to control the factions and to check the rebellious spirits. Powerful and bold citizens threw the republic into a state of confusion, and sought to be independent.

In order to arrest these disorders, a blameless and universally-feared citizen was commissioned to reform the laws, which had hitherto consisted in defective traditions. This citizen's name was Draco, a man without human feeling, who deemed human nature incapable of good, beheld all human actions in the gloomy mirror of his own dark soul. had no patience with the ordinary weaknesses of human nature; a poor philosopher, without any knowledge of human nature, with a cold heart, contracted mind, and unyielding prejudices. Such a man might do very well in executing laws, but no worse man could be selected to frame them.

But little of Draco's legislation has come to us,

but this little depicts the man and the character of his laws. All crimes were indiscriminately punished with death, idleness or murder, stealing a cabbage-head and a sheep, or arson and high treason. When asked why he punished trifling transgressions as severely as the heaviest crimes, he answered: "The most trifling violations of the law are worthy of death; for the graver offenses I know of no severer penalty, hence I have to punish both with death."

Draco's laws are the attempt of a beginner in the art of governing men. Terror is the sole instrument by means of which he obtains his end. He contents himself with punishing the transgressions that have been committed, he does not prevent them, he does not take the least pains to stop up the sources of evil, and to improve the character of the people. To extirpate a man for having done some wrong, is tantamount to cutting down a tree for having produced one bad fruit.

His laws were doubly condemnable, because they offended the feelings and rights of humanity, and were not adapted to the people for whom they were intended. If there was a people living who could not prosper under such laws, that people were the Athenians. The slaves of the Pharaohs might finally have accommodated themselves to such laws, but how could Athenians be expected to bend their necks under such a yoke?

They did not remain in force more than half a century, although he designated them with the presumptuous title of unchangeable laws.

Draco has fulfilled his mission very badly; his laws injured the republic instead of benefiting it. Since his laws could not be executed, and no other laws being in existence to meet emergencies, Athens was actually without any laws, and the saddest anarchy prevailed.

At that period the condition of the Athenian people was indeed deplorable. One class of citizens possessed every thing, the other class nothing; the poor were oppressed and plundered by the rich in the most cruel manner. The two classes were separated by an impassable gulf. Want compelled the poor to apply to the rich for help, who, like leeches, had drained them of their blood; but the assistance rendered was dearly paid for. Money had to be taken up at an enormous rate of interest, and if it was not refunded at the stipulated period, their property was forfeited by the foreclosure of mortgages. After having exhausted all their means, and being obliged to live, they had to sell their children into bondage, and finally, if this expedient likewise failed them, they had to pawn their own bodies, and suffer their creditors to sell them as slaves. There was no law against this inhuman traffic in human flesh, and the cruel rapacity of the rich knew no bounds. If the republic was not to be ruined by this frightful inequality of conditions, the equilibrium of property had to be restored by violent means.

Three parties had arisen among the people, all of whom aimed at the establishment of a social order based upon a just distribution of property. One party, to whom the poor citizens belonged, demanded a *democratic* government, an equal dis-

tribution of the soil like that which Lycurgus had introduced into Sparta; the other two parties, consisting of the rich, contended for an *aristocracy*.

The third party desired a combination of the two former, and opposing both, prevented either from carrying their point.

There was no chance of settling this difficulty in a quiet manner, unless a man could be found to whose judgment the three parties would be willing to bow, and whom they would be willing to adopt as their arbiter.

Happily such a man was found, and the services which he had rendered to the republic, his gentleness and justice, and the reputation of his wisdom had attracted the eyes of the nation for a long time previous. This man was *Solon*, like Lycurgus of royal descent, for he numbered Codrus among his ancestors. Solon's father had been a very rich man, but he had reduced his means of support by his largesses to the poor, and young Solon had to devote himself to mercantile pursuits during the first years of his citizenship. The journeys which he had to undertake, and his intercourse with foreign nations, afforded him many opportunities of enriching his mind, and of cultivating his genius by intercourse with foreign sages. At an early period he applied himself to poetry, and his talent in this art was afterward of great use to him in clothing moral truths and political rules in this delightful garb. His heart was susceptible to pleasure and love; the foibles of his youth rendered him forbearing toward others, and imparted to his laws the character of meekness and equity which distinguished them so beautifully from the laws of Draco and Lycurgus. He had also been a brave general, had conquered the island of Salamine for the republic, and had rendered other important military services. At that time the study of philosophy was not separated, as it now is, from political and military functions; the philosopher was the best statesman, the most experienced chieftain, the bravest soldier; his wisdom was made available in every department of civil life.

Solon was equally loved by all parties. The rich entertained high hopes of him, because he himself was a rich man. The poor confided in him, because he was an honest man. The intelligent portion of the Athenians desired him for their ruler, because the monarchy seemed to them the safest means of suppressing the spirit of faction; his relatives desired the same thing, but from interested motives, because they wished to share the government with him. Solon rejected this advice. "The monarchy," he said, "is a beautiful house, but it has no outlet."

He contented himself with allowing the people to elect him archon and lawgiver; he undertook this work unwillingly, and only out of respect for the nation.

He commenced his work with issuing the celebrated edict called *seisachtheia*, or discharge, by which all debts were abolished, and the pawning of one's body was forever prohibited. This edict was a violent infringement of the rights of property, but the extreme need into which the republic was plunged, rendered violent measures neces-

sary. This measure was the less evil of two, for the class who suffered by its operation, was much smaller than that which was benefited.

By this beneficent edict he at once relieved the poor of the heavy burden under which they had been groaning for centuries; the rich were not made poor by it, for they retained that which they actually possessed; he only took from them the means of being unjust. For all that, he earned no more gratitude at the hands of the poor than at those of the rich. The poor had been hoping for an equal distribution of the soil, such as the Spartans enjoyed, and grumbled because he had deceived them. They forgot that the lawmaker owes justice to the rich as well as to the poor, and that it was unadvisable to imitate the arrangement of Lycurgus, because it was unjust.

The ingratitude of the people extorted a modest complaint from the lawgiver's lips. "Formerly," he said, "my praises were sounded by all; now every body squints at me with an inimical eye." Soon, however, the beneficent consequences of his arrangements showed themselves. The peasants who had been enslaved heretofore, now were free; the citizen now cultivated as his own the field which he had heretofore been obliged to work for a creditor as a common day-laborer. Many citizens who had been sold to foreigners and already began to forget their own language, now returned to their former homes as free beings.

The confidence with which the lawgiver had first been elected, was restored. The whole reform of the republic was intrusted to his care, and unlimited power was given him to dispose of the property and the rights of the citizens. The first use he made of this power, was to abolish the laws of Draco, except such as were directed against murder and adultery.

After this he undertook the important task of giving a new constitution to the republic.

All Athenian citizens had to furnish a statement of their means of support, and, agreeably to the basis thus furnished, were divided into four classes.

The first class comprehended those who enjoyed a yearly income of fifteen hundred measures of dry and liquid property.

The second class comprehended those who had three hundred measures and were able to keep a horse.

The third class those who only owned half this amount, and where two had to join in order to make up the former number; for this reason they were designated a yoke.

The fourth class comprehended those who did not possess any landed property, and who earned their living by manual labor,—artists, mechanics, and day-laborers.

The three first of these four classes were permitted to hold public offices, from which those belonging to the fourth class were excluded; in public meetings, however, the members of the fourth class voted, like the rest, which secured to them a large share in the government of the country. All important transactions were laid before the national assembly, termed *ecclesia*,

which decided concerning them: such as the election of officers, the distribution of offices, important litigations, financial transactions, peace and war. If the text of the law was obscure, and the judge was not perfectly certain concerning its meaning, the matter had to be laid before the *ecclesia*, which decided, in last resort, how the law was to be interpreted. From every tribunal there lay an appeal to the people. Before the age of thirty, nobody could be a member of the national assembly; but as soon as he had attained the legal age, he was not permitted to stay away from its sittings without rendering himself amenable to punishment; for Solon detested and opposed nothing more than indifference to the affairs of the state.

Thus the Athenian constitution had a perfectly democratic form; the people were *sovereign* in the strictest sense of the term; they ruled not merely by representatives, but directly, in their own names.

Soon, however, this arrangement led to unpleasant consequences. The people had attained power too rapidly to enjoy it with moderation; passions broke loose in the public assemblies, and the tumult which prevailed on such occasions did not always admit of calm deliberations, and wise decisions. To meet this inconvenience, Solon created a Senate, to which each of the four classes had to send one hundred members. This senate had previously to deliberate on the business that was to be laid before the *ecclesia*. Nothing that had not previously been considered by the senate could be brought before the people to whom the final decision was exclusively reserved. After a subject had been laid by the senate before the people, the orators rose for the purpose of influencing the people in their decision. This class has acquired considerable renown in history, and has done as much injury to the republic by seeking to influence the susceptible and versatile genius of the Athenians by their arts of oratory, as it might have benefited the state, if self-interest had not prompted the brilliant efforts of the speaker. The orator resorted to all the artifices of eloquence, in order to induce the people to adopt the views he had at heart; if he understood his art, the hearts of the people were in his hands. These orators bound the people by gentle and legitimate chains. They ruled by persuasion, and their rule was not the less powerful because it left the choice of the people seemingly free. The people were free to adopt or reject a proposition; but their freedom of choice was directed by the cunning with which the proposition was discussed and expounded. If the orators had always been animated by pure and true motives, this arrangement might have been conducive to much good. But soon the art of oratory was perverted by sophists, who made it their business to make evil look like good, and good like evil.

In the middle of Athens was a large public square, called the *prytaneum*, which was surrounded by the statues of gods and heroes. The Senators assembled in this square, and were on this account called Prytani. A prytan was expected to lead a blameless life. No debauchee

no one who had treated his father with disrespect, no one who had ever been intoxicated, must think of being elected to the honorable office of a Senator.

Subsequently, after the population of Athens had increased, and in the place of the four classes introduced by Solon, ten had been established, the number of Senators likewise increased from four hundred to one thousand. Of these thousand prytani only five hundred were in active service annually, nor were these five hundred employed all at one time. Fifty of them governed for five weeks at a time, in such a manner that only ten of them were in office every week. Thus it became impossible to rule in an arbitrary manner, for each had as many witnesses to his acts as he had colleagues, and the successor had it in his power to examine the acts of his predecessor. Every five weeks the people assembled four times, not counting extraordinary convocations; by this arrangement all delay was rendered impossible, and business was transacted with dispatch.

Beside creating the Senate, Solon likewise restored the *Areopagus*, whose authority Draco had curtailed because this tribunal judged too mildly to suit his own cruel temper. Solon made it the supreme guardian of the laws, and, according to Plutarch's statement, attached the republic to these two tribunals, the Senate and *Areopagus*, as to two anchors.

These two tribunals had been instituted for the purpose of watching over the preservation of the republic and its laws. Ten other tribunals had charge of the application of the laws; they constituted the ordinary judiciary. Murderers were tried before four courts, the *palladium*, *delphinium*, *phreattys*, and *heliæa*. Only the two first were confirmed by Solon; they had been instituted by the kings. Unintentional homicide was tried by the *palladium*. By the *delphinium* those were tried who admitted having killed a person, but for justifiable causes. The *phreattys* was instituted for the trial of those who were accused of intentional murder after they had already fled out of the country on account of unintentional homicide. The accused appeared on board a vessel, and his judges were seated on the beach. If he was innocent, he returned to his place of exile in peace, in the joyous hope of being some time or other permitted to return home again. If he was adjudged guilty, he returned likewise without being molested, but he was never again permitted to return home.

The fourth tribunal, the *heliæa*, derived its name from the sun, because it was wont to meet immediately after sunrise, at some place that the sun shone upon. This court was an extraordinary commission of the other three tribunals; its members were both magistrates and judges. They had not only to apply and execute, but likewise to mend and interpret the laws. Their meeting was very solemn, and a terrible oath bound them to speak the truth.

As soon as sentence of death had been pronounced, and the accused had not evaded it by voluntary exile, he was delivered over to the eleven; this name was assigned to a commission to which each of the ten classes furnished a

member, who, together with the executioner, made eleven. These eleven superintended the prisons and executed the sentence of death. The Athenians had three modes of putting criminals to death. They were either hurled down a precipice, or into the ocean; or they were decapitated, or poisoned with hemlock.

Next to the death-penalty, ranked exile. In happy countries this punishment appears terrible; there are countries from which it is no misfortune to be exiled. The fact that the Athenian people ranked exile next to the death-penalty, and, if perpetual, considered it equal to the latter, speaks well for the nobleness of their national sentiment. An Athenian who had lost his country, never found another Athens anywhere.

Exile, except ostracism, was accompanied by confiscation of property.

Citizens, who, by personal merit or good fortune, had acquired more influence and authority than was consistent with republican power, and were suspected of becoming dangerous to republican liberty, were sometimes banished without deserving their exile. To save the republic, injustice was practiced toward a single citizen. The idea which underlies this motive, may be praiseworthy in itself; but the remedy they resorted to, evinces political childishness. This sort of exile was termed ostracism, because the votes were written upon pieces of slate. Six thousand votes were necessary to inflict this penalty. In the nature of things, only the most meritorious citizens were ostracized: this penalty was therefore an honor rather than a disgrace, but it was, for all that, an act of injustice and cruelty, for it deprived the most worthy of that which was dearest to him, his home.

Disputes of less importance were brought before six inferior courts which never acquired much influence, because the condemned parties had the right of appeal from every one of them to the higher courts, and to the ecclesia. Every citizen plead his own cause, except women, children, and slaves. The duration of the speeches which the complainant and the defendant were allowed to make, was regulated by dropping water which served as a time-piece. The most important civil suits had to be decided in twenty-four hours.

Thus much of the civil and political institutions of Solon. But this lawgiver did not confine his attention to these points. The ancient law-makers enjoyed the privilege of fashioning man in accordance with their laws; they extended their attention to the public morality, the formation of character; they never separated the man and the citizen, as is the case with us. Among us the laws are very frequently antagonistic to the customs and morals of the people; among the ancients a beautiful harmony prevailed between the laws and the public morals. This is the reason why their public bodies, charged with the maintenance of order, were animated by so much vital zeal, which is unknown in the present age; the form of government was impressed with indelible traits upon the souls of the citizens.

In this respect, however, we must not bestow undue praise upon the ancients. It may be said

that the intentions of ancient law-makers were, with scarcely an exception, praiseworthy and wise, but they did not always employ the best means to execute them. These means frequently show a deficient appreciation of human nature, and an important knowledge of the operations of the human mind. They went too far, where we do not go far enough. If our law-makers are wrong in entirely neglecting the enactment of laws for the observance of moral duties, the Grecian law-makers committed the great wrong of enforcing the fulfillment of moral duties by severe penalties. Freedom of the will is the first condition of moral beauty, and this beauty is destroyed the moment we undertake to enforce moral virtue by legal penalties. It is the noblest privilege of human nature to determine its own conduct, and to do the good for its own sake. No law should enforce, by compulsory means, fidelity to the friend, generosity toward an enemy, gratitude toward father and mother; if such means are employed, a free moral sentiment becomes the result of fear, a slavish emotion.

But to return to Solon.

One of his laws ordains that every citizen shall regard an insult perpetrated against any other citizen, as if it had been done to himself, and he shall not rest until the perpetrator is punished. The intention by which this law was dictated, is doubtless a good one. The intention was to inspire every citizen with a warm interest in his neighbor, and to induce all to look upon each other as the members of a great and coherent whole. What a pleasant surprise it would afford us to arrive in a country, where every passer-by should protect us from insults! But how much less pleasure would this protection afford us, if we were told that it was *compulsory*.

Another law instituted by Solon, inflicts infamy upon any one who should remain neutral during a rebellion. This law was likewise dictated by a good intention. The law-maker was anxious to inspire his fellow-men with a lively interest in the affairs of the state. Indifference toward the country seemed to him a most detestable state of mind in any citizen. Neutrality may frequently result from such indifference; but he forgot that the most *intense* devotion to the country frequently *commands* such indifference, in case both parties, for instance, should be wrong, and the country should equally lose by the ascendancy of either.

By another law, Solon forbids speaking ill of the dead, or even speaking ill of the living in public places, such as in courts, in a temple or theatre. He absolves children that are not born in wedlock, from all filial duties toward the father, on the plea that the father has already had his share of such duties by enjoying the sensual delight of procreation; he likewise absolved the son of the duty of taking care of his father, if he had neglected to bind his son to a trade. He permitted the making of wills, and giving away one's property indiscriminately; for friends of one's own choice, he asserted, were worth more than mere relatives. He abrogated dowries, because he wished marriages to result from love, not from interest. Another proof of his gentle

disposition is furnished by the fact that he called odious things by milder names. Taxes were called contributions; soldiers were guardians of the city; prisons were called apartments, and the abolition of debts he designated by the term relief. He moderated by wise regulations the luxury to which the Athenians were so prone; rigid laws watched over the morals of females, over the intercourse between the sexes, and the sanctity of marriages.

He ordained that these laws were only to be valid for one hundred years. How much more sagacious was he than Lycurgus! He comprehended that laws are only the instruments of culture; that nations, when fully grown, require a different direction from those that are still living in their infancy. Lycurgus perpetuated the mental infancy of his Spartans, in order to secure, by this means, the perpetuity of his laws; but both his republic and his laws have vanished. Solon, on the contrary, only instituted his laws for one hundred years, and even to this day, many of his laws are in force in the Roman code.

Solon has been reproached with giving too much power to the people. This reproach is not unfounded. In trying to avoid one cliff, oligarchy, he came too near the other, anarchy; but he only approached it, for the Senate and the Areopagus were powerful restraints of the popular will. The inseparable defects of a democratic government, tumultuous and vehement discussions, and party-spirit, could not, it is true, be avoided in Athens; but these evils are to be charged much more upon the form he chose than upon the essential nature of democracy. He erred in allowing the people to discuss their affairs in mass-meetings, instead of selecting representatives; on account of the crowd, such discussions could not well take place without confusion and tumult, and the large number of poor voters occasioned frequent resort to bribery. Ostracism, which could not be inflicted unless six thousand persons had voted in favor of the measure, may show us how tumultuous such mass-meetings of the people may have been. On the other hand, if we consider how well even the common man was acquainted with the business of the republic, how powerfully and actively every heart was moved by patriotic impulses, how much care the law-giver had taken to make the love of country the leading sentiment in the heart of every citizen: we shall acquire a better idea of the political sense of the Athenian people, whom we should not place upon a level with the common people of this age. All large meetings lead to more or less lawlessness as their immediate result; smaller assemblies find it difficult to keep clear of aristocratic despotism. To hit the right mean between these two extremes, is a difficult problem that will only be solved by future generations. I shall always admire the spirit that animated Solon in giving his laws the spirit of sound and genuine political science which never loses sight of the fundamental principle upon which all governments should rest, which consists in the people making their own laws, and inducing them to fulfill the duties of a citizen from rational conviction and patriotism, not from a

slavish fear of punishment, from a blind and passive submission to the will of a master.

Solon's respect for human nature was a beautiful trait in his character. He never sacrificed man to the state, or the end to the means, but he caused the state to be subservient to the high purposes of human existence. His laws served as yielding bonds, by whose guiding but gentle and scarcely-perceptible support the minds of the citizens were enabled to move with freedom and ease in every direction; whereas the laws of Lycurgus operated like iron fetters, against which the bold heart chafed until it sank bleeding and oppressed under the heavy yoke. Every possible avenue of progress was opened by the Athenian lawgiver to the genius and industry of his fellow-citizens; the Spartan lawgiver, on the contrary, stopped up every avenue of development, except political merit. Lycurgus enjoined idleness by law; Solon punished it severely. Hence every virtue matured in Athens, trades and arts flourished, every channel of industry was stirring with life; every field of knowledge was cultivated in that republic. Has Sparta produced a Socrates, a Thucydides, a Sophocles, a Plato? Sparta could only produce rulers and warriors; no artists, no poets, no thinkers, no citizens of the world. Both Solon and Lycurgus were great men, both were honest men; but how different have been their actions, since they started from opposite grounds! Round about the Athenian law-giver, liberty and joy, industry and abundance, the arts and virtues, the graces and muses are grouped, look up to him with feelings of gratitude, and call him father and creator. Lycurgus is surrounded by tyranny and its horrid opposite, bondage, shaking its chains and cursing the author of its misery.

The character of a whole people is the most faithful expression of its laws, and the most reliable judge of their worth or nothingness. A Spartan's mind was contracted, and his heart unfeeling. He was proud and overbearing toward his allies, cruel toward the vanquished, inhuman to his slaves, and servile to his superiors; in his negotiations he was unscrupulous and perfidious, despotic in his decisions; even his virtues and greatness were deficient in the pleasing loveliness that alone wins our hearts. The Athenian, on the contrary, was gentle and meek in his intercourse with his fellow-men, polite and lively in conversation, affable toward inferiors, hospitable and obliging to strangers. He was fond of fashion and comfort, but this did not prevent him from fighting in battle like a lion. Clad in purple, and anointed with incense, he yet caused the millions of Xerxes and even the rude Spartans to tremble. He loved the pleasures of the table, and found it difficult to resist the allurements of sensuality; but drunkenness and shameless conduct were punished with disgrace; delicacy and propriety were cultivated with more care by the Athenians than by any other nation of antiquity. In a war against King Philip, the Athenians captured some letters belonging to the king, among which one was to his spouse; all were opened except this one, which was sent back to him intact. In fortune, the Athenian was generous, and firm in misfortune;

he then never hesitated to sacrifice every thing for his country. He treated his slaves humanely, and the servant, if ill-treated, was permitted to bring suit against his master. The generosity of these people extended even to animals; after the construction of the temple Hekatonpedon had been finished, it was decreed that all the animals which had assisted in the work, should be discharged from all further labor, and should be allowed during the remainder of their lives to pasture on the richest meadows without being ever called upon to do any more work. Afterward one of these animals returned to the work of its own accord, running mechanically in front of the others which drew freight. This spectacle so touched the people that they ordered special keepers for this animal, who fed it at the public expense in a separate stable.

It is due to justice to mention the deficiencies of the Athenians, for history should not be a flatterer. These people whom we have admired on account of their fine manners, their meekness, their wisdom, very often rendered themselves guilty of the most shameless ingratitude toward their greatest men, and of cruelty toward their vanquished enemies. Spoiled by the flatteries of their orators, having become insolent by their freedom, and vain of their brilliant achievements, they frequently treated their allies and neighbors with intolerable pride, and were governed in their public discussions by a frivolous and intoxicating levity which frequently neutralized the exertions of their wisest statesmen, and brought the republic to the brink of ruin. The individual Athenian was social and gentle; but in public meetings he put off this character. Hence Aristophanes depicts to us his countrymen as sensible old men at home, but as fools in public meetings. The love of glory, and the thirst for novelties ruled them to excess; to gain glory, the Athenian frequently risked his fortune, his life, and not unfrequently, his virtue. A crown of olive-branches, an inscription upon a column which promulgated his deserts, stimulated him more keenly to great deeds than the Persian was stirred up by all the treasures of his king. The Athenians manifested their gratitude with the same extravagance as their ingratitude. To be accompanied home from a public meeting in triumph by such a people, to hold their attention only for one day, afforded a higher and a truer delight to the vain-glorious Athenian than any monarch could procure for his greatest favorites; for it is something quite different to touch a proud and sensitive people than to please one man only. The Athenian had to be in a constant state of excitement; his heart was unceasingly aspiring after new sensations and enjoyments. This desire for newness had to be gratified by new means, day after day, if it was not to become a source of public mischief. Hence it was that a public spectacle arranged at the proper moment, frequently preserved the public tranquillity which was threatened by an outbreak; hence it was that an usurper frequently won the game, if he only knew how to minister to this passion for new sensations by an uninterrupted course of amusements. But woe even to the most meritorious citizen, if he did not understand

the art of keeping up the excitement of newness, and rejuvenating his merit from day to day!

The evening of Solon's life was less cheerful than his life had warranted. In order to evade the importunities of the Athenians who beset him every day with questions and propositions, he left Athens as soon as his laws were in operation, and undertook a journey through Asia Minor, to the islands and to Egypt, where he conversed with the wisest men of the age, and visited the court of King Cræsus of Lydia, and the court of Sais in Egypt. What is recorded concerning his interview with Thales of Miletus, and with Cræsus, is too well known to require any further notice at my hands. On his return to Athens, he found the republic torn by three factions under the leadership of two dangerous men—Megacles and Pisistratus. Megacles rendered himself powerful and formidable by his riches, Pisistratus by his political cunning and his genius. This Pisistratus, Solon's former favorite, and the Julius Cesar of Athens, one day appeared before the ecclesia, pale, stretched out upon his chariot, and stained with blood from a wound which he had inflicted upon himself. "Thus," said he, "my enemies have maltreated me on your account. My life is in constant danger, unless you take measures to guard it." Thereupon his friend moved, in accordance with his own previous arrangements, that a body-guard should be formed whose exclusive business it should be to accompany him in public. Solon suspected the treacherous object of this measure, and opposed it with zeal, but without effect. The proposition being adopted, Pisistratus received a body-guard, at whose head he at once took possession of the citadel of Athens. Now the scales fell from the people's eyes, but too late. Terror seized upon Athens. Megacles and his friends escaped from the city, which they left to the usurper. Solon, who had not been deceived by his plans, was the only one that did not lose his courage; he now used the same efforts in animating the sinking courage of his fellow-citizens, that he had employed before in preventing them from committing the rash act, from the consequences of which they were now suffering. When nobody would listen to him, he went home, and laid his arms in front of his door, exclaiming: "Now I have done all I was able to do for my country's good." He never thought of escape, but continued to censure the folly of the Athenians and the unscrupulous conduct of the tyrant in the most unmeasured terms. When asked by his friends, what gave him the courage to bid defiance to power, he replied: "My age gives me courage." He died without beholding his country's freedom.

But Athens had not fallen into barbarous hands. Pisistratus was a noble-hearted man who honored Solon's laws. Having been twice expelled by his rival, and having twice reconquered the government of the city, he caused his usurpation to be forgotten by his brilliant virtues, and the services he rendered to the republic. Nobody perceived the loss of liberty, so gentle and quiet was his reign. Not he ruled, but Solon's laws. Pisistratus opened the golden age of Athens;

under him the arts began to dawn. He died regretted like a father.

His work was continued by his sons Hippias and Hipparch. Both brothers governed harmoniously, and were animated by the same love of science. Under their government, Simonides and Anacreon were already flourishing, and the Academy was founded. The people made rapid strides toward the great age of Pericles.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

ON THE MIGRATIONS OF NATIONS, CRUSADES, AND THE MIDDLE AGES.*

The new social system which, born in the North of Europe and Asia, was introduced by the conquering nations upon the ruins of the Western empire, had now had seven centuries to try its strength in this more extended sphere, and in new combinations, and to develop itself in all its forms and varieties. The descendants of the Vandals, Suevi, Alani, Goths, Heruleans, Longobardi, Franks, Burgundians, and so forth, had become permanent inhabitants of the soil which had been invaded by their ancestors, sword in hand; when all at once the spirit of migration and plunder, which had led them to their new homes, was again kindled in their hearts at the expiration of the eleventh century, in another form and by other causes. Europe now sent back to southwestern Asia the devastating swarms which it had received from the northern portion of this continent, seven hundred years ago, but with very different and unequal success; for as many torrents of blood the barbarians had been obliged to shed for the purpose of founding perpetual kingdoms in Europe, as many did it cost their Christian descendants to conquer a few cities and fastnesses in Syria, which they were to lose again forever, two hundred years later.

The frantic folly which gave rise to the crusades, and the acts of violence by which the realization of this undertaking was accompanied, are not inviting to an eye bounded by the horizon of the present. But if we contemplate this event in its connection with the centuries that preceded and followed it, its origin seems too natural to excite our amazement, and its results appear too beneficent, not to induce us to regard the crusades with feelings of satisfaction. Looking at their causes, we find that this expedition of the Christians to the Holy Land is such a spontaneous, such an inevitable result of their age, that any intelligent reader of history, acquainted with the historical premises of those great events, must have imagined them as the necessary developments of previously-operating causes. Looking at their results, we find that the Crusades constitute the first blow by which superstition itself began to mend the evils which it had inflicted upon humanity for so many years. No historical problem

* This Essay formed part of the introductory treatise printed in the first volume of the first part of the historical memoirs published by the author.

has, perhaps, been solved more satisfactorily than this one; none concerning which the Supreme Mind that weaves the thread of universal history, has furnished a more satisfactory justification to human reason.

From the unnatural and enervating repose into which ancient Rome had plunged the various peoples upon whom it had imposed its yoke; from the effeminate bondage in which it stifled the most active energies of millions of human beings, we behold the human race passing through the lawless and tumultuous freedom of the middle-ages, in order to finally find rest in the happy mean between the two extremes, and combine liberty with order, repose with action, variety with agreement, in harmonious alliance.

It can scarcely be considered questionable whether the prosperity that we enjoy, at least approximately, is an advantage over the flourishing condition that may have been the lot of humanity at any previous period, and whether we have actually gone ahead of the best times of Greece and Rome. Greece and Rome could at most produce excellent Romans or Greeks; the nation, even during the acme of its power, never rose to the dignity of *excellent men*. To the Athenian, the world outside of Greece was a barbarous wilderness; and it is well known, that this point entered largely into his definition of happiness. The Romans had punished themselves with their own weapons, since they had converted every actor upon the stage of the world into a *Roman citizen*, or a *Roman slave*. Not one of our governments has to bestow a Roman citizenship; in return, we possess a good which no Roman, who desired to remain one, was permitted to know—a good which has been granted to us by a hand that did not take from one what it gave to another, and never takes back what it once has given; we possess *human freedom*; a good which differs most essentially from the citizenship of a Roman in this, that its worth increases in proportion as those who share it with us, increase in numbers; a good which, not being dependent upon the changeable form of a political constitution, or upon the chances of a revolution, rests upon the firm foundation of reason and equity.

The *gain* is therefore evident, and the question is simply, was there not a nearer road to this end? Might not this salutary change have developed itself with less violence out of the Roman form of government, and was it necessary that the human race should have passed through the sad period from the fourth to the sixth century?

Reason has no abiding place in a world of anarchy. Ever aspiring after harmony, it prefers the risk of unsuccessfully defending order to doing without it in a spirit of indifference.

Were the *migrations* and the middle ages that followed the *necessary* conditions of our social progress?

Asia may furnish some disclosures in this respect. Why was it that no Grecian republic started up in the wake of Alexander's armies? Why do we behold Sina doomed to a perpetual childhood? Because Alexander effected his conquests with a spirit of humanity; because the small band of his Greeks disappeared among the millions

of the great king; because the hordes of the Mantchoo were imperceptibly lost in the boundless wilderness of Sina. They only subjugated the men; the laws and customs, the religion and government remained. For despotic governments there is no salvation except in their ruin. Humane conquerors lead colonists to them, feed the sickly body, but all they can do is to perpetuate its disease. If the pestiferous country was not to poison the healthy conqueror; if the German in Gaul was not to be converted into a Roman, as the Greek in Babylon degenerated into a Persian, it was necessary to break the form that might have held out dangerous incentives to his imitative genius, and upon the new stage where he was destined to act, he had to remain in every respect the stronger party.

From the Scythian wilderness a barbarous race is poured forth over the West. Its course is marked with blood. Cities are reduced to ashes by its fury which destroys with equal frenzy the handiwork of man and the fruits of the field: the plague and starvation complete what had been left intact by fire and sword; but life is extinguished only that a higher life may take root among the ruins. We will not lay to its charge the cadavers it has piled up, nor the cities it has reduced to ashes. They will be built up more beautifully by the hands of freedom, and they will be inhabited by a better race. All the arts of beauty and pomp, of luxury and refinement, perish; costly monuments that seem erected for eternity, crumble in the dust, and a mad rage is permitted to overturn the delicate machinery of an order instituted by the power of mind; but even in this wild tumult the hand of order is busy, and treasures which are designed for coming generations, are involuntarily saved from the destructive wrath of the present. Gloom is now spread over this wide scene of conflagration, and the miserable and exhausted remnant of its inhabitants has equally little resistance and attractions to offer to a new conqueror.

The stage is cleared, a new race occupies it, that had grown up quietly and unconsciously in the northern forests to a vigorous colony of the exhausted West. Rude and barbarous are its laws and customs; but in their rude manner they honor human nature, which a despot no longer honors in his refined slaves. Firm, as if still upon Sabeian ground, and untempted by the gifts which are offered him by the subdued Roman, the Frank remains faithful to the laws that made him conqueror; too proud and too wise to accept instruments of happiness from the hands of the unfortunate. Upon the ashes of Roman pomp he spreads his nomadic tents; he plant his iron spear, which is his highest good, upon the conquered soil, in front of the tribunals of judges, and Christianity itself has to gird the sword, if it desires to tame the savage temper.

All foreign hands now leave the son of Nature to his destiny. The bridges between Byzantium and Massilia, between Alexandria and Rome, are broken, the timid merchant hastens homeward, and the land-uniting ship rides dismasted at anchor. A wilderness of waters and mountains, a night of wild customs, is rolled before the gates of Europe, the whole continent is closed.

A long, tedious, arduous, and memorable struggle now commences: the rude Germanic spirit struggles with the charms of a new sky, with new passions, with the silent power of example, with the remains of Rome, which beset him in the new country with a thousand snares; and woe unto the successor of a Clodian who fancies himself a Trajanus upon Trajanus' imperial stage. A thousand blades are pointed at his breast, to remind him of the Scythian wilderness. Rudely the love of dominion is met by freedom, insolence by firmness; cunning seeks to insnare boldness, the frightful right of might returns, and for centuries the sword is seen smoking with human gore. A gloomy night which obscures every understanding, is hovering around Europe, and only a few sparks fly up to render the universal darkness still more terrible. Eternal order seems to have abandoned the helm of the world, or at least, seems to have sacrificed the present generation in order to reach a distant goal. But, inspired with an equal share of maternal affection for all his children, the Eternal Ruler leads, for the time being, the exhausted and the weak to the foot of the altar, and fortifies the heart with the faith of resignation against a wretchedness which he is unable to spare them. He places the public morals under the guardianship of a barbarous Christianity, allowing the men of the middle ages to lean on this feeble crutch, which their more vigorous descendants will find broken into fragments. But states and citizens warm up in this long war; the German mind battles vigorously against the heart-insnaring despotism that crushed the Roman who became prematurely exhausted; the fountain of liberty gushes forth in living streams, and *unconquered* and *well preserved* the later generations reach the beautiful age, where the united labor of fortune and men is to marry the light of thought with the firmness of resolution, intelligence with heroism. While Rome brought forth Scipios and Fabii, she lacked the sages who could fix limits to heroic virtue; when the sages flourished, despotism had stifled the republic, and their wisdom was lost on the enervated age. Nor did Grecian virtue continue to the enlightened period of Pericles and Alexander; and when Harun taught his Arabs to think, the fire of energy was extinguished. A better genius it was that watched over young Europe. The wars of the middle ages had prepared a healthy and vigorous race for the sixteenth century, and had brought up manly champions for the reign of reason which now unfolded her banner.

In what other part of the earth has the *head* inflamed the *hearts*, and has truth* armed the *arm* of the brave? In what other parts have arguments suggested by reason, become the rallying cry in murderous battles? Where has the

* Or what was supposed to be truth. We need hardly remark in this place that the main point was not the *value of the material* that was gained, but the trouble caused by the labor that was undertaken; the *industry* that was employed, and not the result that was obtained. Whatever it was for which the battle was waged, it was a battle for reason; for reason had enlightened the combatants concerning their right to fight, and for his right it was that the battle was really fought.

voice of self-love been reduced to silence by the superior force of conviction? Where has man risked his dearest good to preserve the nobler portion of his soul? The most exalted efforts of Grecian and Roman virtue have never reached beyond the range of civil duties, or at most only in a single sage, whose very name is the reproach of his age; the highest sacrifice which was made by the nation in the period of its heroism, was made for the country. Only at the close of the middle ages, we see in Europe an enthusiasm that sacrificed even the fatherland to a higher idol of the reason. And why does this phenomenon occur here only, and even here only *once*? Because it was only in Europe, and here only at the close of the middle ages, that energy of the will coincided with the light of the understanding, that a manly race was led into the arms of wisdom.

Throughout the domain of history, we observe striking inequalities between the development of states and that of minds. States are like annual plants, that bloom during a short summer, and perish from an excess of sap; *enlightenment* is a plant of slow growth, which requires a favorable sky, a good deal of nursing, and a long series of vernal seasons, in order to reach the period of maturity. Whence this difference? Because states are confided to the government of passion that finds fuel in every breast; whereas enlightenment is the business of the *understanding*, that develops itself only by external aid, and of fortunate discoveries, which are only slowly accumulated by time and accidents. How often may the former plant blossom and fade before the other begins to ripen? How improbable it is that *states* should be waiting for the advent of enlightenment, and the *late* reason should still meet the *early* liberty? Once only in the whole course of human history, has Providence undertaken the solution of this problem, and we have seen how it was solved. By the long wars of the middle ages, the political life in Europe was kept in vigor until sufficient material had been accumulated to secure the unfolding of the *moral* power.*

* *Freedom* and *culture*, howsoever inseparably united both are in their highest fullness, which they can only reach by this union, yet it is equally difficult to unite them during their period of growth. Repose is the condition of culture, but nothing is more dangerous to liberty than repose. All the refined nations of antiquity have purchased the brilliancy of their civilization at the price of freedom, because they received their repose from their oppressors. Civilization became their ruin, because it had arisen from a ruinous source. If the new race of men was to be spared this sacrifice; in other words, if freedom and civilization were to become united among them, they had to obtain repose through an entirely different channel than the channel of despotism. The only possible channel was that of *legality*, and man, in a state of freedom, must be his own lawgiver. A free man will only enact such laws as are conformable to his intelligence of their usefulness or suggested by the evil consequences of their opposite. The former motive presupposed the existence of that which was first to take place and to be obtained; hence he can only be induced by the evil consequences of anarchy to enact suitable laws. Anarchy is of short duration, and by a speedy transition leads to arbitrary power. Long before reason should have established laws, anarchy would have ended in despotism. If reason was to find

In Europe alone we find states that are at the same time enlightened, civilized, and not *subjected to despotism*; everywhere else barbarism is united to freedom, and bondage to culture. But Europe alone has struggled through a series of warlike ages, which were brought about by the desolating destruction in the fifth and sixth centuries. It is not the blood of their ancestors or the character of their race that preserved our forefathers from the yoke of oppression, for their equally free-born brethren, the Turcomans and Mantchoo have bent their necks under the weight of despotism. It is not the European soil and climate that spared them this cruel fate, for, upon the same soil and under the same sky, Gauls and Bretons, Etrurians and Lusitanians have borne the yoke of the Romans. The merciless sword of the Vandals and Huns which mowed down the people of the West, and the vigorous race which came upon the stage *unconquered* after a thousand years of battle, these are the creators of our present happiness; thus it is that we trace the spirit of order in the two most terrible events recorded in history.

I believe it unnecessary to apologize for this long digression. The great epochs of history are too closely united to make the explanation of one without the other possible; the crusades begin the solution of a problem which the migration of the nations had set before the philosophical student of history.

It was in the thirteenth century that the Genius of the world, who had been perfecting his creations in the dark, removed the curtain in order to show us a portion of his work. The gloomy mist with which the European sky had been overcast for a thousand years, now began to scatter, and a clear sky showed itself. The combined wretchedness of *ecclesiastical uniformity*, and *political discord*, of the hierarchy of the church, and the fendal institutions, having reached the climax of its desolations at the end of the eleventh century, had to prepare its own grave in the tumult of the holy wars.

A fanatical zeal bursts the closed West, and the full-grown son steps out of the paternal abode. He meets new people, rejoices in his liberty and courage on the Bosphorus, blushes in Byzantium at his rudeness, his barbarism and ignorance, and in Asia is startled by his poverty. The annals of Europe relate to us what he there took and brought home; if we possessed a history of the orient, it would inform us what he paid and left behind as a compensation. Does it not seem as though the heroic spirit of the Franks had breathed a passing life into dying Byzantium? Unexpectedly it makes a new effort under its Comneni, and, fortified by the short visit of the Germans, it perished with a noble spirit.

At the crusader's back, the merchant reconstructs his bridge, and prudent commerce fortifies and perpetuates the bond between the East and the West, which a warlike enthusiasm had hastily restored. The Levantine ship again greets her

familiar waters, and her rich cargo invites the industry of Europe. Soon she will be able to do without the uncertain guidance of Arcturus, and, led on by the more reliable needle, will boldly and confidently trust herself to unknown seas.

The European brings Asiatic customs back to his home; but here his forests no longer know him; other flags are waving from his castles. Impoverishing himself in his own country, in order to shine on the shores of the Euphrates, he finally abandons the adored idol of his independence and his hostile rule, and permits his serfs to redeem themselves for gold. Voluntarily he offers his arm to the bonds that adorn him, and tame him who had been indomitable. The majesty of kings becomes more exalted from the moment that the *slaves of the field are elevated to the rank of men*; a new and fruitful country, the institution of *citizenship*, is saved from the ocean of devastation and misery.

He alone who had been the soul of the enterprise, and had caused the whole of Christianity to work for his greatness, the *Romish hierarch*, sees his hopes disappointed. Grasping at a phantom in the East, he sacrificed a crown in the West. The weakness of kings was his strength; anarchy and civil wars the arsenal where he obtained his thunder-bolts. Even now he continues to hurl them, but now he is opposed by the fortified power of the kings. No excommunication, no heaven barring interdict, no praise of consecrated duties, is again able to sever the bonds that unite the subject to his legitimate ruler. In vain his impotent wrath struggles against the age that built up his throne and now drags him from its lofty height! Superstition had engendered this phantom of the middle-ages, and discord had fed it. Though it stood upon feeble ground, yet it started up rapidly and terribly in the eleventh century; no eye had seen its like. On beholding this enemy of the holiest freedom, who would have suspected that he was sent to assist it? When the struggle between kings and their nobles broke out, the Romish hierarch threw himself between the unequal combatants, arresting the dangerous decision, until a better champion arose in the *third estate*, who put down this creature of the moment. Fattened by confusion, he now wastes away under the new regime of order; an offspring of the night, he vanishes in the light of day. Did the dictator disappear who hastened to Rome's assistance against Pompey? Or Pisistratus who put down the factions in Athens? Rome and Athens were plunged into bondage by their civil wars, the new Europe was raised by them to freedom. Why was Europe more fortunate? Because here an evanescent phantom effected that which was achieved by a permanent power in those republics; because here an arm was found sufficiently powerful to arrest oppression, but too weak to practice it.

How differently does man sow, and how different is the harvest he reaps! To bind Asia to his foot-stool, the Holy Father sacrifices a million of his heroic sons to the sword of the Saracens, but with them he loses the most powerful supporters of his See. The nobles dream of new pretensions, and new crowns, whereas they bring back more

time for the establishment of laws, the period of anarchy had to be *prolonged*, which actually took place in the middle ages.

obedient hearts before the thrones of their rulers. Forgiveness of sins and the joys of paradise are sought by the pious pilgrim at the holy sepulchre, and to him alone more is given than was promised. He finds his humanity back again in Asia, and from this continent he brings back the seed of liberty to his oppressed brethren,—an infinitely more important acquisition than the keys of Jerusalem, or the nails of the Redeemer's cross.

SURVEY OF THE CONDITION OF EUROPE AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

A FRAGMENT.*

In the eleventh century, the West of Europe, although cut up into a number of states, affords a very uniform spectacle. Taken possession of by nations that stood upon the same level of culture at the time they made their conquests, that belonged to the same race of men, and lived in the same circumstances, it would have been necessary that the western countries should have offered a great variety of soil and climate to the new settlers, if, in the course of time, important distinctions were to develop themselves among them.

But the fury of desolation which marked the conquests of these nations, reduced to the same level all the countries that were the theatre of their exploits, no matter what people inhabited them, or what a degree and extent of culture they had reached; for the conquerors trampled down and extirpated whatever they found, and realized a condition of things which changed the aspect of the conquered provinces so completely, that every trace of their past development had been utterly wiped out. Although the climate, the condition of the soil, neighborhood and geographical position, preserved a certain distinction; although the remaining traces of Roman civilization in the southern countries, the influence of the cultivated Arabs in the southwestern, the seat of the hierarchy in Italy, and the frequent intercourse with the Greeks in the same country, could not fail to exercise some influence upon their inhabitants; yet these causes acted too imperceptibly, too slowly, and too feebly, to extinguish, or to effect perceptible changes in, the character of the nations that settled in these new homes. Hence it is that the historian discovers in the remotest corners of Europe, in Sicily and Britannia, on the Danube and Eider, on the Ebro and Elbe, a general uniformity of constitution and customs, which is the more remarkable since it co-exists with the greatest independence, and an almost entire absence of mutual intercourse. In spite of the centuries that have passed over the heads of these nations; in spite of the changes which so many new situations, a new religion, new languages, new arts, new objects of desire, new comforts and luxuries, must have occasioned in their internal condi-

tion, yet the same social structure that was erected by their forefathers, has still been preserved in its main features. To this day, they have preserved their wild independence which they enjoyed in their Scythian country, and have extended throughout the European provinces like a vast camp, prepared for attack or defense; even to this vast political arena they have transferred their political system, carrying their northern superstition to the very bosom of Christianity.

Monarchies, after the Roman or Asiatic model, and republics fashioned after the Grecian style, have disappeared alike from the political stage. In their places, we see military aristocracies, monarchies without obedience, republics without safety, and even without liberty, large states cut up into a hundred smaller ones, without any internal agreement, without external firmness and protection, badly cohering in their own elements, and still more feebly among each other. There are *kings*, a contradictory mixture of barbaric leaders and Roman emperors, which latter title is conferred upon one of those kings, without, however, conferring the ancient power; there are *magnates*, everywhere the same as regards actual power and pretensions, although they are differently named in different countries; *priests*, issuing orders sword in hand; a *militia* of the state, yet not controlled or paid by the state; finally, serfs belonging to the soil that is not owned by them; nobility and clergy, partial freemen and serfs. Municipalities and free citizens have not yet arisen.

In order to explain this altered form of European states, we have to go back to remote periods, and trace their origin.

When the northern nations took possession of Germany and the Roman empire, they were composed of none but freemen, who had voluntarily joined the alliance that went in search of conquests, and who, sharing alike the labors and dangers of the war, had a like title to the lands that were to be the rewards of the campaign. Single bands obeyed the orders of a chieftain; many chieftains and their bands obeyed a general or prince, who led the army. Though equally free, there were three distinct orders or classes, and it was in accordance with this classification, or perhaps proportionately to the bravery shown in battle, that the conquered lands and men were distributed. Each freeman had his share; the captain's share was larger; the general had the largest portion: but the lands remained free, like those who owned them; what was allotted to one, remained his forever, and with complete independence. It was the reward of his labor, and the service that entitled him to it, had already been performed.

The sword had to defend what the sword had conquered; and a single man was as incapable of protecting the conquered property as he would have been incapable of acquiring it alone. The warlike league must therefore hold together, even in peace; the captains and generals remained in command, and the accidental and temporary league of bands now became an organized nation of settlers, ready for battle in case of need, as they had been at the time of their warlike invasion.

* This Essay was published in the first volume of the Historical Memoir, but was discontinued on account of the sickness with which the author was afflicted at that time.

The possession of lands was attended with an inseparable obligation of submitting to the *army-ban*, in other words, of joining the general league which defended the whole, provided with an equipment, and accompanied by a number of followers proportionate to the extent of the lands he possessed; an obligation that was agreeable and honorable rather than oppressive, because it was conformable to the warlike inclinations of these nations, and was attended with important advantages. A landed estate and a sword, a freeman and his lance, were considered inseparable. When first taken possession of, the conquered lands were no wilderness. Howsoever cruelly the sword of these barbarous conquerors, and of their predecessors, the Vandals and Huns, had raged among the inhabitants, yet it had been impossible to extirpate them entirely. Many of them were comprehended in the distribution of booty and lands, and it was their fate now to cultivate, in the capacity of serfs, the fields they had formerly owned as masters. The same lot fell upon the large number of prisoners whom the conquering bands had taken on their expeditions, and now carried off as serfs. The state now was composed of freemen and slaves, of owners and owned. This second class owned no property, and consequently had none to protect; for this reason it never carried a sword; it had no vote in political meetings. The sword ennobled, because it symbolized liberty and property.

The distribution of lands resulted unequally, because it was decided by lot, and because the captain had obtained a larger portion than the common man, the general a larger portion than the rest. Hence his income was larger than he needed; he had an abundance which he might employ for the gratification of his sensual delights. The highest ambition in those times consisted in being accompanied by select bands, and in being feared by the neighbor; a numerous band of warlike followers was the most magnificent exhibition of wealth and power, and the most infallible means of increasing both. The excess of land could not be invested more profitably than in purchasing warlike companions capable of spreading a halo around their leader, of helping him to defend his own, of avenging his insults, and in fighting by his side in battle. For this reason the captain and the prince alienated certain pieces of land, and ceded the usufruct thereof to less opulent owners of estates, who had to bind themselves in return to certain warlike services that had nothing to do with the defense of the state, and only concerned the person of the lending owner. If the latter was no longer in need of such services, or if the recipient was no longer able to render them, the usufruct of the lands ceased. This system of lending lands was conditional and changeable, a mutual agreement, made either for a fixed number of years, or for life, and ending at death. A piece of property lent in this way was termed a benefice (*beneficium*) in contradistinction to *free* property (*allodium*), which was not possessed through the bounty of another person, under certain conditions or for a time, but by right, without any other obligation than the army-ban, and forever. In the Latin of those times, such a benefice was termed *feudum*,

perhaps because the recipient had to render faith (*fidem*) to the lender in return for the land; in German *lehen* (borrowed land), because the land was lent, not given in perpetuity. Every one who owned property had a right to lend it; the relation of feudal lords and vassals was not suspended by any other agreement. Even kings were invested with land by their subjects. Such borrowed land might be lent further, and the vassal of one might be the feudal lord of another, but the supreme feudal authority of the first lender extended throughout the whole line of vassals, were it ever so long. No serf, for instance, could be manumitted by his immediate feudal chief, unless the supreme feudal lord gave his consent.

The ecclesiastical government of the Christian church having been introduced, together with Christianity, among the new European nations, the bishops, the deans and the cloisters soon found means to operate upon the superstition of the masses and the generosity of kings. Rich donations were made to the churches, and the vastest estates were sometimes cut up for the purpose of numbering the saint of some cloister among one's heirs. It was firmly believed that, by making a present to God's servants, the present was made to God himself; but he too had to submit to the obligation that was coupled with the possession of landed estate in every instance; like every other vassal he had to furnish his quota of men in case he was summoned to do so, and the worldly rulers demanded that the first in rank should likewise be the first on the spot. Since every thing that was given to the church was ceded to it forever and irrevocably, the estates of the church were distinguished from common fiefs that were only granted for a certain period, after the lapse of which they were to return to the lender. On the other hand they partook of the character of common fiefs in this, that they were not transmitted from father to son like allodial estates, because the sovereign intervened at the decease of the present owner, and exercised his sovereign authority by the investiture of the new bishop. It might therefore be said that the estates of the church were allodial property as far as the estates themselves were concerned, which never went back to the original lender, and benefices with regard to the actual owner, who was not hereditary but elective. He obtained the estate as a fief, and owned it as allodial property.

There was a fourth kind of property that was received as a fief, and which involved feudal obligations. The army-leader, who may now be called a king, upon his permanent soil, had a right to appoint chiefs for the people, to settle disputes, to commission judges, and to maintain public order and tranquillity. He retained this right and this duty even in peace, after he had effected his conquest, because the nation kept up its warlike organization. He therefore appointed captains over the provinces, whose business it was at the same time to lead the armed force furnished by his province for warlike purposes; and, inasmuch as he could not be present everywhere for the purpose of settling disputes and pronouncing sentence, he had to appoint representatives in the various districts, who executed the supreme judicial power

in his name. He appointed dukes over the provinces, margraves over the border-districts, counts over the counties or *Gauen*, cent-graves over smaller districts, and so forth, and these offices were distributed upon the same terms as feudal property. They were as little hereditary as feudal estates, and, like these, could be transferred by the sovereign from one person to another. Not only offices, but certain revenues, such as fines, duties, and the like, were granted as fiefs.

What the king did in the Empire, that was done by the high clergy in their domain. The possession of lands obliged them to warlike and judicial functions that did not harmonize with the dignity and purity of the ecclesiastical vocation. Hence they were forced to transfer these duties to other parties who were invested, in return for such services, with the usufruct of certain landed property, judicial fines and other revenues. An archbishop, bishop, or abbot, was in his domain, that which the king was in the state. He held advocates or bailiffs, officers and vassals, tribunals and a treasury; even kings did not deem it beneath their dignity to become the vassals of their bishops and prelates who did not fail to point this out as an advantage which the clergy had a right to claim over the worldly authority. It is no wonder that the popes did not hesitate to designate the man whom they had crowned as Emperor, as their lieutenant. By keeping the double relation of kings as *barons* and as *chiefs of the Empire* steadily in view, these apparent contradictions can easily be reconciled.

The dukes, margraves, and counts, whom the king appointed as military chieftains and judges of the provinces, required a certain amount of military power, in order to be prepared for the external defense of the provinces, in order to maintain their authority against the unruly spirit of the barons, and enforce obedience to their laws and submission to their judicial verdicts by force of arms, if necessary. With the office itself no power was granted; the royal officer had to obtain this by such means as he could make available. On this account, the less opulent freemen remained excluded from such offices as became the exclusive property of a small number of high barons who owned a sufficient amount of allodial estates, and could equip a sufficient number of vassals to maintain themselves with their own means. This was especially necessary in border-countries, or in countries where a powerful and warlike nobility resided. It became more necessary from year to year, in proportion as the decay of the royal authority led to anarchy, private feuds became prevalent, and the love of pillage was encouraged by lawlessness; hence the clergy who were principally exposed to these robberies, looked for their vassals and warlike guardians among the more powerful barons. The high vassals of the crown were at the same time rich barons or owners of land, and had vassals under them, whose arm they could depend upon. They were *vassals* of the crown, and feudal lords of their own under-vassals; the former relation made them dependent, whereas the latter excited in them the spirit of arbitrary power. Upon their estates they ruled like sovereign princes; but by

their feudal relations their hands were tied; the former were transmitted from father to son, the latter went back to the feudal lord at the death of their occupant. Such a contradictory relation could not last long. The powerful crown-vassal soon showed a disposition to convert the fief into allodial property, to rule with unlimited power on his own estates, as well as on his feudal domain, and to secure its possession to his descendants by the legitimate right of inheritance. Instead of representing the king in the duchy or county, he aimed at representing himself, and he had dangerous means at hand to accomplish his purpose. The very resources which he obtained from his allodial estates; the warlike army of vassals that he was able to muster, and which enabled him to serve the crown, made him both a dangerous and unsafe instrument of its power. If he possessed many allodial estates in the province which he held as a fief, or where he filled judicial functions (from which cause the fief had been chiefly granted to him), the largest number of freemen who resided in this province, generally were his dependents. Either they held land from him in fief, or else they had to connive at his doings lest this powerful neighbor should become dangerous to them. As a judge of their disputes, he frequently controlled their prosperity, and as the king's governor he had it in his power to either oppress or relieve them. If the kings omitted to remind the people, by which name we always have to understand the arm-bearing freemen and the inferior owners of estates, of their authority by frequent journeys through the provinces, by the exercise of their supreme judicial power and other means; or if they were prevented by enterprises out of the empire, how could it be otherwise than that the high barons should finally appear to the inferior freemen as the only hand from which they might expect punishments or rewards; and, inasmuch as in every system where subordination is a characteristic feature, the nearest apprehension is felt most keenly, the high nobility could not fail soon to acquire over the lower an influence that must place the whole power of the latter at the disposal of the former. Hence, in case of a dispute between the king and his vassal, the latter might depend much more certainly upon the assistance of his under-vassals than the king, and this advantage enabled him to bid defiance to the crown. Now it was too late, or too dangerous to snatch the fief from him or from his heir, since he might have defended it, in case of need, with all the power of the province; and thus the monarch had to be content, if the two powerful vassals still left him the shadow of the supreme feudal authority, and condescended to receive the investiture of an estate that he had appropriated to himself by his own power. All that has been said here of the crown-vassals, is likewise applicable to the officers and vassals of the clergy who occupied the same position as the kings in this, that powerful barons held feudal property under them.

In this way offices obtained by investiture, and feudal estates, were gradually converted into hereditary possessions, and vassals were distinguished from real owners only by the appearance

of vassalage, the semblance of which alone remained. Many feudal estates and offices became hereditary for the reason that the causes which had induced the investiture of the father, still continued with the son and grandson. If the German king invested a Saxon magnate with the Duchy of Saxony, because he owned a number of allodial estates in this province and was especially able to protect it, the same reason applied to the son of the magnate who inherited those estates. If this succession had been repeated a number of times, it became a custom which it was no longer possible to overturn without an extraordinary occasion, or without the use of force. Even at later periods, it is true, such fiefs were taken back, but from the manner in which this is related by historians, we have a right to infer that such acts were exceptions rather than the rule. It should be added, that this change took place in different countries sooner or later, more or less universally.

After the fiefs had been converted into hereditary possessions, the relation of the sovereign to the nobility underwent material changes. As long as the sovereign could take back the fief in order to grant it again to whomsoever he pleased, the inferior nobility was frequently reminded of the throne, and he was less firmly attached to his immediate liege, because the monarch's arbitrary power and the death of the liege might sever the bond at any time. But as soon as the hereditary character of the fief became an established fact, the vassal saw that he was working for his own descendants by attaching himself firmly to his liege-lord. As the bond between the powerful vassals and the crown became relaxed in consequence of the fiefs becoming hereditary, so it became more firmly established between the vassals and their tenants. Finally, the only bond between the large fiefs and the crown, was the person of the crown-vassal, who very frequently had to be asked a number of times before he showed himself willing to render the services which his office bound him to discharge.

GENERAL SURVEY

OF THE

MOST MEMORABLE POLITICAL EVENTS

AT THE TIME OF FREDERICK I.*

THE violent struggles of the empire against the church, which rendered the reigns of Henry IV. and V. so stormy, had finally, in the year 1122, terminated in a passing peace. The compact which Henry V. had concluded with Pope Calixtus II. seemed to have extinguished the smouldering fire which some unforeseen event might again have fanned into a flame. Through the consistent policy of Gregory VII. and his successors, ecclesiastical and temporal interests had

become perfectly distinct from each other, and the church formed within the state a separate and even hostile system. Even the precious right of the throne to reward deserving servants by conferring upon them the episcopal dignity, and to attach them by such distinctions to their own persons as friends, had been lost by the emperors, even in appearance, in consequence of the elective franchises granted by the emperors. Nothing remained to them of this precious privilege except to invest the bishop elect, previous to his consecration, with his temporal dignity, by means of the sceptre. The ring and crosier, the consecrated emblems of the episcopal office, must no longer be touched by the unchaste and blood-stained hand of a layman. It was only when the chapter could not agree upon the election of a bishop, that the emperors still reserved to themselves the exercise of their power, and the disagreements of the electors afforded them frequent opportunities to do so. But even this scanty remnant of imperial power was a stumbling-block to the ambition of the popes, and the *servant of the servants of God* made it his most important business to degrade by his side the Lord of the world as deeply as possible.

The most dangerous position in the Christian church was undoubtedly the throne of Germany; against this institution the papal power contended with all the thunders it could dispose of, with all the snares of its secret policy. The constitution of Germany facilitated the pope's triumph over the emperor, which became all the more brilliant the more effulgent the imperial dignity had become. Every German prince who had been elected to the throne of Germany, became the pope's enemy on this very account. He might have looked upon himself as a victim adorned to die. With the imperial purple he had to assume duties that were incompatible with the pope's plan of aggrandizing himself, and upon whose fulfillment he staked his imperial honor and his authority in the empire. His imperial dignity imposed upon him the duty of maintaining his dominion over Italy, and even within the walls of Rome; in Italy the pope was unwilling to tolerate a master, the Italians rejected equally foreign as well as priestly power. He had therefore to choose between sacrificing the privileges of the imperial throne, or battling against the pope, and renouncing peace to the last day of his life.

It is worth our while to inquire why even the most politic emperors so obstinately insisted upon enforcing the claims of Germany upon Italy, notwithstanding it had become evident by abundant experience that the trifling benefit did not justify the extraordinary sacrifices; notwithstanding every Italian expedition was impeded by the Germans themselves, and the worthless crowns of Lombardy and the empire had to be acquired at such an enormous price. The uniformity of this conduct cannot be satisfactorily accounted for upon the score of ambition; very probably the recognition of their authority by the Italians had a marked influence upon their authority in Germany, and they may have needed this moral assistance when they ascended

* This Essay may be found, unfinished, in the third volume of the Historical Memoirs, first division. The subject was not continued, in consequence of the illness of which the author was suffering at that time.

the throne by election, without being supported by hereditary right. Be the profits what they would, the income from the conquered provinces was scarcely sufficient to meet the expenses of the expedition, and these sources of revenue ceased as soon as the sword was returned to the scabbard.

Ten electors, who now for the first time were constituted a special committee among the princes of the empire, met after the demise of Henry V., for the purpose of electing an emperor. Three princes, who were at that time the most powerful in Germany, were proposed as candidates: Duke Frederick of Swabia, son-in-law of the late emperor; Margrave Leopold of Austria, and Lothar, Duke of Saxony. But the fate of the two preceding emperors had surrounded the imperial name with so many terrifying difficulties, that Leopold and Lothar begged the electors on their knees and with tears in their eyes, to keep them clear of this dangerous honor. Duke Frederick alone remained; but an indiscreet expression used by the prince seemed to imply that he regarded his relationship to the late emperor as conferring upon him a legitimate claim to the imperial dignity. Three times in succession the sceptre of the empire had descended from the father to the son, and there was danger lest the elective franchise of the magnates of the empire should be superseded by an hereditary right of succession to the throne. But in such a case the freedom of the German princes was gone; a firm hereditary throne would resist the attacks which rendered it so easy for turbulent vassals to shake the ephemeral structure of an elective empire. The artful policy of the popes had only recently directed the attention of the princes to this feature of public law, and had encouraged them to maintain their privileges which perpetuated the disorder in Germany, though the power of the popes was strengthened thereby. The slightest regard had to relationship in the election of a new emperor, might again endanger the elective franchise, and renew the abuse from which the country had just been delivered. These considerations were uppermost in the minds of the electors when Duke Frederick preferred his claims of hereditary succession to the imperial throne. It was therefore determined to bid defiance to hereditary right by a decisive blow, so much more as the Archbishop of Mentz, who directed the business of election, sought to gratify a personal revenge under cover of the public welfare. Lothar of Saxony was unanimously elected to the imperial throne; upon the shoulders of the princes he was carried into the assemblage amid tumultuous applause, and was at once recognized by most of the estates of the empire. After some hesitation the election was likewise confirmed by Duke Henry of Bavaria, Frederick's brother-in-law, and by his bishops. Finally Duke Frederick himself made his appearance in order to acknowledge the new emperor.

Lothar was as well-intentioned as he was brave and statesmanlike. His conduct under the two previous reigns had gained for him the universal respect of Germany. Since he had defended the liberty of the country in several battles against Henry IV. there was so much less danger of his

being tempted to oppress the country while seated upon the throne. For more safety he was bound by oath to observe a certain compact which confined his power in ecclesiastical as well as in temporal things within very narrow limits. Although Lothar had been urged, apparently against his inclination, to accept the imperial crown, yet in order to ascend the throne he actually degraded its majesty.

However much this prince had exerted himself whilst duke, to diminish the imperial authority, yet the purple changed his sentiments. He had an only daughter, who inherited his large estates in Saxony, and by whose hand he might elevate his future son-in-law to the rank of a powerful prince. Since he was no longer permitted, in his capacity of emperor, to govern the duchy of Saxony, he was enabled to add this important fief to his daughter's dowry. Not content with this arrangement, he selected for his son-in-law the powerful Duke Henry of Bavaria, who united in his own hand the duchies of Bavaria and Saxony. Lothar, who had selected Henry as his successor on the throne, and who sought to put down the house of Swabia and Franconia which was alone capable of holding the dangerous power of that prince in check, betrayed most plainly his intention of aggrandizing the *imperial* power at the expense of the *Estates*.

Henry of Bavaria who had become the son-in-law of the emperor, changed his political system in accordance with his new relations. Having been heretofore a zealous partisan of the Hohenstaufen, to whom he was related, he now joined the party of the emperor who sought to destroy the former. Frederick of Swabia, and Conrad of Franconia, who were brothers, representing the house of the Hohenstaufen, grandsons of the emperor Henry IV., and the natural heirs of his son, had appropriated all the hereditary estates of the Salian-Franconian dynasty, among which there were several that had been received in exchange for portions of the imperial domain, or that had been confiscated from estates placed under the ban of the empire. Soon after his coronation, Lothar promulgated a decree declaring all such lands escheated to the imperial fisc.

The Hohenstaufen brothers not minding Lothar's decree, he indicted them as disturbers of the public peace, and marched an imperial army against them. A new civil war devastated Germany which had scarcely commenced to recover from the distress caused by previous conflicts. The city of Nuremberg was besieged by the emperor, although in vain, because the Hohenstaufen hastened to the rescue. Spire, the sacred soil where the bones of the Franconian emperors repose, was likewise garrisoned.

Conrad of Franconia attempted a much bolder enterprise. He was beguiled into accepting the title of King of Germany, and hastened to Italy with an army in order to dispute the rank against his rival who had not yet been crowned. The city of Milan opened to him her gates without opposition, and Anselmo, who officiated as the archbishop of this cathedral, placed the Lombardian crown upon Conrad's head, in the city of Monza. In Tuscany he was recognized by the powerful

nobility of this state as their king. But Milan's recognition alienated all the states that were opposed to this city; and since his opponent was moreover favored by Pope Honorius II., who excommunicated him, his main object, the imperial crown, remained unattained, and he left Italy as speedily as he had entered it. In the mean while Lothar had laid siege to the city of Spire and took it, after Frederick had vainly endeavored to relieve the place, in spite of the brave defense of the citizens whom the presence of the Duchess of Swabia inflamed to the most heroic resistance. The united power of the emperor and that of his son-in-law was too much for the Hohenstaufen. Their fortified arsenal, the city of Ulm, having been conquered and laid in ashes by the Duke of Bavaria, and the emperor himself marching against them with an army, they finally resolved to submit. At the diet of Bamberg, Frederick threw himself at the emperor's feet and was pardoned; Conrad was similarly pardoned at Mulhausen, both on condition that they should accompany the emperor to Italy.

A few years previous, Lothar had undertaken his first expedition to Italy, where his presence had become necessary in consequence of an important split in the Roman church. Honorius II. having died in the year 1130, it had been agreed, in order to prevent the feuds that were expected to arise from the divided state of public opinion, to intrust the election of a new pope to eight cardinals. Five of these elected in secret caucus Cardinal Gregory, a former monk, who gave himself the name Innocent III. Not satisfied with this election, the remaining three raised a certain Peter Leonis, the grandson of a christened Jew, to the papacy. He was known by the name Anaclete II. Both popes endeavored to obtain partisans. On the side of the latter were the remaining clergy of the Roman diocese, and the nobles of the city; moreover he managed to win over to his side the Italian Normans, terrible adversaries who resided in the vicinity of Rome. Innocent fled from the city where his opponent had the upper hand, and confided his person and his cause to the orthodoxy of the king of France. The opinion of a single individual, the abbot Bernhard of Clairvaux, who declared the cause of pope Innocent as the most righteous, was sufficient to procure for him the homage of France. He was brilliantly received in this kingdom whose citizens overwhelmed him with the most generous liberality. The weight of Bernhard's recommendation which had laid the French nation prostrate at his feet, likewise subjected England to his authority, and the German emperor Lothar was easily persuaded that the Holy Ghost had presided at Innocent's election. A personal interview with this emperor at Liege resulted in the latter leading the pope back to Rome at the head of a small army.

The opposition-pope Anaclete wielded the sceptre in this city. The people and nobility were determined to defend themselves to the utmost. Every palace, every church was a citadel; every street was a battle-field; every weapon which happened to be within the reach of enraged passion, was made available. Every passage had to be opened

with the sword, and Lothar's feeble army was insufficient to conquer a city where every house was ready to become the tomb of the stranger. It was the custom to perform the coronation of the emperor in the cathedral of St. Peter, and whatever was customary, was sacred in Rome; but this cathedral as well as the castle del Angelo, was in possession of the enemy who could not be driven away by Lothar's limited numbers. After a long delay it was finally resolved to crown the emperor in the church of St. John Lateran.

The reader may remember that the emperor marched to Rome on behalf of the pope; he demanded his coronation not as a suppliant, but as the protector of the pope who could never have executed this ceremony but for Lothar's powerful arm. Nevertheless Innocent showed all the papal headstrongness of a Hildebrand; in the midst of rebellious Rome, behind the emperor's shield who defended him against the murderous fury of his antagonists, he dictated terms to his protector. Lothar's predecessor had reclaimed as an imperial fief the extensive domain which Mathilde, margravine of Tuscany, had bequeathed to the Romish See, and in the convention which terminated the dispute concerning the investiture of bishops, Pope Calixtus II. had omitted all allusion to this secret sore, in order not to place new difficulties in the way of a reconciliation with the emperor. Innocent now brought up these claims of the Papal See to Mathilde's inheritance, and, finding the emperor inexorable, took at least measures to secure them for his successors. The pope granted the possession of Mathilde's estates by investiture, caused the emperor to take the oath of allegiance to the Papal See regarding them, and took care to perpetuate this act of vassalage by a painting, which was not very flattering to the imperial name.

It was not the Roman soil, not the sight of the solemn monuments that might remind one of Rome's imperial greatness; it was not the stirring memory of his ancestors, or the soul-fettering presence of an assembly of Roman prelates who might have been the witnesses and judges of his conduct; it was not this that inspired the pope with firmness and courage; even whilst a *fugitive* upon German soil, he had not denied the *Romish spirit*. Even at Liege, where he presented himself before the emperor as a suppliant; where he admitted his obligations to this emperor for a recent favor, and expected another still greater favor of this monarch, he had obliged him to take back a modest request to have the right of investiture restored to the crown. Contrary to the express compact which secured the peace between the Church and the Empire, the pope had consecrated the Archbishop of Treves before this prelate had been invested by the emperor with the temporal dignity of his office. In the very heart of Germany, where the pope did not even possess the shadow of authority without the emperor's express consent, he had dared to infringe upon the privileges of the crown.

From such conduct, the spirit that animated the Papal See, and the unshakable firmness with which every pope sought to favor the papal interest at the sacrifice of all personal relations, are

strikingly evident. Emperors and kings, enlightened statesmen and unyielding warriors were known to yield to the urgent necessity of circumstances and to violate their principles; a pope was seldom or never known to be guilty of such inconsistencies. Even while wandering about in a state of destitution, deprived of every foot of land in Italy, without friends, and depending upon the charity of strangers, he held on firmly to the privileges of his See and of the Church. Whereas every other political power has at times suffered through the unfitness of those who had the public business in charge, the Church and her chief were scarcely ever affected by such weaknesses. However the popes may have differed in temperament, mode of thinking and capacity, they pursued the same policy with unwavering firmness and uniformity. Their office did not seem to be affected by their capacity, their temperament or mode of thinking; their personality was absorbed as it were by the papal character, and the passions were extinguished by the triple crown. Although the chain of succession was broken at the death of every pope, and had to be reunited by the ascension of a new one; although no known throne changed its occupant as often or as tumultuously as the Papal See, yet this was the only Christian throne that never seemed vacated, because only the popes died, but the spirit that animated them was immortal.

Scarcely had Lothar left Italy, when Innocent was again obliged to yield the field to his adversaries. Accompanied by St. Bernhard, he fled to Pisa, where he solemnly cursed, in public council, both the opposition-pope and his partisans. This anathema was especially directed against King Roger of Sicily, who powerfully seconded the cause of Anaclete, and raised the courage of his partisans by the rapid progress which the King's arms made in Lower Italy.

The history of Sicily and Naples, and that of the Normans,—the new possessors of this country,—being intimately connected with the history of that century, and inasmuch as Otto von Freysingen and Anna Comnena have directed our attention to the Norman conquests, it is in keeping with the object of this essay to go back to the origin of this new power, and to give a brief history of its progress.

The south and west of Europe had scarcely recovered from the violent convulsions that fashioned their new political existence, when the north, in the ninth century, again filled the south with anxiety. These new swarms of barbarians were poured forth by the islands and shore-lands that are now swayed by the Danish sceptre. They were called Normans, men of the north; the Western Ocean hastened and concealed their surprising and terrifying advent. As long as the genius of Charlemagne watched over the empire of the Franks, the enemy who menaced its safety was not even suspected. Numerous fleets guarded every port, and the mouth of every river; his strong arm offered equal resistance to the Arabian pirates in the south and to the Normans in the west. But this protecting wall which encircled all the coasts of the Frankish Empire,

having fallen under his weak sons, the enemy invaded the defenseless country like a devastating torrent. All the inhabitants of the Aquitanian shore-lands experienced the rapacious greed of these foreigners; suddenly, as if spit up from the abyss, they appeared, and as suddenly the boundless ocean shielded them again from persecution. Bolder bands, who did not find any booty on the pillaged coasts, navigated along the banks of the rivers, and carried off every species of moveable property; the oxen harnessed to the plow, the workmen on the field, and hosts of human beings, were carried off into bondage. The wealth of the interior excited their cupidity more and more, the feeble resistance increased their boldness, and the short respite which they allowed to the inhabitants, brought them back more numerous and more greedily than ever.

No help could be expected against these ever-returning enemies, from a vacillating throne that had been disgraced by a succession of impotent shadows, in the place of kings, the worthless descendants of Charlemagne. Instead of the barbarians being received with iron, they were bought off with gold, and the future peace of the kingdom was risked in order to gain a little rest. The feudal anarchy had loosened the band that might have united the nation against a common enemy, and the bravery of the nobles was used for the ruin instead of for the protection of the state.

One of the boldest leaders of the barbarians, Rollo, had taken the city of Rouen, and, determined to maintain his conquests, had made this place his fortified arsenal.

Weakness, and an urgent necessity, led Charles the Simple, under whose sway France was now languishing, to the expedient of laying this barbarian leader under obligations toward himself by the bonds of gratitude, of parentage, and religion. He offered him his daughter as a wife, and gave him as a dowry the shore-lands that were most exposed to the devastations of the Normans. A bishop conducted the business; all that the Norman was expected to do, was to embrace the Christian religion. Rollo convoked his corsairs, and left the settlement of his scruples to their judgment. The offer was too seductive not to overcome their northern superstition. Any religion was acceptable that did not extinguish bravery. The greatness of the gain hushed every objection of the conscience. Rollo received baptism, and one of his companions was sent to kiss the king's foot, agreeably to the act of homage.

Rollo deserved to be the founder of a state; his laws effected a marvelous change among this nation of pirates. They threw away their oars, in order to seize the plow, and the new home became dear to them as soon as they had commenced to reap a harvest. The uniformity and gentle rhythm of rural life gradually quieted the spirit of restlessness and pillage, and tamed the naturally fierce temper of this people. The Normandy flourished under Rollo's laws, and it had to be a barbarian conqueror who taught the descendants of Charlemagne to resist their vassals, and to render their people happy. Since Normans watched the west shore of France, the country

need no longer apprehend an invasion of Norman hordes, and the degrading expedient suggested by weakness, became a blessing to the kingdom.

The warlike spirit of the Normans did not degenerate in their new country. This province of France became the seminary of brave youths who issued forth at different periods in two heroic swarms, immortalizing themselves at two opposite extremities of Europe, and founding brilliant empires. Norman knight-errants, in search of fortune, subjected lower Italy and the island of Sicily to their dominion, and founded a monarchy which caused both Rome and Byzantium to tremble. A Norman duke it was who conquered the British islands.

Among all the provinces of Italy, Apulia, Calabria, and the island of Sicily had been the most unfortunate. Here, under the favored sky of Græcia Major, where Grecian culture flourished even at the earliest period, where the Hellenian settlements were kindly nursed by a genial climate; in the blessed isle, where the youthful republics of Agrigent, Gela, Leontium, Syracuse, Selinus, Himera, prided themselves in their playful freedom, anarchy and desolation had built up their throne at the end of the tenth century.

We are taught by a sad experience that the passions and vices of men are nowhere more licentious; that there is nowhere more misery than in the happy regions which Nature has endowed with paradisiacal bliss. Even in the earliest periods the love of plunder and conquest made this blissful isle the object of its fierce desires; not only was the most horrid tyranny brought forth under its life-quickenning sky; but the sea which had made this isle the centre of commerce, invited the hostile fleets of the Mamertians, the Carthaginians and Arabs to its coasts. A succession of barbarous nations had invaded this tempting region. The Greeks, expelled from upper and central Italy by the Longobards and Franks, had saved a shadow of power in these parts. The Longobards had spread as far as Apulia, and the Arabian corsairs had conquered for themselves homes in this isle, sword in hand. A barbarous mixture of idioms and customs, of dress and manners, of laws and religions, testified even now of their pernicious presence. Here the Longobardian, the Justinian and the Mohammedan law ruled in the courts. The same pilgrim who had eaten his morning-meal in the refectory of a convent, had to crave the hospitality of a Moslem at supper. The successors of St. Peter had not delayed in extending their pious arm after this promised land. Some German emperors had caused the imperial crown to be acknowledged in this part of Italy, and had marched through some districts with their conquering bands. Against Otto II. the Greeks formed an alliance with the hated Arabs, which became pernicious to this conqueror. Calabria and Apulia returned under Greek supremacy; but from the citadels that still were in the hands of the Saracens, armed bands frequently rushed forth, assisted by other Arabian swarms from adjacent Sicily, who indiscriminately pillaged Greeks and Romans. Under cover of the prevailing anarchy, every one appropriated what he

could lay his hands upon, and for this purpose leagued himself according as his interest might dictate, with Mohammedans, Greeks or Romans. Some cities, such as Gaëta and Naples, were governed by republican principles. Several Longobardian houses, seemingly dependent upon the Romish or Greek empire, exercised sovereign power in Benevento, Capua, Salerno, and other districts. The number and variety of chiefs, the sudden changes of boundaries, the distance and weakness of the Greek court, secured them impunity; national differences, religious hatred, the love of plunder, and the desire of dominion, unrestrained by law, perpetuated anarchy upon this soil, and fed the torch of unceasing war. The people knew not to-day who would be their master to-morrow, and the sower was uncertain who would reap his harvest.

This was the lamentable condition of lower Italy in the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, whereas Sicily enjoyed a less turbulent bondage, under the Arabian rule. The spirit of pilgrimage, which became active in the west toward the end of the tenth century, about the time when the last judgment was expected to take place, led, in the year 983, some sixty Norman pilgrims to Jerusalem. On their return home they landed at Naples and appeared in the neighborhood of Salerno at a period when the city was besieged by an Arabian army and the inhabitants were engaged in trying to get rid of the enemy by buying him off with gold.

It was very reluctantly that these warlike pilgrims had exchanged the cuirass for the pilgrim's pouch; the old spirit of battle was kindled anew at the sight of war. It seemed to them that vigorous blows upon the heads of the infidels were as good a preparation for the day of judgment as a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre. They offered their arm to the besieged Christians, and it may readily be supposed that the unexpected help was not refused. Accompanied by a small number of Salernians, the brave band threw themselves at night upon the hostile camp where the Saracens, not expecting an attack, were reveling in their debauch. Every thing yielded before the assault. The Saracens make a hasty retreat to their ships, abandoning their whole camp. Salerno had not only saved her treasures, but conquered moreover the enemy's booty; it was the work of sixty brave Normans. Such an important service merited the most distinguished gratitude, and satisfied with the liberal reward of the prince of Salerno, the heroic band returned home.

This adventure was not kept secret in Normandy. The beautiful sky and the productive soil of Naples, the unceasing war which kept the soldier busy and in power, the wealth of the feeble which became his easy prey: all this was pictured in glowing colors to the ears of a warlike youth. Very soon fresh bands of Normans landed in lower Italy, the paucity of whose numbers was compensated by their bravery. The mild climate, the rich pastures, the precious booty, offered irresistible attractions to a people that was not able to forget its piratical trade so readily in its new homes. The invaders were at any

body's service who chose to hire them ; they had come for the purpose of fighting, and it was a matter of indifference to them for whose cause they fought. They protected the Greek subjects against the tyranny of their governors ; they assisted the Longobardian princes in resisting the claims of the Greek court ; even the Saracens were repelled by Normans whom the Greeks hired for such a purpose. Romans and Greeks indiscriminately had cause alternately to fear and to praise the arm of these strangers.

In the city of Naples, a duke had seized the reins of government, who was greatly benefited by the bravery of the Normans, against a prince of Capua. In order to attach these useful adventurers to himself more and more firmly, and to secure to himself their valiant arm, he gave them land between Capua and Naples, where they founded the city of Aversa, in the year 1029, their first fortified possession upon Italian soil, which they had conquered by bravery, but not by force, and which was probably the only rightful property they possessed.

The Norman adventurers increased in numbers, as soon as a city inhabited by their own people opened to them its hospitable gates. Three brothers, William with the Iron Arm, Hunfred and Dragon, took leave of nine other brothers and of their father Tancred of Hauteville, in order to try the fortune of arms in the new colony. Their bellicose impatience did not wait long. The Greek governor of Apulia resolved to effect a landing in Sicily, and the brave hordes were invited to share the dangers of the campaign. A Saracen army was defeated and the leader was slain by Iron Arm. The strong aid of the Normans caused the Greeks to hope for the recovery of the whole island ; but their ingratitude toward their protectors deprived them even of the small territory which they still held on the continent of Italy. Their vengeance having been roused by the perfidious governor, the Normans turned against himself the arms they had wielded so triumphantly in his favor. The Greek possessions were attacked, and the whole of Sicily was conquered by only four hundred Normans. The unexpected booty was shared with a barbarian honesty. Without asking leave of the Apostolic See, or of the German or Greek Emperor, the victorious band proclaimed Iron Arm as Count of Apulia ; every Norman warrior obtained some town or village as a reward in the conquered country.

The unexpected fortune of the emigrant sons of Tancred soon excited the jealousy of the nine who had remained behind. The youngest of these nine, Guiscard the Cunning, had grown up to manhood, and he saw his future greatness loom up in the distance. With two other brothers he sailed to the promised land where principalities were acquired with the sword. The German emperors, Henry II. and III., were quite willing that these heroes should spill their blood in freeing Italy from the hated presence of foreign invaders. The emperors fancied that what the Greeks lost was a gain to themselves, and they rejoiced in seeing the brave Normans enrich themselves with Grecian plunder. But in proportion as they increased in number and met with success, their plans of

conquest became vaster, and, after having subdued the Greeks, they showed a desire to attack the Latin powers. These enterprising neighbors alarmed the pope. The duchy of Benevento, which Henry III. had made a present of to Pope Leo IX. not long ago, was threatened by the Normans. The pope invoked the aid of this powerful emperor against them ; but the emperor unable to subdue these warriors, contented himself with transforming them into vassals of the empire whose bravery was to serve as a bulwark against Greeks and infidels. Leo IX. employed against them the never-failing arms of the Apostolic See. The pope hurled his anathemas against them, a holy war was declared, and the soldiers of the church were headed by the pope and his bishops. But the Normans feared the strength of this army no more than they did the sacredness of its leaders. Accustomed to conquer in smaller numbers, they attacked the enemy without fear, cut down the Germans, dispersed the Italians, and took the pope himself prisoner. They treated the successor of St. Peter with the greatest respect, approached him on their knees, but all this did not shorten his captivity.

The occupation of Apulia was soon followed by the conquest of Calabria, and of the territory of Capua. The policy of the court of Rome, which, after several fruitless attempts, renounced the prospect of driving the Normans out of their possessions, at last adopted the wiser method of using them as instruments of increasing the papal power. In a convention made with Robert Guiscard at Amalfi, Pope Nicolas II. confirmed this conqueror in the enjoyment of Calabria and Apulia as papal fiefs, freed him from the ban of the church, and presented to him the banner as his supreme liege. If it was lawful for any power to reward Norman bravery with these principalities, it was certainly not lawful for the head of the church. Robert had not taken possession of any domain belonging to the first finder ; the provinces he had conquered by the sword, had been snatched from the Greek, or, if you please, from the German empire. But the successors of St. Peter have reaped at all times in the public confusion. The feudal dependence of the Normans upon the court of Rome was advantageous, not only to themselves, but likewise to the latter. The injustice of their conquests was now covered by the cloak of the church ; the feeble and scarcely-felt dependence upon the papal See withdrew them from the much more oppressive yoke of the German emperors, and the pope had converted his most terrible enemies into faithful supporters of his See.

Sicily was still divided among the Greeks and Saracens, but this rich island soon began to excite the cupidity of the Norman conquerors. This, too, was conferred by the pope upon his new clients, for he did not hesitate to draw meridians over the globe, and to grant even unknown continents. With the banner that had been consecrated by the holy father, the sons of Tancred, Guiscard and Roger, went over to Sicily and conquered this island in a short time. Reserving their religion and laws, the Greeks and Arabs did homage to Norman rule, and the new

conquest was left to Roger and his descendants. The subjugation of Sicily was soon followed by the taking of Benevento and Salerno, and by the expulsion of the dynasty ruling in the latter place. This event, however, interrupted the short peace with the Church of Rome, and kindled a violent struggle between Robert Guiscard and the pope. Gregory VII., the most despotic of all the popes, was unable to intimidate or to conquer a few Norman noblemen, vassals and neighbors of his See. They defied his anathemas, the frightful effects of which had prostrated an heroic and powerful emperor; the very insolence by which this pope increased the number of his enemies, and rendered their hatred against him implacable, made it so much more important for him to have a friend close to his doors. In order to bid defiance to kings and emperors, he had to cajole a lucky adventurer in the south of Italy. Very soon he needed his saving arm in the city of Rome. Besieged in his Castle del Angelo by Germans and Romans, he calls the duke of Apulia to his assistance. At the head of his Normans and of his Greek and Arabian vassals, he succeeds in freeing the head of the Latin church. Weighed down by the aversion of his age, whose peace was ruined by his love of dominion, this pope followed his preservers to Naples, and died at Salerno, under the protecting shield of Hauteville's sons.

The same Norman prince, Robert Guiscard, who struck terror into the minds of Italians and Sicilians, attacked the Greeks in Dalmatia and Macedonia, and even penetrated to the neighborhood of their capital. The feeble Greeks called to their aid against him the arms and fleets of the republic of Venice which had been terribly roused from her dreams of supremacy on the waves of the Adriatic Sea by the rapid progress of this new Italian power. Upon the island of Cephalonia his conquering ambition was arrested by death. His possessions in Greece, which he had conquered with his sword, were inherited by his son Bohemund, prince of Tarento, who equaled him in bravery, and surpassed him in the love of rule. He it was who shook the imperial throne of Byzantium; who cunningly rendered the fanaticism of the crusaders subservient to his projects of aggrandizement; who conquered for himself a considerable principality in Antiochia, and alone had remained free from the pious frenzy which possessed the other princes of the holy army. The Greek princess, Anna Comnena, depicts to us father and son as bandits without conscience, whose whole virtue resided in their blades. But Robert and Bohemund were the most terrible enemies of her house; hence her testimony is not sufficient to condemn these men. This same princess cannot forget that Bohemund, a simple nobleman and fortune-hunting knight, should have had the boldness of aspiring to a matrimonial union with the imperial dynasty of Constantinople. It is certainly remarkable that the sons of a poor nobleman of France should have left their homes with no other means than their own swords, that they should have robbed a kingdom, opposing popes and emperors by force and cunning, and should have re-

tained a sufficient surplus of power to shake foreign thrones.

Another son of Robert, named Roger, had succeeded him in his Calabrian and Apulian possessions; but his family died out forty years after Robert's death. The Norman states on the continent of Italy were now taken possession of by the Sicilian successors of his brother. Roger, count of Sicily, no less brave than Guiscard, but otherwise as benevolent and gentle as the latter prince was cruel and selfish, had the glory of conquering for his descendants a brilliant privilege. At a period when the pretensions of the popes threatened to swallow up all worldly power, when they snatched from the German emperors the right of investiture, and had violently separated the church from the state, a Norman nobleman maintained royal privileges in Sicily, which even emperors had had to give up. Count Roger extorted from the pope, for himself and his successors, the right to exercise upon his island the supreme power in spiritual things. The pope was hard pressed; in order to resist the German emperor, the friendship of the Norman was indispensable to him. He therefore was sufficiently cunning to yield to a neighbor whom it would have been madness to irritate. But in order to keep this concession distinct from the other royal prerogatives, and to impart to it the character of a papal favor, the pope declared the prince of Sicily his legate or spiritual lieutenant on the island. Roger's successors continued to exercise this right as hereditary legates of the Romish See, and the subsequent monarchs of Sicily claimed it ever afterward as the prerogative of their crown.

Roger the Second, son of the former, incorporated the states of Calabria and Apulia with the county of Sicily. This extension of his dominions emboldened him to place the royal crown upon his head in Palermo. All that was required in order to effect this result, was his own determination, and a sufficient force to carry it out against all opposition. But the same political superstition that had disposed the father and uncle to see their robbery of foreign lands sanctioned under cover of a papal donation, induced the nephew and son to resort to a similar consecration of the new dignity. The schism which had broken out in the church, favored Roger's intentions. He laid Pope Anaclete under obligations by recognizing the legitimacy of his election and pledging himself to defend it with his sword. In return for this favor, the grateful pope confirmed him in his new dignity, and invested him with the possession of Capua and Naples, which Roger made arrangements to unite with his new kingdom. But he could not befriend one pope without converting the other into his irreconcilable enemy. Blessed by one he was cursed by the other; his sword probably would have to decide whether the curse or the blessing would be effectual.

The new king of Sicily had need of all his discretion in order to meet the tempest that was gathering against him in the oriental and occidental empires. No less than four hostile powers, each of whom was considerable, had combined for his ruin. The republic of Venice, that had

already equipped fleets against Robert Guiscard, and assisted the Greek empire in its defense against this conqueror, armed likewise against his nephew, whose formidable navy contended with that of Venice for the supremacy of the Adriatic Sea. Roger had assailed this mercantile power on its most vulnerable side, by inflicting upon it the loss of a large sum of money, in the shape of merchandize. The Greek Emperor Kolojoannes had to avenge the loss of so many states in Greece and Italy, and the more recent robbery of Naples and Capua. The two courts of Venice and Constantinople sent ambassadors to the emperor Lothar for the purpose of exciting his enmity against the hated robber of their provinces. Pope Innocent, the most feeble of Roger's enemies, in point of warlike power, became his most dangerous adversary, through his bitter and active hatred, and the arms of the church, which he yielded with terrible effect. The emperor Lothar was persuaded that the Norman empire in lower Italy and the assumption by Roger of the royal office in Sicily, were incompatible with the supreme jurisdiction of the emperor over these provinces, and that it was the duty of the successor of the Ottos, to oppose the diminution of the empire.

By these arguments Lothar was induced to cross the Alps a second time, and to undertake an expedition against Roger.

His army now was more numerous; the flower of the German nobles fought for him, and the brave Guelphs were on his side. The Lombardian cities, accustomed to regulate their willingness to submit to the imperial sceptre by the power of the armies that marched under the emperor's banner, did homage to his irresistible sway. Milan opened her gates to him without resistance. He assembled a Diet on the Roncalian plain, and showed to the Italians their master. He then divided his army, one part penetrating into Tuscany under the command of Duke Henry of Bavaria, and the other, under his own, marching along the Adriatic coast, straightway to Apulia. The court of Constantinople and the republic of Venice had contributed men and money to this expedition. The city of Pisa, which was even at that period a considerable naval power, equipped a small fleet which was to follow the army along the shore for the purpose of assisting in the attack on the maritime cities.

The Norman power in Italy seemed lost. Not without sympathy, we behold the edifice which had been reared by the bravery of so many heroes and had been so visibly protected by fortune, incline to its ruin. The first operations of Lothar were crowned with success. Capua and Benevento had to surrender. The Apulian cities of Trani and Bari were conquered. The fleet of Pisa subdued Amalfi, Lothar, the city of Salerno. One pillar of the Norman power after the other is crushed; driven from the continent of Italy, the new king had to seek a last refuge in his island of Sicily.

It was the destiny of Tancred's house that the church was to work for it, with or without her will. Scarcely had Salerno been conquered when Innocent claimed this city as a papal fief. A sharp

dispute arose on this subject between the pope and the emperor. A similar quarrel sprung up with reference to Apulia, which it had been agreed should be governed by a duke whose investiture was disputed by Innocent against the emperor. In order to terminate this pernicious discussion, which had already lasted thirty days, it was arranged that both the pope and the emperor were simultaneously to touch the banner with which the vassal was presented during the act of investiture.

During this contention the war against Roger ceased, or, at any rate, was carried on with a good deal of remissness. This active prince gained time to recuperate his strength. Pisa, dissatisfied with the pope and the Germans, conducted its fleet home again. The time of service of the Germans had terminated; they had squandered their money, and the inimical influence of the Neapolitan sky commenced to devastate their camp. Their growing impatience called the emperor from the arms of victory. After his departure the conquered cities were lost again more speedily than they had been won. Already in Bononia, the emperor received the melancholy intelligence that Salerno had surrendered, that Capua had been retaken, and that the duke of Naples had gone over to the Normans. The possession of Apulia alone was maintained by the new duke of this province, in conjunction with a German corps, and the loss of this domain was the price which Roger had to pay for the preservation of the remainder of his kingdom.

After the death of Anaclete, Innocent who had become the sole chief of the church, convoked a council in the Vatican that annulled all the decrees of the opposition-pope, and again pronounced the ban of the church against Roger. Following Leo's example, Innocent marched against the Sicilian prince at the head of an army, but, like his predecessor he was totally defeated, and was moreover taken prisoner. The victorious Roger sought to conciliate the church, which seemed the more necessary since he was threatened with a new attack by Constantinople and Venice. The captive pope invested him with the kingdom of Sicily, and his two sons were recognized as the dukes of Capua and Apulia. Both he and they had to take the oath of allegiance to the pope, and pay an annual tribute to the Roman church. The claims of the German empire to these provinces, which had induced the emperor, through the pope's persuasion, to wage war against Roger, were not even touched upon in this convention; so little dependence could be placed by the German emperor upon the honesty of the popes as soon as these were no longer in need of the imperial assistance. Roger kissed his prisoner's slipper, conducted him back to Rome, and the peace between the Normans and the Apostolic See was completed. On his return to Germany, in the year 1137, the Emperor Lothar had ended his laborious and illustrious career in a poor hovel between the rivers Lech and Inn.

This emperor had undoubtedly designed to make his son-in-law, Duke Henry of Bavaria, his successor on the throne. He probably contemplated taking the necessary steps to this effect even

during his lifetime. But death surprised him before he had even commenced to move in the matter.

Henry of Bavaria had treated the princes of Germany with a good deal of pride, and had shown toward them an imperious disposition in the Italian campaign. Even now, after Lothar's death, he was not very anxious to obtain their friendship, and they, in turn, showed no signs of electing him to the throne. Quite different was the conduct of Conrad of Hohenstaufen, who had been present during the Italian campaign, and had won the German princes, and more especially the Archbishop of Treves. The recent stipulations concerning their elective franchises, were moreover too vividly remembered by the princes, and they deemed it of the utmost importance to avoid even the appearance of paying the least attention to hereditary rights. Henry's relationship to Lothar was therefore an additional reason why he should not be elected. All these considerations were heightened by the fear that his power, when united to the imperial dignity, might crush the liberties of the German empire.

The policy of the German princes was therefore reversed. The family of the Guelphs, to which Henry belonged, and which had been elevated under the previous reign, had to be put down, and the house of Hohenstaufen, which had been slighted by the former emperor, was again to be raised to honor. The Archbishop of Mentz had just died, and the election of a new archbishop should have preceded that of the emperor, for the reason that the archbishop acted an important part in the election of an emperor. But lest the large retinue of Saxon and Bavarian bishops and worldly vassals, by whom Henry would be surrounded on the day of election, should incline the majority of the electors in his favor, they hastened, even at the expense of regular proceedings, to make an election before Henry's arrival. Under the direction of the Archbishop of Treves, who was particularly well disposed toward the Hohenstaufen, the election was held at Coblentz in the year 1137. Duke Conrad was elected, and his coronation took place immediately after at Aix-la-Chapelle. The wheel of fortune had turned so rapidly that Conrad, whom the pope had excommunicated under the previous reign, now saw himself preferred to the son-in-law of an emperor who had done so much for the Papal See. Although Henry and the other princes who had not been consulted in the election, complained of this irregularity, yet the general dread of the supremacy of the Guelphian house, and the circumstance of the pope declaring in favor of the Hohenstaufen, induced the discontented to submit. Henry of Bavaria, who had possession of the insignia of the empire, delivered them up after a short opposition.

Conrad understood that he had to go further. The power of the Guelphian house had increased so much that its enmity might become just as dangerous to the peace of the empire, as the elevation of this house to the imperial throne might have proved dangerous to the franchises of the Estates. With such a vassal by his side, no emperor could govern quietly, and the empire was in danger of being torn by civil war. It therefore seeming ne-

cessary to diminish the power of this house, Conrad III. labored unceasingly to accomplish this end. He invited Henry to appear before the Diet of Augsburg, in order to clear himself of the accusations that had been preferred against him. Henry, deeming it inadvisable to appear, was put under the ban of the empire, after many fruitless negotiations, at a Diet held in the city of Wurtzburg; at another Diet held in Goslar, his two duchies, Saxony and Bavaria, were taken from him.

These speedy sentences were executed with equal promptitude. Bavaria was given to the Margrave of Austria, and Saxony to the Margrave of Brandenburg, Albert, surnamed the Bear. Bavaria was abandoned by duke Henry without resistance; but Saxony, he expected to save. A warlike nobility, devoted to his cause, was ready to fight for him; neither Albert, nor the emperor himself, who took up arms against him, was able to take this duchy from him. He was even on the point of reconquering Bavaria, when death called him from the scene, and put a stop to the civil war. Bavaria was now given to Henry, the brother and successor of Margrave Leopold of Austria, who attempted to fortify himself in the possession of this duchy by a matrimonial alliance with the widow of the late duke, a daughter of Lothar. The duchy of Saxony was restored to the son of the deceased duke, who afterward distinguished himself as Henry the Lion, and renounced Bavaria in return for the former restoration. By this arrangement, Conrad hushed the storms that had disturbed Germany, and threatened to disturb it much more, until he finally undertook a campaign to Italy, this ruling weakness of his age, which involved him in ruin.

NOTE.—A continuation of this treatise has been furnished in the fourth volume of the *Historical Memoirs* (first division) by the privy Counselor Von Woltmann, who, while professor in Jena, joined Schiller in 1795, in the publication of the first division of this memoir.

HISTORY OF THE DISTURBANCES IN FRANCE.

PRECEDING THE REIGN OF HENRY IV., TO THE DEATH OF CHARLES IX.*

THE reigns of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., had prepared a brilliant epoch for France. The campaigns which these princes had undertaken in Italy, had rekindled the heroic spirit of the French nobility, which had almost been extinguished by the despotism of Louis XI. A chivalric enthusiasm again inflamed the hearts, and was supported by a more perfect system of military tactics.

In warring against its inexperienced neighbors, the nation became acquainted with its own power. The monarchy had become consolidated, the constitution of the kingdom had assumed a more re-

* From the Collection of *Historical Memoirs*; second division; first, second, third, fourth, fifth and eighth volumes.

gular form. The insolence of the nobles, which had been a source of terror heretofore, had accommodated itself to the restrictions of a common obedience. Regular taxes and standing armies fortified and protected the throne, and the king was something more than an opulent nobleman in his kingdom.

It was in Italy that the power of this kingdom was seen for the first time. In this country the blood of its heroic sons was indeed shed in vain, but Europe could not refuse the tribute of admiration to a nation that defended itself with glory against five combined enemies. The light of the fine arts had shone upon Italy not long previous, and milder customs betrayed their ennobling influence. Soon their power over the insolent conquerors became manifest; the arts of Italy subdued the genius of the French, as the arts of Greece had formerly subdued its Roman conquerors. Soon they traveled across the Alps of Savoy, which warlike legions had to traverse first. Protected by an intelligent king, and supported by the art of printing, they soon spread on the grateful soil of France. The dawn of civilization illumed the horizon; France hastened with rapid strides toward her. The new opinions broke out and sadly arrested this fair beginning. The spirit of intolerance and sedition extinguished the feeble glimmer of civilization, and the torch of fanaticism set the world in a blaze. This miserable country was more deeply than ever hurled back again into its former barbarism, the victim of a long and pernicious civil war which had been kindled by ambition, and was fanned by religious frenzy into a universal conflagration.

With howsoever keen an interest the new ideas were embraced by one half of Europe, and rejected by another; howsoever powerful a motive for action religious fanaticism is in itself: yet it was particularly worldly passions that were active in this great event, and political circumstances that backed up the contending religions. We know that, in Germany, Luther and his doctrines were favored by the mistrust of the Estates in the increasing power of Austria; the hatred of Spain, and the dread of the Inquisition, increased the number of Protestants in the Netherlands. In Sweden, Gustavus Vasa extirpated a fearful faction together with the dominant church, and upon the ruin of this church, the British Elizabeth erected more firmly the superstructure of her unstable throne. A succession of weak-minded kings, many of whom were not of age; a wavering political system, the jealousy and rivalry of the magnates of the kingdom, who desired to obtain possession of the government, helped to advance the new religion in France.

If this religion is now prostrate in France, and if it now rules in one half of Germany, in England, in the North and Netherlands, this result cannot be traced to the cowardice or indifference of its champions; nor is it owing to the absence of attempts to secure the supremacy of the new creed. A violent and long-lasting fermentation kept the fate of this kingdom in suspense; foreign influence, and the accidental circumstance of a new and indirect succession to the throne, which took place at that time, had to decide the

destruction of the Calvinistic church in the French kingdom.

Already in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the new doctrines which Luther taught in Germany, found their way to the French provinces. Neither the censorship of the Sorbonne in 1521, nor the decrees of the parliament of Paris, nor even the anathemas of the bishops were sufficient to arrest the rapid favor with which these doctrines were received by the people, by the nobility, and by a number of the clergy. The vivacity with which the sanguine and intelligent people of France treated every novelty, characterized the proceedings of both the partisans and the adversaries of the new ideas. The warlike reign of Francis I., and his understanding with the German Protestants did not contribute a small share toward securing a rapid circulation of Luther's innovations among the French people. In vain were fire and sword resorted to in Paris; this had no better effect than in the Netherlands, in Germany and England; the wooden piles which were kindled by a fanatical spirit of persecution, only served to illumine the heroic faith and glory of its victims.

In attacking the dominant church, the Reformers used arms that were far more effectual than the blind zeal of the superior numbers of their opponents. Taste and intelligence fought on the side of the former; ignorance and pedantry were the weapons of the latter. The immorality and profound ignorance of the Catholic clergy offered vulnerable weaknesses to the attacks of the Protestant orators and authors; it was impossible to read the satires which these adversaries of the ruling church launched against the general corruption of her servants, without being impressed with the conviction that a reform was absolutely necessary. The reading public was inundated, day after day, with writings of this kind, in which the ruling vices of the court and clergy were depicted with more or less truthfulness, and exposed to the indignation, the detestation, and ridicule of the people, whereas the dogmas of the new church were presented with all the gracefulness of style, with all the charms and the mighty power of a beautiful sublimity, and with the irresistible fascinations of simple and unadorned forms. If these masterpieces of eloquence and wit were devoured with impatience, the absurd or pompous refutations of the opposite party were not calculated, to cause any other feelings than those of ennui. In a short time the reformed religion had conquered the most enlightened portion of the public, which constituted an undeniably more brilliant majority than the numerically superior crowd that favored the adversaries of the former.

The continued rage of persecution finally obliged the oppressed Protestants to appeal to the protection of Queen Margaret of Navarre, sister of Francis I. Taste and science were a sufficient recommendation in the eyes of this princess, who, appreciating the beautiful and the true, was easily won for the religion of her favorites, whose talents and knowledge she respected. This princess was surrounded by a brilliant circle of learned men, and the freedom of thought which ruled among this company, must necessa-

rily favor a doctrine whose first fruit had been the emancipation from the yoke of the papal hierarchy and superstition. At the court of this queen the oppressed religion found an asylum; she saved many a victim from the bloody spirit of persecution, and the still feeble number clung to this feeble branch as a help against the first storm, which otherwise might have overwhelmed the tender flock in one common ruin. The alliance which Francis I. had concluded with the Protestants in Germany, did not modify the measures he took against them in his own country. In every province, the sword of the Inquisition was drawn against them; at the very period when this equivocating king excited the princes of the Schmalkaldian alliance against his rival, Charles V., he permitted the blood-thirsty fury of the Inquisition to rage against their brethren, the Waldenses, with fire and sword. Barbarous and frightful, writes De Thou, was the sentence that had been pronounced against them; still more barbarous and more terrible was its execution. Twenty-two villages were laid in ashes, with a barbarity that would have shamed the most barbarous hordes. The wretched inhabitants, surprised at night, and driven from mountain to mountain amid the glare of their burning homes, escaped one ambush to fall into another one. The plaintive cries of the old, of the women and children, far from softening the brutal hearts of the soldiers, served only to reveal to these inhuman tigers the track of the fugitives, and to betray the victims of an insatiable and diabolical frenzy. More than seven hundred unfortunates were cruelly murdered in the single city of Cabrières; all the females of this place were suffocated in a burning barn, and those who attempted to jump from the upper windows were caught on pikes. Even the soil which the industry of these pious Protestants had converted into a paradise, was visited with destruction, on account of the pretended errors of its cultivators. Not only the houses were demolished; the trees, even, were cut down, the crops were destroyed, the fields laid waste, and the smiling country was transformed into a gloomy desert.

The indignation which this useless and unexampled cruelty excited, gained more converts for Protestantism than the inquisitorial zeal of the clergy was able to destroy. Every day the number of the Reformers increased, especially since Calvin had set up a new religious system in Geneva, had settled the wavering doctrinal opinions by his essay concerning the instruction in Christianity, had imparted more regularity to the divine service, and had united under a definite creed the rather loosely-coherent members of his church. In a short time, the more simple and rigid theology of the French apostle succeeded in superseding even Luther, and his doctrine was received with so much more favor the more it was purified of mysteries and troublesome rites, and the more it surpassed the Lutheran creed in separating itself from the Popish Church.

The carnage among the Waldenses brought the Calvinists, whose indignation now knew no fear, to light. Not content, as hitherto, to meet under cover of the night, they now made bold to scorn

the inquiries of the authorities by public conventicles, and to sing the psalms of Marot in their crowded assemblies, even in the suburbs of Paris. The charm of this novelty soon brought all Paris to these meetings, and the graceful harmony of these songs converted numbers to Calvin's views. This bold step had revealed to them their formidable number, and very soon the other Protestants of the kingdom followed the example of their brethren in the capital.

In vain did Henry II., who persecuted the Protestants still more fiercely than his father, employ the terrors of the royal authority against them. In vain the king increased the severity of the edicts that condemned their faith. In vain this prince degraded himself so far as to heighten by his presence the impression made by their execution, and to encourage their executioners. The wood-pile was smoking in every large city of France, but not even from his own immediate presence the king was able to banish the Protestant creed. This doctrine had found partisans among the army, in the courts of justice, even at his own court in St. Germain; and Francis de Coligny, Sir Andelot, who was a colonel in the infantry, declared to the king that they preferred death to visiting a mass.

Frightened by the constantly increasing danger which threatened the religion of his people, and even his throne, for whose preservation he was filled by the enemies of Protestantism with the liveliest apprehensions, this prince abandoned himself to all the violent measures which the cupidity of his courtiers, and the impure zeal of the clergy could contrive. In order to paralyze the courage of the new party by a decisive blow, he appeared one day in parliament, and caused five members of this court, who had shown themselves favorable to the new religion, to be arrested, with orders to convict them without loss of time. From this moment, the new sect was persecuted without mercy. The nefarious brood of secret spies was encouraged by bribes, the dungeons were filled with the victims of intolerance; nobody dared raise a voice in their favor. In 1559, the reformed party stood on the brink of ruin; a powerful prince, who was at peace with Europe, and the supreme ruler in his kingdom, and who was instigated to this work by the pope and by Spain, had vowed its extermination. This fatal result was prevented by an unexpected turn of fortune. The irreconcilable enemy of the Protestants died in the midst of his preparations, of a wound inflicted by a splinter from a broken lance, which flew into his eye during a tournament.

This sudden demise of Henry II. initiated the dangerous disturbances which tore the kingdom for half a century, and almost completed its ruin. Henry left behind him his consort Catharine, of the ducal house of the Medici of Florence, and four sons, the eldest of whom, named Francis, had scarcely reached his sixteenth year. This king being already, at this age, married to the young queen of Scotland, Mary Stuart, the sceptre of two kingdoms was united in two hands that were not yet fit to govern themselves. A legion of ambitious courtiers sought to wield the power of government in the name of these

young rulers, and France became the victim of the struggle which resulted from these intrigues.

It was especially two powerful factions that sought to control the young couple and the administration of public affairs. One party was headed by Anna de Montmorency, the Constable of France, minister and favorite of the late king, whose confidence he had won by his bravery and by an incorruptible patriotism. He was a man of unshakable firmness, equally proof against the allurements of fortune and the blows of adversity. He had exhibited this character during the previous reigns, when he bore, with equal composure and unwavering courage, the vacillating temper of his king, and the changing fortunes of war. The soldier and the courtier, the financial agent and the judge, all trembled before his penetrating glance, which no false appearances could deceive, before this spirit of order which was unforgiving against transgressors, before this firm virtue which no temptation could shake. Grown up in the rude school of war, and accustomed to enforce absolute obedience as the commander of armies, he knew nothing of the accommodating manners of a statesman and courtier, that win by yielding, and rule by submission. He lost the greatness which he had acquired on the theatre of war, in the position which the force of circumstances assigned to him, and which ambition and patriotism commanded him to fill. Such a man was nowhere in his place except where he could rule; he was well capable of maintaining his position as a leader, but he was unable to conquer it, by the cunning arts of a courtier.

His long experience; the services he had rendered to the kingdom, and which envy itself dared not question; his probity, to which even his enemies did homage; the favor of the late monarch, and the splendor of his house, seemed to entitle the constable to the first office in the kingdom, and to silence every other claim. But it required a peculiar man to do justice to the greatness of such a servant, a man whose love for the public good would enable him to overlook a rough exterior. Francis II. was a young man, to whom the throne was a source of pleasure, not of business, and who could not well be pleased with such a rigid controller of his actions. Montmorency's virtue, that had endeared him to the father and grandfather, was objectionable in the eyes of the frivolous and feeble-minded son, and rendered it easy for the opposite faction to triumph over this adversary.

The Guises, a branch of the princely house of Lorraine, were the soul of this faction. Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Guise, and uncle of the reigning queen, united in his person all the qualities which chain the attention of the world, and gain dominion over men. France worshiped him as her saviour, as the restorer of her honor in the eyes of Europe. The fortune of Charles V. had failed against his skill and courage; his resolute character had wiped out the shame of former rulers, and had taken Calais, the last place which the English held on French territory, and which had been in their possession for two centuries. His name was in every body's mouth; every heart admired him. To the far-reaching glance of the

statesman and commander, he joined the boldness of a hero and the suppleness of the courtier. Both fortune and nature had marked him as a ruler. His noble form, his erect and kingly gait, his open and frank mien bribed the senses even before he conquered the hearts. The splendor of his rank and power was heightened by an hereditary dignity that did not seem to require any external adornments in order to rule. Condescending without degrading himself; familiar and easy with the humblest, without exposing the secrets of his plans; liberal toward his friends, and generous toward the disarmed enemy, he seemed to make an effort to reconcile envy with his greatness, and the pride of a jealous nation with his power. All these advantages were means to gratify an insatiable ambition which pursued its bold plans unterrified by obstacles, regardless of private considerations, indifferent to the welfare of thousands, favored by the general confusion, and armed with the frightful engines of power. The same ambition, assisted by similar qualities, ruled the Cardinal Lorraine, brother of the duke, who was more powerful by his science and eloquence than the duke by his sword; more terrible in his scarlet robe than the duke in his cuirass; who armed his private passions with the sword of religion, and covered the dark projects of his ambition with this holy mantle. Agreed in their common plans, these two brothers shared the nation between themselves, that writhed in their fetters even before it was aware of its bondage.

These two brothers found it easy to monopolize the young king, who was completely under the influence of his spouse; they found it more difficult to win the queen dowager to their plans. The name of queen-mother gave her power at a divided court, which was still increased by her natural mental superiority over the feeble mind of her son; a deeply scheming genius, fertile in resources, and allied to a boundless love of rule, might make her an irreconcilable enemy. No sacrifice was spared, no humiliation was dreaded to obtain her favor. No duty was so sacred, that was not violated if her inclinations had to be flattered; no friendship was so firmly knit, that was not torn, if her vengeance had to be gratified; no enmity was so deeply rooted that was not extinguished, if her favorites had to be pleased. At the same time nothing was left undone which might alienate the queen-mother from this commander, and by dint of intrigues all intimacy between the queen and the constable was indeed prevented.

In the mean while the constable had moved heaven and earth to obtain a formidable party that might be able to overwhelm the house of Lorraine. Soon after Henry's death, the constable convoked all the princes of royal descent, among whom Anthony Bourbon, King of Navarre, was conspicuous, in order to invite them to occupy near the king the posts to which they were entitled by their rank. But before they had time to make their appearance, the Guises had anticipated them. The king declared to the deputation which the parliament had sent in order to congratulate him on his ascension to the throne, that henceforth the princes of Lorraine would have to be consulted in every affair of state. The duke at once took pos-

session of the command of the army; the Cardinal Lorraine selected the important department of the finances as his special branch of government. Montmorency was coolly sent to his estates. Thereupon a convention was held at Vendome, by the dissatisfied princes of the blood, which the constable directed, although absent, and where measures against the common enemy were concerted. In accordance with their plan, the King of Navarre was sent to the court for the purpose of attempting a final negotiation with the queen-mother before violent measures were to be resorted to. This commission, however, was confided to a messenger whose want of skill could not fail to be defeated. Anthony of Navarre, to whom the Guises showed themselves in all their splendor, was overawed by their assumption, and left Paris and the court, without having been able to accomplish any thing.

This easy triumph emboldened the brothers Lorraine, who now began to set all bounds at defiance. Having control of the public revenues, they had spent untold sums in order to reward their own creatures. Honors, prebends, pensions, were lavished with a liberal hand. But this liberality only served to feed the rapacity of the favorites, and to increase the number of those who were left unrewarded. The cupidity which prompted them to appropriate to their own use the most lucrative resources of the state; the offensive impudence with which they monopolized the most important offices at the expense of the highest families in the kingdom, alienated the public mind; but nothing revolted French pride more than the cardinal's assumption at Fontainebleau. To this spot, where the court happened to reside, the presence of the monarch had attracted a number of public servants who had claims against the government for back pay, or pensions, or desired to be rewarded for the services they had rendered the state. The cardinal was incommoded by the warmth with which these persons, among whom the most meritorious officers of the army might be found, pressed their claims. In order to get rid of them, the cardinal had a gallows erected near the royal palace, and caused the public crier to announce that every body, of whatever rank, who had come to Fontainebleau for the purpose of presenting a petition or making any request whatsoever, must quit the place within twenty-four hours, on pain of being hung. No Frenchman will bear such treatment, not even at the hands of a king. Fontainebleau was evacuated, but the germ of dissatisfaction was transplanted to every corner of the kingdom.

Considering the advances which Calvinism had made in the kingdom toward the end of Henry's reign, it was important to know what measures these ministers would take against it. By conviction as well as by interest zealous partisans of the pope; disposed perhaps even at this early period to rely upon Spanish help; convinced of the necessity of winning the most numerous and most powerful portion of the nation by a genuine or simulated zeal for the faith: they could not hesitate regarding the part that had to be taken under these circumstances. Shortly before his demise, Henry II. had determined on extermin-

ating the Protestants, and all that had to be done in order to attain this end, would be to let the persecution that had already been initiated, run its course. The interval of peace which the death of this king procured for the Protestants, was not long. The spirit of persecution was rekindled in all its fury, and the princes of Lorraine hesitated so much less in their crusade of extermination as it was directed against a party whom their own enemies had been secretly favoring for years.

The trial of the celebrated councilor Anna du Bourg announced the bloody measures of the new government. He paid for his pious firmness, at the gallows; the other four councilors who had been arrested with him, experienced a milder treatment. This unequivocal public measure of the princes of Lorraine against Calvinism, afforded the dissatisfied magnates a desirable opportunity to arm the reformed party against the ministry, to identify the cause of their humbled ambition with the cause of religion and the welfare of the whole Protestant church. Now the fatal period was inaugurated, when political complaints were confounded with the interests of faith, and when religious fanaticism was armed against political oppression. With a little more moderation toward the Calvinists, the Guises might have easily succeeded in depriving the offended magnates of the kingdom of a formidable support, and avoiding the horrors of civil war. By irritating the malcontent and the Calvinists, whose number had become very considerable, they compelled both parties to seek each other, to devise in common the means of gratifying their revenge and removing the causes of apprehension, to combine their grievances, and to unite in one formidable party. Henceforth the Calvinists looked upon the princes of Lorraine as the oppressors of the Protestant faith, and regarded every one who was persecuted by their hatred, as a victim of intolerance that had to be avenged. Henceforth the Catholics beheld in these same princes the protectors of their church; and in every one who rose against them, a Huguenot who sought to break down the orthodox church. Each party now had a leader, each ambitious magnate had his party. The signal for a general dissolution was given, and the deceived nation was involved in the private quarrels of a few dangerous citizens.

The Calvinists were headed by the princes of Bourbon, Anthony of Navarre, and Louis, Prince Condé, together with the illustrious family of the Chatillons, exalted in history by the great name of Admiral Coligny. It was not without reluctance that the pleasure-loving Prince Condé placed himself at the head of a party against the Guises; but their excessive pride, and a succession of affronts had finally roused his slumbering ambition from an indolent sensuality; the urgent solicitations of the Chatillons compelled him to exchange the couch of pleasure for the arena of politics and war. During this period the house of Chatillons was represented by three incomparable brothers, the eldest of whom, Admiral Coligny, served the public cause by his talent as a general, by his wisdom and his persevering courage; the second, Francis Andelot, by his sword; and the third, Cardinal Chatillons, Bishop of Beauvais, by his

skill in negotiations, and his cunning. A rare harmony of sentiments made of these otherwise unequal brothers a terrible unit, and the posts of honor which they filled, the alliances which they had made, the respect which their name inspired, gave to the enterprise which they headed a character of weight and importance.

At one of the Prince Condé's castles, on the frontier of Picardy, the malcontents held a secret meeting, where it was decided to remove the king by force, and to seize his ministers, dead or alive. Things had come to this pass that the person of the monarch was regarded as a mere chattel, valueless in itself, but which might become a fearful instrument in the hands of those who happened to have possession of it. Since this bold plot could only be carried out with arms in their hands, the conspirators concluded at the same time to equip a military force that was to repair, in small detachments, from every part of the kingdom, to Blois, where the court was expected to pass the spring. This whole undertaking being cloaked with the mantle of religion, the assistance of the Calvinists, who numbered upward of two millions in the kingdom, was firmly depended upon. Many warm Catholics were drawn into the conspiracy under pretext that it was directed against the Guises. In order to hide the Prince Condé, who deemed it advisable to remain unknown for the present as the real head of the conspiracy, so much more effectually, a visible leader was appointed in the person of a certain Renaudie, a nobleman from Périgord, whom his daring courage, his skill in the management of dangerous plots, his indefatigable activity, his political relations, and his connection with the exiled Calvinists, rendered peculiarly adapted to this office. On account of a crime he had been a fugitive for a long time, and had learned to practice for his own benefit the art of secrecy, which his present commission demanded of him. The whole party knew him as a resolute person who was prepared for every bold enterprise, and the enthusiastic confidence which helped him to overcome every obstacle, was well calculated to inspire every member of the conspiracy.

The preliminary measures were concerted with the greatest care; every possible mishap was calculated in advance, in order to trust as little as possible to chance. Renaudie had detailed instructions, omitting nothing that might help to secure a favorable termination to the enterprise. The real leader of the plot was to become known, as soon as the moment of execution should have come. In the year 1560, Renaudie assembled his noblemen at Nantes, in Bretagne, where the parliament happened to have met at this period, and numbers could easily be assembled under cover of a series of entertainments occasioned by the nuptials of several magnates of the kingdom. Similar circumstances were employed a few years later by the Gueux of the Netherlands, for the purpose of subduing the Spanish minister Granvella. In a speech full of eloquence and fire, which has been preserved by the historian De Thou, Renaudie revealed to those who were not as yet aware of it, the object of their meeting, and sought to excite the remainder to an active participation.

Nothing was left unsaid in order to heap odium upon the Guises; all the troubles that had afflicted France since their arrival in this country, were charged upon these hated enemies. They were accused of the dark project of removing the princes of the blood, and the noblest and most meritorious servants of the king, for the purpose of making the young king, whose frail person was very unsafe in such hands, an instrument of their artful designs, and elevating themselves to the throne, even though the whole royal family should have to be extirpated. In this supposition every step against them was justified by honor and patriotism. "As far as I am concerned," concluded the orator with emphasis, "I take Heaven to witness that it is not my intention to undertake or to say any thing against the king, the queen-mother, or the princes of his house; but I swear that I will defend the majesty of the throne and the freedom of my country, with my last breath against these foreigners."

Such a declaration could not fail of its effect upon men, who, irritated by private grievances, and carried away by religious zeal and the wild enthusiasm of the times, were prepared for the most violent measures. All repeated this oath, which was drawn up in writing, and sealed by joining hands and embracing each other. There is a remarkable similarity between the conduct of the conspirators of Nantes and the confederates of Brussels. There, as here, it is the legitimate sovereign whom they pretend to shield against the assumptions of his ministers; whereas the truth is, that the conspirators encroach upon one of his most sacred privileges,—the appointing of his own servants. There, as here, it is the state that they pretend to fight for; whereas it is, in reality, to be abandoned to all the dangers and horrors of a civil war. Having concerted the necessary measures, and the city of Blois having been selected as the place where the blow was to be struck on the 15th of May, 1560, the conspirators separated, every nobleman going to his province for the purpose of equipping the necessary number of men. All this was done with perfect success, nor was the secret divulged by any of the numerous conspirators. The private soldier bound himself to the captain without knowing the enemy against whom he was hired to fight. Small detachments already began to arrive from the more remote provinces, whose numbers swelled in proportion as they approached more nearly to their place of destination. Troops already began to assemble in the centre of the kingdom, whilst the Guises were plunged in an unsuspecting security at Blois, where they had accompanied the king. An obscure hint, which warned them of the threatening danger, roused them from their slumber, and caused them to transport the court to Amboise, whose citadel it was hoped could be maintained against a sudden surprise.

This untoward circumstance did not alter the nature of the plot, although the execution might be modified to some extent. Every arrangement was carried out without impediment, and the Guises owed their preservation to an accident, not to their own vigilance, or to the treason of a conspirator. Renaudie himself committed the indis-

cretion of communicating the plot to a lawyer in Paris, named Avenelles, who was a friend of his, and in whose house he resided. This man's timid conscience would not permit him to conceal the conspiracy. He revealed the whole to a secretary of the Duke of Guise, and was at once sent to Amboise, in order to repeat his statement before the duke. As great as the carelessness of the ministers had been, as great were now their terror, mistrust, and confusion. They suspected every body near them. Even the dungeons were examined, with a view of discovering traces of the plot. The Chatillons being suspected of complicity, they were invited to Amboise, under some pretext or other, where they might be watched with more certainty. Their opinion being asked concerning the present state of affairs, Coligny did not hesitate to reproach the ministers in the most violent language, and to defend the cause of the Protestants. His representations, coupled with the present apprehensions, had the effect of causing the promulgation of an edict securing freedom from persecution to all Protestants, except to their ministers and to those who had been involved in actual measures against the public peace. But this expedient was too late, and the neighborhood of Amboise became crowded with conspirators. Condé himself made his appearance in this city with a numerous retinue, with whom he intended to assist the conspirators at the favorable moment. It had been arranged that a number of them were to present themselves unarmed at the gates of Amboise, and, in case they should not meet with any resistance, they were to take possession of the streets and walls of the fortress. For more safety, they were to be assisted by a few squadrons of cavalry, who were to hasten to their assistance in case any resistance should be offered. In such a case, the hands of infantry that were hovering in the neighborhood were likewise to come to the rescue. While all this was going on outside the fortress, the conspirators in the city, most of whom were hidden among the retinue of the Prince Condé, were to seize the princes of Lorraine, dead or alive. At this juncture, the Prince Condé was to proclaim himself the leader of the revolutionists, and was to seize the reins of government.

This whole plan having been communicated to the Duke of Guise, he was enabled to defeat it by proper measures. He caused soldiers to be enlisted, and sent orders to the governors of the different provinces to arrest all armed bands that were marching to Amboise. The neighboring nobles were invited to arm in defense of the king. Those most suspected, were removed under some trivial pretext, the Chatillons and the Prince Condé were kept busy in Amboise surrounded by spies, the royal guard was changed, and the gates which had been singled out as the points of attack, were barricaded. Outside of the city, numerous flying detachments dispersed or cut down all stray partisans of the plot, and every one who was taken alive, was hung.

In this conjuncture of circumstances, Renaudie arrived before Amboise. One band of conspirators arrived after another, the misfortune of their predecessors being insufficient to frighten back

the successively arriving detachments. The leader used every exertion to encourage the combatants by his presence, to collect the scattering forces, to arrest the fugitives. Alone, accompanied by a single man, he roved through the fields, and, being met by a troop of royal horsemen, was shot, after a desperate resistance. His body was sent to Amboise, where it was tied to the gallows, with the inscription: "*Chief of the rebels.*"

Immediately after this event, an edict was promulgated guaranteeing amnesty to any of the conspirators who would lay down their arms on the spot. Confiding in the honesty of the government, many returned, but soon found cause to rue this step. A last unsuccessful attempt which had been made by the conspirators to take Amboise, exhausted the patience of the Guises, and induced them to take back the royal promise. The governors of the provinces received orders to arrest the returning noblemen, and in the city of Amboise, the most frightful proceedings were instituted against all of whom the Guises entertained the least suspicion. Here, as in other parts of the kingdom, the blood of the unfortunate was shed, who frequently were ignorant of the causes of their condemnation. Without trial, they were thrown into the river Loire with their hands and feet tied, because the hands of the executioners tired of doing the work of blood. A few of the more prominent leaders were reserved for judicial trials, in order to palliate the previous carnage by these mock forms of justice.

Whilst the conspiracy was terminating in this unfortunate manner, and numbers of supposed accomplices were sacrificed to the vengeance of the Guises, the Prince Condé, the most guilty of the conspirators, and the invisible manager of the plot, acted his part with an unexampled dissimulation, and undertook to bid defiance to the suspicion that was crushing him on all sides. Relying upon the impenetrability of his secret, and persuaded that not even the rack could extort from his partisans a confession of what they themselves were ignorant of, he demanded an audience of the king, and insisted upon being permitted to justify himself formally before the world. He did so in presence of the whole court, and of the foreign ambassadors who had been expressly invited to this scene, with the noble indignation of an innocently-accused man, with all the firmness and dignity which the consciousness of a just cause is alone capable of inspiring.

"If," he concluded, "any one should be bold enough to accuse me as the author of the conspiracy, and to maintain that I had attempted to excite the French against the sacred person of their king; I herewith renounce the privilege of my rank, and am prepared to prove to him, with my sword, that he is a liar." "And I," replied Francis Guise, "I shall never suffer such a black suspicion to dishonor so great a prince; permit me to act as your second in this duel." This farce terminated one of the bloodiest conspiracies known to history, no less remarkable by its object and by the great destiny it involved, than by the cunning and secrecy with which it was gotten up.

For a long time, the opinions concerning the

true motives and the object of this conspiracy, remained divided; the private interest of both parties led them to look at these events from a false point of view. Whereas the Protestants gave out that they had taken up arms to shake off the intolerable tyranny of the Guises, and that they had not had the remotest intention of forcing the government to grant them religious freedom; in the royal letters, on the contrary, the conspiracy was represented as having been directed against the king and the whole royal family, and that the object of the conspirators had been to overturn the monarchy with the Catholic religion, and to substitute a confederacy of republics similar to that of Switzerland. It appears, however, that the better portion of the nation entertained different opinions on this subject, and that the Guises resorted to this explanation, in order to turn the increasing dissatisfaction of the public into another channel. Pity for the unfortunates whom the cruel revenge of the Guises had murdered, inclined even several zealous Catholics to lessen the guilt of the conspirators, and emboldened the Protestants to confess their participation in the plot. This unfavorable public opinion reminded the ministers more forcibly than could have been done by open rebellion, of the necessity of moderating their measures; thus it happened that even the failure of the plot of Amboise promised to the Calvinists, for some time at least, a more considerate treatment.

With a pretended view of stifling the seeds of discord, and tranquilizing the kingdom by peaceful means, the project was entertained of deliberating with the chief nobles. For this purpose, the ministers called the princes of the blood, the high nobility, the titled knights, and the chief magistrates, to Fontainebleau, where these important points were to be discussed. This assemblage neither fulfilled the expectation of the nation, nor the wishes of the Guises, because the Bourbons were too distrustful to make their appearance, and the other chiefs of the malcontents, who could not well decline the invitation, came with a numerous retinue of armed followers, a proceeding which embarrassed the opposite party. The subsequent conduct of the ministers justified, to some extent, the suspicion of the princes, who looked upon this assemblage as a trap set by the Guises, where they might catch the leaders of the malcontents without shedding a drop of blood. This design having been defeated by the excellent precaution of the opposition, the assembly wasted its time in useless formalities, and empty disputes, until, finally, the subjects under discussion were referred to a Diet that was to be held in a short time in the city of Orleans.

Each party, full of distrust in the other, employed the interval in preparing the means of defense, and hastening the ruin of their opponents. The failure of the plot of Amboise was not sufficient to arrest the intrigues of the Prince Condé. In Dauphiné, Provence, and other districts, he succeeded in instigating the Calvinists, and causing his followers to take up arms. On his part, the Duke of Guise caused all dubious places to be occupied with troops, changed the commanders of fortresses, and spared neither

money nor trouble to remain acquainted with every step taken by the Bourbons. Some of their agents were indeed discovered and placed in irons; important papers, that shed light on the machinations of the prince, fell into the hands of the duke. By this means, he obtained knowledge of the pernicious plot which Condé contrived against him, and intended to execute at the Diet of Orleans. This Diet caused much uneasiness to the Bourbons, for they risked equally much by remaining away or by participating in the deliberations. If they refused to obey the repeated mandates of the king, they had to fear every thing for their possessions; if they appeared at the Diet, they had to fear for their personal safety. After long deliberations, the two Bourbons resolved to repair to the Diet.

The period for the Diet approached, amid the most inauspicious forebodings. Instead of the mutual confidence which was so necessary in order to unite the head and members in one common bond, and preparing the way for a permanent reconciliation by mutual forbearance, suspicion and bitterness filled the minds. Instead of appearing with peaceful sentiments, each brought to the Diet feelings of implacable revenge and dark designs against the assembly. The sanctuary of public safety and peace was selected for the arena of treason and revenge. The dread of intrigues, which the Guises never ceased to conjure up before the king, poisoned his peace of mind; in the flower of his age he faded away, saw his nearest relatives turn their daggers against him, and he beheld a grave opening beneath his feet, amidst the universal misery of the nation. His entry into the city of Orleans was melancholy and ominous in the extreme; every manifestation of joy was stifled by the clangor of arms. The whole city was filled with soldiers, who at once occupied every gate and avenue. These unusual precautions spread uneasiness and anxiety everywhere, and gave rise to the gloomiest apprehensions regarding secret designs.

These reports reached the Bourbons some distance from Orleans, and caused them to waver for a time in their determination to repair to the Diet.

But it was too late to alter their plans, even if they had designed to do so; for a royal corps of observation had cut off all retreat. On the 30th of October, 1560, they arrived at Orleans, in company with the Cardinal Bourbon, their brother, whom the king had sent to meet them, and to assure them in the most solemn manner, of his sincere intentions.

The reception they met with contradicted these protestations. The coolness of the Guises, and the embarrassed manner of the courtiers, announced to them their fall, even without words. A sombre and stern expression darkened the countenance of the king, when they presented themselves before him to offer him their salutations; very soon he broke out in the bitterest reproaches against the prince. Every crime of which he had been accused, was enumerated before him, and an order for his arrest was given, even before he had time to purge himself of these charges.

Such a rash act could not be left incomplete. Documents which testified against the prisoner were prepared, and every deposition had been collected that stamped him a criminal; nothing was wanting but the form of a trial. To this end, a committee was appointed, composed of members of the parliament of Paris, and presided over by the Chancellor d'Hôpital. In vain the accused claimed the prerogative of his birth, according to which he could only be judged by the king, the peers, and the parliament, in full sitting. He was compelled to answer, and a private paper which was designed for his advocate, but had unfortunately been signed by the prince, was artfully interpreted as a formal judicial defense. The interposition of his friends and family remained fruitless; in vain his spouse fell on her knees before the king, who saw in Condé the robber of his crown, and his own murderer; in vain the King of Navarre degraded himself before the Guises, who repelled him with contempt and scorn. Whilst he was pleading for his brother, the dagger of a murderer was suspended over his head by a thin hair. In the monarch's own apartments, a band of assassins were lying in wait, who were to fall upon him as soon as they should hear the king break out in violent abuse against him. The concerted signal, however, was not given; Anthony of Navarre walked uninjured out of the king's apartments, who was mean enough to plan an assassination, but too cowardly to have it executed in his presence.

Against Condé, the Guises acted more resolutely; the failing health of the king bade them make haste. Sentence of death had been pronounced against him, and some of the judges had already signed it, when the king was suddenly and hopelessly struck down. This decisive event startled the adversaries of the prince, and roused the courage of his friends; soon the condemned experienced the effects of this change in his prison. Separated from the world and surrounded by hostile guards, he awaited in this dungeon the issue of his fate with admirable equanimity and a cloudless serenity of mind, when he was suddenly met with proposals to make terms with the Guises. "No terms," he repeated, "except with the point of the sword." The sudden death of the king spared him the cruel fate of paying for this bold speech with his life.

Francis II. had ascended the throne at too early an age, under such unfavorable circumstances, and in such a feeble state of health, and had been removed from it after such a short period of time, that we must hesitate to accuse him of the disorders which convulsed his short reign, and which he bequeathed to his successor. A passive instrument of the queen-mother and of his uncles, the Guises, he appeared upon the political stage only for the purpose of reciting parrot-fashion the part which he had been taught; it was asking too much of his mediocre talents to tear asunder the tissue of falsehoods which the artful cunning of the Guises had woven around truth. Only on one occasion it seemed as though his natural good sense and his good-natured disposition would defeat the deceitful arts of his ministers. The general and violent indignation which broke

out during the conspiracy of Amboise, could not be kept from the monarch's ears, however much the Guises endeavored to do so. His heart told him that this universal indignation could not possibly be meant for him who was still so young, and was not conscious of having done any thing to merit this detestation. "What have I done to my people," he inquired of his uncles in a tone of amazement, "to excite their hatred? I wish to hear their grievances and to right them. It seems to me," he continued, "it is plain that all this is aimed at you. I wish you would leave me for a time, that I might know which of us is the cause of this trouble." But the Guises did not feel disposed to make this experiment, and this flurry soon passed over without any further results.

Francis II. had died without issue, and the sceptre was transmitted to the second of Henry's sons, a prince of ten years whose name has become infamously immortal by the carnage of St. Bartholomew. His fatal reign commenced amid portentous signs. A near relative of the monarch on the threshold of the scaffold, another having barely escaped from the daggers of assassins; one half of the nation engaged in hostile antagonism against the other, and a portion already armed for the struggle; the torch of fanaticism brandished; the murmuring thunders of civil war heard in the distance; the whole kingdom on the road to ruin; treason in the bosom of the court, discord and suspicion among the members of the royal family. The character of the nation tainted by a strange and terrible mingling of blind superstition, ridiculous mysticism, and free-thinking; of brutality and refined sensuality; here the minds darkened by monkish fanaticism, yonder the spirit still ingulfed in barbarous superstition, both extremes of insanity allied in a fearful union. Among the magnates of the kingdom we see hands raised to murder; lips habituated to perjury, unnatural and revolting vices which threaten to poison every class in the nation. The throne occupied by a minor who had been reared in the Machiavelian arts, growing up amidst civil storms, educated by fanatics and flatterers, initiated in deception, unacquainted with the obedience of a happy people, unpracticed in forgiving, reminded of his power only by the terrible right of punishing, familiarized with the blood of his subjects by war and executions! From the miseries of open war the unfortunate country was hunted into the frightful desolation of a lurking conspiracy; the anarchy of a regency was superseded by a short and frightful repose, during which assassination did its work. The saddest period of the history of France commenced with the ascension of Charles IX., it lasted during the lifetime of a generation and did not end until the glorious reign of Henry of Navarre dawned upon France.

The death of her first-born, and the tender age of Charles IX., brought the queen-mother, Catharine Medicis, on the political arena; she inaugurated a new political system and brought new misery to the nation. This princess, anxious to rule, born for intrigue, deeply versed in deception, mistress in the arts of dissimulation, had impatiently borne the fetters which the exclu

sive despotism of the Guises had placed upon her ruling passion. Submissive and cajoling as long as they needed the queen's assistance against Montmorency and the princes of Bourbon, they neglected her the moment they felt sure of their usurped power. To be superseded in her son's confidence by foreigners, and to see the most important affairs of the state transacted without her, was too keen an affront to her love of rule, to be borne without revenge. It was her ruling inclination to seem important; her happiness consisted in fancying herself necessary to every party. To this inclination she sacrificed everything, but confined her actions to the field of intrigue, where her talents shone with brilliancy. Intrigue was important to her, men were indifferent. Charged with the troublesome duty in her capacity of regent of the empire and mother of three kings, to maintain the authority of her house against fierce factions, she opposed artful intrigue to the insolence of the magnates, cunning to violence. Placed between the contending factions of the Guises and the princes of Bourbon, she followed, for a long time, a wavering policy, being incapable of pursuing a firm and resolute course. Going with the reformed party, whenever the Guises had irritated her, she did not blush at using them as her tools whenever her interest dictated such a proceeding. In such a case she never hesitated to divulge the secret with which she had been intrusted by confiding friends. She knew no distinction between good and evil; circumstances used her morality, as a play-thing, they found her equally disposed to inhumanity or mildness, to humility or pride, to truth or falsehood. Every other passion was subordinate to her ambition, even revenge had to yield to this rule, if her interest rendered this sacrifice desirable. A terrible character, no less revolting than those depraved monsters of history who are depicted upon her pages in the coarse garb of their horrid exterior.

Deficient in all moral virtues, she possessed however all the talents of her rank, all the faculties and capacities that were compatible with such a character; but she degraded these qualities by using them as the instruments of her vices. Majesty and royal graces radiated from her; she was splendid and tasteful in her arrangements; every eye that did not penetrate to her soul, was captivated by her; every body who approached her was enchanted by the gracefulness of her manners, by the brilliancy and wit of her conversation, by her pleasing kindness! Never had the French court possessed the brilliant splendor which Catharine Medicis imparted to it. The refinements of Italy were transplanted by her to French soil; a pleasant levity ruled her court even amid the terrors of fanaticism and the wretchedness of civil war. Every art was encouraged by her, every distinction admired except services in the good cause. But the blessings which she carried to her new home, hid dangerous poisons that infected the morals of the nation, and excited a dangerous frenzy in the minds. The young gentlemen of the court, freed by her from the old restraints, and encouraged in the ways of licentiousness, abandoned themselves without re-

serve to the pursuits of pleasure; in abandoning the old customs and fashion, propriety and virtue were likewise sacrificed. Deception and falsehood superseded in social intercourse the noble truthfulness of the age of knighthood, and faith and honesty, these precious safeguards of a state, disappeared from public as well as from private life. She extended the power of superstition by the taste for astrological speculations which she imported from her native country; this folly of the court soon communicated itself to the lower classes, and became a dangerous instrument in the hands of fanaticism. But her most fatal present to France were three kings, her sons, whom she reared in her *own* spirit, and raised to the throne with her *own* maxims.

By the laws of nature and succession, Catharine became the regent of the kingdom during her son's minority, but the circumstances under which she took possession of the regency, depressed her courage. The Estates were assembled in the city of Orleans, a spirit of independence had become excited, and two powerful factions were arrayed against each other. The leaders of either faction desired to rule; there was no royal power to step between them, and limit their ambition; and both factions now might combine for the purpose of arranging the regency that was to supply the royal power, so as to suit their own interests. The king was still alive when Catharine saw herself assailed in the most vehement manner, and invited to the most opposite measures. The Guises, fortified by the concurrence of the Estates, most of whom had been won over by them, urged her to execute the sentence against the Prince Condé, and to crush by this single blow the house of Bourbon, whose formidable influence threatened the authority of her own dynasty. On the other side, Anthony of Navarre besought her to employ the power that would fall to her lot, for his brother's deliverance, by which means she would secure the submission of his whole party. Neither faction dreamed of disputing the rights of the queen to the regency. The unfavorable circumstances in which the princes of Bourbon were placed at the time when the king departed this life, may have deterred them from aspiring at this high honor, which they otherwise might have done; on this account, they preferred remaining quiet, in order not to encourage the ambition of the Guises by questioning the legitimacy of Catharine's own pretensions. Nor were the Guises anxious to remind the nation by their opposition of the nearer rights of the Bourbons. By tacitly acknowledging the rights of Catharine, both parties excluded each other from all competition, and each hoped to gratify its ambitious views under cover of the Queen.

Catharine, yielding to the advice of the discreet Chancellor d'Hôpital, seized the prudent plan of not abandoning herself to any party against the other, and to control both by observing a well-selected position of neutrality. By snatching the Prince Condé out of the clutches of his revengeful opponents, she claimed for this important service the gratitude of the King of Navarre; on the other hand she pledged her powerful assistance to the Lotharingian princes, if the Bourbons

should attempt to wreak their vengeance upon them for the insults they had received under the previous reign. By resorting to this policy, she found herself, shortly after the decease of the king, in possession of the regency, without opposition from any quarter, and even without the assistance of the Estates assembled in Orleans, who were passive lookers-on while these important events were transacted. The first use she made of the regency, was to restore the equilibrium of the contending factions by raising the Bourbons. Condé went out of prison upon honorable terms, and withdrew to his brother's estates, there to await the day of revenge; the King of Navarre was made lieutenant-general of the kingdom, in which capacity he was intrusted with an important share in the government of the country. The Guises saved their future hopes by maintaining themselves at court, where they might be used by the queen as important auxiliaries against the ambition of the Bourbons.

An appearance of repose now returned, but a good deal was wanting to restore confidence among parties whose feelings had been so deeply wounded. A suitable person to effect this restoration was supposed to be found in the Constable Montmorency, whom the despotism of the Guises had kept removed from the former reign, and whom a change of government now restored to his former position. Full of an honest zeal for the welfare of the country, faithful to his king as well as to his faith, Montmorency was the man to step between the regent and her minister, to guarantee their reconciliation, and to render the private ends of both subordinate to the interests of the state. The city of Orleans, which the Guises had filled with soldiers for the purpose of intimidating their opponents and controlling the Diet, showed everywhere traces of the war, when the constable arrived and dismissed the guard at the gates. "Henceforth," said he, "my master and king shall travel to and fro in his kingdom without a body-guard, and in perfect security."—"Fear nothing, Sire!" said he, addressing the young monarch, bending a knee before him and kissing his hand, which he moistened with a tear. "Do not suffer the present troubles to intimidate you. I and all your good subjects will give our lives to preserve your crown! He fulfilled his promise in so far as this, that he placed the government of the country upon a basis of legality, and helped to fix the limits of power between the queen and the King of Navarre. The Diet of Orleans, which had been convoked for the sole reason of entrapping the Princess of Bourbon, and remained idle as soon as this design was defeated, was adjourned after the theatrical exhibition of a few useless deliberations, to meet again in the month of May of the same year. Justified, and in the full splendor of his former influence, the Prince Condé again made his appearance at court, in order to triumph over his enemies. In the constable, his party obtained a powerful accession of strength. Every opportunity was sought to humiliate the former ministers, and circumstances seemed to conspire for their ruin. Little was wanting to place the regent in the dilemma of

either expelling the Lotharingians or abandoning the regency.

The queen's policy indeed succeeded, in this conflict, in maintaining the Guises, because she feared every thing for herself, for the monarchy, and even for her religion, if she should sacrifice the Guises to the Bourbon faction. But such a feeble and vacillating support was not well calculated to quiet the Guises, nor could their ambition content itself with the subordinate part they had now to act. They had not been wanting in efforts to be able to do without the queen, and the hasty triumph of their opponents helped to increase their own party. The hatred of their enemies, not content with having driven them from the helm of government, now stretched forth its hand after their riches, and demanded an account of the presents and pensions which the Lotharingian princes and their partisans had extorted under the previous reigns. This demand involved not only the Guises, but also the Duchess Valentinois, the Marshal St. André, a favorite of Henry II., and unfortunately the constable himself, who had used Henry's liberality for his own purposes, and whose son had married a relative of the duchess. Religious zeal was the only weakness, and the greed of property the only vice, which stained Montmorency's virtues, and which exposed him to the artful intrigues of the Guises. These princes, with whose interests those of the marshal and of the duchess became identified, improved this circumstance for the purpose of bringing the constable over to their party. They succeeded in this plan by setting the double machinery of avarice and religious fanaticism in motion against him. With artful cunning they depicted the attack of the Calvinists on their possessions as a step intended to break down the Catholic faith, and the foolish old man fell into this trap so much more readily since he had been displeased with the favors which the regent had publicly accorded to the Calvinists for some time past. This conduct of the queen, which was so incompatible with her sentiments, had been induced by the Guises themselves through their machinations with Philip II., King of Spain. This terrible adversary of France, whose insatiable love of dominion and desire of aggrandizement devoured foreign states with a greedy eye, although he did not know how to maintain his own possessions, had turned his looks for a long time previous, to the internal affairs of this country, had beheld the storms by which it was shaken, with feelings of satisfaction, and, by means of his purchased tools, had kept up the hatred of the faction in his usual crafty manner. Under the name of a protector he exercised a despotic influence over France. A Spanish ambassador dictated within the walls of Paris the conduct which the Catholics should pursue toward the Protestants, rejected or approved of the measures of the former, according as they agreed with his master's interest, and acted the part of a minister publicly and without blushing. The princes of Lorraine were in the closest intimacy with him, and no important resolution was taken by them without the sanction of the Spanish court. As soon as the alliance of the Guises and of the Mar-

shal St. André with Montmorency, which is known as the triumvirate, had been completed, they are accused of having recognized the king of Spain as their chief, who, if necessary, was to support them with an army. Thus it happened that the combination of two factions who had been antagonistic heretofore, gave rise to a new and formidable power in the kingdom, which, being backed by the whole Catholic portion of the nation, endangered the equilibrium that Catharine was so anxious to realize between the religious sects. She therefore resorted to her usual means, intrigue, in order to keep the divided minds dependent upon her. All disputes were grafted upon some religious foundation, for it was religion that led the Catholics of the kingdom to the Guises, and the Protestants to the Bourbons. The supremacy which the triumvirate threatened to acquire, exposed the reformed party to new oppressions; the resistance of the latter menaced the whole kingdom with civil war, of which some partial rebellions in the capital and in some of the provinces might be regarded as the precursors. Catharine made every effort to stifle the threatening flame, and she succeeded in promulgating an edict which indeed freed the Protestants from the fear of being executed for their opinions, but denied them the privilege of public worship, and more especially of meeting together, which they had petitioned for as a precious boon. By this arrangement the reformed party did not gain much, but their desperation was kept subdued for the moment, and a seeming conciliation was effected between the leaders of this party at court, which showed how little these chiefs of the Huguenots cared about the fate of their co-religionists which, however, was the constant subject of their conversation. The greatest difficulty was found in reconciling the Prince Condé and the Duke of Guise, and the king himself was appealed to, to perfect this work. After the words, gestures, and acts had been carefully agreed upon, the farce was opened in presence of the king. "Tell us," said the king to the duke, "what has really taken place in Orleans." Hereupon the duke related the events in such an artful manner that the duke himself seemed perfectly innocent, and the whole blame was laid on the king. "Whoever it be," replied Condé, turning himself to the duke, "who has done me this wrong, I declare him a criminal and a villain." "So do I," said the duke, "but I have nothing to do with it."

The regency of Queen Catharine, was the period of negotiations. What these did not accomplish, was to be completed by the Diet of Pontoise and the interview at Poissy, both of which were arranged for the purpose of settling the political difficulties of the nation as well as of attempting an approximation of the religious opinions. The Diet of Pontoise was a continuation of the fruitless Diet of Orleans, which had been adjourned to May 1561. This Diet is only remarkable by a violent onslaught of the Estates against the clergy, who acceded to the *don gratuit* (gratuitous present) in order not to lose two-thirds of their possessions.

The friendly conversation which the leaders of the three sects had in the town of Poissy, not far

from St. Germain, likewise disappointed the public expectations. In France as well as in Germany, a general council had been demanded for a long time previous, for the purpose of arranging the divisions of the church, correcting existing abuses, reforming the morals of the clergy, and fixing the disputed dogmas. This council was convoked in Trent in the year 1542, and was continued for several years, but without realizing the expectations the public had entertained of it. In 1552, the council broke up in consequence of the war. Since then no pope had been willing to call another council which was demanded by the public voice, until the excess of wretchedness which the continual split in religious matters, heaped upon the people of Europe, finally determined France to insist upon a council, and to compel Pope Pius IV. to convoke it. The delays of the pope had suggested to the French ministers the idea of conciliating the teachers of the three religions by discussing the various dogmas in a friendly way, and showing the power of truth in refuting the heretical assertions. A main object was to show the great difference between Lutheranism and Calvinism, and to deprive the partisans of the latter of the protection of the former, which rendered the Calvinists so formidable.

This is said to have been the chief motive which prompted the Cardinal Lorraine to insist upon the discussion which could at the same time give him a chance to shine by his theological science and his eloquence. The sittings were to be public, in order to enhance the brilliancy of the victory which the true church would gain over the false. The regent herself appeared with her son, with the princes of royal blood, the ministers of the state, and all the high servants of the crown, for the purpose of opening the sitting. Five cardinals, forty bishops, several doctors, among whom Claude D. Espensa was prominent on account of his acuteness and learning, presented themselves on behalf of the Roman Catholic church, twelve eminent theologians conducted the discussion on behalf of the Protestants. The most distinguished among them was Theodore Beza, a preacher in Geneva, of subtle mind and fiery temperament, a powerful orator, a formidable dialectician, and the most skillful combatant in this struggle.

Summoned to explain the dogmas of his sect, Beza rose in the centre of the hall, kneeled and prayed with his hands raised toward heaven. After this prayer he pronounced his confession of faith, supporting it by every argument which the shortness of the time would allow him to use, and ended with a touching allusion to the severity with which his co-believers had been persecuted in the kingdom hitherto. He was listened to in silence; it was not until he touched upon the bodily presence of Christ in the host, that an involuntary murmur was heard in the assembly. After Beza had finished, the Catholics first inquired of each other, whether they should deign to reply to him and the Cardinal Lorraine found it difficult to obtain the consent of the bishops to such a proceeding. At last he got up, refuting in a speech full of power and sophistical cunning, the most important dogmas of his adversary, es-

pecially the doctrine which attacked the authority of the church and the dogma of transubstantiation. Regret had already been expressed on account of the king having been admitted to a discussion, where the most sacred articles of religion were handled with so much freedom. As soon as the cardinal had ended his discourse, the bishops surrounded the king, exclaiming: "Sire, this is the true faith, this is the pure doctrine of the church; these we are prepared to seal with our blood."

In the subsequent sittings, from which the king was carefully excluded, the other disputed points were considered, and the dogma concerning the Lord's Supper was made a prominent subject in order that the preacher of Geneva might have an opportunity of explaining himself on this subject fully and clearly. The dogma of the Lutherans on this point differing from the teachings of the reformed party more than from the doctrines of the Catholic church, it was hoped that the two Protestant sects would engage in a war of words against each other. But now a serious conversation that was to induce conviction, was changed to a sophistical controversy, where the weapons of reason were superseded by the tricks and equivocations of logic. A more select committee of five doctors on each side, to whom the final adjudication of the controversy was intrusted, left it equally undecided, and on separating, each party claimed the victory.

This discussion fulfilled the public expectations as little as a similar discussion had done in Germany; the consequence of which was that parties fell back upon the former political intrigues as the most efficient means of settling differences. The court of Rome showed itself especially busy in raising the power of the triumvirate, since the salvation of the Catholic church seemed to depend upon this alliance. To this end, efforts were made to win over the King of Navarre, and to separate him from the reformed party; a project that was well calculated, if we consider the wavering character of this prince. Anthony of Navarre, who has become more celebrated by his great son, Henry IV., than by his own deeds, had nothing in common with this prince except his gallantry and his warlike bravery. Unsteady, without independence, like his hereditary throne quivering between two powerful neighbors, his timid policy balanced between opposite parties, his faith changed from one church to the other, his character hovered between vice and virtue. Having been all his lifetime the play-ball of other people's passions, he chased, with hopes continually deceived, a deceitful phantom which his cunning rivals conjured up before him. Spain, sustained by popish intrigues, had snatched a considerable portion of this kingdom from the house of Navarre, and Philip II., who was not disposed to repair an injustice, continued to keep this prey of his ancestors from the legitimate possessor of the country. Anthony of Navarre had no other weapons with which to oppose such a powerful enemy, except his weakness. At one time he hoped to recover, by a pliant temper from the equity and generosity of his enemy, what he found it impossible to extort from his fear; at other

times, if this hope failed him, he had recourse to France, expecting to be reinstated in his possessions by the help of this power. Disappointed in all his hopes, he went over to the Protestant party, and left it again without hesitation, as soon as a ray of hope penetrated from the Catholic camp, and induced a belief that his object might perhaps be attained by their intercession. Enslaved by his interested and timid policy, wavering in his resolutions as well as in his hopes, he never belonged entirely to the party whose name he had embraced, and was unable to secure the gratitude of any, even with his blood, for the reason that he spilt it for both.

The Guises now sought to operate upon this prince, in order to induce him to join the triumvirate; but the promise of restoring Navarre was too stale to have much weight with this prince who had been so frequently deceived. They therefore resorted to a new plan, which, though not less baseless than the former, fulfilled the intentions of its originator most fully. Having failed in dazzling the mistrustful prince by the offer of a marriage with the widowed Queen Mary Stuart, and the prospective possession of the kingdoms of Scotland and England, which was involved in this alliance, Philip II. of Spain offered the island of Sardinia as a compensation for the lost kingdom of Navarre. At the same time his desire for this island was excited by the most brilliant description of its natural beauties. The not very distant prospect of ascending the French throne, was displayed before him, in case the reigning dynasty should die out with the feeble sons of Henry II.; a prospect which he would forever close up by adhering to the Protestant party. Finally his vanity was appealed to by the insinuation that he did not gain any thing, in sacrificing such great advantages, by occupying the first place in a party whom Condé led with his powerful will and intellect. The feeble will of Anthony of Navarre was unable to resist such emphatic arguments. In order not to hold the second rank among the reformed party, he abandoned himself without reserve to the Catholics, among whom his importance was still less; in order to get rid of the Prince Condé as a rival, he accepted Guise as a lord and master. The orange-groves of Sardinia, in whose shade he expected to enjoy a paradisiacal existence, played before his fancy; blindly he tumbled into the trap his pretended friends had set for him. Even Queen Catharine was left by him, who now abandoned himself entirely to the triumvirate, and the reformed party saw a friend who had been of little use to them, converted into an enemy who harmed them still less.

Between the leaders of the religious parties, the exertions of Queen Catharine had effected an appearance of peace. Not, however, between the parties themselves which continued to persecute each other with the fiercest hatred. Each party, that happened to be the more powerful, oppressed or harassed the other, and their respective leaders looked on this conflict without taking part in it, being satisfied provided the religious zeal was kept burning and party-spirit continued to rage. Although Catharine's last edict prohibited all

public meetings of the Protestants, yet they were continued to be held in all places where they were strong enough to bid defiance to the authorities. In Paris, as well as in the provincial towns, public discourses were pronounced in Protestant meetings, and the attempt to suppress them frequently failed. The queen beheld this state of anarchy with the liveliest apprehensions; she knew that these partial conflicts only prepared the swords for a more general war. Under these circumstances the wise and patriotic Chancellor d'Hôpital had no difficulty in persuading the queen to revoke an edict which could not be executed, lessened the power of the authorities, habituated the reformed party to disobedience and resistance, and kindled a fatal spirit of persecution in both parties by the very exertions which the Catholics made to keep the edict in force. At the suggestion of this wise patriot, the Queen called a convention of committees from every parliament in the kingdom, at St. Germain, which was to deliberate on the question: "What laws should be enacted, *in view of the public welfare*, concerning the reformed party and their public meetings (without considering the intrinsic truth or falsehood of their creed)?" The answer was suggested by the question, and an edict favorable to the reformed, was the result of this convention. The edict gave them formal leave to meet in public, though outside of the walls, and unarmed, for purposes of worship, and enjoined upon the authorities to protect them against disturbers. In return, they were commanded to restore the churches and church-utensils they had taken from the Catholics; to pay tribute to the Catholic clergy as the Catholics themselves, and to observe the festivals and holidays, and to conform in their marriages to the decrees of parentage prescribed by the dominant church. It was not without great opposition that this edict, known as the edict of January, from having been first promulgated in the month of January, 1562, was registered by the parliament of Paris; it was received by the rigid Catholics, and by the Spanish party, with as much indignation as it was received with a triumphant joy by the Protestants. The evil intentions of their enemies seemed disarmed by this edict, which seemed to inaugurate the legal existence of the reformed party in France. The regent flattered herself to have drawn an impassable barrier between the parties, to have laid a salutary check on the ambition of her magnates, and to have extinguished for a long time the embers of civil war. But it was this very edict of peace whose violation led the reformed party to the most violent measures, and enkindled the war it was intended to prevent.

This edict of January, far from realizing the intention of the queen, and keeping both religious parties within bounds, encouraged the enemies of the reformed party to perfect their plans against them with more concealment, and in a more wicked spirit. The favors which this edict granted to the Protestants, and the influence which Condé and the Chatillons enjoyed at court, offended most bitterly the bigotry and ambition of old Montmorency, of the Guises, and the allied Spanish party. Silently, but not idly,

the leaders concerted their measures, waiting for the favorable moment to give vent to their compressed passion. Each party, determined to repel force by force, avoided hostilities, in order not to be accused by public opinion of having first interrupted the peace of the country. An accident at last furnished the opportunity which both parties dreaded and desired.

The Duke of Guise, and the Cardinal Lorraine, had left the Queen's court for some time past, and had gone to the German frontier, where they might prevent, with more ease, the entry of the German Protestants into France. Soon, however, the Catholics began to miss their leaders, and the increasing influence of the reformed party over the Queen rendered their return to court urgently necessary. The duke, therefore, began his return-march to Paris, in company with a powerful retinue, whose numbers increased as he approached the capital. The road led by Vassy, on the borders of Champagne, where the reformed party happened to be assembled for religious worship. The retinue, insolent, like their leader, commenced quarreling with this crowd, and soon were engaged in a fight. The duke himself, who had hastened among the combatants for the purpose of arresting them, was wounded in the face by a stone. The sight of his bleeding cheek enraged his followers, who fell like wild beasts upon the defenseless worshipers, slaughtered every body indiscriminately, without regard to sex or age, and perpetrated the most horrible profanation of the sacred utensils. Throughout France, the reformed party were stirred up by this event, and the most bitter complaints were laid before the Queen, through the mouth of the Prince Condé and a special deputation. Catharine made every exertion to preserve the peace; being persuaded that the leaders had it in their power to quiet the parties, she called Guise to her court, that happened to sit in Monceaux, where she hoped to arrange matters between him and the Prince Condé.

But her efforts were in vain. The duke dared to disobey her, and to continue his journey to Paris, which he entered in triumph, accompanied by a numerous retinue, and in the midst of a boisterous crowd. In vain Condé, who had entered Paris shortly before, sought to win the populace over to his side. The fanatical Parisians only saw in him a detested Huguenot, and in the duke a heroic defender of the church. The prince had to retire, and leave the field to his victorious rival. The question now was, which of the two parties would surpass the other in quickness, power, and bold daring. Whilst the prince hastily assembled his troops at Meaux, whither he had retreated and was joined by the Chatillons, who expected to make head against the triumvirs, these had gone to Fontainebleau with a strong force of cavalry, in order to secure the person of the king, and by this means to drive their opponents into the position of rebels against the king.

At the first news of the duke's entry into Paris, the regent had been overwhelmed by fright and confusion; his rising power portended the ruin of her own. The equilibrium of the factions, by means of which she had ruled heretofore, was destroyed,

and could only be restored by her open accession to the reformed party. The fear of becoming subject to the tyranny of the Guises and of their party, fear for her own life and that of the king, overcame every scruple. Without dreading the ambition of the Protestant leaders, she now sought to save herself from the ambition of the Guises. In her first consternation, she looked upon the power of the Protestants as her means of safety; every other consideration had to yield to the threatening danger. Willingly she accepted the proffered assistance of this party, and the Prince Condé was invited, regardless of the consequences of such a step, to defend mother and son. At the same time, in order not to be surprised by her opponents, she fled to Melun, and from Melun to Fontainebleau; but these precautionary measures were anticipated by the rapid movements of the triumvirs.

After seizing the person of the king, the mother was allowed the privilege of accompanying him, or selecting for herself another asylum. Before she had time to make up her mind, the party commenced their march, and she was carried along, even against her will. Wherever she turned her eyes, she beheld terrors, and the same danger threatened her, no matter which party she favored. At last, she determined to go with the party that promised the surest success, rather than to involve herself in the uncertain struggles and perplexities of the Protestants. In triumph the king was conducted to Paris, where his presence invited the fanatical zeal of the Catholics to indulge in every species of violence against the reformed party. All their places of meeting were taken by the furious populace by assault, the doors were burst in, pulpits and pews were broken into fragments and burned; it was the constable of France, the venerable Montmorency, who conducted this exploit. But this desultory fight was the prelude of a much more serious war.

The Prince Condé had missed the king only by a few hours in Fontainebleau. Agreeably to the wishes of the regent, he had at once started with a numerous retinue, for the purpose of taking her and her son into his keeping; but he arrived just in time to learn that he had been anticipated by the opposite party, and that the favorable moment had been lost. This first failure did not paralyze his courage. "Having gone so far," he said to Admiral Coligny, "we have to wade through, or else we shall sink." He hastened with his troops to Orleans, where he arrived in season to decide the victory in favor of Colonel Andelot, who was fighting here with great disadvantage against the Catholics. He intended to make this city his chief arsenal, to gather his forces within its walls, and to hold it as an asylum for himself and his family, in case he should meet with an accident.

Both sides now commenced the war with manifestoes and counter-manifestoes, which were tainted with all the bitterness of party-spirit and where every thing might be found but sincerity. In his own appeal, the Prince Condé summoned all honest Frenchmen, to help him to deliver the king and his mother from the captivity in which they were held by the Guises and their partisans. These undertook to prove the justice of their

cause by the king's presence among them, and to induce all faithful subjects to gather under the standard of their king. The monarch, still a minor, had to declare in the Council of State, that both he and his mother were free, and had to confirm the edict of January. The same dissimulation was employed by both parties against foreign powers. In order to lull the German Protestants to sleep, the Guises declared that religion had nothing to do with the difficulty, and that the war was only waged against the rebels. The same artifice was employed by the Prince Condé, in order to secure the neutrality of foreign Catholic powers. In this combat of intrigue and deception, Catharine did not belie her character or her policy; compelled by circumstances to act a double part, she played a masterly game in uniting the most contradictory parts in her own person. She denied publicly the concessions she had made to the Prince Condé, and earnestly invited him to make peace, whereas it is reported that she favored his armaments in secret, and urged him to conduct the war with energy. Whereas the orders of the Guises commanded the governors of the provinces to destroy every person who claimed to belong to the reformed party, the letters of the regent invited them to exercise moderation.

During these political manœuvres, the war, which was the main point, was not lost sight of. These apparent efforts for the preservation of the peace afforded the Prince Condé more time to continue his armaments. All the reformed churches were invited to contribute to the expenses of a war that concerned them so nearly, and the religious zeal of this party poured forth their treasures. The enrollments were conducted with the greatest zeal, a brave and faithful nobility took up arms for the prince, and a solemn act was drawn up, uniting the scattered members of the party in one confederacy, the object of which was likewise determined. It was declared in this act, that arms had been taken up for the purpose of maintaining the laws of the kingdom, and protecting the authority and even the person of the king against the violent designs of a few ambitious spirits, who were hurling the country into anarchy. The members of the confederacy bound each other solemnly to oppose all blasphemy, all profanations of religion, all superstitious opinions and rites, all excesses, &c., which amounted to the same thing as to declare war against the Catholic church. Lastly, the Prince Condé was recognized as the chief of the confederacy, whose members promised to assist him with their fortune and lives, and to obey his commands. Henceforth the rebellion took a more definite form, the isolated undertakings of bands of the reformed seemed more coherent, and might be more definitely traced to a general and systematic plan; the party now was an organized body animated by a ruling spirit. Catholics and reformed, it is true, had measured swords with each other in isolated combats; noblemen in the various provinces had taken up arms, enrolled soldiers, surprised towns, devastated the open country, fought small battles; but these trifling operations, whatsoever misery they may have inflicted upon the district that happened to be the theatre of such conflicts, were without influence

upon the current of events, for the reason that a defeat ended the conflict by the scattering of the beaten force.

Armaments now were carried forward in the whole kingdom either for offense or defense; the first cities of Normandy, especially Rouen, declared in favor of the reformed party. A frightful spirit of discord pervaded the provinces, dissolving even the most sacred ties of nature. Robbery, murder, and murderous combats were of daily occurrence; the horrid spectacle of smoking cities announced the universal misery. Brothers separated from brothers, fathers from sons, friends from friends, joining opposite leaders, and meeting again in the bloody field of battle as enemies. In the mean while a regular army gathered at Orleans under the command of Condé, and another at Paris under the leadership of Montmorency and the Guises, both equally impatient to decide the fate of the country and religion.

Before risking a battle, Catharine, who expected to find a master, no matter on which side the eagle of victory should perch, attempted once more the way of reconciliation. By her suggestion, the leaders held a conference at Toury; and, after this had ended in smoke, another conference was appointed at Talsy between Chateaudun and Orleans. The Prince Condé insisted upon the withdrawal of Duke Guise, the Marshal St. André, and the constable; and the Queen had indeed prevailed upon them to withdraw to the distance of a few leagues from the royal camp during the conference. The main cause of distrust having thus been removed, the artful princess, who only desired to get rid of the tyranny of both parties, obtained through her negotiator, the Bishop of Valence, an offer from the Prince Condé, to leave the kingdom, he and his partisans, provided his opponents would do the same thing. She took him at his word, and was on the point of triumphing over his indiscretion, when the general dissatisfaction of the Protestant army, and a more mature consideration of the hasty offer, induced the prince to abruptly terminate the conference and to return the queen's deception by similar fraud. Thus the last attempt at reconciliation failed, and the issue now had to be determined by the sword.

Historians are inexhaustible in describing the cruelties that characterized this war. A single glance into history and the human heart will be found sufficient to account to us for all these misdeeds. It is an old saying, that no wars are conducted in a more infamous and more inhuman manner than those which are kindled by religious fanaticism and party-spirit in the bosom of a country. Impulses which have extinguished in the human heart the feelings that are so sacred to man; which have wiped out the honored relation between the sovereign and his subjects, and have even stifled the holiest instincts of nature, are no longer checked by the duties of humanity; the very violence which men have to use in bursting those powerful bonds, carries them headlong and blindly to deeds of the fiercest barbarity. The sentiments of justice, comity, and fidelity, which are founded upon an acknowledged equality of rights, lose their force in civil wars where each party

looks upon the other as a criminal, and arrogates to itself the right of punishing the opposite party. If one state makes war against another, if the will of the sovereign alone arms the nation, and if honor alone stimulates it to bravery, her behests are even respected toward the enemy, and a generous bravery spares even its victims. In a national war the object of the soldier's desires differs from that of his bravery; it is another person's passion that fights through his arm. In civil wars, the passions of the people do the fighting, and the enemy is the object of the combat. Each individual here is an *assailant*, because each chooses voluntarily the party for whom he is contending. Each individual here is the *assailed party*, because the other despises what he esteems, the other hates what he loves, the other condemns what he prefers. Here, where passion and necessity force the strange sword into the hands of the peaceful farmer, the mechanic, and artist, fierceness and wrath have to replace the want of discipline, despair has to take the place of true bravery. Here, where home and kindred are left behind, the home of the enemy is fired with a diabolical joy, nor is the voice of nature, which had to be stifled at home, respected when heard from strange lips. Here, where the sources from which the masses draw their morality, become turbid, where venerable things are profaned, sacred things are desecrated, and the unchangeable is forced off its hinges; where the vital springs of public order become diseased, the contagious example of the whole taints every breast, each brain is agitated by the tempest that shakes the foundations of the state. Thrice more terrible if religious fanaticism and party-spirit are united, and the torch of civil war is kindled by the impure fire of priestly zeal.

This was the character of the war that was now desolating France. It is from the bosom of the reformed religion that proceeded the gloomy and cruel spirit which gave to the war this fatal turn, which engendered all these misdeeds. In the camp of this party all smiling and joyous feelings were suppressed, plays and social songs had been banished by gloomy zeal. Psalms and prayers resounded in their places, and the ministers were unceasingly busy in inculcating in the soldier the duties of his religion, and to stir up his fanatical zeal. A religion that imposes such tortures upon the senses, could not possibly invite the heart to feelings of humanity; the character of the whole party must necessarily become barbarized by such a servile and sombre faith. Every vestige of popery excited the rage of the Calvinist; altars and men were sacrificed indiscriminately to his intolerant pride. He was driven by want and famine whither fanaticism had not impelled him to go. The Prince Condé himself set the example for a system of plunder which was speedily imitated all over France. Abandoned by the resources with which he had met the expenses of the war hitherto, he laid hands on the Catholic church-utensils that came within his reach, and caused the sacred vessels and ornaments to be melted down. The wealth of the churches proved too alluring for the cupidity of the Protestants, and the desecration of the sanctuaries was too sweet an enjoyment for

their desire of revenge, not to be indulged in by these licentious bands. All the churches of which they were able to possess themselves, and more especially the convents, had to experience the double fury of their avarice and fanaticism. Not satisfied with plunder, they desecrated the sanctuaries of their enemies by the most cutting derision, and profaned the objects of their adoration with a studied cruelty and a most barbarous delight. They broke into their churches, demolished their altars, mutilated the images of their saints, trampled upon their relics or vilified them by the vilest usage, dug up the graves of their enemies, and made dead bones pay for the faith of the living. No wonder if such bitter insults excited the most frightful retaliation, if every Catholic pulpit resounded with imprecations against the infamous profaners of the faith, if the Huguenot found no mercy at the hand of the Catholic, if attempts on the pretended deity were punished by the most horrid violations of nature and humanity.

The leaders themselves set the example of these deeds; but the excesses to which the common people were carried, soon caused the chiefs to repent of their fanatical zeal. Each party vied with the other in cruelty. Not satisfied with the shedding of blood, the horrid delight of revenge was sought to be prolonged by new contrivances of torture. Human life had become a mere trifle, and the derisive laughter of the murderer rendered the sting of a painful death still more poignant. No asylum, no sworn compact, no human rights, no law of nations, afforded protection against the beastly frenzy; faith and honor were forgotten; oaths only served to allure victims. A decree of the parliament of Paris which formally and solemnly condemned the reformed doctrines and pronounced sentence of death over all their partisans; another still more emphatic sentence of condemnation, emanating from the king's council, and proscribing all the adherents of the Prince Condé, except himself, as guilty of the crime of *lèse-majesté*, were not calculated to appease the incensed spirits, for now the king's name and the certain expectation of booty, stimulated the persecuting zeal of the papists; the courage of the Huguenots was stimulated by despair.

In vain Catharine Medicis had taxed her artful ingenuity to appease the rage of parties; in vain a decree of the council had declared all the partisans of Prince Condé rebels and guilty of high-treason; in vain the parliament of Paris had taken sides against the Calvinists; civil war had broken out, and France was in flames. Howsoever confident the latter were in their power, the result did not come up to the expectations which their preparations had excited. The reformed nobility which constituted the chief strength of the army of Condé, soon had consumed their scanty means, and, nothing decisive being done and the war being indefinitely prolonged, they were induced to yield to the urgent demands of self-preservation, and, being unable to remain with the army at their own expense, they returned home in order to defend their own estates. In a short time this numerous army that had excited such brilliant hopes, was scattered to the

winds, and the prince, too much reduced to meet a superior enemy in the field, was compelled to throw himself with the remnant of his army into the city of Orleans.

Here he awaited the assistance which several foreign Protestant powers had promised him. Germany and Switzerland supplied soldiers to both of the belligerent parties; their venal bravery, unconcerned about the cause for which they fought, was at the service of those who paid the highest price for their services. Both German and Swiss troops enlisted in opposite ranks, according as their own or their leaders' interests dictated, and the interests of religion were of very little consequence. Whilst a German army was enlisted for the Prince Condé on the banks of the Rhine, an important arrangement was effected with Queen Elizabeth of England. The same policy which induced this princess at a subsequent period to protect the Netherlands against their oppressor Philip II. of Spain, imposed similar duties upon her toward the French Protestants; the interests of religion did not permit her to look with indifference upon the probable ruin of her co-religionists in a neighboring kingdom. These instigations of her conscience were not a little quickened by political motives. A civil war in France secured her still unstable throne against an attack from this quarter, and afforded her an excellent opportunity of extending her own dominions at the expense of this kingdom. The wound inflicted upon England by the loss of Calais was still bleeding; in losing this important frontier town, England had lost her unimpeded entry into France. For a long time past Elizabeth had entertained the project of repairing this loss, and obtaining a firm foothold in the kingdom at some other point; the civil war which had broken out in France showed her the means of accomplishing her purpose. Six thousand English auxiliaries were promised to the Prince Condé, on condition that half of them should occupy the city of Havre de Grâce, and the other half the cities of Rouen and Dieppe in Normandy, as asylums for their persecuted co-religionists. A furious party-spirit extinguished for a time all patriotic sentiments in the hearts of the French Protestants, and the ancient national hatred against the British yielded for a moment to the sectarian hatred and the vindictive frenzy of embittered factions.

The apprehended invasion of Normandy by the English, drew the royal army to this province, and the city of Rouen was besieged. The parliament and the most distinguished citizens had previously fled from this city, the defense of which was abandoned to a fanatical multitude, which, excited by preaching enthusiasts, only listened to its blind fanaticism and to the law of despair. But in spite of all resistance on the part of the citizens, the walls were scaled after a defense which had lasted for months, and the obstinacy of the defenders was punished by a barbarous treatment which the Protestants of Orleans lost no time in returning. The death of the King of Navarre, who died of a wound he had received during this siege, in the year 1562, imparted some

celebrity to this event, although the death of this Prince was of very little consequence to either party.

The loss of Rouen and the victorious advance of the hostile army in Normandy, threatened the Prince Condé, who had only a few large cities left to his rule, with the imminent destruction of his party, when the appearance of the German auxiliaries, with whom his Colonel Andelot had effected a junction after surmounting incredible difficulties, revived his drooping hopes. At the head of these troops who, together with his own, constituted a tolerably powerful army, he was strong enough to march on Paris, and to startle this capital by his unexpected arrival before its walls. If it had not been for Catharine's political prudence, Paris would either have been conquered, or favorable terms of peace would at least have been obtained by the Protestants. By resorting to her usual policy of negotiations, she managed to arrest the prince in the midst of his victorious career, and to gain time for safety by holding out the prospect of an advantageous treaty. She promised to confirm the edict of January, which secured the free exercise of religious worship to the Protestants, excepting only the cities where the supreme courts of justice sat. The prince insisting upon these last-named cities being included in the provisions of this edict, the negotiations were protracted, and Catharine obtained the necessary time to perfect her measures. The armistice which was granted to her by the prince, became ruinous to the allied army; whilst the royalists gathered new strength within the walls of Paris, and increased their number by the arrival of Spanish auxiliaries, the army of the Prince became so reduced by desertions and cold, that he was soon forced to an ignominious departure. He directed his course to Normandy, where he expected money and troops from England, but being overtaken by the queen's army, not far from Dreux, he was obliged to accept battle. Startled and undecided, as though the oppressed feelings of nature had reclaimed their rights, both armies stared at each other before the cannon gave the signal for the work of death; the thought of the fraternal blood that was to be spilt, seemed to quiver through each single combatant with a sensation of horror. This struggle of the conscience did not last long; the wild yell of discord soon stifled the gentle voice of humanity. This ominous silence was followed by a storm that was so much more terrible. For seven hours both parties fought with equal courage, with equal bitterness of hatred. Victory was wavering from side to side, until the firmness of the Duke of Guise finally secured it to the king's army. Prince Condé among the confederates, and the Constable Montmorency among the royalists, were taken prisoners; Marshal St. André remained dead on the field of battle. This decisive victory delivered the duke of a formidable public enemy, and of two rivals of his power.

If Catharine had groaned under the yoke that the triumvirs had imposed upon her, the despotism of the Duke of Guise, whose ambition knew no bounds and whose imperious pride knew no moderation,

must have been doubly offensive to her. The victory of Dreux, so far from satisfying her wishes, had imposed upon her a master who did not hesitate to use the superiority he had acquired, and to hold the confident and proud language of a master. His authority was supreme, and the unlimited power which he possessed gave him the means of purchasing friends and filling both the court and the army with his creatures. However much policy suggested to Catharine the propriety of raising again the sinking Protestant faction, and limiting the pretensions of the Duke of Guise by restoring the influence of the Prince Condé, yet she was dragged into opposite measures by the ascendancy of the duke. This personage, following up his victory, advanced before the city of Orleans, where the main body of the Protestants had taken up a fortified position; by capturing this place, he intended to wipe out the Protestant party at one blow. The loss of a battle and the captivity of their chief had shaken, but not paralyzed their courage. They were now headed by Admiral Coligny, whose genius was inexhaustible in resources, and always shone most brilliantly in adversity. Within a brief period he had again assembled the remnant of the defeated army, and, in his person, had given the soldiers a new leader. Increased by English troops, and paid with English gold, he led them into Normandy, where they prepared themselves by minor undertakings for a more important enterprise.

In the mean while Francis Guise continued to harass the city of Orleans in order to crown his triumph by the conquest of this place. With the élite of the army and the most chosen chiefs, Andelot had thrown himself into this town, where the captive constable was likewise held in confinement. The conquest of such an important fortress would have ended the war at one blow, for which reason the duke made every effort to take it. But in the place of the laurels which he hoped to gather before this place, he met his death. Jean Toltrot de Mère wounded him with poisoned balls, and by this bloody deed began the drama which was afterward continued by the fanatical frenzy of factions in a series of similar cruelties. By his death the Calvinists were undoubtedly freed from a formidable adversary, and Catharine got rid of a dangerous participant of power; but in losing him, France lost a hero and a great man. However insatiate this prince's ambition might have been, he was adequate to his designs; whatever storms his ambition had excited in the kingdom, yet even his enemies admitted the loftiness of his mind, which ennobles every passion of great souls. That the duty of honor was sacred to him, even in the midst of the brutalizing frenzy of the civil war, where the sentiment of humanity is so readily extinguished, is proven by the treatment which he showed to his opponent, the Prince Condé, after the battle of Dreux. With no little amazement, these bitter antagonists, who had sought for so many years to exterminate each other, whose vengeance had been excited by so many insults, and whose distrust in each other had been inflamed by so many acts of hostility were seen dining at the same table, and, as was the custom in those times, sleeping in the same bed

The death of their leader arrested very shortly the activity of the Catholic party, and facilitated Catharine's efforts to restore peace. The increasing wretchedness of the country excited an urgent desire for repose, which the captivity of the two chiefs, Condé and Montmorency seemed to render probable. Both of them impatiently longing for freedom, and unceasingly admonished by the queen-mother to become reconciled with each other, at last concluded the terms of an agreement in the city of Amboise, 1563, where the edict of January was substantially confirmed with few modifications; the reformed were permitted the free exercise of their religious worship in the cities that happened to be in their possession, but in the open country this exercise was limited to the estates of high judicial functionaries and to the private houses of the nobility; in other respects, all past offenses were to be universally and forever forgotten.

However considerable the advantages which the convention of Amboise accorded to the Protestants, might seem to be, nevertheless Coligny was perfectly right in denouncing it as an act of indiscretion on the part of the prince, and deception on the part of the queen. This premature peace destroyed the brilliant hopes of his party, which perhaps at no period during this war had been so well founded as at the present time. The Duke of Guise, who was the soul of the Catholic party, the Marshal St. André, the King of Navarre in their graves, the constable a prisoner, the army without a leader and dissatisfied on account of the non-payment of arrears, and the finances exhausted; on the side of the Protestants a vigorous army, England's powerful aid, friends in Germany, and the religious zeal of the French Protestants sufficiently fertile in resources to prosecute the war. The important fortresses of Lyons and Orleans, that had been defended with so much blood, were lost by a stroke of the pen; the army had to be disbanded, and the Germans were sent home. In return for these sacrifices not only not a step had been taken towards religious equality, but the former privileges had not even been restored.

The exchange of the captive leaders, and the expulsion of the English from Havre de Grace, which Montmorency effected by means of the dismissed Protestant soldiers, were the first fruit of this peace. The zeal with which both parties endeavored to hasten the accomplishment of this enterprise, proved not so much the returning patriotism of the people as the inextinguishable national hatred which neither the duty of gratitude, nor the most intense workings of the passions, were able to overcome. No sooner had the common enemy been expelled from the soil of France, when all the passions which sectarian party-spirit enkindles, returned in all their fury, and again gave rise to the former scenes of violence. However trifling the advantages were which the Calvinists derived from the treaty, yet even these were restricted by the most arbitrary interpretation of the treaty. Montmorency's imperious spirit was busy in undermining a peace which he himself had proposed; for war alone rendered him indispensable to the queen. The intolerant religious zeal which animated him, was communi-

cated to several provincial commanders, and woe unto the Protestants in districts where the majority was not on their side. In vain they claimed the rights which the express letter of the treaty guaranteed to them; in the midst of courtly delights, their natural protector, the Prince Condé, insnared by the queen's intrigues, and tired of the thankless office of a party-leader, indemnified himself for the privations which the war had imposed upon his ruling passion. He contented himself with written protestations, which, unsupported by an army, remained without effect, whilst one edict after another was promulgated restricting more and more the few privileges of his party.

In the mean while Catharine led the young king, who had been declared of age in the year 1563, from province to province, in order to show their new king to his French subjects, put down the spirit of rebellion by the royal presence, and win the hearts of the nation for her son. The sight of so many demolished churches and convents, which testified in a fearful manner to the fanatical frenzy of the Protestants, was not calculated to give the young king a favorable idea of the new religion, and it is very probable that his tour through France inspired him with a burning hatred against the Calvinists.

Whilst the inflammable materials for a new war were accumulating between the two parties, Catharine exerted herself at the court to perform the farce of a reconciliation between the chiefs. For a long time past the honor of Admiral Coligny had been stained by a dark suspicion. Francis Guise had been assassinated, and the destruction of such an enemy was too opportune an event for the admiral not to induce his embittered opponents to accuse him of complicity. The deposition of the murderer, who sought to diminish his guilt by seeking refuge behind a great name, imparted an appearance of legitimacy to this suspicion. The admiral's known love of honor was not sufficient to refute this accusation: there are periods, when virtue is no longer believed in. The brutalized spirit of the age repudiated every species of moral virtue that attempted to soar above the universal depravity. Antoinette Bourbon, widow of the murdered duke, accused Coligny publicly as the murderer, and Henry Guise, son of the murdered duke, in whose youthful breast the future greatness was already throbbing, lost no time in arranging his terrible design of revenge. Catharine's busy spirit extinguished this dangerous spark which threatened to kindle fresh hostilities; however much the discord of parties favored her desire of dominion, yet she suppressed every open outbreak which reduced her to the necessity of taking sides with one of the contending parties, and of incurring the loss of her independence. By her indefatigable exertions she succeeded in obtaining from the widow and brother of the murdered duke a solemn pledge declaring the admiral innocent of the assassination, and in effecting an apparent reconciliation between the two houses.

Under the vail of this affected harmony, the germs of a new and more furious civil war developed themselves. Every little concession to the Protestants seemed to the more zealous Catholics

an impardonable infringement of the majesty of their religion, a desecration of her sanctuary, an act of robbery against the church which should not abandon the smallest of her privileges. In the eyes of the Catholics, no compact, were it ever so solemn which violated these rights, should be considered valid; it was the duty of every orthodox believer to take these privileges like so much stolen property back from this accursed sect. While Rome sought to strengthen and foment their antagonism; whilst the Catholic leaders endeavored to arm this fanatical zeal by the influence of their example, the opposite party, unfortunately, neglected no opportunity of inflaming the hatred of the papists against them still more by the increasing arrogance of their demands, and of extending their claims in proportion as they became more intolerable to the Catholics. "Some time ago," said Charles IX. to Coligny, "you were content with being tolerated by us; now you presume to have equal rights with us; by-and-by you will want to drive me out of the kingdom, and to remain the exclusive possessors of the field."

In view of this antagonistic disposition of parties, no peace could last that was not satisfactory to any. Catharine herself, frightened by the threats of the Calvinists, planned an open rupture, and the question simply was, how a large military force might be collected without prematurely informing a suspicious enemy of approaching danger. The march of a Spanish army to the Netherlands under the command of the Duke of Alva, which touched the French frontiers during its passage, afforded the desired pretext for an armament that was to be used against the internal enemies of the kingdom. It seemed prudent not to let such a powerful army as was commanded by the Spanish Generalissimo, pass close to the gates of the kingdom without being observed and watched by a suitable force; even the suspicious spirit of the Protestant chiefs admitted the necessity of organizing an army of observation that should restrain these dangerous guests, and protect the exposed provinces against a surprise. In order to improve this circumstance, they offered to arm their own party for the protection of the kingdom; by this stratagem, if it had succeeded, they would have attained the same end which the court had been planning against them. In great haste Catharine enlisted an army of six thousand Swiss, who were commanded by Catholic generals, to the exclusion of all Protestants. This army marched side by side with the Duke of Alva, who had never thought of molesting French subjects. Instead of disbanding after the danger was past, the Swiss marched to the very heart of the kingdom, where they expected to surprise the Huguenot leaders unprepared to defend themselves. This treacherous plot was revealed in season to show to the Calvinists the abyss into which they were going to be hurled. They had to make up their minds at once. After deliberating at the house of Coligny, the whole party was soon in motion. Their plan was to anticipate the movements of the court, to capture the king who deemed himself perfectly secure at his castle of Monceaux,

and where he resided with only a feeble escorte. The report of these movements induced him to hasten to Meaux, whither the Swiss were ordered in great haste. They arrived, indeed, in season, but the cavalry of the Prince Condé, was approaching more and more closely, the army of the confederates became more and more numerous, and threatened to besiege the king in his retreat. The determined courage of the Swiss, saved the king from this danger. They offered to take him to Paris straight through the enemy's army, and Catharine did not hesitate to confide his person to their bravery. They started about midnight. Forming a close square around the monarch and his mother, this movable fortress marched with their halberts presenting a dense wall of steel which the hostile cavalry was unable to pierce. The resolute courage with which the Swiss pursued their march, and which was fired by the sacred palladium of majesty, confided to their care, struck down the courage of the enemy, and the instinctive respect which the French feel for their king, prevented the Prince Condé from undertaking any thing more than a few skirmishes. On the same evening, the king arrived in Paris, considering himself indebted to the swords of the Swiss for nothing less than his life and liberty.

War was now declared, accompanied by the usual assurance that arms had been taken up not against him, but against his own enemies, and those of the kingdom. Among them the Cardinal Lorraine was the most hated. Persuaded that he made every effort to injure the Protestants, his destruction was the chief aim of their endeavors. Fortunately he avoided the blow that was to be struck at him by making his escape and abandoning his furniture to the fury of his enemies.

The prince's cavalry was indeed in the field, but overtaken by the king's army, it had been prevented from effecting a junction with the German auxiliaries and forming a well-organized army. Notwithstanding the courage of the nobles who constituted the greater portion of the prince's army, they were ill-calculated for the fatigues of a siege, which, however, threatened to constitute the main business in this war. Nevertheless, this small band undertook the siege of Paris, pressed forward toward the capital, and sought to overpower it by famine. The devastation which the enemies caused in the neighborhood of Paris, exhausted the patience of the citizens who were unwilling to see their property destroyed any longer. They insisted upon being led against the enemy whose numbers increased from day to day. Decisive measures had to be taken before the prince should acquire a decided superiority by effecting a junction with the German auxiliaries. On the 10th of November, 1567, the battle of St. Denis was fought, where the Calvinists had indeed the disadvantage, but were compensated for their losses by the death of the constable who terminated his memorable career in this battle. The bravery of his troops snatched the dying general from the hands of the enemy, and procured for him the consolation of dying in Paris under the eyes of his king. He it was who sent away his father confessor, with these laconic words: "Never

mind, father; it were a pity that I should have lived eighty years without learning to die for fifteen minutes!"

After their defeat at St. Denis, the Calvinists made a precipitate retreat toward the Lotharingian frontier, in order to effect a junction with the German auxiliaries. The royal army made after them, under the command of the young Duke of Anjou. The Calvinists were deprived of the necessities of life, whereas the Catholics enjoyed every luxury; the flight and subsistence of the former were still more impeded by the adverse season. On reaching the opposite bank of the Maas, after an uninterrupted struggle with hunger and stormy weather, no vestige of a German army was to be seen, and at the end of such a fatiguing journey, the Calvinists did not seem to be any better off than they were before the walls of Paris. Their patience was exhausted; the nobles, as well as the common soldiers, grumbled. The dignity of the admiral, and the jovial mood of the prince, were scarcely able to prevent a separation of the troops. The prince maintained that their safety depended upon a junction with the German auxiliaries, whom they should march to meet at the place designated for the rendezvous. "But, supposing they should not be found at this place, what would the Huguenots do in such a case?" "Blow their hands and rub their fingers," was his reply, for the weather was intensely cold.

At last, the Palsgrave Casimir arrived with the anxiously-expected German cavalry; but now a new embarrassment arose. The Germans had the reputation of not being willing to fight until they saw money; and instead of the hundred thousand crowns which they expected to receive, only a few thousand could be offered them. There was danger of being left in the lurch by the German troops, at the very moment when a junction was on the point of being effected, and of seeing all the hopes that had been based upon such a junction defeated. At this critical moment, the French leader appealed to the vanity and national honor of his countrymen, and was not disappointed in his calculations. He admitted to the officers his inability to satisfy the demands of the Germans, and asked them to assist him in this difficulty. The officers assembled the troops, represented to them the embarrassments of their commander, and appealed to their sympathy for aid. In these appeals, they were supported by the preachers, who sought to prove that it was God's own cause that was assisted by the charity of the army. The experiment succeeded, the common soldier deprived himself, without reluctance, of his rings and other ornaments; all vied with each other in this business, and it was discreditable for any one to be outdone by his comrade. Every thing was converted into money, and a sum of a hundred thousand livres was collected, which satisfied the Germans for the moment. This is probably the only instance in history where one army was paid by the other! But the main object was reached, and the united armies again appeared upon French soil, in the year 1568.

Their number was quite considerable, and was

swelled from day to day by the troops that joined them from all parts of the kingdom. They laid siege to Chartres, and frightened the capital itself by their approach. But Condé only showed the strength of his party for the purpose of obtaining favorable terms from the court. He had assumed the responsibility of a war with great reluctance, and was anxious for peace, which would enable him to gratify his inclination for pleasure. He therefore showed a willingness to enter upon the negotiations which Catharine had proposed, for the sake of gaining time. Whatever cause the reformed had to distrust the offers of this princess, and however little all previous agreements had improved the affairs of their party, they abandoned a second time their advantage of numbers and position, and lost the time for warlike enterprises in fruitless negotiations. The money of the queen, which was lavished on the troops, diminished their number from day to day; and their dissatisfaction which Catharine managed to keep up, finally obliged their chiefs to conclude a premature peace. The king promised a general amnesty, and confirmed the edict of January, which was favorable to the reformed party. At the same time, he pledged himself to pay the German auxiliaries, who still had heavy arrears due to them; but it was soon found that he had promised more than he was able to keep. The king was anxious to get rid of these foreign invaders as soon as possible, and yet they were unwilling to leave without first getting their pay. At last, after obtaining a portion of their dues, they commenced their homeward march. The hopes of the court revived, in proportion as the foreigners, who had been promised the balance of their money during their march, approached more nearly to the frontier of the kingdom. But they had no sooner found out that the promised payments were not forthcoming, when their rage broke out afresh, and all the provinces which they passed through, had to pay for the faithlessness of the court. The acts of violence which were perpetrated by these troops, compelled the queen to settle with them, and, loaded with plunder, they finally left the kingdom. Peace being concluded, the leaders of the reformed party retired to their estates. This separation, which was condemned as a fatal step, saved them from ruin. Notwithstanding the insidious designs that had been formed against them, the court dared not molest any one of them singly; and, as La Conrens correctly remarks, in order to destroy them all, it would have been necessary to spread the net over the whole of France.

The arms now rested for a season, but not the passions; it was the stillness preceding a violent storm. The queen, freed from the yoke of the growling constable, and the imperious Guise, governed with absolute authority, under a son who was indeed of age, but in constant need of her cunning advice, and the queen herself derived her inspirations from the pernicious counsels of the Cardinal Lorraine. The overwhelming influence of this intolerant priest extinguished in her heart the spirit of moderation by which she had been guided heretofore. As circumstances changed, her whole policy became altered. Full of regard

toward the Protestants as long as she required their support against the overwhelming ambition of Guise and Montmorency, she abandoned herself to her natural hatred against this rising sect as soon as her throne was sufficiently fortified. She took no pains to hide her sentiments which pervaded all the instructions she sent to the governors of her provinces. She persecuted the Catholics who had inclined to peace and toleration, and whose sentiments she had adopted. The chancellor was excluded from all share in the government, and finally exiled to his estates. His partisans were nicknamed the *politicians*, which implied that they sacrificed the interests of God to worldly considerations. Full license was accorded to the fanaticism of the priests who assailed the Calvinists by preaching against them, and availing themselves of the influence of the confessional and the majesty of the altar for the purpose of destroying these odious heretics; every rabid enthusiast among the Catholics was permitted to attack the peace, and to preach the execrable maxim that it was not necessary to keep one's promise to heretics. It could not fail that the blood-thirsty spirit of fanaticism, stimulated by such instigations, should become intensely active among such inflammable people as the French are known to be. Mistrust and suspicion severed the most sacred ties; the dagger of the assassin was sharpened in the bosom of families, and the torch of rebellion was brandished in the open country as well as in the cities, in Paris as well as in the provinces.

On their side, the Calvinists resorted to the bitterest reprisals, but too feeble in numbers, they had to content themselves with opposing their pens to the daggers of the Catholics. Above all things they endeavored to obtain fortified places in case the war should break out a second time. Rochelle, situated on the shores of the western ocean, seemed to answer the purpose of an asylum; a powerful maritime port, which since its submission to French rule, had enjoyed the most important privileges, and which, animated by a republican spirit, enriched by an extensive commerce, defended by a good fleet, united with England and Holland by the ocean, seemed peculiarly adapted to being the chief seat of a republic, and to serve as a centre of operations to the reformed party. To this place the Huguenots transferred their main force, and behind the fortified walls of this city they succeeded for many years in holding the whole power of France in check.

It was not long before the Prince Condé himself was obliged to seek an asylum in this place. In order to deprive him of the means of waging war, Catharine required of him the re-payment of the sums of money she had advanced to the German auxiliaries, and which he and the other chiefs of his party had guaranteed. The prince was unable to keep his word without being reduced to beggary, and Catharine, who was determined to reduce him to extremes, insisted upon payment. The prince's inability to pay this debt, authorized her to break the treaty, and she ordered the Marshal Tavannes, to capture the prince at his castle Noyers in Burgundy. Already the whole province was occupied by the queen's troops, all the ave-

nues to the castle of the prince barricaded, every outlet cut off, when Tavannes himself, who was unwilling to be instrumental in the prince's ruin, contrived to inform him of his impending danger, and to favor his flight. Condé and the admiral Coligny escaped with their families through the defiles which had been left unoccupied, and they reached Rochelle on the 18th of September, 1658. The widowed Queen of Navarre, the mother of Henry IV., whom Montlue had been commissioned to capture, likewise found in this city a refuge with her son, her troops, and her treasures. A warlike and numerous host was soon assembled within its walls. The cardinal Chatillon escaped in sailor's dress to England, where he worked for his party by negotiations; the other chiefs of the party summoned all their forces and the German auxiliaries were recalled in great haste. Both parties renewed the war, and all the former atrocities were re-enacted. The edict of January was revoked, the reformed were persecuted with more fury than ever, and their worship was interdicted on pain of death. All moderation was at an end, and Catharine, forgetful of her real security, risked the certain advantages of intrigue against the uncertain results of blind despotism.

A warlike zeal animated the reformed party. The faithlessness of the court, the unexpected revocation of the privileges that had been granted to them, enlisted more soldiers under their banner than all the exhortations of their preachers would have been able to accomplish. At the sound of the drum, every partisan rushed to his post. Flags waved on every road; from every corner of the kingdom armed bands were seen marching to the central position. The fury of the combatants had been inflamed by the humiliations they had suffered; so many broken pledges, so many disappointments, had irritated the dispositions, and the character of the nation had been completely demoralized by the bitter persecutions of civil war. Hence no moderation, no humanity, no regard for natural rights, if an advantage could be gained over the enemy; neither rank nor age was spared, and the march of the troops everywhere was marked by devastated fields, and towns laid in ashes. The vengeance of the Huguenots was frightfully visited upon the Catholic priests, whose blood alone was sufficient to quench the heartless cruelty of the Protestant host. For the oppression which they had suffered from the dominant church, they wreaked their vengeance on cloisters and churches. The most venerable things ceased to be respected by their blind rage; the most sacred things were profaned; with a barbarous delight they despoiled altars of their ornaments, broke and desecrated the sacred vessels, dashed to pieces the statues of the apostles and saints, and demolished the most magnificent temples. Monks and nuns were dragged from their cells, and the swords of the Huguenots were stained with the blood of these defenseless victims. With ingenious fury they rendered the tortures of death still more poignant by the bitterest derision, and even death itself was frequently insufficient to appease their beastly delights. They even mutilated the corpses, and one of the murderers had the horrid taste of mak-

ing for his own use a necklace of the ears of the monks he had slain. Another had a hydra painted on his flag, whose heads were adorned in the strangest manner with mitres and hoods. Himself was represented as a Hercules who was engaged in knocking off all these ornaments with his strong fists. It is no wonder that such plausible devices should have inflamed the passions of these raw bands, and should have continually fed the spirit of cruelty. The excesses of the Huguenots were responded to by the Catholics in a most frightful manner; woe unto the unfortunate who fell into their hands alive; his sentence was sure, and a voluntary submission could at most retard his death by a couple of hours.

In mid-winter both armies left their encampments, the royal army under the command of the young Duke of Anjou, who was seconded by the experienced Marshal Tavannes; and the Protestant army under Condé and Coligny; at Loudun they came so close together that neither ditch nor river separated them. For four days they were opposed to each other in this position, without risking a blow, because the cold was too intense. At last the increasing cold compelled the royalists first to depart; the Huguenots followed their example, and the whole campaign was terminated without a blow being struck.

In the mean while the Protestants improved the repose of the winter-quarters by increasing their forces for the new campaign. They had retained possession of the conquered provinces, and many cities awaited a favorable moment to declare themselves for them. Considerable sums were realized by the sale of church property, and the provinces collected large amounts in the shape of contributions. By this means the Prince Condé was able to increase the number of his troops, and to render them effective. Able generals commanded under his orders, and a brave nobility had gathered under his standard. At the same time his agents were busy in Germany and England, in arousing his allies, and securing the neutrality of his adversaries. He succeeded in obtaining troops, money, and artillery from England, and a considerable number of troops was furnished by the Margrave of Baden and the Duke of Zweibrücken, so that at the beginning of the year 1569, he found himself at the head of a formidable army, which promised a memorable campaign.

He had hardly left his winter-quarters in order to open to the German troops a passage into the kingdom, when the royal army obliged him, on the 13th of March, of this year, not far from Limousin, to accept battle under very unfavorable circumstances. Separated from the rest of his army, he was attacked by the whole army of the king, and his small band was overpowered by numbers, in spite of the most determined bravery. Though his leg had been crushed by a kick from his horse a few moments before the battle commenced, yet he fought with the most heroic bravery, and, dragged from his horse, he continued the combat on his knees, until the loss of strength compelled him to surrender. But at this moment Montesquion, captain in the guard of the Duke of Anjou, approached him from be-

hind, and fired a bullet through him with his pistol.

Condé shared the fate of the party-chiefs of that period, most of whom met a violent death, Francis Guise was assassinated before Orleans, Anthony of Navarre was killed during the siege of Rouen, the Marshal St. André perished in the battle of Dreux, and the constable in the battle of St. Denis. A more terrible fate awaited the admiral in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and Henry Guise was assassinated like his father.

The death of the leader was a painful blow for the Protestant party, but it soon became evident that the Catholic party had triumphed too soon. Condé had rendered great services to his party, but his loss was not irreparable. The heroic race of the Chatillons was still living, and the firm, enterprising genius of Coligny, who was inexhaustible in resources, soon raised the Protestants from their degradation. They lost a *name* rather than a leader by the death of Condé; but even a name was important and indispensable to them, to animate the courage of the party and to obtain an influence in the kingdom. The nobles who aimed at independence, reluctantly submitted to the command of a leader who was only one of their number; a private citizen found it difficult and even impossible to restrain such a proud body. For this purpose a prince was required, whom his birth placed beyond the pale of competition, and who exercised an undisputed, hereditary sway over the minds of his partisans. Such a leader was found in the person of the young Henry Bourbon, the hero of these great events, who now for the first time makes his appearance upon the political stage.

Henry IV., son of Anthony of Navarre and Jane Albret, was born at Pau, in the province of Bearn, in the year 1553. Subjected to a rigid mode of life from his infancy, his body was fitly prepared for his future exploits. A simple education and suitable instruction soon developed the germs of his quick genius. Even at his mother's breast, his young heart was nursed with hatred against the papacy and the Spanish despotism; while yet young and innocent of political strife, the force of circumstances made him a leader of rebels. The early use of arms prepared him to become a hero, and early misfortune made him an excellent king. The house Valois, which had governed France for centuries, inclined to its end under the feeble sons of Henry II., and if these three brothers died without children, the house of Navarre, although related to the ruling dynasty, only in the twenty-first degree, ascended the throne. The prospect of the most brilliant throne of Europe sparkled already round Henry's cradle, but this very prospect exposed him to the persecutions of powerful enemies even in his earliest age. Philip II., King of Spain, and the most irreconcilable enemy of the new faith, could not remain a passive spectator of the odious sect of the innovators taking possession of the most magnificent throne in Christendom, and by this means obtaining a decided ascendancy in the affairs of Europe. He was so much less inclined to see the crown of France pass into the heretical hands of the house of Navarre, as he himself felt a longing for this

precious acquisition. Young Henry was an obstacle to his ambitious hopes, and his confessors persuaded him that it was a meritorious work to despoil a heretic in order to keep such a great kingdom within the pale of the true church. A dark plot was now contrived in conjunction with the Duke of Alva and the Cardinal Lorraine, to kidnap Henry and his mother in his own kingdom, and to deliver them over into Spanish hands. A horrid fate awaited these unfortunates in the hands of their blood-thirsty enemy, and the Spanish Inquisition already triumphed at the thought of sacrificing these illustrious heretics on the altar of religious fanaticism. But Jane being warned in due time, it is believed, by Philip's own wife, Elizabeth, the horrid plot was frustrated. Such fearful dangers beset the head of the boy, and consecrated him at an early age to the hard struggles and sufferings which he was to endure at a more remote period. At this moment, when the news of the death of the Prince Condé plunged the chiefs of the Protestants into consternation and confusion, and when the party was without a leader and the army without a commander, the heroic Jane, with her son Henry, who was now sixteen years old, and with the eldest son of the murdered Condé, who was a few years younger, appeared at Cognac, in the province Angoumois, where the army and chiefs had assembled. Leading both boys by the hand, she stood before the troops, and quickly put an end to their irresolution. "The good cause," she said, "has lost an excellent protector in the Prince Condé, but it has not perished with him. God watches over his worshipers. He assisted the Prince Condé with valiant companions in arms, when this prince was still living among us; he appoints heroic officers as his successors, who enable us to bear his loss. Here is my son, the young Prince of Bearn, I offer him to you as your prince; here is the son of the man whose loss you deplore. I confide both to your keeping. May their future deeds render them worthy of their sires! May the sight of these sacred pledges teach you union, and inspire you with courage in struggling for your religion!"

A loud cry of approbation greeted the royal speaker, after which young Henry, addressing himself to the army, exclaimed: "Friends, I vow to you that I shall fight for religion and for the common cause, until victory or death has won for us the liberty which it is our own endeavor to possess." He was at once declared chief of the party, and leader of the army, and in this capacity received the homage of the army. The jealousy of the other leaders was hushed, and it was without reluctance that they now submitted to the direction of Admiral Coligny, who lent his experience to the young hero, and governed the whole as his guardian.

The German Protestants, who were always the principal support and last refuge of their co-religionists in France, again helped, after the unfortunate battle of Jarnac, to restore the equilibrium of arms between the Huguenots, and the Catholics. Duke Wolfgang of Zweibrücken entered the kingdom with an army of thirteen thousand men, marched in the midst of hostile bands, not with-

out encountering great obstacles, almost across the whole breadth of France between the Rhine and the ocean, and was on the point of effecting a junction with the Huguenots, when death snatched him away. A few days after, in the month of June, 1569, Count Mansfeld, his successor in command, joined Admiral Coligny in the province of Guienne, who felt able, after receiving such powerful reinforcements, to make head against the royalists. But mistrusting fortune, whose inconstancy he had experienced on so many occasions, and conscious of his inability to support an exhausting war with such scanty means, he once more attempted to secure, by peaceable means, terms which he found it so difficult to obtain by force. The admiral was a sincere lover of peace, quite contrary to the general temper of party-leaders who look upon repose as the grave of their power, and find their advantage in the general confusion. Very reluctantly he resorted to oppressions which his office and the duty of self-preservation imposed upon him, and he would have most willingly been spared the trouble of fighting for a cause which he deemed sufficiently strong to conquer by the force of argument. He urged the court in the most impressive manner to have mercy on the general misery, and to grant to the reformed the free exercise of their worship which former edicts had already guaranteed to them. He had a right to expect a favorable reception for his entreaties, since they did not emanate from fear, but were backed by a considerable display of force. But their successes had increased the self-confidence of the Catholics. They demanded an unconditional surrender, and the final decision was therefore left to the arbitrament of the sword.

In order to protect the city of Rochelle, and the possessions of the Protestants on the Atlantic coast, against an attack, the admiral marched with his whole force against the city of Poitiers, which he deemed incapable of long resistance on account of the extent of its works. But at the first report of danger, the Dukes of Guise and Mayenne, worthy sons of the late Francis Guise, and a numerous retinue of nobles had thrown themselves into this city, determined to defend it to the last. Fanaticism and rage rendered this siege one of the most frightful events in the whole war, and the most obstinate assaults were unable to effect any thing against such a determined resistance.

In spite of the inundations which flooded the outer works; in spite of the fire and the boiling oil of the enemy which was poured upon the assailants from the walls; in spite of the unconquerable resistance offered by the bravery of the garrison and the steep walls, the assaults were unceasingly renewed, without, however, a single advantage being obtained by the besiegers, or without the perseverance of the besieged giving way one instant. On the contrary, they showed by repeated sallies, how little their courage had wavered. A rich supply of munitions of war, and of provisions which the royalists had been able to store up in the magazines of the place, enabled them to bid defiance to the longest siege, whereas want, bad weather, and epidemic diseases soon commenced to make sad havoc in the camp of the Huguenots.

Dysentery carried off a large number of the German auxiliaries, and attacked even the admiral, after having incapacitated the greater number of his generals from active service. The Duke of Anjou making, soon after, his appearance in the field, and threatening to lay siege to Chatellerault, a fortified place in the neighborhood, where the sick had been placed in safety, the admiral seized this pretext in order to give up his undertaking with a show of honor. He succeeded in defeating the duke's attempt against Chatellerault, but the increasing forces of the enemy soon compelled him to think of his retreat.

All things combined to shake the firmness of this great man. A few weeks after the disaster of Jarnac, he had lost his brother D'Andelot, his most faithful companion in all his undertakings, and his right arm in the field. Now he was informed that the parliament of Paris, which sometimes opposed a salutary check to oppression, but frequently allowed itself to be used as an instrument of despotic injustice, had pronounced sentence of death over him, as a rebel against the king's majesty, and had set a price of fifty thousand crowns on his head. Copies of this sentence were scattered throughout France, and translations were circulated in every country of Europe, in order to allure murderers by the promised reward and make sure of their victim, in case no villain should be found in France for the perpetration of such a crime. One of his own servants, however, undertook to attempt his life. It is true, the danger was averted by a timely discovery, but the dagger of the assassin seemed henceforth to be hovering before his mind's eye, and deprived him of his rest forever.

These personal adversities were rendered still more oppressive by the responsibility of his command, and by the public disasters of his party. His army had become very much reduced by desertion, sickness, and the sword of the enemy, whereas the enemy was becoming more powerful, and pursued him with increasing ardor. The superiority of the enemy was so decided that he dared not trust to the uncertain result of a battle. This was, however, insisted on by his troops, especially by the Germans. They left him the choice between leading them to battle or paying them their arrears; the latter being impossible, he had to consent to the fight.

The army of the Duke of Anjou surprised him on the third of October, 1569, near Montcontour, in a very unfavorable position, and defeated him in a decisive battle. In spite of the resolute courage of the Protestant nobles, of the bravery of the Germans, and of the presence of mind of the commander-in-chief, his army was totally routed. The German infantry was almost entirely cut down, the admiral was wounded, his army dispersed, and the largest portion of the baggage was lost. This was the most unfortunate day the Huguenots had yet known during the war. The Princes Bourbon were carried during the battle to St. Jean d'Angely, where the defeated Coligny gathered a small remnant of his army. Scarcely six thousand men had remained of an army of twenty-five thousand; nevertheless but few prisoners had been made. The fury of the civil war

suppressed the sentiments of humanity, and the vindictive spirit of the Catholics could only be quenched by the blood of their adversaries. With cold cruelty, those who surrendered and asked for quarter were murdered; the recollection of similar acts of barbarity which the Huguenots had perpetrated against the papists, rendered the hatred of the latter irreconcilable.

The courage of the Protestants was universally depressed, and every thing was supposed lost. Many spoke of leaving the kingdom, and seeking new homes in Holland, England, and in the northern kingdoms. Many of the nobles left the admiral, who was without money, men, authority, but not without heroism. About this time his beautiful castle and the adjoining city of Chatillon had been surprised and reduced to ashes by the royalists. Notwithstanding, he alone of all did not give up his cause. His penetrating glance discerned the means of safety which were still at the disposal of the reformed party, and he pressed them upon the attention of his partisans with great force. A Huguenot leader, Montgomery, had obtained some advantages in the province of Bearn, and offered to join the admiral with his victorious force. Germany was still able to supply troops, and England likewise might furnish assistance. Moreover, instead of following up their victory, and pursuing the beaten enemy to his last retreat, the royalists wasted their time in useless sieges, and afforded to the admiral the necessary time for recuperating his strength.

The bad understanding among the Catholics did not contribute little to his preservation. Not all governors did their duty; Damville, governor of Languedoc, a son of the late constable, was particularly charged with having facilitated the admiral's flight through his province. This proud crown-vassal fancied himself slighted by the court, although he was otherwise a bitter enemy of the Protestants, and his ambition was terribly wounded because others were gathering laurels in this war and were honored with a command which he regarded as his own by the right of inheritance. Even in the breast of the young king, and in the grandees who surrounded his person, the brilliant successes of the Duke of Anjou, which this prince had certainly no right to impute to his superior genius, had excited feelings of envy. The ambitious monarch was very reluctantly reminded of not having yet done any thing for his own glory; the predilection of the queen-mother for the Duke of Anjou, and the praise which was awarded to him by the courtiers at all times, offended the king's pride. Inasmuch as the duke could not reasonably be removed from his command, the king placed himself at the head of the army, in order to appropriate one-half of the victories to which neither had any claim. The bad measures which the Catholic leaders took in consequence of this spirit of jealousy and intrigue, defeated all the results of their triumphs. In vain the Marshal Tavannes, to whose experience all the triumphs that had been obtained, were due, insisted upon pursuing the enemy. His advice was to pursue the defeated admiral with a portion of the army, until he should either have been driven out of France, or else compelled to seek refuge in

some fortified town which would inevitably become the grave of the whole party. These representations not being heeded, Tavannes resigned his command and retired to his province of Burgundy.

Without delay, the cities devoted to the Huguenots were now attacked. The commencement was favorable, and the king already flattered himself that the outer walls of Rochelle would be demolished with equal facility; and, that he would have no difficulty to conquer this centre of the power of the Bourbons. But the gallant resistance of St. Jean d'Angely, reduced these proud expectations quite considerably. This place, defended by a brave commander, held out two months, and when at last compelled by necessity to surrender, the winter had set in, and the campaign was ended. The occupation of a few towns was the barren fruit of a victory, which, if wisely improved, might have ended the civil war forever.

In the mean while Coligny had neglected nothing to profit by the bad management of his enemies. In the battle of Montcontour, his infantry had almost been completely cut up, and three thousand horse constituted his only army, barely sufficient to keep off the pursuing peasants. But this small band was joined by new levies from Languedoc and Dauphiné, and by Montgomery's victorious corps. The numerous partisans of the reformation in this part of France, not only favored the enlistment of troops, but contributed to their support, and the affability of the princes Bourbon, who shared all the privations of the campaign, and furnished many proofs of heroism, attracted many volunteers to their colors. Howsoever scanty the pecuniary resources were, yet the want of funds was, to some extent, overcome by contributions furnished by the city of Rochelle. Numerous privateers left her port, who returned with prizes, the tenth of which had to be paid over into Coligny's hands. By such means the Huguenots recovered so perfectly from their defeat, that in the spring of 1570, they rushed out of Languedoc like an overwhelming torrent, and appeared in the field more terrible than ever.

Having been treated without mercy, they showed none. Irritated by the insults that had been inflicted upon them, and demoralized by a long succession of misfortunes, they shed the blood of their enemies in torrents, laid all the districts through which they passed, under heavy contributions, or else devastated them with fire and sword. Their march was directed to the capital, where they expected with sword in hand to conquer a reasonable peace. A royal army of thirteen thousand men, under the Marshal Cosse, who endeavored to oppose them in Burgundy, was unable to arrest their course. A battle ensued, where the Protestants gained several important advantages over a superior enemy. Spreading along the banks of the Loire, they threatened the provinces of Orleanois and Ile de France, with an impending invasion, and the rapidity of their march even frightened the capital.

This resolute conduct had its effect; and the court finally commenced talking of peace. It dreaded the combat against a band of men, who were but few, it is true, but animated by despair, having

nothing more to lose, and ready to sell their lives dearly. The royal treasury was empty, the army very much diminished by the departure of the Italian, German, and Spanish auxiliaries, and in the provinces, fortune had been generally favorable to the rebels. However reluctant the Catholics were to yield to the insolent demands of the Calvinists; however unwilling many of the latter were, by laying down their arms, to renounce all hopes for plunder, and the love of a licentious liberty, the increasing misery silenced all opposition, and the leaders were so earnestly inclined to peace, that it was finally concluded, in the month of August of this year, on the following terms.

The court granted to the Protestants forgetfulness of the past, the free exercise of their religious worship in every part of the kingdom, except the residence of the court, the restoration of all estates that had been confiscated for religious causes, and equal rights to hold office under the government. They were, moreover, allowed four places of security, which they were permitted to garrison with their own troops, and to place under the command of Protestant leaders. These four cities were Rochelle, Montauban, Cognac, and La Charité. The princes Bourbon, and twenty of the first nobles, had to bind themselves by an oath, to evacuate them after the lapse of two years. Again it was the court that had to yield, and had to submit to a humiliating confession of its weakness, instead of exciting the gratitude of the reformed by concessions that were extorted by force.

Things now resumed their former course, and the Protestants enjoyed their religious privileges with their accustomed absence of all apprehensions for the future. The more certain it was that they owed their present advantages to the weakness, and not to the kindness of their enemies, and to their own formidable power, the greater the necessity of maintaining their organization, and watching the steps of the court. The yielding temper of the court was too manifest not to give rise to legitimate suspicions; and, though we have no absolute evidence which might legitimate such an inference, yet it is highly probable that the horrid deed which was perpetrated two years later, was planned at this period.

So many failures, so many surprising changes in the fortunes of war, so many unexpected resources of the Huguenots, must have convinced the court that it was a vain attempt to conquer by brute force a party that revived with increasing vigor after every defeat, and to obtain decisive advantages over it by such means as had been employed hitherto. Scattered throughout France, the Protestants were sure that they could not be totally defeated, and experience had shown that any wounds that might be inflicted upon the party here or there, could not endanger its vitality. Put down on one frontier, the Calvinists rose so much the more formidable in another part of the kingdom, and each new loss seemed to fire their courage and to increase their numbers. What they lacked in material strength was supplied by the firmness, courage, and bravery of their leaders, who could not be discouraged by disasters, beguiled by cunning, or shaken by danger. Coligny alone was worth a whole army. "If the admiral

should die to-day," said the deputies whom the court had sent to negotiate with the Huguenots, "we shall not even offer you a glass of water to-morrow. Rest assured that his name alone does more for you than two armies." As long as the cause of the Protestants was confided to such hands, all attempts to suppress them must fail. He alone kept the scattered party of the Protestants together, gave them a knowledge of their strength, taught them to make good use of it, made them respected abroad, procured foreign aid, raised them up again after a fall, and held them with a firm hand on the very verge of destruction.

Convinced that the fate of the party depended on the ruin of this man, the parliament of Paris had been induced in the previous year to pronounce against him the horrible anathema that was to arm the hand of an assassin for his destruction. This object having failed; on the contrary, the peace that had just been concluded having annulled the sentence of the parliament, other means had to be resorted to in order to accomplish the dreadful end. Exhausted by the obstacles which the independent spirit of the Huguenots had opposed for so many years to the consolidation of the royal authority; summoned by the court of Rome which saw no safety for the church except in the total destruction of this sect; instigated by a stern and cruel fanaticism which extinguished every sentiment of humanity, the court finally determined to get rid of this dangerous sect by a single decisive blow. If the Protestants could be deprived of their leaders by one blow, and if their number could be suddenly and considerably decreased by a general carnage, it was hoped that then they would be hurled into annihilation, that a grangrened limb would have been separated from the sound trunk, that the torch of war would remain extinct forever, and that the state and the church would be saved by a single cruel sacrifice. By dint of such deceitful sophisms, religious hatred, the love of dominion, and the desire of revenge compromised with the voice of conscience and humanity, and made religion accountable for a deed which could not even be justified by the barbarity of savage nature.

But in order to strike this blow, it was necessary to first secure the victims that were to be immolated. This difficulty seemed insurmountable. A long chain of acts of perfidy had stifled the mutual confidence; the Catholics had given too many and too striking proofs that they held to the maxim "No oath was binding, no promise sacred toward heretics." The leaders of the Huguenots believed in no security except such as was guaranteed to them by distance and by the walls of their castles. Even after the conclusion of the peace they increased their garrisons, and showed, by speedily repairing their fortifications, how little confidence they had in the royal pledge. How was it possible to draw them from their intrenchments and to lead them to the slaughter-bench? What probability was there of seizing them all, taking it for granted that a few would allow themselves to be caught in the trap? For a long time past they had observed the precaution of remaining separate, and preserving an avenger to the one

who should have fallen a victim to his confidence in the honesty of the court. Yet *nothing* had been done, unless *all* could be done at once; the blow had to be fatal to every body, or else could not be struck at all.

The first thing to be done was to wipe out the remembrance of former acts of perfidy, and to win the confidence of the reformed party at any price. To accomplish this purpose, the court changed its whole system of tactics. Instead of meeting with unjust and partial judges, of whose decisions the Protestants had so frequently complained, even in the midst of peace, the most unexceptionable justice was now observed toward them; all the wrongs which the Catholics had heretofore perpetrated against them, without any fear of punishment, ceased; all disturbances of the peace were severely punished, all just demands of the Protestants were complied with, with the most remarkable readiness. After a while, all differences of belief seemed forgotten, and the whole monarchy looked like one family, whose members Charles IX. governed as their common father, with equal justice, and to whom he extended the same love. In the midst of the storms which shook the neighboring kingdoms, disturbed Germany, threatened to overthrow the Spanish power in the Netherlands, devastated Scotland, and shook the throne of Queen Elizabeth of England, France enjoyed a deep and unusual repose, which seemed to argue a complete change of sentiment on the part of the court, since no event had transpired to which this change could be attributed.

Margaret Valois, the youngest daughter of Henry II., was still unmarried, and the ambition of the young Duke of Guise was bold enough to induce him to raise his hopes to the sister of his king. This princess had already been wooed by the King of Portugal, but without success, since the Cardinal Lorraine, whose power was still great, had designed her for his nephew. "The elder prince of my house," said the proud prelate to Sebastian's ambassador, "has carried off the elder sister; the younger sister belongs to the younger prince." But Charles IX., who was jealous of his authority, being indignant at these pretensions of his vassal, the Duke of Guise hastened to appease his anger, by a speedy marriage with the Princess of Cleves. But to see an enemy and a rival married to a princess, to whose possession he dared not aspire, must be so much more painful to the duke's pride, since he had been encouraged in believing that he possessed her heart.

The king's choice fell upon Henry, the young Prince of Bearn, whether it was his intention to effect a closer union between the houses Valois and Bourbon, and, by this means, stifle the seeds of discord forever, or whether he resorted to this subterfuge for the purpose of blinding the Huguenots, and drawing them so much more certainly into the trap. This marriage had already been alluded to when the terms of the treaty were drawn up, and howsoever distrustful the Queen of Navarre might be, the offer was too flattering to be bluntly declined. But the offer not being responded to as cheerfully as might have been expected, considering its great importance, it was

renewed, accompanied by repeated efforts to disperse the doubts of Queen Jane by proofs of a sincere reconciliation.

About the same period, Count Lewis of Nassau, brother of the Prince William of Orange, had made his appearance in France, in order to request of the Huguenots aid for his brethren in the Netherlands against Philip of Spain. He found the Admiral Coligny favorably disposed toward his request. By inclination and policy, this hero was willing to march abroad to the support of a religion which he had defended in his own country with so much heroism. He was passionately attached to his principles and his faith, and his great heart had vowed eternal war against oppression, wheresoever it might occur. In accordance with this sentiment, he regarded every event, as soon as faith and liberty were involved, as his own, and every victim of spiritual or worldly despotism might count upon his comprehensive charity and his active co-operation. It is characteristic of a rational love of liberty to expand the heart and mind, and to extend its sphere both in thought and action. Founded upon a deep sense of human dignity, it cannot permit rights which it respects at home, to be trampled upon abroad.

The admiral's passionate sympathy for the freedom of the Netherlands, and his determination to lead the Huguenots to the assistance of these republican champions, was justified by the most important reasons of state. He knew and headed the inflammable and anarchical spirit of his party, which, sore by the many insults it had borne, startled by every supposed attack, and familiar with tumultuous scenes, could not be expected to continue in the state of order to which his followers were no longer accustomed. The warlike nobles who were aiming at independence, repudiated the inactive and constrained mode of life to which the peace condemned them. Nor could it be expected that the fiery zeal of the Calvinist orators would keep within the narrow bounds of moderation which was required by existing circumstances. In order to prevent the mischief which an ill-understood religious zeal, and the distrust of parties that was still smouldering under the ashes, might bring about sooner or later, it was deemed proper to occupy this idle bravery, and to direct a courage which it was neither advisable nor desirable to suppress, into some channel abroad, until it should again be required at home. For this purpose, the war in the Netherlands came most opportunely; even the interest and honor of the French crown seemed to render an active participation in such a war desirable. France had felt the pernicious influence of Spanish intrigues in the most sensitive manner, and much more was to be apprehended in future, unless this dangerous neighbor was kept busy within his own boundaries. The encouragement and support which the dissatisfied subjects of the King of France had obtained from the King of Spain, seemed to justify the resorting to reprisals, for which a most favorable opportunity now offered. The Netherlands expected aid from France, which could not be refused without exposing them to dependence on England, that

could not but result disadvantageously for France. Why yield to a dangerous rival an influence which France herself might enjoy without great expense? For it was the Huguenots who offered their strength for such a purpose, and who were willing to consume it in a foreign war, and relieve their own country of their dangerous presence.

Charles IX. seemed to feel the force of these arguments, and expressed a desire to confer with the admiral on this subject more fully. Coligny felt so much less disposed to decline this proof of the royal confidence, since it concerned a subject which, next to his country, was the dearest object of his affections. The only weak side by which he could be attacked, had been discovered; the desire to see his favorite notion in the ascendant, helped him to overcome every doubt. His own mode of thinking, which was above suspicion, his very discretion decoyed him into the trap. Whereas many of his partisans attributed the change in the conduct of the court to a hidden plot, he accounted for this change in a much more natural manner by the maxims of a wise policy which, after so many misfortunes, must necessarily force themselves upon the attention of the court. There are misdeeds which no honest man can believe possible until they have actually occurred; it was pardonable on the part of a man like Coligny, if he would rather attribute to his monarch a moderation of which he had never yet given any proofs, than to deem him capable of a baseness which heaps infamy upon humanity, and more especially upon the dignity of a prince. So many advances on the part of the court seemed moreover to demand a proof of confidence at the hands of the Protestants: how easily a sensitive enemy might be instigated by continued distrust to deserve the bad opinion which it was made impossible for him to refute.

The admiral concluded therefore to make his appearance at court, which had advanced as far as Touraine, in order to facilitate the interview with Queen Jane. With great reluctance Jane took this step, which she found it impossible to evade, and delivered her son Henry and the Prince Condé into the hands of the king. Coligny was about to throw himself at the monarch's feet, but he received the former in his arms. "At last I have got you," exclaimed the king. "I have got you, and you shall not find it easy to run away again. Yes, my friends," he added with a triumphant look, "this is the happiest day in my life." The admiral met the same kind reception at the hands of the queen, the princes, the grantees; an expression of joy and admiration was visible in every countenance. This happy event was celebrated for several days with brilliant fêtes, no trace of the former distrust must disturb the general hilarity. The marriage of the Prince of Bearn with Margaret was discussed; every difficulty arising from differences of faith had to yield to the king's impatience. The affairs of Flanders occasioned several long conferences between the king and Coligny; every conference seemed to heighten the good opinion which the king had conceived of his servant. Some time after this, he was even permitted to take a short journey to his castle at Chatillon; and the admiral

reappearing at the first summons, he was permitted to repeat the journey during the same year. By these means mutual confidence was restored, and Coligny lapsed into a profound security.

The zeal with which Charles pushed the marriage of the Prince of Navarre, and the extraordinary favors which he lavished upon the admiral and his partisans, excited the dissatisfaction of the Catholics, no less than the distrust and suspicion of the Protestants. Whether we believe, with some Protestant and Italian authors, that this conduct of the king was a mere mask, or with De Thou and the authors of the memoirs, that, *so far as he was concerned he was sincere*, his position half way between the Protestants and Catholics was equally dubious, since he had to deceive both parties in order to keep his secret. And who promised those who knew about the secret, that the personal advantages of the admiral would not finally make an impression upon a king who was not by any means unable to appreciate merit? Who was sure that this tried statesman would not finally become indispensable to him; that not his counsel, his maxims, his warnings would be heeded by the king? It is no wonder that the Catholic zealots should have been shocked by the king's conduct, that the pope himself should have misapprehended it, that the queen-mother should have lost her balance, and the Guises commanded to tremble for their influence! A so much narrower alliance between them and the queen was the result of these apprehensions, and it was determined to sever these dangerous relations, be the cost what it might.

The contradictory statements of historians, and the mysterious character of the whole event, shed no satisfactory light upon the sentiments which the king entertained at that period, and upon the true nature of the plot which afterward broke out with so much fury. If Capi-Lupi,* a Romish author and apologist of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, may be believed, Charles IX. could not be damaged by the blackest suspicion; but although the critical historian may believe the wicked things related by one's own friend, this belief should not be unqualifiedly indulged in, if the friend, as is here the case, aims at magnifying his hero by such false statements, and *calumniates him by his flatteries*. "A Legate of the Pope," this author informs us in the preface to his work, "arrived in France with orders to dissuade his Most Christian Majesty from his connections with the sectarians. After having made the most emphatic representations to the monarch, and having excited his impatience to the utmost, the king exclaimed with a significant mien: 'Would I dared state every thing to your eminence! You and the holy father would soon admit that my sister's marriage is the most efficient means of maintaining the true religion in France and extirpating its adversaries. But,' continued he with great emotion, pressing the Cardinal's hand, and slipping a diamond ring on his finger, 'rely upon my royal word. Have patience a little longer, and the holy father

will praise my designs and my zeal.' The Cardinal refused the diamond, assuring the king that his word was sufficient." But even supposing that this statement has not been dictated by a blind zeal, the writer may have obtained his information from a very impure source. It is not improbable that the Cardinal Lorraine, who happened to be in Rome at this time, spread or at least favored such statements, in order to make the king jointly responsible for the Paris carnage of which he was undoubtedly one of the chief authors.*

The conduct which Charles observed during the carnage, testifies against him more powerfully than these unfounded rumors; but even if he allowed his violent temper to sanction the plot after it was fully matured, and to favor its execution, such facts do not prove his previous complicity. The enormity and horrid nature of the crime render this complicity improbable, and respect for human nature must be his apology. Such a complicated and long chain of deception; such an impenetrable and well-sustained dissimulation; such a complete suppression of all feelings of humanity; such an imprudent trifling with the most sacred pledges of confidence, seem to require an accomplished villain who had become hardened in crime by a long practice, and had obtained the most perfect control over his passions. Charles IX. was a young man of violent temper, whose passions had been let loose by a premature possession of the supreme power. Such a nature seems incompatible with the part of an artful conspirator; such a deep depravity can hardly exist in the soul of a youth, were this youth even a king and the son of a Catharine.

Howsoever sincere, or insincere the king's conduct may have been, the leaders of the Catholic party could not remain indifferent spectators of his intimate relations with Coligny. They left the court in a pet as soon as the Huguenots seemed firmly established around the king, and Charles made no opposition to their leaving. As the marriage of the Prince of Bearn approached, the Huguenots arrived in the capital in great numbers. The marriage, however, met with an unexpected delay in consequence of the sudden death of Queen Jane, who died soon after her entry in Paris. Her death reawakened the previous distrust of the Calvinists; and there were those who believed that she had been poisoned. But this suspicion was not confirmed even by the most careful investigations; and the king's conduct remaining unchanged, the storm soon blew over.

At this time Coligny happened to be at his castle of Chatillon, busy with his favorite idea of a war in the Netherlands. No insinuations were wanting, warning him of the approaching danger, and he was flooded with anonymous letters begging him to stay away from Paris. But this well-meant zeal of his friends only exhausted his patience, without shaking his convictions. In vain he was informed of the gatherings of troops which the court collected in Poitou, and which were said to be destined against Rochelle; he knew better what was the object of these armaments which

* Le Stratagème ou la Ruse de Charles IX., Roi de France, contre les Huguenots, rebelles a Dieu et a lui, écrit par le Seigneur Camille Capi-Lupi, &c., 1574.

* Esprit de la Ligue. Tom. ii. p. 13.

were undertaken, as he assured his friends, by his particular advice. In vain his attention was called to the large loans effected by the king, which seemed to portend some great undertaking; he protested that this undertaking was nothing else than the war in the Netherlands, which was soon to be commenced, and concerning which he had concerted all needful measures with the king. It was indeed true that Charles, yielding to the admiral's advice, whether honestly, or under the mask of dissimulation, had concluded a formal alliance against Spain with England, and the Protestant princes of Germany. All these warnings failed of their object, and so firm was the admiral's confidence in the king's honesty, that he begged his partisans most earnestly not to molest him any further with their remonstrances.

Coligny returned to court, where, soon after, in August 1572, the nuptials of Henry, who was now King of Navarre, with Margaret Valois were celebrated with royal pomp, amid a great concourse of Huguenots. Coligny's son-in-law, Teligny, Rohan, Rochefoucauld, all the chiefs of the Calvinists were present, all plunged in the same security as Coligny, and without suspecting the impending danger. Only a few divined the approaching storm, and sought safety in a speedy flight. A nobleman, named Langoiran, went to the admiral to take leave of him. "But why now?" asked Coligny, amazed. "Because they are too polite towards you," replied Langoiran, "and I prefer to save myself with the fools, than perish with the wise ones."

Although the final result has justified these predictions in the most frightful manner, yet it is not certain how far they were founded at that moment. According to the report of credible witnesses, the Guises and the queen were at that time in greater danger than the reformed party. They relate that Coligny had imperceptibly gained such an ascendancy over the young king that he had the courage to excite his distrust in her, and to free him from her tutelage. He had persuaded the king to conduct the war in Flanders in person, and to win the battles with which she designed to crown the brow of her favorite, the Duke of Anjou. This idea was not lost upon the zealous and ambitious monarch, and Catharine was soon convinced that her influence was on the wane.

The danger was so urgent that it could only be averted by the most determined boldness. A courier was sent to the Guises and their partisans, who were called back to the Court in order to aid the queen, if necessary. She herself seized upon the first opportunity, when her son was with her alone on the chase, enticed him into a castle, where she locked herself up with him in a private room, assailed him with all the power of a mother's eloquence, and rebuked him most bitterly for his faithlessness toward her, for his ingratitude, his indiscretion. Her grief and her complaints moved his heart; a few threatening hints which she dropped at the same time, had the desired effect. She acted her part with all the dramatic effect of which she had acquired such a perfect mastery, and she succeeded in extorting from him the admission that he had acted hastily. Not

satisfied with this success, she snatched herself from his arms, acted as if she were irreconcilable, occupied a separate residence, and caused him to apprehend a complete rupture. The young king had not yet acquired a sufficient independence to take her at her word, and to enjoy his newly-gained liberty. He knew that the Queen had a large party at her command, which his fear made him imagine much larger than it really was. He dreaded, perhaps not without reason, her predilection for the Duke of Anjou, and trembled for his life and throne. Abandoned by his advisers, and too timid to take a bold resolution, he hastened after his mother, and rushed into her apartments, where he found her surrounded by his brother, her courtiers, and, by the most bitter enemies of the Huguenots. He wants to know of what new crime the Huguenots stand accused, and he promises to abandon all intercourse with them, provided he can be convinced that their sentiments cannot be trusted. The darkest picture is displayed before him of their arrogance, their acts of violence, their plots and threats. He is surprised, startled, reduced to silence, and assures his mother that hereafter he will act with more caution.

This uncertain déclaration was not sufficient for Catharine. The same weakness which now rendered it so easy for her to triumph over the king, might be used by the Huguenots with the same, or even greater success for the purpose of freeing him entirely from her fetters. She comprehended perfectly that she had to separate the connection between the king and the Huguenots in a violent and irreparable manner, and all that was required in order to accomplish this end, was to rouse the rebellious spirit of the Huguenots by some grave insult. Four days after the marriage of Henry of Navarre, a shot was fired at Coligny from a window; the ball shattering the index-finger of the right hand, and another ball wounding his left arm. He showed the house whence the shot had been fired; the doors were burst open, but the murderer had fled.

It might be said that Coligny's guardian-spirit was making a last effort to save this great man from his fate by warning him through the hand of an assassin. But who has ever escaped from his destiny? Or rather, is it not more glorious for a good man to perish by acts of perfidy which it was impossible for him even to imagine, than to escape from such snares?

Coligny felt, and his whole party with him, as by an electric shock, that in the midst of the deepest peace, when four days previous the Houses of Valois and Bourbon had sealed an alliance before the altar, in defiance of the Guises, by the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret Valois, a poisonous serpent was breathing upon him and his party. This time it had not succeeded in striking the head of the Protestants, whilst darting at him from its foul den, and in paralyzing the whole body with one blow.

But where had this Lernæan hydra hid its head? From what hole might it possibly renew its dart? Coligny possessed too little cunning for such investigations. A trail was discovered

leading to a number of points, but away from the sources whence the nefarious villainy emanated.

Coligny was indeed discreet and circumspect. But he was utterly devoid of fear. The feeble insect, exploring every corner with its ever-stirring antennæ, is saved from many dangers by its fear. Fear converts prudence into cunning caution, which is never deceived, but never acts with greatness, for the reason that it sees everywhere, trickery and deception. Coligny had made no alliance with fortune. As a general he lost his battles by the weakness of his troops and by other unfavorable circumstances of his situation. Chance did little for him. It seemed as though he alone in his party was to owe every thing to his own efforts. After a disaster, if every man under him was on the point of losing his presence of mind; if his army, without clothes, without food or money, threatened to disband as rapidly as it had been collected together; if treason and courtly favor haunted his partisans like irresistible charmers, yet his courage remained undisturbed. His cheerful brow inspired his partisans with a belief that his resources, so far from being exhausted, left him at liberty to make a choice. And if his voice was heard, the repose of his spirit was transmitted to every hearer. His language was noble, pure, vigorous, and frequently original. In executing his plans, he exhibited in every department of his duties an indefatigable industry; firm opposition to oppression was the soul of all his designs at home and abroad. Let the courtier Villeroy blame him for having endeavored to secure to the Protestants religious and political freedom in France, or for having contributed by his counsel to the deliverance of the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke, Coligny never would have undertaken the overthrow of an impartial and just government. Blameless morals as a husband and father, and the strictest piety, completed his fitness to lead a religious and political party, whose whole existence depended upon the voluntary subordination of many of the bravest, richest, and most ambitious nobles and citizens who could only be induced by the superiority of his character to follow his lead with that perfect unanimity which was indispensable to success.

These considerations pointed him out to the opposite party as the only one upon whose ruin the destruction of the Protestant party depended; so much more since neither forbearance nor reconciliation, but the most inexorable rigidity of purpose had to be expected of him. His intriguing enemies had discovered his weakness. So much apparent esteem; so much apparent confidence in his views and probity, which he was conscious of deserving; the prospect of being useful to his country and his party by effecting a union against Spain, the common enemy of France and his religion, attracted him to the court. He was caught in a trap which he could not have avoided except at the expense of his fearlessness, his honest and generous disposition. Previous to, and after the attempt at assassination, many well-disposed adherents urged him to flee from Paris. "If I do this," he replied, "I either show fear or distrust. The former would offend my honor, the latter the

king. I should have to recommence civil war. I would rather die than behold the boundless wretchedness which follows in its wake." Murder and infamy were the reward of these patriotic sentiments.

On the very day of the attempt, the king, accompanied by a number of courtiers, visited Coligny. He protested to the latter of his sympathy and his full confidence toward him as a commander and faithful subject. "You are wounded, my father," he exclaimed, "but I feel your pains. I vow before God that I will punish the guilty as soon as they are found out." Too readily tranquilized about himself, the admiral made no complaints, and soon endeavored to quiet the king's mind by turning the conversation from his own mishap to the public interests, the campaign in the Netherlands. This new undertaking was to attach the impetuous young king so much more firmly to the admiral, who seemed to be the indispensable leader in this enterprise, and to his party. But under pretext of not over-taxing the wounded man's strength, the queen soon put a stop to the private conversation which the king had with him. She sent the latter back to his game at shuttlecock and battledoor. For his first outburst of indignation had undoubtedly been caused by the inconvenience of being interrupted in a game of which he was so passionately fond.

With every fleeing moment every thing was at stake for Catharine. Coligny indeed suspected the Guises. The shot had been fired from one of their houses. During the accession of the Protestants to public favor, the party of the Guises seemed to have lost so much of its ascendancy, that it seemed natural to suspect this party of the vilest revenge, namely, clandestine murder. In the first complication of circumstances, Catharine deemed it advisable to encourage this suspicion. Even to her son she insinuated that Guise probably still persisted in regarding Coligny as the murderer of the duke's father. This dissimulation could not possibly have been suggested, as some suppose, by the impossible thought of exterminating both these parties at once. Her object was to gain a moment's time, in order to determine by the immediate effects of a blow that had been missed, the probable effects of a more successfully executed and more cruel plot. She required to gather new resolution in her own mind for committing a crime at which her humanity must have shuddered in spite of her most burning desire of revenge.

In the mean while the king summoned the Duke of Guise to the court, in order to hold him responsible for the attempt on Coligny's life. In her memoirs, even his own sister, the Queen of Navarre, refers to this circumstance as a proof of the king's honest wrath. He had been incensed at the duke for seeking the hand of this very princess. Strange, that by this measure he placed the very man who was indispensable to his mother for the perpetration of her diabolical designs, at her disposal, without the least suspicion being incurred by these parties. The coincidence of all these circumstances seemed to mark the moment when deeds of the most horrid infamy were to be perpetrated.

All that was needed for this purpose, was the consent of the king. This consent could not be beyond the reach of one who understood the fatal art of plunging his vacillating mind from one extreme into the opposite. An adroit courtier, his confidant, was the tool of which the queen made use in order to render her son an accomplice of her crime. After cautious preliminaries, this creature succeeds in wiping out the impressions which the king's visit at Coligny's house, had left on his mind. He sows the seed of suspicion, rouses the old, slumbering rancor, and finally plunges the sting of fear for his own life into the king's heart. With unusual zeal the King of Navarre and the Prince Condé had demanded satisfaction. The power of Coligny's party now was concentrated in Paris as in one focus. Every thing was to be feared from it; therefore every thing had to be risked against it. One of them, De Piles, had told the king to his face that, if he was unwilling or too feeble, to render them justice, they would obtain redress by their own efforts. "In one word," exclaimed the cunning agent, when he felt sure of his victim, "no one who is sincerely attached to the king, should hesitate a moment to enlighten him concerning the danger to which his own person, as well as the whole country is exposed." At this moment Catharine, leaning on her favorite son, the Duke of Anjou, and surrounded by her most intimate partisans, entered the king's apartment. Startled by dangerous discoveries, ashamed of the security in which he had lived in the midst of so much danger for his life and throne, alarmed on all sides by the most frightful pictures of ruin, Charles rushed into his mother's arms. "Already," he was told, "the Huguenots are calling back the odious foreigners, Germans and Swiss, upon French soil. The malcontents in the provinces will rush in crowds to the rendezvous. The fury of civil war threatens to lacerate the country a second time. The king himself, without money or personal influence, surrounded by Huguenots, suspected by the Guises as the friend of the heretics, will have to look on if the Catholics should choose a captain-general to defend themselves against their adversaries; whilst he, repelled by the old admiral's insolence, and rendered despicable in the eyes of the nation, will be tossed powerless to and fro between the two parties."

Charles started up furious at these terrible phantoms. He vowed with an oath that the admiral and the whole party should die, so that not one should remain to accuse him of the bloody work. Only let the whole thing be done in a hurry, so that his safety might no longer be endangered!

This was precisely what the adversaries of the Protestants desired. Murder now was the word, but the profoundest dissimulation veiled the bloody designs to which the king now lent a willing ear under his mother's teaching.

The Duke of Guise was willing to act the principal part. In the presence of France, this person, when scarcely nineteen years old, had laid the foundation of his glory in defending Poitiers against the admiral. He had likewise sought the hand of Margaret, whose marriage with Henry of Navarre had been celebrated about

this time. As her husband he might have had a chance of ascending the throne. The persecution of the Huguenots seemed to be more than his hereditary destiny. It was a business of his own choice, which he practiced on every occasion. If he was instigated by his father's assassination to seek bloody revenge, he was still more temptingly invited to improve the present opportunity of extirpating the whole tribe of his Protestant adversaries, and rendering his party the sole dominant party in France, after which he might oppose a bold front to the queen-mother.

The failure of Coligny's assassination became the source of the new crime. The Duke of Guise himself declared that the fear of Coligny's revenge, whose life he was accused of having attempted, obliged him and his relatives to escape from the capital. "Go," said the king to him with an indignant mien, "if you are guilty I shall find you again!" Henceforth the preparations for the flight became the sudden and unsuspected preparations for their destruction.

The admiral himself assisted his enemies in throwing the noose over him and his friends. He received frequent hints that the Guises would attempt a blow before leaving Paris. Some even advised his flight from Paris. The honest man and his best friends confided in the king's safe keeping, who detailed a strong battalion of his own body-guard that had recently arrived in Paris, for Coligny's protection. By an order of the court the Catholics who resided in his neighborhood, had to furnish lodgings for all Protestant nobles who desired to reside near their chief for his security; they were even invited to do so. The police encouraged them to watch over Coligny, keeping a list of their names for the use of their murderers. The king of Navarre was requested to assemble his confidants in the Louvre to guard the king against the Guises, and at the same time to send his Swiss guard to the admiral for his protection. In order to have a pretext for the collection of arms in the Louvre, a tournament was arranged, of which Coligny was informed by the king himself. The anxiety which the court showed for the Huguenots, extinguished all isolated sparks of suspicion, which seemed insufficient to disturb even the most timid. In the mean while the conspirators fixed upon their prey with greedy eyes. It had been driven as it were into a pen. A council of blood was held in the Tuileries, composed of the two brothers of the king, the Duke of Anjou and the Count Angoulême, likewise the Duke Nevers, Birague, who was keeper of the seals, the marshals Tavannes and Retz, and presided over by Catharine herself. It was decided to execute the carnage on the night of the 24th of August, from which Henry of Navarre, and a few blood-relations of the royal family alone were exempted.

If, as was indeed the case with Tavannes, the belief of doing God a service, had been the true cause of this barbarity, we might mourn the weakness of the human reason, we might accuse the superstition of the age, but we would not detest the authors of the crime. If they had suppressed the sentiment of humanity from a sense of duty, we should have to respect their intentions, how-

ever much we might abhor their acts. But it is proven by their past conduct that most of the conspirators had a personal grudge against the Huguenots, against whom any crime was lawful, because they happened to be heretics. Catharine herself may have been sufficiently superstitious to hate in Coligny the reformed partisan, and to deem this hatred a meritorious sentiment. But it is equally certain that she would have been loath to see this man weaken the cause of her hatred by attending mass. She hated him because he restrained her lust of power.

In the silence of the night, Tavannes had assembled in front of the city-hall a select body of assassins, whose chiefs received their orders for this special purpose in presence of the king. The fury of the Duke of Guise, attended by three hundred murderous villains, was awaiting the concerted signal, Charles himself stifled the voice of friendship which sought to rouse his pity in the last hour. After supper, he allowed his cherished companion, the Count Francis la Rochefoucauld, to leave the palace in perfect ignorance of the lurking death that awaited him. Still more unfeelingly, Catharine urged her newly-married daughter, the Queen of Navarre, to retire this evening in good season to her husband's apartments, where she might have fallen a victim to Calvinistic vengeance, or even to the murderous brutality of her hirelings whom the darkness of the night might have misled. No matter who perished, so but her own vengeance was gratified.

Nevertheless, after the king had given the signal, and had stepped upon the balcony of the Louvre facing the city; after he had been led on by a few accomplices, with the Queen-mother at their head, through the solitary passages of the Louvre, and the demon of murder had been let loose, the courage of the villains sank. They felt the last dying quiverings of humanity. Pale and beside themselves, they tremble at the sight of each other, stare at each other, and are at once agreed to send off a courier with orders to revoke the murderous orders, and to prevent the execution of the horrors which it frightened them to have planned and commanded. Suddenly a pistol-shot is heard. "Whether any body was hurt," relates the Duke of Anjou, Catharine's favorite son, "I know not, but I do know that this shot pierced the heart of all three of us, and took away our senses. We were overwhelmed with fright and consternation at the horrors which now had commenced."

This cowardly regret was too late. An impotent offspring of irresolution rather than of reflection, it only serves to elucidate, to the student of human nature, the boundless fury of the passions that must have swayed the authors of the scene of woe which now had commenced, a fury which, on reaching its acme, was suddenly superseded by the most violent depression of the nerves and animal energy.

The sight of this self-torturing vice might have been a sufficient satisfaction to Coligny's shade. At the first sound of matins, the Duke of Guise had started with his band, toward Coligny's residence. At the call: "In the name of the king," the gate was opened, its keepers were cut down, the Swiss hid themselves at the sight of the furious crowd

that rushed into the court. The wounded Coligny started up from his sleep. Already his ante-chambers resounded with the cries of the murderers and the groans of the wounded. Three French death-howling colonels broke into his apartments. The pious hero was leaning against the wall in the attitude of prayer. Petrucci, an Italian, and Behm, a German noble, pushed forward. "Art thou Coligny?" shouted this man. "I am, young man," the old man answered, with a firm voice, "and respect thou my gray hair!" Behm pierced him with his sword more unfeelingly than the murderer of Marius. With his smoking sword he cut several times across his face. The rest of the bandits hacked his body with their blades. "It is done!" screeched Behm to the king's bastard brother, the Count Angouleme, who, not content with this statement, ordered the body to be thrown down on the pavement. With the greed of a tiger, he examined the blood-stained face, and when he felt quite sure that it was Coligny, he gave the dead lion a kick.

Everywhere the houses of the victims were designated by burning pitch; the streets were closed by chains; guards were placed in ambush against those who sought to escape; others rushed into the streets, murdering the Protestants, who, startled by the tumult, ran to the front doors of their dwellings. In this sudden need, they were without guides or rendezvous. The Catholics recognized each other by a white cloth which they had tied round the left arm, and by a white cross. The sign of the great sufferer on Golgotha, and the color of innocence, were desecrated by them for the impious murder of their brethren. If the persecuted Protestants had been able to recover from their consternation, if several of them had collected together, and had fought in company as bravely as some of them are known to have done singly, the crime might have met its punishment in the midst of this triumph.

As soon as the victims in the streets had been dispatched, the dwellings were broken into. No age, no personal qualities, afforded any protection. The admiral's son-in-law, Teligny, was such an amiable young hero, that the first who came to murder him retired again in confusion. But they were soon succeeded by less feeling villains. The civic guard, which had started back with a feeling of horror at the first command of murder, now, after their fury had once been kindled, surpassed the expectations of the most inhuman commander. The mutilated bodies were thrown into the Seine, or dragged through the streets, to gratify the most diabolical passions. Those who escaped with their lives, fell into the hands of the guards, or of Guise's hordes, in whom Tavannes sought to kindle the rage of murder by the most fiendish jests. "Bleed them," he exclaimed, "a bleeding does as much good in August as in May." This man was so honestly convinced of doing God and his king a service by these assassinations, that he confessed, even on his death-bed, he regarded the carnage of St. Bartholomew as an act from which he hoped forgiveness of sins, more than from any thing else he had done. Under the cloak of fanaticism, private hatred now made sure

of its victim. Robberies were committed, even by noblemen, under cover of this demon. Even the king and the queen-mother are said to have accepted a portion of the robbed jewels. Things had changed their names. Villainy now had become condescension. The diamonds that had been taken from a dying Huguenot, now seemed the reward which was conferred upon God's champions already here, on this earth. They became a memorial of the day on which, before the king's own eyes, in his own palace, where any one who is in search of right and justice, should be guaranteed perfect security, caprice and arbitrary power had granted their lives to a few only, as a pittance of the royal favor. Any body else who sought refuge in the Louvre, was destroyed at the gates by the king's own guards. History asserts that the king himself fired on fleeing Protestants. One hour after the breaking out of the carnage, not the most hidden apartment in the palace had remained unstained by blood. The governor of the young Prince Conti, who had reached his eightieth year, could not be saved by the supplications of his pupil, from the daggers of the assassins, to which his feeble hands offered but a powerless resistance. Bleeding and desperate, Gasto Leyran rushed into the bedroom of the Queen of Navarre, making her his shield against four villains who threatened to murder him. The queen fled to her sister, the Duchess of Lorraine; at the door, a nobleman was cut down by her side; she tumbled fainting into the room, and woke with a feeling of terror at the fate which might have befallen her own husband during this bloody marriage-feast.

At the dawn of day, Henry, and his cousin, the Prince Condé, had been summoned to appear before the king, who told them that they must regard it as an excess of his mercy, if their lives had been spared. But with a savage mien he required them to abjure the reformed religion, and to prove by this conversion that they had been misled by others. They had been led through the midst of the guards, who were ready to assassinate them. In the king's own apartments, they might have heard the groans of their own people, who, having been driven out of the palace among the guards, were cut down by these vile bandits. The princes returning a dubious answer to the king, he shouted to them with an oath, that within the next three days they would have to choose between the mass or the Bastile. The only result which he indeed obtained from these cruelties, was, that Henry and his sister submitted to an apparent conversion to Catholicism, and that the Prince Condé followed their example after some resistance.

Intoxicated by the success of this night of murders, which had been spent between apprehensions and rage, Charles' passionate temper now lost all bounds. The murdering was continued for three days, as long as a victim of the bloody revenge could be started up any where. Surrounded by his courtiers, the king marched through the streets of the city in the midst of blood, ruins and corpses. Coligny's body, cut to pieces and abused in every shape and manner, had finally been suspended from the gallows at Montfaucon. Even to this

place the king repaired in order to feast on the disgraced remains of one who, a few days previous, had inspired him with respect. He repeated Vitellius' sneer, that the body of an enemy had always a pleasant smell. His political acts were still more indiscreet and contemptible.

Although his complicity in the perpetration of this crime was evident, yet he defied all evidence, so far as to assert in his letters to the governors of provinces and to foreign courts, that he was innocent of it; and, that he imputed the whole blame to the personal insolence of the Guises, and the Chatillons. Yet, on the third day after the carnage, in a solemn sitting of the parliament, he accused the murdered admiral of the most villainous treason against the throne and state; he caused his memory to be branded with the most infamous punishments decreed against those convicted of *lèse-majesté*; and he justified the destruction of the Huguenots as a merited punishment which he himself had ordered and inflicted. To this extent he had now become the impotent play-ball of his mother's intrigues. At the commencement, when she first broached the crime to him, he was made to believe that the blow was to be struck at the Guises; and, that he himself would reap the benefit of the deed, freedom from danger and apprehension. But as soon as a new party, that of the Montmorency's sprung up after the carnage, in order to demand vengeance for the blood of Coligny and his friends, which the Guises had spilt, Charles was compelled to declare his participation in the murder, or else to be looked upon as a feeble, insignificant occupant of the throne, beneath whose eyes any body might indulge in any act of villainy he pleased. In order to appear that which he neither was nor ever could be, he plead guilty to monstrosities which he really blushed at having committed, and which his own cunning and wickedness would never have been sufficient to contrive. In order not to seem weak, he was sufficiently so to allow others to use him as a vail for their misdeeds, and to become, for their sakes, the object of that profound contempt with which the king, under whose government the night of St. Bartholomew had been so horribly desecrated, must inexorably be visited by his own subjects, by foreign countries, and by posterity. And as a compensation for this undying infamy, he had not even for one moment attained the end which the authors of this disaster had persuaded him to hope for.

It is a real satisfaction to read on the page of history, that even the most daring acts of vice, planned with so much cunning, achieved by the most licentious fury, and protected by the fearful rampart of the throne against all responsibility before human tribunals, nevertheless, fail of their object, very often lead to the most opposite results, and prepare for the authors of the crime, nothing but despair at the failure of the attempt, and the gnawing reproaches of their inner judge.

The chiefs of the victorious party, indeed, spared neither cunning nor force, in order to secure the fruit of their misdeeds, the regret at which had been stifled by their success, this false touchstone of the good or bad quality of an act.

A few individuals of the persecuted party were

tried by the ordinary tribunals. Such trials merely resulted in judicial murder. The memory of the admiral was branded by a decree of the courts as a traitor and assassin of the king, which was executed in the chief cities of the kingdom, with the most insulting formalities. His coat of arms was broken in pieces by the executioner; his children were despoiled of their estates and of the right to hold office; his castle was given over to destruction in perpetual commemoration of his ignominious condemnation. In all France, the Huguenots were persecuted as the accomplices of these crimes. But nothing could prevent opposite effects from resulting from the misdeeds of the court. What the parliament of Paris, whose president De Thou, with a stifled groan heard the king accusing the murdered Coligny, dared not do in the proximity of the throne, was done by a few brave governors of the provinces. One of them, Count Orthe, who commanded at Bayonne, wrote to the king in reply to his murderous commands; "that his subordinates were good citizens and brave soldiers, but, that there was not a single executioner among them." Others, among whom a bishop is mentioned, did not permit the orders to be executed. Some of these defenders of innocence died so suddenly, that it is supposed they were poisoned. In some parts of France, especially in Dauphiné, Provence, Bourgogne and Auvergne, the Protestants were not molested. Some of the chiefs had not been in Paris, others had effected their escape. Many of them sought help at foreign courts, especially among the Germans, where Catholics, as well as Protestants, by their utter detestation of the Paris villains, inflamed the spirit of revenge among the Protestants; or, at any rate, offered them protection and sympathy. Those who had remained behind in France, soon conceived new hopes, in consequence of a few advantages which they obtained over the Catholics. If a danger has reached its acme, it intensifies the opposing forces as soon as the first consternation is over.

At Rome, the servants of the Holy See enjoyed a premature celebration of their victory over the French heretics, by masses and the firing of cannon. With an unparalleled frivolity, the court of Paris deemed it proper to perpetuate the memory of the carnage of St. Bartholomew by a yearly celebration of the day. With bloody revenge the Protestants again made their appearance upon the scene. According to Sully, seventy thousand Calvinists had been murdered in France, in the space of eight days. He who is not exterminated by such a succession of destructive events, soon deems himself unconquerable. No later than the 28th of October, the king, moved by fear, or by renewed cunning, dictated an order granting to them everywhere protection, and the restoration of their property.

Artful cunning and prudence, how dissimilar, although apparently affiliated! Whilst prudence seeks to reach its end upon paths that are protected by honesty, the former crawls on her deceitful ways toward objects which it never reaches, or reaches only for its own shame. What else could the wavering of the court from cruelty to forbearance lead to than to excite suspicion against continued intrigues on the part of the court, and

to expose the weakness of the royal party in a more glowing light? For the king had taken sides with this party. The throne loses its powerful ascendancy, if the king suffers himself to be entangled by one party in its contentions with its opponents. As long as he occupies the throne, both parties respect him. If he sides with either, the other party sees the seat of justice vacant. Whatever is undertaken against it, now looks like persecution, and is no longer attended with the mysterious impression which otherwise causes the penalties inflicted by the guardians of the law, to subdue instead of irritating the passions.

Whilst the Protestants, favored by the inconsistencies which taint the character of despotism at all times, flocked together again in their fortified towns, they found themselves most unexpectedly supported by a new party, that must have appeared much more formidable to the court. This party existed at the court itself. The oppressed derive an unexpected joy from sympathy with the wrongs they have endured. Not a few of the chief Catholics became more favorably disposed toward the Huguenots, the more deeply the sentiment of probity was wounded in the hearts of the former by the artful conduct of the court. Even in Charles' third brother, the Duke of Alençon, the mental superiority of the admiral had left an indelible impression.

Others, whose rank and position rendered them indifferent to religious feuds, became apprehensive of the schemes which the insidious Catharine and the vehement Charles might concoct against any one who happened to be in their way. Who could have persuaded the powerful family of the Montmorencys, who were related to the Colignys, that they were not likewise threatened with the fate of their relatives, and that the accidental circumstance of religious fellowship would prove a sufficient barrier against the murderous designs of the court? They saw very plainly that they shared with their murdered relative the jealousy of the queen-mother at every influence which might threaten to counterbalance her own.

Moreover not all who, from some cause or other, were dissatisfied with the dominant party at court; who had to dread or to extort something from it, were disposed, to see the enemies of the court extinguished by the extermination of the Huguenots, certainly not as long as their own interests were favored by the preservation of this party.

It is no wonder that in a warlike enterprise, the internal weakness of the court was seen in shameful contrast with the unexpected internal strength of the small band of Protestants. The fortified maritime town Rochelle was looked upon as the last asylum of the Protestant party. The Protestants themselves held this opinion. They defended the place as their palladium against a formidable army which Catharine had sent against it with her son the Duke of Anjou, under the immediate command of Marshal Biron, in order to complete on the shores of the Atlantic, upon the ruins of Protestantism, the tragic work commenced in the night of the 24th of August. The town was defended only by fifteen hundred soldiers and two thousand armed citizens. But all

became warriors, even children and women. Montgomery brought some little aid from England, but their own resources proved inexhaustible. They fought for five months, not only for themselves, for they were cajoled with the promises of liberty of conscience and civil rights; they would not listen to these terms as long as their co-religionists were not included in the enjoyment of all the fruits of their own bravery.

One of the most curious circumstances of this war was the manner in which the command of the city devolved upon De la Noue. This general, who was a Calvinist, and who shortly before Coligny's assassination, had made the first, but unsuccessful attempt, to transfer the war to the Netherlands, was obliged by the king to go over to the citizens of Rochelle, in order that he might win their entire confidence, and persuade them to surrender. They were informed of this arrangement, in spite of which they accepted him on condition that he would be their leader. He fulfilled his duty as a general with the same scrupulousness as his duty to the country, advising submission after every sally, from which the soldiers of Rochelle returned as conquerors. They did not listen to his advice as pacificator. But it is an honor to the Protestants to have possessed a man who held such a firm position between a flattering court and a restless, religious party, that both these parties had to respect him, because neither was able to cause him to swerve from the straight line of his conviction.

The greatest advantage for the besieged consisted in the force that was sent against them, having been estimated by its numbers, not by its capacity. Whilst all were accepted whom the court could possibly drum up in the shape of false friends or feeble and effeminate sensualists, the armaments had been proceeding so slowly that the citizens of Rochelle were allowed time to accumulate every species of stores in the magazines of their city. On the other hand the many useless camp-followers among the besiegers were their greatest enemies, and their apparent chief, the hated Duke of Anjou, was the cause of the continuation of this pernicious struggle. As on all other occasions, so was he here tormented by the fanatical and unreasoning pride not to give up an enterprise which he had once commenced. Yet this passion did not stimulate him to combine all possible means of success. The army became like him. The many assaults which had been conducted without plan and in disorder, had thinned his ranks quite considerably. Sickness caused still greater losses during such a long encampment; and in order to multiply evils, every malcontent in the court-party, built up for himself his own little party in the midst of this army where they all had congregated. It was perhaps the unbridled impatience of youth which led the younger brother of the Duke of Anjou, the Duke of Alençon, to rash, but unsuccessful designs against the court. But his premature desire to play the part of a malcontent, could be of no advantage to the court. A restless ambition without aim, never ceases to stir up the minds, were it for no better purpose than to conceal from itself and

others the painful reality of its objectless uneasiness.

Hardly had the Duke of Anjou obtained a plausible pretext, by his election as King of Poland, for abandoning the siege of Rochelle after making terms with its citizens, on the sixth of July, 1573; hardly had he left his mother's arms, who bade him farewell with a significant look at Charles' failing health, in order to take possession of a crown that had been for centuries the plaything of foreigners; hardly seemed the last stronghold of the Protestants to have been conquered by the memorable destruction of the little fortress of Sancerre, which vied with Rochelle in bravery, but whose external circumstances were not equally favored by fortune: when internal disturbances broke out again not only in the provinces, but likewise at the court, and even in the king's own family.

Charles was to end in a frightful manner. From the moment when he plunged into the murderous abyss of the night of St. Bartholomew, he never again became what he might have been. As he had lacked the firmness of keeping aloof from that degradation of the man and king, so he now, after the deed was done, lacked the levity and depravity which might have enabled him to stifle the condemnation of his conscience by some slippery pretext, or to oppose it with the brazen brow of shamelessness. The superstition of his age, to which he had slaughtered so many victims, was its own punishment. When alone, he fancied himself pursued by the spirits of the slain. Bloody figures deprived him of sleep, and tormented him with the terrors of hell. With his usual vehemence of passion he plunged into the whirlpool of sensual excitement, but the exhaustion consequent upon his excesses soon again delivered him to the tortures of his anguished soul. He tried to blunt his sensibility by new cruelties; but he was too young, and was naturally too good-natured to obtain this execrable comfort of hardened villains. Catharine hushed her own scruples by persuading herself that she was only accountable for four or six of the assassinations of St. Bartholomew. This was the number that she had upon her own list. And her confessor* had no difficulty to give her absolution from this sin by applying to the horrid crime the Machiavelian designation of "*coup d'état*."

In the mind of Charles, his internal tortures could only be hushed for the few moments that he glanced at the surrounding circumstances; at such periods the inner voice was stifled by the sight of the dangers that threatened him by their immediate presence. He was acquainted with the temperament of his second brother who is known in history by the name of Henry III. His character is delineated with sufficient clearness, if we simply state that the authoress of the August-carnage preferred him to all her other sons. This mother was likewise acquainted with Charles' own disposition. She had led him to the brink of that precipice, the terrors of which he now beheld with a melancholy shudder. He now had to submit

* Gab. Nande, in his "*Considérations Politiques sur les coups d'état*, chap. iii," regrets that this-coup d'état had only been half executed.

further to her direction, whithersoever it might tend. Or else, was he ignorant of the suspicion she had incurred, of having availed herself of her skill as a poisoner for the purpose of destroying certain offensive members of the royal family? He himself had been the blind instrument of her love of dominion on so many occasions that he had to tremble at his own mother's wrath, if he should have dared to resist her suggestions with the Duke of Anjou in her arms.

Destiny seemed to take pity on him, when the duke left in 1573, for Poland, to assume the crown of this kingdom. Very probably the queen-mother is unnecessarily accused by many authors of the heartlessness of not having suffered her second son to depart before she had obtained the conviction that Charles would soon depart this life. It is true, Charles was the victim of disease. But the young man had abandoned himself upon the throne to the excesses of an excitable sensuality, with such a frenzy that it seems hardly necessary to call into account the consuming agony of his later years, in order to account for the fact that his reckless licentiousness wasted his vital energies and finally plunged him into a premature grave, even before he had completed his twenty-fifth year. The appearance of Charles was a sure proof that Catharine might safely take leave of her favorite son with the words; "Go, my son, you will not be gone long."

Charles' condition was not improved by this relief from anxiety. The more dimly his prospect was pictured to him by his sickly condition from day to day; the more inaccessible he became from day to day to the gentle influences of sympathy; the more the real causes for sudden transitions from wild freaks of temper to depression of spirits accumulated around him.

Catharine seemed determined to indemnify herself for the absence of her second son by gratifying her lust of dominion. Even if Charles behaved savagely toward her at times, she crushed him in return by all the anxiety which the true or fancied condition of things, and a cunningly-devised description of the worst possible designs against him could suggest and justify, in consequence of which he would allow her so much more willingly to grasp his sceptre for his own safety. The only strength he had left was to see himself surrounded by her intrigues, and to feel the hatred she drew upon his name by planning assassinations, breaking pledges, and exasperating all against each other; he had to bear the responsibility of such misdeeds.

In his third brother, the mania of making himself appear important, of which he had already furnished evidences before Rochelle, broke out afresh. For some time he amused himself with arranging and divulging plans for his escape from the capital. He seemed desirous of escaping in order that others might learn to measure his importance by the efforts that would be made to find out his whereabouts and to bring him back again. Behind the indiscretion of his youth, other more experienced mischief-maker's hid their plans. Under cover of the princes' name, a party of malcontents sprung up at the court which was designated "*the politicians*," in contradistinction

from the religious party of the Protestants. In reality this appellation was not merited, for their policy was only useful to their adversaries. As long as the Protestants were co-operating with them, Catharine found it much easier to defeat their machinations than she formerly had done. If the interests of the Duke of Alençon had not been so diametrically opposed to the designs of his second brother upon the throne of France, and to the queen-mother, it might be supposed with a show of probability, that the duke acted as his mother's spy among the malcontents, rather than as her adversary; with the most incomprehensible levity he made the most reckless revelations, sacrificing to this woman's vengeance, who had again become the regent of France, all those who had plotted with him against the court. Whenever she wished to frighten her intractable and unhappy ward, she pictured to him the conspiracies of his third brother in such glaring colors that the whole court had to run to Paris in their night-clothes, and the sick Charles imagined he would have to flee before his brother even at the hour of midnight. "They might have waited until I am dead!" sighed the young man who was tired of life, and was driven about by furies without and within.

He lived long enough to know that his army was marching against his more cherished brother, who had finally escaped together with the Prince Condé and the King of Navarre, from the court bondage in which the latter especially had been held captive.

He lived long enough to know that it was impossible for him to leave his sceptre in other hands than those of his mother, who would transmit it to the Duke of Anjou, whom she had so cunningly and cheerfully dispatched to Poland. He saw the Protestants again appear in the field, who proved to him, by their reunion with all the other malcontents of the kingdom, that henceforth discord would spit out her flames over the soil of France from the double crater of political and religious discontent, and that the murders he had committed in the night of the 24th of August were as fruitless as they had been execrable. He lived long enough to die with the consoling reflection that he did not leave behind him a son who would inherit from him the weight of his crown.

NOTE.—This subject which Schiller was unable to continue on account of his sickness, was completed by Professor Paulus who had taken charge of the publication of some portions of this collection, in the ninth volume of the second division of the Historical Memoirs.

THE DUKE OF ALVA.

AT A BREAKFAST AT THE CASTLE OF RUDOLSTADT, IN THE YEAR 1547.*

IN turning over the leaves of an old chronicle of the sixteenth century, (*RES IN ECCLESIA ET POLITICA CHRISTIANA GESTÆ, ab anno 1500, ad an. 1600.* Aut. J. Sœffing, Th. D. Rudolst. 1676,) I

* This article was published in the German Mercury of the year 1788.

met with the following anecdote which deserves, for more reasons than one, to be transmitted to posterity. This anecdote is likewise related in a memoir, entitled: MAUSOLEA MANIBUS METZELII POSITA A FR. MELCH. DEDEKINDO, 1738; it may likewise be read in Spannenberg's ADELSPIEGEL, Part I, vol. xiii., p. 445.

It was a German lady, belonging to a house that had on former occasions shone by its heroism, and had given one emperor to Germany, whose determined conduct almost caused the terrible Duke of Alva to tremble. In 1547, when the Emperor Charles V., after the battle of Mühlberg, passed through Thuringia, on his march to Franconia and Swabia, the countess dowager, Catharine of Schwarzburg, born princess of Henneberg, obtained a written pledge from the emperor, that her subjects were not to be molested by the Spanish troops. In return she bound herself to have bread, beer, and other articles of food transported to the Saal-bridge, which would be sold at moderate prices, and would furnish subsistence to the Spanish troops that were to cross the Saale at this point. At the same time she took care to have the bridge which was near the city, removed to a point further off, lest her rapacious guests should be tempted by the neighborhood of the city to steal and plunder. The inhabitants of the villages through which the army was to pass, were permitted to deposit their most valuable goods in the castle for safe-keeping.

In the mean while the Spanish general, accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited himself to breakfast at the Countess of Schwarzburg's by a courier who had been dispatched in advance. Such a modest request from the commander of an army, could not well be refused. She replied that she would give what was in her power; the duke would meet with a cordial welcome. At the same time she again mentioned the emperor's written pledge, and begged the Spanish general to have it conscientiously adhered to.

A kind welcome and a well-furnished table awaited the duke at the castle. He admits that the Thuringian ladies keep an excellent table and do justice to the duties of hospitality. Scarcely have the company sat down to breakfast, when the countess is called out by a messenger. She is told that in some of her villages the Spanish soldiers have driven off the cattle. Catharine was a mother of her people; what was done to the poorest of her subjects, was done to herself. Indignant at this faithless conduct, but without losing her presence of mind, she orders her servants to arm themselves, and to barricade the gates of the castle; after this, she returns to the hall where the princes are still eating their breakfast. She informs them in the most emphatic language of what she had just heard, and how the emperor's pledge had been violated. She is told with a laugh that this is the usage of war, and that such little mishaps are unavoidably connected with the passage of troops. "This we shall see," she replied in an angry tone. "My poor subjects must have their property restored, or, by heaven!" raising her voice in a tone of menace,

"*princes' blood for oxen's blood!*" With this emphatic declaration she left the hall, which was filled in a few moments with armed men, who, sword in hand, placed themselves behind the chairs of the princes to wait on the company. At the entrance of this warlike band, Duke Alva, changed color; the princes looked at each other in silence and confusion. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a superior force of able-bodied warriors, what was left for him to do but to submit in patience to any terms that would reconcile the offended hostess. Henry of Brunswick, was the first to recover his self-possession, and broke out in a loud fit of laughter. He adopted the sensible plan of turning the whole proceeding into ridicule, and praised the countess for the motherly care she evinced for her subjects, and for the courage with which she protected their interests. He begged her to be quiet, and pledged himself that he would get the Duke of Alva to consent to any thing fair and just. He induced him to issue an order to the army, commanding the immediate restoration of the robbed cattle. As soon as the countess had been assured of the restitution of her subjects' property, she thanked her guests very warmly for their kindness, and parted with them with mutual expressions of regard.

It was undoubtedly this event that procured for the Countess, Catharine of Schwarzburg, the surname of the Heroic. History lauds her perseverance in promoting the reformation in her dominions, which had already been introduced by her husband, Count Henry XXXVII.; in abolishing monkish institutions, and promoting the education of the people. Many Protestant ministers who had to endure persecutions for religion's sake, were accorded protection and support in her dominions. Among them was a certain Caspar Aquila, minister at Saalfeld, who, in his earlier years, had accompanied the imperial army to the Netherlands in the capacity of chaplain, and who, because he refused to christen a cannon-ball, had been loaded in a mortar, in order to be blown into the air, from which fate he fortunately escaped, because the powder would not ignite. Now his life was in danger a second time, and a price of five thousand florins was set on his head, because the emperor, whose interim he had denounced from the pulpit, was angry at him. At the request of the Saalfeldians, Catharine had him secretly removed to her castle, where she kept him concealed for many months, and took care of him with the most generous devotion to humanity, until he again dared show himself without danger to life. She died universally esteemed and mourned, in the fifty-eighth year of her age, and the twenty-ninth of her reign. Her remains are deposited in the church of Rudolstadt.

MEMORABLE EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF MARSHAL VIEILLEVILLE.

In the historical works containing a narration of the events which occurred during the remarkable reigns of Francis I., Henry II. and of his three sons, the name of Marshal Vieilleville is sel-

dom mentioned. Nevertheless he took an important part in the most distinguished events of that age, and he deserves a place by the side of its greatest statesmen and generals. The only author who renders justice to the Marshal, is Brantôme, whose testimony is so much more weighty, as both he and the Marshal aimed at the same end, though they belonged to opposite parties.

Vieilleville was not one of those powerful natures which break down obstacles by the force of their genius or passions, and by a few prominent undertakings that affect the general course of events, compel history to record their names upon its pages. A merit like his, consists in avoiding the éclat which is sought by more violent agitators of events, and in wooing peace with every body rather than in exciting admiration or envy. Vieilleville was a courtier, in the highest and worthiest acceptance of this term, when it designates one of the most difficult and glorious parts on the stage of human actions. In his attachment to the throne, whose occupant changed three times during his lifetime, he maintained the most persevering uniformity; throne and king were so completely identified in his own mind, that his dutiful devotion to the actual possessor of majesty partook of the character of personal attachment. The beautiful picture of the ancient French nobility and knighthood is again revived by him; he seems such a worthy representative of the class to which he belongs, that he reconciles us for a moment with the abuses of the aristocracy. He was magnanimous, magnificent, disinterested even unto self-forgetfulness, obliging to all men, honorable, faithful to his word, constant in his inclinations, active for his friends, generous toward his enemies, brave like a hero, rigid in his attachment to law, and, in spite of his liberal spirit, terrible and inexorable toward the enemies of public order. He understood in a high degree the art of accommodating himself to the most opposite characters without sacrificing his own; of pleasing the ambitious without blindly doing homage to his passion; of being agreeable to the vain without flattering him. He never had to throw away his personal dignity like a heartless and brainless courtier, in order to be his king's friend, but with a strong soul and a praiseworthy self-denial he possessed the power of subjecting his wishes to the circumstances in which he was placed. By such means, and by a discretion which never forsook him, he succeeded at a period when every body had to belong to a party, in remaining free from party-obligations, without losing his sphere of action, and in living on friendly terms with men whose interests were clashing; by such means he succeeded in preserving the favor of three successive kings from the commencement to the end of his public life. It is deserving of notice that he died at the moment when Catharine Medicis visited him with her court at his castle of Durestal, and that he was thus permitted to terminate in his sovereign's arms, as it were, a life, sixty years of which had been devoted to the public service.

This very character accounts for the fact that history does not mention him more prominently. The historians of his age had taken sides either

for or against the new doctrine, and their pen was guided by a lively interest for their respective party-leaders. A man like Marshal Vieilleville, whose head was too cold for fanaticism, did not offer any prominent points, either for praise or censure. He belonged to the moderate party whose adherents were nicknamed *politicians*, and who have always had the misfortune, in time of political excitement, of displeasing both parties for the simple reason that they wish to conciliate both. In all party-strife he stood firmly by the King; neither the party of Montmorency and the Guises, nor that of Condé and Coligny could boast of counting him among its adherents.

Characters of this stamp never meet with a proper appreciation in history, which delights in reporting the deeds of force, rather than the quietly successful management of discretion, and which is obliged to single out decisive actions, rather than to encompass the tranquil development of a whole life. On the other hand, a biographer would rather select Ulysses than Achilles for his hero.

Not till two hundred years after his death, the Marshal Vieilleville was to have justice done to his memory. In the archives of his family castle Durestal, the memoirs of his life, in ten books, were found, with the name of Carloix, his private secretary, attached to them. They are written in the laudatory style peculiar to Brantôme, and to all the historians of this period; but it is not the rhetorical tone of the flatterer who is anxious to win the favor of a patron, but the language of a grateful heart pouring forth its gratitude. Although the part which inclination has in this effusion, is not concealed, yet the historical truth is easily separated from the praises which emanate from his grateful heart. In the year 1767, these memoirs were published for the first time, in five volumes, although these were known to some, and have even been used, at an earlier period.

Francis Scepeaux, proprietor of Vieilleville, was the son of Renatus Scepeaux, proprietor of Vieilleville, and of Margaret la Jaille, of the house Estouteville. His parents were rich, were proud of the honor of their family, and set an example to the nobility of Anjou and Maine; their house was one of the most respected, and they always entertained a number of distinguished guests. At an early age, Francis Vieilleville was received as a page, at the court of the mother of Francis I., who was then the regent of France, and a born princess of Savoy. An accident with which he met at her court, drove him away, after a stay of four years. On his way to the queen's table, where the youth had to be in attendance on her person, a nobleman had boxed his ears. After dinner, the page managed to slip away from his governor, repaired to the nobleman, who was first master of the royal kitchen, and pierced him with his sword, after having first demanded satisfaction for the insult. He was only eighteen years old when this accident happened. Upon hearing of this act, which the grandees of the court, and the king himself, did not altogether disapprove of, because the officers of the household had not the right to abuse pages, the king sent for Vieilleville, in order to recommend him

to the regent's favor, and obtain forgiveness for his deed. But Vieilleville had already fled from court to his father's residence, the castle of Durestal, of whom he expected the means of undertaking a journey to Naples, whither, according to report, a fine army was to march, under the orders of Sir Lautrec. After having arranged every thing, and having associated with himself twenty-five young noblemen from Anjou and Bretagne—for he was anxious to make his appearance with becoming respectability, and in a manner conformable to his rank,—he presented himself at Chambéry, before Sir Lautrec, who received him very kindly as his relative, and called him to his standard. Vieilleville distinguished himself on every occasion, and risked his life at the taking of Pavia, on which occasion, the French, remembering the battle which they here lost five years ago, and where their king was taken prisoner, committed a great many excesses, which Vieilleville, at the head of two hundred men, sought to prevent to the best of his power. Shortly after, Vieilleville, and one of his noblemen, Cornillon, who had vowed never to leave him, were taken prisoners on board a galliot, by Sir Monaco. His ransom was fixed at three thousand crowns, and that of his companion at one thousand. He was permitted to go home for these amounts, with the proviso that his companion would have to remain in chains all his life, unless Vieilleville returned before a certain period.

Vieilleville, afraid of not being able to return in season, on account of the long journey, and of the time required for collecting the money, declined this proposition, simply begging that Lautrec might be informed of his captivity. This chief sent the money for his own deliverance, but not sending the ransom for his friend, Vieilleville sent the whole amount back, with a request that his father might be applied to for the money. He preferred languishing in captivity to abandoning a friend whose fate he had promised to share. Monaco, admiring this noble conduct, contented himself with the sum that had been sent, and restored both to freedom. Shortly after, Vieilleville took the son of Monaco prisoner, whom he sent home again without a ransom.

At this time Vieilleville renewed his acquaintance with the nephew of the great Andrew Doria, Philip Doria, who had been page in the king's service at the period when Vieilleville himself was attached to the queen-regent in the same capacity. One day Vieilleville paid him a visit on board his galleys, eight of which he commanded in the king's service. Doria offering Vieilleville one of his galleys, this one selected the "*Regent*," on board of which he was at once installed as commander, amid many solemnities. In the evening he returned to the camp, about two miles from the anchorage. These visits were continued for six days, during which period, all the first officers of the army were hospitably entertained.

Moncade, viceroy of Naples, having been informed of these nightly visitings of the officers and soldiers of the galleys in the French camp, caused six galleys to be armed for the purpose of surprising Doria. This one, however, having got vent of the intended assault, was found so well

prepared that the viceroy himself, who happened to be on board of one of them, was killed, two were sunk and two others captured. Vieilleville who had fought so bravely on board the *Regent* that of a crew of fifty men only twelve had remained alive, insisted upon attacking one of the two remaining galleys with his scanty force. Whilst he was fighting on the deck of the hostile galley, the sailors of the *Regent* unfastened the grapple-irons, and set sail for Naples, to which port another galley had already sailed during the combat. Vieilleville having lost most of his soldiers, had to surrender.

On the arrival of the first Spanish galley in port, the Prince of Orange caused the captain and several of the crew to be hung. The captain of the galley on board of which Vieilleville was a prisoner, hearing of this, was afraid of running into port. Vieilleville, profiting by the captain's want of decision, persuaded him to enter the king's service. The captain did so, and, together with the whole crew, took the oath of allegiance to the king of France.

Meanwhile, Count Doria had caused the supposed dead body of Vieilleville to be sought after among the numerous bodies that were floating on the water. He was quite disconsolate at his friend's sad fate. In order to obtain news of him, he ordered captain Napoleon, a Corsican, to cruise with the *Regent*, in the neighborhood of Naples. They had not sailed far when they met a galley which seemed one of the emperor's; but a white flag was floating from the mast-head. Soon after they heard music and the crew shouted "France!" Vieilleville at once recognized the *Regent*, and the joy of meeting again was universal. Another galley that had been sent after him from Naples, was captured by Vieilleville by means of a ruse, and, instead of being a prisoner, he returned to the army in possession of two galleys. On his arrival, his friend Doria had left for France with two galleys. The siege of Naples which Lautrec had undertaken, proceeding very slowly, Vieilleville resigned his commission. This was fortunate, for, three months after his departure, the plague broke out and destroyed most of the officers.

On presenting himself before the king, and asking his pardon for the youthful indiscretion which had resulted so fatally, the king assured him that the pardon had already been granted, more especially since the queen-regent was no longer living. He commanded him to be a frequent attendant at court, and gave him to his second son, the Duke of Orleans, who succeeded him on the throne, as Henry II., with these words: "He is not older than thou, my son, but see what he has already accomplished; if he is not killed in battle, thou wilt at some future period honor him with the bâton of marshal."

Some time after, Charles V. made arrangements for an invasion of France, on which account the king concentrated his army in the neighborhood of Lyons. They decided upon taking possession of Avignon, in order to prevent the imperials from occupying a city which was the key of Provence. After deliberating for a long time, the king finally selected Vieilleville for this enterprise, although many objected to him on account of his

extreme youth. He was sent off to Avignon with six thousand foot, without artillery, in order to facilitate his arrival prior to the emperor.

Arriving before Avignon, the gates of which he found closed, he demanded an interview with the vice legate, who appeared upon the walls. Vieilleville urged him to come down, since he had a communication to address to him which was of importance both to himself and to the city. If the legate had any suspicion, he might be accompanied by as many persons as he pleased, whereas Vieilleville promised to have only the six persons who were near him. The legate came to the gate with an escort of about twenty men, and some of the first citizens of the place. Vieilleville assured him that he did not desire to occupy the city, provided the legate would bind himself by an oath and by giving hostages not to receive an imperial garrison. The legate consented to the oath, but was absolutely unwilling to give hostages.

Four of the six soldiers who were with Vieilleville, had the title of captain, although they were badly dressed. He begged that they might be permitted to replenish their wardrobe in the city, to purchase powder, and have their guns repaired. This permission was granted. Their plan was to place themselves beneath the gates and to prevent the portcullis from being let down. In the mean while more soldiers came up, without being heeded by the opposite party, whose attention was centred on the discussion about the hostages, which was purposely prolonged by Vieilleville. Threats were made that, unless the hostages were given, the country for two leagues round the city would be laid waste. Vieilleville seeing himself sufficiently strong, knocked the legate down, drew his sword, and penetrated into the city. At the gate two or three of his men were shot, but double this number of the enemy were pierced with their swords.

The citizens now hastened to the gate, to let down the portcullis, but here they were prevented by the four captains who fought most gallantly. At the report of the guns, some twelve hundred men who had been hidden the previous night in the corn-fields near the city, rushed forward from their ambush, and entered the city with the greatest bravery. In the mean while the remainder of the corps came up with colors flying and drums beating. He now took possession of the keys of the gates that had remained closed, except the Rhone gate toward Villeneuve which already belonged to France. Being in possession of the city, Vieilleville now restored order, and protected every quiet citizen and every female from insult. This was not easy, and he had to cut down a captain and a few privates who insisted upon plundering the town. The constable now encamped near Avignon, and Vieilleville went back to the king whom he met at Tournon. On presenting himself before the king, he was addressed by the latter in these words: "Approach, fair light among the knights. I should call you sun, if you were older, for if you continue in this way you will shine above all others. In the mean while parry your king's blow who loves and honors you." With these words, the king, touching him with his sword, dubbed him knight.

After this period he was requested by his relative, Sir Chateaubriand, who was governor and lieutenant-general of the king in Bretagne, to take charge of the governor's company of fifty gendarmes, who otherwise would have to remain in Bretagne, and would not be afforded an opportunity to distinguish themselves. At the same time Chateaubriand promised to procure for him the lieutenancy of Bretagne during his absence. Vieilleville took charge of the company, but he declined a lieutenancy, in the hope of obtaining a governorship for himself.

It seems strange that Vieilleville should not have been able to obtain a company of gendarmes for himself. But at that time it was not so easy to enjoy such a distinction, and Vieilleville was unwilling to be indebted to favor for what he expected to earn by his own efforts. As a proof of this, we may quote Vieilleville's reply to the king, when, after Chateaubriand's death, his majesty offered him this company: "He had not yet done any thing entitling him to such an honor." After which the king replied in a tone of amazement approaching to anger: "Vieilleville, I have been very much mistaken in you, for I should have supposed that, if you had been away two hundred leagues, you would have run day and night to obtain the company; I offer it to you without your asking for it, and I do not see what more favorable opportunity you expect to find." "The day of a battle, Sire," replied Vieilleville, "when your Majesty will be convinced that I deserve it. If I accepted the company now, my comrades might turn this distinction into ridicule, saying that I owed it to my connection with Sir Chateaubriand; but I had rather die than to be promoted for any other cause than my own personal efforts."

A few hours before the death of Francis I., this monarch, mindful of Vieilleville's services, sent for the dauphin for the purpose of recommending the former to his favor. "I know, my son," said the king, "that you will promote St. André before Vieilleville; your inclination prompts you to do so. You would not be in great haste if you would coolly contrast one with the other. At least, I beg of you, if you do not intend to promote them together, to promote Vieilleville soon after St. André." The dauphin promised he would, simply reserving to himself the privilege of promoting St. André first. The king then sent for Vieilleville, and, extending his hand to him, said: "Feeble as I am, all I can say to you is, that I die too soon for you; but here is my son who has promised me never to forget you. His father never was ungrateful and it is his wish that the second bâton of marshal which the king will have to dispose of, should be conferred upon you, for I know for whom the first bâton is intended. But I pray that this bâton may not be conferred upon any one who is not as worthy of it as you are. Is not this your opinion, my son?" The dauphin answered in the affirmative. The king threw his arm around Vieilleville; all three wept. A little while after, the dauphin and Vieilleville retired, and the king died.

Henry, the former Duke of Orleans, now was king, for by the death of his elder brother he had become dauphin of France. Seven days after the

king's ascension to the throne, Vieilleville was sent to England as special ambassador charged with the delicate trust of renewing to Edward, who was not yet of age, and to his council, the French king's assurances of peace. He acquitted himself of this office with much dignity and to the king's perfect satisfaction.

Soon after the king's funeral, Marshal Biez and his brother-in-law Vervius, were put upon their trial for having surrendered Boulogne to the English. The latter was condemned to death, the former to imprisonment, and to the loss of his estates and his title. Of the hundred lances which Marshal Biez had had under his command, the king of his own accord offered fifty to Vieilleville. Vieilleville declined the favor because he did not wish to be the successor of such a man. "Why not?" asked the king. "Sire," replied Vieilleville, "I should feel as though I had married the widow of a condemned criminal. There is no need of hastening my promotion, for I know that your Majesty has resolved to take Boulogne back again immediately after your solemn entry into Paris. It is possible that, on this occasion, some honorable captain may perish, whose post you may confer upon me, or that I myself may fall; for, in order to serve my King, I shall expose my life, and if I fall I shall not need a company." This was said in presence of Marshal André. The king sought to persuade him, but Vieilleville insisted upon declining. "I had rather be a lieutenant under Marshal André, than to own the company of Marshal Biez who has proved a traitor."

Marshal St. André, who had expressed a similar wish toward the king, on a former occasion, was rejoiced at this declaration. "Remember this speech, my friend," said he, "you have made it in the king's presence." Vieilleville now was forced to accept the lieutenancy, although he had made this proposition for no other purpose than to decline the king's offer of the company.

This company of gens-d'armes had been very carelessly organized by the marshal's father. It consisted principally of the sons of hotel and tavern keepers, who were named after the saints, painted upon the signs over the doors. For this reason, this whole company had become an object of ridicule to the citizens of Lyons. Some thanked God, for having sent a company of saints from paradise, to watch over them; others designated them as the gens-d'armes of the litany. The company could not show fifty horses that were fit for service. For this reason, and because the governor was personally popular at court, this company never was ordered into active service. They were said to be indispensable to the governor, in order to keep such a large city as Lyons, quiet. On parade these persons borrowed the required horses, and equipments, and this disorder continued for nine years, until after the death of the old Marshal St. André, after which his son, who was ashamed of them, allowed, their abuses to continue. For this reason he was glad to have Vieilleville as a lieutenant, since he knew his inexorable rigidity in matters of discipline and honor.

Vieilleville had ordered his company to Clermont in Auvergne, where arms and horses could not

be borrowed so easily. Here he made his appearance with sixty or eighty brave noblemen, from the best houses of Bretagne, Anjou and Maine, who had fought in the wars in Piedmont. Immediately after his arrival, he was shown a list of about forty, who had remained behind on account of sickness, as shown by the certificates of the physicians. He struck their names off the roll. The same proceeding was instituted against the race of valets and tax-farmers, who had been received into the company, through the favors of a few noble ladies and gentlemen. The remaining few had to manœuvre on horseback, and not understanding any thing of the service, the old troopers laughed at them right heartily. He sent them back into their taverns, with the advice to wait upon the guest, and told them that the ranks of the company would be filled with noblemen. Some of them grumbled at this treatment, and used impertinent language, but Vieilleville's escort assailed them with their canes, whereupon the band scattered across the fields, amid the laughter of the company. In this way Vieilleville got rid of this rabble, who had never put a spur to their heels in the service of the king, and replaced them by noblemen who valued their honor and had the means of procuring suitable equipments. In consequence of these proceedings, other noblemen from Gascogne, Perigord, and Limousin, who had formerly been unwilling to serve among these vagabonds, had their names inscribed on the roll of the company, so that it numbered at the next muster upward of five hundred horses, and became one of the best companies of gens-d'armes in the kingdom.

Some time after, Vieilleville accompanied the king through Burgundry to Savoy. All the large cities were entered in solemn procession. On arriving at St. Jeande Maurienne, where a bishop resided, this functionary begged the king to honor this town with a royal entry, promising him on this occasion a festive reception, such as he had never met with before. The king whose curiosity to see this novel entertainment had been excited, promised to comply with the bishop's request, and on the following morning held his solemn entry into the city. He had scarcely advanced two hundred steps beyond the gate, when he was met by a company of one hundred men disguised as bears, so accurately that they seemed like these animals. They suddenly emerged from some street with colors flying, at the sound of the fife, and carrying a spear on their shoulders, took the king in their midst, and conducted him to the church, amid the peals of laughter of the court. Afterward they conducted the king to his lodgings, in front of which they performed a variety of leaps and ludicrous attitudes; they clambered like bears up the walls of houses, up columns and arcades, and raised a howl resembling the growl of bears. Seeing the king liked this sport, they together uttered such a fearful howl that the horses which had been left in the street in charge of the servants, took fright, running away and knocking down and wounding a number of people, although this stampede seemed to increase the fun. They wound up with a dance all round, in which the Swiss Guard participated.

From this town the king crossed Mont Cenis, and entered Piedmont, over which the king's father, the late Francis I., had appointed Prince Melphi as viceroy. On going to meet the king, the prince treated Vieilleville with marked respect, and prepared lodgings for him in Turin, on which occasion the escort of the Constable Montmorency had to vacate several apartments which they had retained for their master, and which the prince took possession of for Vieilleville. The constable was offended at this liberty, and suggested to the prince that the constable of the kingdom possessed the privilege of quartering every person according to his rank. To which the prince replied: "Sir, here we are on the other side of the mountains. On your side, in France, you may give your orders, and enforce them even with a cane; but here things are different, and I must request you not to make any arrangements that would not be executed." In his demonstrations of respect for Vieilleville, the prince went so far that he frequently requested him to order the word, nor would he permit that the word which the constable ordered for the king's body-guard, should be universally regarded. Being a courtier of delicate perceptions, Vieilleville availed himself of these distinctions as little as possible, in order not to excite the jealousy of other grantees. All who expected orders on behalf of the king, applied to him. All the captains attended his levee; he kept open house, and his table was so richly furnished that the table of the prince lost greatly by the contrast.

In the mean while the king received news that an emeute had broken out in Guyenne, and that the governor of the province and several officers of the salt-works had been murdered in the city of Bordeaux. The constable suggested to the king that the inhabitants of this district being always in a state of revolt, had better be exterminated. He offered to execute this mission. The king dispatched him indeed to Bordeaux, but with orders to punish none but the authors of the crime, and to observe strict discipline. He associated with him the Duke Aumale to whose suite Vieilleville belonged. At the approach of the troops the mob speedily dispersed, so that the constable entered the city without the least resistance. Within one month he caused one hundred and forty persons to be executed with the most horrid tortures. The three rebels who had thrown the royal officers into the Charente with these words: "Go, gentlemen, salt the fish in the Charante!" were broken on the wheel, burned, and afterward thrown into the river with these words: "Go, scoundrel, and fry the fish which thou hast salted with the bodies of thy king's servants."

Upon the whole journey to Bordeaux, Vieilleville had commanded the company of Marshal André, whose lieutenant he was, and had preserved such a strict discipline that every thing that the company used, was paid for as in a tavern. He never mounted his horse until the hosts had solemnly affirmed that every debt had been paid. Upon arriving in a large village, three leagues from Bordeaux, his servants found a large number of beautiful pikes, guns, caps, cuirasses,

helmets, bucklers, and halberts, concealed beneath a heap of hay and straw. The host, whom he interrogated on the subject privately, told him with fear and trembling, that his neighbors had concealed these arms in his barn, because they were well convinced that he was an innocent man. And since I have not heard an unkind word during two days that you have been quartered in my house, I will give you the further information, that thirty-five trunks and boxes have been brought hither by noblemen who did not feel safe in their own homes, and that I have caused these boxes to be walled up; for it is well known that I never take any part in these disorders; but I beg of you, gracious sir, see to it that neither they nor I suffer any injury. Vieilleville, who saw that he was an innocent simpleton, commanded him not to say a word of all this to any body, but to lock up the arms publicly in his barn; he certified to the man that these arms had been purchased and paid for, and would be sent for by the innkeeper, who was directed to apply to Vieilleville in case he should be threatened with violence. Touched by this humanity, this man, who imagined he had forfeited his life, almost worshiped his protector, whom he begged on his knees to accept at least the arms, especially the pikes that were entirely new and looked so handsome. But Vieilleville commanded him to hush, unless he preferred being delivered into the hands of justice.

The company was quartered in a village a league from Bordeaux; Vieilleville took up lodgings in the house of parliament-councilor Valvyn. This gentleman came to meet him, esteeming himself fortunate to have an officer of such character and mind under his roof, so much more as he had to suffer a good deal in consequence of the false accusations of the constable, and was almost a prisoner in his own house. Vieilleville assured him of his assistance, and promised to defend his cause. He had scarcely entered the parlor when Madame Valvyn and her two daughters made their appearance, who were possessed of extraordinary beauty. She was still overcome by a fright she had had the previous night, during which her sister's house, who was the widow of a councilor of parliament, had been broken into; for this reason she had taken her two nieces under her roof, and now recommended these four young ladies to his protection in the most urgent manner. She fell upon her knees before him, but Vieilleville raised her with the assurance that he too had daughters, and that he would perish rather than suffer any of them to be harmed. The mother, being comforted by this assurance, now related to him that the servants of the gentleman who was quartered in her sister's house, and more especially a young nobleman, had attempted to break into the young ladies' apartment, but that these had jumped out of the window upon a heap of rubbish, and had sought refuge in her house. Vieilleville asked her, whether the man was not the Bastard of Beuil. "They call him by this name," said she. "Well," replied Vieilleville, "it is no wonder, for honorable girls will never be left alone by the son of a wh***; it grieves him that all women should not be like his mother." In the

mean while the widow made her appearance, complaining that the Bastard had insulted her, by asking her to give him the girls. After dinner he repaired to the constable's residence, where he complained to Sancerre of the bad conduct of his adopted son. In order to appease Vieilleville's host, Sancerre went with him, and took supper with him, tendering his apology to the ladies and protesting that they should not be insulted hereafter. But they had no confidence in him, and, as long as the army was in Bordeaux, they never left their retreat. By this means they avoided a good deal of disagreeable and shameful treatment to which the other citizens were exposed; for all, without distinction of sex, had to ask pardon upon their knees. The family Valvyn, however, was not subjected to this ignominy, although the Constable enjoined Vieilleville not to keep them back; whereupon Vieilleville declared in a tone of indignation that, if his hosts were to be subjected to such infamous treatment, he was determined to accompany them and share their disgrace, but that he would not suffer this to take place without creating an excitement.

It frequently happened that soldiers who were quartered in the neighborhood of Bordeaux, came to town for the purpose of purchasing provisions or witnessing the executions. One of the gens-d'armes and two arquebusiers improved this circumstance for the purpose of extorting money from the curate of their village. They told him that two of those whom they had seen hung, had confessed that he had assisted in ringing the alarm-bell of the village, and that they had received orders to arrest him, but were willing to let him escape, provided he paid them handsomely. The poor curate who was not altogether innocent, offered them eight hundred dollars; but not content with this sum, they compelled him, holding a dagger to his throat, to reveal the place where he had hidden the precious ornaments of the church. The dread of death induced him to give the desired information. Hereupon they bound him, and carried him to a distant apartment, where they intended to murder him, after having previously secured their treasures. But the priest's nephew ran to Bordeaux, where he informed Vieilleville of the whole transaction. Vieilleville at once mounted his horse, and repaired quietly, and without the robbers knowing any thing about it, to the parsonage, where he arrived at the very moment when they were on the point of leaving with three horses heavily laden with booty. The first man he met was cut down by him with these words: "Villain, are we heretics commissioned to assault defenseless priests, and rob churches?" The other two were killed by their own comrades, lest the company should be exposed to the infamy of seeing two of its members swing at the gallows for common robbery. The priest was discovered bound, and two servants near him, holding knives to his throat to prevent him from crying. He threw himself at Vieilleville's feet, thanking him for the preservation of his life and the restoration of his property; but this one ordered him to bury the dead and to say a mass for their souls.

After the constable had given a most horrid proof of his severity by punishing the in-

stigators of the rebellion, he disbanded the army, and passed the company that was to remain in garrison, in review. Jokingly he informed Vieilleville that he intended to act himself as the commissary of his (Vieilleville's) company; for he knew that St. André's company was not complete, and numbered only twenty serviceable horses. Whereupon Vieilleville requested him very modestly, not to spare his company if, on disbanding the troops, he should find this to be the state of things. At the same time he cautioned the constable, if he had a mind to pass St. André's company in review, to see to it that he did not fare as the other commissaries. "How is this?" asked the constable, who fancied that something unpleasant was intended. "I shall retain you to dinner," replied Vieilleville. At the muster, the constable, to the great amazement of all present, found this company in excellent condition. It presented an extensive front, for Vieilleville had caused the saddle-horses of the noblemen, which were generally left in the rear, to be mounted by the servants, who had to form a line with the soldiers. Vieilleville received the constable and his staff, in front of the company, riding a dapple horse that was valued at two thousand crowns, and taking the opportunity of exhibiting his brilliant horsemanship. Not far from the village he entertained the constable and his staff at dinner, in tents constructed of green boughs, in a very elegant and artistic manner.

From Bordeaux he conducted his company to their ordinary quarters in Xaintonge, where they were stationed, after which he repaired to his castle, where the marriage of the young Marquis Espinay with his daughter, was celebrated. On this occasion, a numerous and brilliant company was entertained in the most sumptuous manner.

At the same time, he arranged more than ten affairs of honor. Although he found them exceedingly complicated, yet his great experience in his intercourse with the world, and his knowledge of human nature, which he had acquired on his travels through a number of countries, enabled him to compound all such difficulties with so much skill, that even the marshals of France, who constituted the highest court of honor for the French nobility, applied to him for advice.

Eight days after the wedding, Vieilleville was ordered to appear at court. He brought Espinay along, whom he desired to introduce at the earliest opportunity, thinking that the king, immediately after his entry into Paris, would proceed to the reconquest of Boulogne. One morning, he was visited by D'Apechon, the brother-in-law of Marshal St. André, accompanied by Messieurs Senneterre, Biron, Forguel, and La Roue, who presented to him a document signed by the king, in which the confiscated estates of the Protestants in Guyenne, Limousin, Quercy, Périgord, Xaintonge, and Aulnay, were conferred upon him. They had recommended him for this favor, in the hope that, after deducting the expense of levying upon the property, no less a sum than twenty thousand crowns would remain in the hands of each of them. Vieilleville thanked them for having thought of him on this occasion, but he declared that he could not consent to enrich himself

by such odious means; for that the object simply was to harass the poor people, and to ruin honest families. He said that the constable had scarcely returned from these provinces with his large army; that he considered it beneath his dignity to plunge the king's distracted subjects, who had already suffered so much, into a still deeper abyss of misery, and that he would never consent to seeing his name dragged through the courts in connection with these confiscations; "for," continued he, "we should have our names registered in every parliament, and should be deservedly designated as the devourers of the nation; to draw down upon one's self the malediction of so many women, girls, and children, who will have to die in almshouses and hospitals, for the sum of twenty thousand crowns is to cheap a price to purchase hell with. Moreover, all the lawyers and justices whose profits we diminish, would become our mortal enemies." Hereupon he pierced the patent, which had his name written upon it, with his dagger; D'Apechon, who blushed for shame, did the same; Biron followed suit, and they all left, leaving the royal patent on the floor. But some, who had calculated with absolute certainty upon the advantages they expected to enjoy, became so enraged at Vieilleville's honesty, that they picked up the paper and tore it into flinders.

Shortly after, Boulogne was besieged by the king. Vieilleville, and his son-in-law Espinay, were present during the siege. When ambassador in England, the Duke of Somerset had indulged toward him in a few equivocal allusions to French bravery. Vieilleville requested Espinay to put on his best armor, as on the day of a battle. He did the same, and, in company with three noblemen, they rode up quietly, close to the gates of Boulogne. The trumpeter sounding the trumpet, Vieilleville was asked what he wanted. He desired to know whether Somerset was in the place; that Vieilleville had arrived, and wished to break a lance with him. The answer was returned that the duke was sick in London, though the common report was that he was in the fortress. He then invited any other brave knight to the combat, but no one came. "Some young lord may undoubtedly be found," said he, "who will measure swords with a young nobleman from Bretagne, who is not quite twenty years old. Let him come, for we do not wish to return to camp without a combat; the honor of your nation is at stake." At last, the son of Lord Dudley made his appearance upon a beautiful Spanish horse, and accompanied by a brilliant cortege. As soon as the Englishman was seen by the French, one of Vieilleville's suite said to the latter: "This young lord is yours; do you not see how he rides in the English fashion, and almost touches the top of the saddle with his knees? Sit firmly in your saddle, and do not lower your lance until within three or four paces from him; if you lower your lance whilst yet at a distance, you will lose the line of vision, for the eye is dazzled by the visor." An agreement was made that the one who was thrown was to be his antagonist's prisoner, and that horse and armor were to be his own.

Each one now took his position; and, with lance in array, they tilted against each other. The Englishman fell, and dropped his lance, which had missed its mark. Espinay had hit him so rudely in the side, that his lance broke. There upon Tailladé, one of Espinay's suite, jumped off his horse, and mounted the Spanish charger; Dudley was raised on his feet, the trumpets sounded victory, and the French returned to their camp with the prisoner, leaving the English in a state of confusion.

The king had already heard of the encounter, and surrounded by a numerous staff, he rode to meet Vieilleville. As soon as they espied the king they dismounted; Espinay presented his prisoner to the king, and committed him to the king's good pleasure. The king, drawing his sword, dubbed him knight.

Soon after, a fearful tempest rose which obliged the king to raise the siege. Young Dudley now requested Espinay to fix his ransom; he was unable to remove further into the country and desired to return to England, where he had pressing business. One of Espinay's suite informed him that Dudley was in love with the daughter of Count Bedford, and that he was on the point of marrying her. Upon hearing this Espinay told Dudley that he might leave whenever it suited his convenience; that the Espinays did not go to war for the purpose of enriching themselves, for their possessions were sufficiently large; but that their object was to acquire glory and to maintain the honorable name of their family. He requested the Englishman to hold him in kind remembrance, and to send him four English chargers, provided he was willing to make him a present.

The German princes, who were assembled at Augsburg, concluded to send a deputation to the King of France, for the purpose of requesting aid against the Emperor Charles V., who had taken several German princes prisoners, and held them in durance vile. The embassy was composed of the Duke of Simmern, of Count Nassau, and his son who became celebrated at a later period under the name of William of Orange, and of several other gentlemen and savants. The king sent a deputation as far as St. Dizier to meet them, and had all their comforts cared for. They only traveled five or six hours a day previous to the dinner-hour; they sat at dinner until nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and during this time business must not even be broached. The road from St. Dizier to Fontainebleau traverses the richest wine-growing districts of France, and this road had been selected by the Germans for the express purpose of having abundant opportunities of gratifying their desire for wine.

Vieilleville, who had been sent to meet them, found them two leagues from Fontainebleau, in the village of Moret, where they were taking some rest. He welcomed them on behalf of the king, with which they were much pleased, for the welcome was accompanied by the most excellent entertainment. On this occasion he learned that Count Nassau was one of his relatives; the count addressed himself more particularly to him, for he was excellently versed in business, and had a good knowledge of the French language.

One day, when Vieilleville had invited to dinner several members of the company, two assessors of the imperial court of Spire, and the burgomasters of Strasburg and Nuremberg, Count Nassau took Vieilleville on one side, in order to inform him of the precise object of their mission. The conversation having lasted about an hour, the four judges and burgomasters became impatient, and addressed the Count in German in a very rough manner. The count ridiculed their wrath in a very clever manner, by calling out in French, of which they did not understand any thing: "Do not be astonished, gentlemen, at the wrath of these Germans, they are not used to rise so soon from table, after having tasted such exquisite viands, and drank such excellent wines."

Vieilleville related to the king every thing he had heard and seen. The king was so well pleased with this report that he sent for Vieilleville, and made him a member of the Council of State. The ambassadors had an audience of the King, after which the Council of State was assembled, where Henry II. expressed his opinion that it was not advisable for France to go to war with the emperor. After the king had spoken, the Constable Montmorency spoke out of order, voting against the king; the other members spoke after him, until it was Vieilleville's turn, who showed by the most conclusive arguments that the honor of the crown required the king to assist the German princes. He then informed the king in secret that Count Nassau had told him it was the emperor's design to take possession of Metz, Toul, Verdun, and Strasburg, which would be highly prejudicial to the king. He advised the king to occupy these cities very quietly, for they constituted a sort of protecting wall for the provinces of Champagne and Picardy. "As regards the unfavorable opinion, Sir Constable, which you have expressed just now," turning to this officer, "that the Germans change their minds as often as they evacuate their bowels, and that some secret treason might be hidden beneath their offers, I would rather lose my whole fortune than to have them be apprised of such a thing; for, if such sovereign princes, one of whom places the globe of the empire, which indicates the monarchy, into the emperor's left hand at his coronation; the other places into his right hand the sword, which means protection; and the third places the imperial crown upon his head; are devoid of faith and honesty, among what class of men are they to be found?"

Upon these representations war was resolved upon, and at the end of March, 1552, the army was to be assembled on the frontier of Champagne. This was accomplished with an incredible rapidity. By a ruse the constable placed himself in possession of Metz, where the king shortly after made his entry. On this occasion the king mustered his army, and found a corps of five hundred noblemen whose names he had never heard. This corps was placed under the command of young Espinay, Vieilleville's son-in-law, who performed many brave deeds at the head of his company.

The occupation of Metz was the only fruit of this expedition, for the other cities having heard

of the assault, were found adequately prepared. The German princes likewise informed the king, that they had concluded a peace with the emperor. This potentate had scarcely got rid of his domestic enemies, when he marched a powerful army against the French king for the purpose of retaking the frontier towns he had lost. At the first report of these armaments the Duke of Guise, at the head of a numerous body of nobles, threw himself into the city of Metz that was to receive the first shock. The defense of Verdun was confided to Marshal St. André, and Toul, which was destined for Vieilleville, had already been occupied by the Duke of Nevers, even without the king's orders. The king consented to this arrangement, notwithstanding his desire to reward Vieilleville, whom he sent to Verdun to assist St. André, whose lieutenant he still was, in the defense of the place by his bravery and wise counsels.

Vieilleville caused Verdun to be strongly fortified, but was informed, to his great chagrin, that the Duke of Alva would not attack this place, and had already commenced the siege of Metz. He therefore proposed to harass the imperial army which had to extend itself over a large surface, as much as possible in the field, and to circumscribe its operations within the narrowest limits. He likewise caused considerable losses to the enemy by unexpected assaults. Being informed that the city of Estain in Lorraine, which had been declared neutral by the emperor, and the French, sent a quantity of provisions into the enemy's camp, he resolved to take possession of it. He arrived before the gates accompanied by twelve noblemen each of whom had a servant with him: he was himself attended by four soldiers disguised as servants. He was followed at some distance by a small body of men who were to join him with the utmost dispatch as soon as they should hear the sound of a trumpet. Standing outside the gate, he sent for the mayor and the bailiff, and rebuked them for giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the crown. They excused themselves, saying that they had to obey the orders of their masters, and that the citizens were anxious to sell their provisions on advantageous terms. "Well," said Vieilleville, "can we obtain something for our money?" "Why not?" they answered. "Well, then," replied Vieilleville, addressing himself to his servants, "go, and buy six dollars' worth of feed for our horses. In the meanwhile, trumpeter, sound a merry tune, for soon we shall be in clover." The few lansquenets who accompanied the bailiff, indeed attempted to prevent the servants from entering the town, but they were badly cut up. The four soldiers at once took possession of the portcullis, so that it could not be let down. The twelve horses had likewise passed under the archway, and the corps having come up, the whole entered the town, and took possession of it. Ten or twelve Spaniards, among whom was a relative of Duke Alva, happened to be in the bailiff's office. As soon as they heard the noise, they scampered over the walls. This irritated Vieilleville so much that he caused the bailiff's nephew, who had facilitated their escape, to be hung.

Six days after this expedition, he surprised the

village Rougerieules, where six companies of lansquenets and as many squadrons of horse were quartered. The Germans were cut down or taken prisoners. At seven in the morning the thing was accomplished, and Vieilleville returning to the camp, so that the Margrave, Albert of Brandenburg, who had been sent against him, found only empty quarters.

Vieilleville now returned to Verdun, where he intended to allow himself and his soldiers a little rest, for he had not slept in a bed for three weeks, nor had he been able to change his clothes. He was rejoiced, on entering the cathedral of Verdun, at seeing the flags which he had taken from the enemy, and sent to Marshal St. André, suspended from the columns in two rows. To these he added his last trophy, consisting of eleven flags and standards, so that the whole number which was sent to the king amounted to twenty-two.

Eight days had scarcely elapsed, when Vieilleville received an order from the court to repair to Toul, and assist the Duke of Nevers in the defense of this place, which would most probably be attacked by the Duke of Alva, who had not been able to accomplish any thing before Metz. He was empowered to take as many troops from Verdun as he deemed necessary, taking care, however, not to weaken Marshal St. André too much. Vieilleville only took a small number, and left the most experienced captains with the marshal.

The very next day the Duke of Nevers held a council of war, where it was decided to harass the Albanese and Italians, numbers of whom were quartered at Pont-à-Mousson, as much as possible, and to put a stop to their marauding expeditions. Vieilleville offered to make a beginning with the soldiers he had brought with him from Verdun, and to take ample revenge for the robberies which the Spanish garrison had committed. Immediately after the breaking up of the council, he sent two of his confidants, one of whom was a spy, to Pont-à-Mousson, charging them to pay the strictest heed to whatever they might hear or see, and instructing the spy very minutely what answers to return to the questions that might be asked of him. He was to say that he belonged to the house of Christine, the dowager-duchess of Lorraine, niece of the Emperor, and that he was intrusted with letters to the imperial camp. He sallied forth at a late hour, in order to have a valid excuse for not traveling any further this day, by which means he would be able to discover the strength of the enemy and the plans he might possibly entertain. Tying a yellow scarf, which was the Lotharingian sign of neutrality, round his waist, this determined youth set out upon his journey, and in less than three hours arrived before the gates of Pont-à-Mousson. He was asked, whence he came? whither he was bound? what was his business? and, whether he had any letters about him? He asked to be admitted to the presence of the commanders, so certain was he of his answers. They were Don Alphonso de Arbolancqua, a Spaniard, and Fabricio Colonna, an Italian. Being admitted, he answered their questions so skillfully, that they did not catch him in a single inconsistency, nor were

they able to discover the object of his undertaking. He asked leave to retire to his lodgings, inquiring at the same time whether they had any message to transmit to his imperial majesty. He hoped to reach the emperor to-morrow, and promised to deliver their message very faithfully.

They inquired of him whether, having passed through Toul, troops had arrived in Verdun under command of a certain Vieilleville. To which he replied: "This cursed French toad! Some time ago he caused one of my brothers to be hung for an act of kindness, because he had helped some Spaniards that happened to be at the bailiff's house, to escape from Estain, which Vieilleville took by a ruse. May the plague destroy him! I shall either perish, or else be avenged on him, for this hanging was a gross injustice, considering that it is our duty to serve our master to the best of our power, as I am now serving the emperor and my mistress. If two of these gentlemen had been taken, many secret affairs of his imperial majesty would have become known to the enemy. This tyrant has killed my poor brother for no other cause than because he alleges that the neutrality had been broken by the inhabitants of Estain. A curse upon him!"

Fabricio Colonna and Don Alphonso, who were well informed of Vieilleville's expeditions and, more particularly of this last-mentioned circumstance, pricked up their ears in amazement. They took him aside, promising him to avenge his brother's death if he would do as they should tell him. He replied that he would, and that he should not be chary with exposing his life; but he begged them to first let him go to the emperor's camp, in order to execute his lady's message. They asked him why he did not carry any letters, "Because," said he, "my message involves certain political secrets of the King of France. If I were seized with letters on my person, I might plunge the whole province into ruin; for such a step would involve a violation of neutrality, and I should run the risk of being either hung or put upon the rack." This explanation being satisfactory to them, and believing, moreover, that they had won him for their own party, they had him conducted back to his lodgings, and gave orders that at early dawn the gate of Metz should be opened to him, and that nobody was to meddle with his business.

At daybreak, he presented himself at the gate, which was opened to him without any difficulty. He went to the camp where he managed so well to win the confidence of Duke Alva, that this general intrusted him even with letters to the two commanders, containing directions concerning their conduct, and enjoining them to be particularly watchful of a certain French captain, Vieilleville, who had recently arrived in Toul, with troops from Verdun, and had inflicted great losses upon the corps of the Margrave Albert. The bearer of this dispatch who was known as a zealous servant of his imperial majesty, was especially recommended to their care. They were requested not to hesitate to avail themselves of his services.

On receiving this letter, the two commanders, praised his attachment to the imperial cause, as-

surging him that there was no need of any certificates from the duke, and that his discourse of yesterday had convinced them of his sentiments in favor of the emperor. They told him that if he designed to make his fortune, he might do so by procuring for them an opportunity of capturing the French commander Vieilleville. To this he replied that, if he succeeded in accomplishing this feat, he should not desire any other reward, than to be permitted to tear the heart out of his body, in revenge for his brother's death. He invited them to assist him in this enterprise with all their power, considering that his brother had been hung in the emperor's service.

He shed tears on making this speech. At this sight they no longer doubted his honesty, embraced him, and Don Alphonso hung a gold chain worth fifty crowns around his neck. But he declined the present, saying that on this occasion he worked rather for himself and his revenge, and that he must defer accepting presents to some other occasion, when he would be exclusively devoted to the emperor's interest. At the same time, he requested them not to urge him any further, and to leave his hands united. He requested them to permit him to present himself at once before his kind mistress, and promised to bring them good news on his return.

His apparently generous refusal to accept any presents, and his fine speeches beguiled Don Alphonso and Fabricio so completely that they permitted him to depart in the full enjoyment of their confidence, and in the expectation of his speedy return.

Having stayed away three days, Vieilleville thought he had been found out and hung. The news which the agent had collected, suggested a stratagem to Vieilleville, which he at once carried out without mentioning a word to any body. He sent the agent back to Pont-à-Mousson, who was to inform the Spaniards that at day-break Vieilleville would ride over to Condèsur-Moselle, where he expected to meet his mistress, with whom he had some important business to transact; that the duchess was afraid, in case the war between the king and the emperor was prolonged, her son might lose his dominions as the Duke of Savoy had lost his, on which occasion he was to use the slang phrase that had been applied to this political manœuvre, namely "that her son would have to dance by the Piedmontese fiddle." He was to add moreover that Vieilleville who was apprehensive of the garrison of Pont-à-Mousson, would be attended with an escort of one hundred and twenty horse, some of which would be fully clad in steel. He was told to walk his horse, in order, that Vieilleville might have time to make his arrangement.

The agent left at eleven o'clock at night, and arrived at Pont-à-Mousson at two o'clock, after midnight. The Spaniards were rejoiced at the news he brought them; with the utmost dispatch they made their arrangements for this lucky capture which they considered certain. The whole garrison, which was double the number of the enemy against whom it was led, had to march, so that only fifty arquebusiers remained behind for

ordinary duty. The Spaniards were sure of the victory.

As soon as the agent had left Toul, Vieilleville assembled all his captains at the residence of the Duke of Nevers, where he informed them that he was bound on some daring undertaking, but that they must not become impatient, if they should have to remain ten hours in the saddle. He assured them that they would win honor and material advantages, if they succeeded. All were willing and rode out of town for two hours and a half, as far as the bridge, near the forest of Ronquières. There Vieilleville distributed the troupes in several detachments, in ambush, himself occupied the plain with one hundred and twenty horses, and arrested every body who chanced this way, in order to prevent any information from being given to the enemy. As soon as the enemy should appear in sight, they were ordered to do precisely as he should; the trumpeters had strict orders not to sound their bugles on pain of death. He had previously reconnoitred the surrounding country, in order to be able to select the very best spot for his ambush.

Three hours after these arrangements had been terminated, the enemy came in sight. "Let us now turn about, in the direction of Toul, as if we were fleeing; first let us go at a trot, and if they should dash after us at a gallop, we will gallop likewise, until they have passed our ambush. If they do this, they are ours without our losing a man."

The enemy, who saw them run, made after them at full speed, and with the most fearful cries of victory. As soon as they had passed the ambush, Vieilleville ordered a halt, and the bugles were sounded. The squadron wheeled about, and presenting their front to the enemy, prepared for the attack. At the same moment the soldiers rushed from their hiding places, one hundred and twenty horse on one side, fifty light cavalry on the other, and two hundred mounted arquebusiers attacking them from another side, amid horrid cries and the beating of drums, which surprised the enemy to such a degree that they cried treason! treason! In the mean while Vieilleville cut down every body who came in his path. On all sides resounded cries for mercy. Whole ranks, horses as well as men, were shot down, so that the combat seemed more like a carnage, and Vieilleville was obliged to put a stop to the effusion of blood. Those who had not been killed, surrendered at discretion. Two hundred and thirty were killed, and twenty-three wounded, among whom was the commander Colonna. The rest were prisoners, not one even remaining who could have related this disaster to his comrades at Pont-à-Mousson.

After this brilliant feat, Vieilleville sent part of his troops, together with the captive commander, to the Duke of Nevers; the rest of the wounded and prisoners were lodged in a place of safety. He sent word to the duke that he could not yet send him the three standards he had taken from the enemy, for he required them to carry out an enterprise which had just then come into his mind. When urged to say what this undertaking was, Vieilleville replied that he was not one of the fools who sell the bear's grease before first catching the animal. Nor was he willing to

imitate Colonna who had given him over to his agent, in order to obtain the opportunity of killing him, and who now was himself depending upon his mercy.

After the company had left, Vieilleville summoned his agent, saying to him: "Take my white standard, my helmet, and my arm-pieces, and go to Pont-à-Mousson. A quarter of an hour's ride from the gate, commence to gallop, and call 'victory;' say that Colonna had beaten Vieilleville and his whole corps, and that he had taken him prisoner with thirty or forty other French noblemen. In proof of this statement, show them my arms. I give you four strange servants who will help you carry them. Take likewise a bundle of broken lances with the white French flag attached to them, in order to give more weight to your statement. Show them a merry countenance, and tell them that you will tear the heart out of my body, unless I redeem it within two hours with ten thousand crowns. Forget not, on reaching the gate, to ascend to the top as if for the purpose of suspending your trophies, and remain near the portcullis, to prevent its being let down. God will do the rest."

Saligny at once set about executing these orders, which was done with the strictest punctuality. In the mean while Vieilleville's soldiers had to hide their white scarfs and flags, and to adorn themselves with the red scarfs of the dead, and with any other imperial signs within their reach. Of the standards that had been taken, he gave one to Sir Montbourger, another to Sir Thuré, and the third to Mesnil-Barré, with orders to kill every soldier who came out of the fortress for the purpose of seeing the French prisoners. Citizens were to remain unmolested. If Don Alphonso himself should come out for the purpose of congratulating Colonna upon so great a victory, he was to be seized and disarmed without any harm being otherwise done to him. "Now, forward," said he, "the city is ours, provided no one betrays himself."

Every body was amazed, for, not having said any thing, nobody knew for what purpose the agent was sent. On approaching the town, the agent and his four companions galloped toward the gates, crying: "Victory! the cursed dog of a Frenchman, Vieilleville, and all his companions, have been beaten. Fabricio is leading him a prisoner to Don Alphonso. Here are his arms, his scarf, his arm-pieces. The battle-field is covered with upwards of a hundred killed, the rest have either fled or are wounded. If I had had my own way about it, every man would have been cut down. Victory!"

The soldiers were so rejoiced at this news, that they could not await the hour of Vieilleville's arrival, and were anxious to show all honor to Fabricio. When Don Alphonso saw Vieilleville's standard, his scarf, and arm-pieces, which were so beautiful as to be worthy of a prince, he made no further inquiry, but mounted his horse, and in company of twenty horsemen, rode to meet Fabricio. Orvaulx and Olivet, dressed in red, ran toward him with the cry: "Victory! victory! the French have all been killed." Alphonso, who was well pleased with this cry, and with the language,

continued his march. All at once he is assailed by a superior number, surrounded, his escort is cut down, and himself is taken prisoner. One by one, who came after him, shared the same fate.

Vieilleville now ordered Mesnil-Barré to give Don Alphonso the standard, which happened to be that of his own company, and to cause him to ride between the other two. One of them, named Le Grec, who understood Spanish, had to tell him that if, on approaching the city-gate, he did not cry "Victory!" he would have his brains blown out. Mesnil-Barré was charged with the execution of this order. When a gun-shot from the gates, they set spurs to their horses, and galloped toward the gates. Le Grec, who was in advance, related such marvels in Spanish, that the garrison, on seeing Alphonso among those who galloped and shouted, opened the gates and let the Frenchmen in. But when attempting to raise the bridge, they were not allowed time to do so, for suddenly the language was changed, and they were cut down. The arquebusiers ran up, occupying the gates, and Vieilleville was master of the town. An unexpectedly large quantity of provisions was found there, which the duchess-dowager of Lorraine had sent up secretly by the river for the use of the imperial army.

Next morning Don Alphonso was found dead, lying on his bed in full uniform. Vincent de la Porta, a Neapolitan nobleman, to whose care he had been confided by Vieilleville, had not been able to persuade him to take off his clothes, although he urged Alphonso to do so. Cold could not have been the cause of his death, for the nobleman, and the six soldiers who kept watch in the room, kept up such a rousing fire that the heat of the room almost became unendurable. He died of a broken heart caused by the reflection of having allowed himself to fall into the trap in such a careless and inconsiderate manner. Add to this the fear of appearing before his master, who was very much incensed against the higher officers of his army, as Don Alphonso had been informed the day previous to his captivity, in a letter sent to him by Duke Alva. The letter was translated into French by Le Grec, and contains a few ludicrous passages. After a few compliments, the letter goes on:

"The emperor, who well knew that the breach at Metz was quite considerable, but that not one of his officers dared to enter it, had himself carried there by four soldiers, and asked in a tone of great anger, after having seen the breach: 'But why, in the name of God, do you not make the assault? It is wide enough, and level with the ditch, what then is wanting?' I answered him that we knew for certain that the Duke of Guise had caused a large and extensive battery to be constructed behind the breach, which he had armed with an innumerable quantity of guns, sufficient to destroy any army that might dare to make the assault. 'Why, the devil,' continued the emperor, 'have you not made the attempt?' I had to answer him that we were not before Duren, Ingolstadt, Passau, and other cities which surrender after being scarcely invested; that this city was protected by ten thousand brave soldiers, among whom were sixty to eighty of the first

noblemen, and nine to ten princes of royal blood, as his majesty might infer from the numerous and bloody sallies of the garrison, where we had always lost a good many men. These representations excited his wrath still more. 'By God,' said he, 'I see that I have no men near me; I must take leave of the world and of my plans, and hide myself in a cloister; for I am betrayed, sold, or at any rate so badly served as no other monarch is or can be; but, by Heaven, I shall turn monk before three years have elapsed.'

"I assure you, Don Alphonso, I should have quitted his service at once, if I were not a Spaniard. For if he has been badly served during this siege, he must lay the blame on Brabançon, general of the Queen of Hungary, who is half a Frenchman, and has had the chief conduct of the operations during this siege. Metz is moreover in French atmosphere; he boasted of having an understanding with some of the leading citizens of the town, among whom, such ancient noble families as the Tallanges, the Bandoiches, the Gornays. We have attacked the city on its strongest side, our mines have been discovered, and have been rendered useless. Thus all our efforts have unfortunately failed. We have had to war against men and weather. He is not sorry for, on the contrary, insists upon justifying his mistakes, and, in order to save his own obstinacy, charges his mistakes and our want of success upon us. Every day he sees his infantry perish by hundreds, especially our Germans, who are sticking ear-deep in the mud. Do send us the eleven boats with refreshments, which the Duchess of Lorraine has promised us, for our army is suffering most woefully. But above all things, be on your guard against Vieilleville, who has recently arrived in Toul with troops from Verdun, and whose skill and cunning the emperor dreads so much, that he publicly asserts that, but for Vieilleville, he would now be King of France; for when he attempted to invade this kingdom, Vieilleville anticipated his movements in Provence, and by taking possession of Avignon before he was able to reach this place, the constable was enabled to concentrate his army, and to prevent him, the emperor, from advancing any further. I mention these things to you, being my relative, for I should be sorry if our own people, whom he favors, however, less than others, gave our master just cause of being dissatisfied," &c. After reading this letter, it became evident what had been the real cause of Alphonso's death, for he had omitted to heed any of these warnings and instructions.

On hearing of these stirring events, the Duke of Nevers arrived before the gates of Pont-à-Mousson, at the moment when dinner was just prepared. Vieilleville went to meet him; it was concluded to send a courier to the king, to whom Duke Alva's letter to Alphonso was likewise given in charge. Another spy, named Habeer, was at once sent into the Imperial camp, to find out whether Duke Alva intended to undertake any thing against Pont-à-Mousson; for the town was badly fortified, and it was Vieilleville's opinion to abandon it, rather than to waste any time or money on repairing the fortifications. By aban-

doning the place, the neutrality-laws would remain inviolate, and the emperor would have no valid reason to occupy the other towns of Lorraine.

Next day, Vieilleville proposed, under cover of the imperial colors, to undertake an expedition into the surrounding country, and to allure the enemy by such demonstrations. In spite of the dissuasions of his friends, the Duke Nevers was determined to be present; however, he allowed Vieilleville to make the needful arrangements, and to take the command. They started about four hundred strong, making numerous prisoners on their way, who mistook them for Spaniards and Germans. They marched as far as Corney, half way between Pont-à-Mousson and Metz, and two leagues from the Imperial camp. Not finding any thing in this place, Vieilleville insisted upon marching half a league further, although the roads were not safe. They met a convoy of two hundred wagons, escorted by two hundred men, all of which fell into their hands. It was too late to return to Pont-à-Mousson that evening, for snow was falling in thick flakes, and they determined to pass the night in Corney. The following morning, the hunt was continued; six wagon-loads of wine and other delicacies fell into their hands, which the duchess had sent to the emperor, her uncle, for his own private table. Eighty noblemen, and twelve privates, had charge of these delicacies, among which were found twelve salmons, and a quantity of meat-pies. When the red colors were seen by the guard, they exclaimed: "Here is the escort which the emperor has sent to meet us!" But what was their amazement, when they heard the cry: "France!" and all were taken prisoners.

One of the captured noblemen inquired whether this squadron was not commanded by Vieilleville? "Why?" asked Vieilleville himself. "Because it is he who has taken Pont-à-Mousson by assuming the imperial colors, at which the emperor is dreadfully incensed. Yesterday I was at his levee, and I heard him say that, if Vieilleville was ever caught, he would fare badly. 'This traitor Vieilleville,' said he, 'has taken Pont-à-Mousson by assuming my colors; he has murdered my poor Don Alphonso, and all the sick, and has moreover taken the provisions that were designed for me. But I vow by Heaven that, if he ever falls into my hands, I will teach him to commit such perfidious acts, and to assume my name, my standard, and my colors to my own prejudice. Even the most powerful and bravest prince might be deceived by such means. Let him rest assured that he shall be impaled alive, if he falls into my hands. From this moment I condemn him to this punishment. What sort of men are you, who command my armies without undertaking any thing against this man? Even yesterday I was informed by a faithful servant that this Vieilleville continues his marauding expeditions under cover of my colors, and that he murders thousands of my men, who do not suspect any thing. The devil! Can you bear such things? Are you not more interested in my honor and my service?" At these angry words, the princes and counts who filled the room, began to murmur,

and retired full of rage. Vieilleville had better be on his guard; for he was told that the enemy was very much incensed by his conduct, especially the Spaniards whose countryman, Alphonso de Arbolancqua, he had murdered in such a cruel manner."

Vieilleville replied to this, that Alphonso had been found dead in his bed, and that no one had been the direct cause of his death; he asserted that Vieilleville would rather have died than to be guilty of such an atrocity. He said that he did not fear the emperor's threats, and that he owed it to his honor to show that the inhumanity of which he was accused, was a baseless fiction. By this speech Vignaucourt remarked that Vieilleville himself was talking to him; the other members of the party gave him the wink, and induced him to discontinue his remarks.

After this, Vieilleville determined to return with the Duke of Nevers. Scarcely had they arrived to within half an hour's march from Corney, when Habert came dashing along, begging them not to pass the night in Corney; the Prince Infantasque would be there about midnight with three thousand archers and a thousand horse, and had vowed to the emperor that he would take Vieilleville, dead or alive. "Welcome, Habert," said he, "you bring me good news." And now he urged the Duke of Nevers to retreat to Pont-à-Mousson, for Vieilleville was unwilling to expose this prince to any danger; himself had resolved to remain, and to await this Spaniard with his grandiloquent speeches. "Will you," asked he, "second my resolution? You have not yet waged war by any other means than stratagem and surprise." He thereupon took the red standards, tore them in flinders, and commanded his troops to remove the Spanish scarfs and to replace them by French colors. All answered that they were ready to die at his feet, and tore every strip of red color they had about them. The Duke of Nevers represented to him the temerity of defending himself in a village that was not fortified, and where the enemy might penetrate on all sides. "Never mind," replied Vieilleville, "I know what will defeat, or, at any rate, drive away this army. See yonder copsewood, and this forest on our left side; in each I hide two hundred horse, with orders to fall upon the Spaniards at the moment when they are marching to the attack on the village; if a hundred Princes Infantasque were present, they would all run away. Leave this matter to me; with God's blessing, I hope to carry this plan out successfully, and in less than two hours I shall be avenged."

The Duke perceiving that Vieilleville could not be dissuaded from his enterprise, he insisted upon sharing its dangers with him, any of his admonitions to the contrary notwithstanding. They resolved to go to Corney, in order to make their arrangements; they were only a thousand paces distant from the village, when they saw a man running across the field, whereupon they halted. It was the mayor of Villesabron who had done them good service before. He told them to save themselves, for the Margrave Albert of Brandenburg was likewise approaching with four thousand

foot, two thousand horse, and six guns. After this communication they were compelled, to Vieilleville's great sorrow, to leave the village. The eight Lotharingian noblemen were set free. Before leaving, Vignaucourt said he did not wonder at Vieilleville accomplishing such feats, seeing how well he was served; "for," said he, "I will take an oath that I have seen this man Habert in the emperor's apartment, where he pretended he had been sent by Colonel Schertel, whom he had left sick in Strasburg. He felt certain that he had seen the mayor four days ago selling bread and wine in the margrave's camp."

On the following Sunday, the first day of January, 1553. Vieilleville was informed by deserters that the emperor had raised the siege of Metz, whereupon he told the duke Nevers: "I always was of opinion that the emperor was too old and gouty to despoil the virginity of such a fair young maiden." The duke not understanding this speech, "I allude," said Vieilleville, "to the city of Metz, which in German means Metze (maiden), and in French *pucelle*. They found this allusion so ingenious that it was reported in the dispatch, which was sent to the king without delay, in order that they might be the first who announced to him such a joyful piece of news."

Vieilleville now spent three months in peace and quiet on his estate of Durestal, where he recruited himself from the fatigues of the war. In the mean while the court had determined to appoint him to governorship of Metz where Sir Gonnor was in command; the Dukes of Guise and Nevers spoke particularly in his favor, for they had been eye-witnesses of his bravery. But here too the constable stepped in between him and the king; he suggested that Sir Gonnor who had defended the city during the siege, could not be removed, and that Vieilleville would probably prefer being made the king's lieutenant in Bretagne where his family resided and his estates were located; that the duke Estampes, present governor of Bretagne, was very sick and would probably die soon, in which case his present lieutenant, Sir Gye, would succeed him to the governorship, and Vieilleville might fill Gye's place.

Vieilleville was secretly informed of this arrangement a fortnight after Easter 1553, by the secretary Malestroit, who requested him to be prepared either to accept or decline the offer. The king's patent dated April 22nd, 1553, was actually received, and was drawn up to suit the constable's wishes. Vieilleville showed the king in a most respectful manner, by what reasons he was prompted to decline accepting the king's gracious offer. *In the first place*, Estampes was not dangerously sick; such an acceptance would alienate them from each other, whereas they now lived on the best terms with each other; moreover he was two years older than the Duke of Estampes. *Secondly*, he had many friends and relatives in Bretagne who would fall back upon their connection with him, and would oblige him to do violence to his feelings in punishing them for the violations of the law they might be guilty of, and which, as a just judge, he could not allow to remain unpunished. *Thirdly*, he was still too young to be placed on the retired list in a province,

where he would not have any thing to do except to walk on the beach, and watch the tide; he was only forty two years old, and hoped to be able to serve his Majesty in front of the enemy. *Fourthly*, he would find it rather hard, to serve under Sir Gye, who was his own subject and with whom he did not live on the best terms. He was well aware that his Majesty had desired to appoint him to the governorship of Metz, and that he was amazed, some body must always intervene between the king and himself, in order to frustrate the kind intentions which his Majesty entertained in his behalf.

After reading this letter, the king became incensed at being thus opposed in all his arrangements, sent for the constable, and told him that Vieilleville must have the governorship of Metz, that Gonnor must quit it, and that Vieilleville would have to leave for Metz on the spot. This took place. He was given full power over life and death, and the powers of the commanders of Toul and Verdun were so limited, that these officers seemed more like captains of Vieilleville. He had the pay of the garrison for two months in advance, and had it distributed, so however that everyman had to present himself before the commissary according to the order of the muster-roll. Formerly the captains of companies had received the pay for the company, and had been guilty of a good many malversations in office. By this arrangement the citizens of Metz gained considerably, for under the former management they had had to depend upon the captain's favor, if the private soldiers had contracted any debts. After Gonnor had surrendered every thing that was contained in the arsenals, he left Metz, recommending to Vieilleville's care the sergeant-major of the city, Captain Nycollas, and the provost Vaurés; he praised them very highly in their presence, a proceeding which excited Vieilleville's distrust, of which, however, he showed no apparent signs.

He found the garrison in a state of disorder; it had become overbearing, in consequence of having stood a siege against such a powerful emperor, and not a week passed by without half a dozen disputes occurring as to who had fought with most bravery. Very frequently these disputes broke out among the officers, who defended the honor of their soldiers; at other times the soldiers cut each other's throats for their respective officers. On this account, Vieilleville was very much embarrassed. He was afraid that excessive severity might excite a rebellion, which was so much more to be dreaded, since Count Mansfeld had a considerable number of troops in the province of Luxembourg, where he had the supreme command. A large body of his troops was stationed in Thionville, four leagues from Metz. The inhabitants, moreover, were in a state of despair, for, after the emperor's departure, it was evident that Metz would remain under French supremacy. The citizens were likewise tormented by having soldiers to take care of, for neither priest, nor nobleman, nor persons connected with the courts of justice, were exempt from such burdens. On the other hand, Vieilleville considered it contrary to his dignity and honor, to allow such conduct to continue. He therefore determined to

show his courage, and to establish authority and obedience at any sacrifice.

He assembled the captains, and explained to them that he intended to have the penalty, incurred by violations of the military law, rigidly enforced against every body, without distinction of rank. The captains, who well knew how firmly he adhered to his intentions after he had carefully reflected on his plans, offered to assist him with all the means and influence in their power; nevertheless they expressed a desire that he might have been less rigid in distributing the last pay to the soldiers. He told them that it was infamous on the part of any man to be governed by avarice, and that this vice was inconsistent with military honor. I am resolved to carry out all my arrangements and instructions, and to die rather than to be remiss in my duty. In the afternoon, the orders were read aloud, especially in the great square, where the cavalry were assembled with all their officers. He was seated on his beautiful horse, surrounded by his German body guard, all fine men who had been sent to him by Count Nassau, with large halberds and battle-axes, dressed in black and gold, for these were his colors which Lady Vieilleville had selected for him before her marriage, and which he retained ever after. These solemn ceremonies made such a deep impression that no disputes were heard of for two months, except a fight over a game of cards between two soldiers, one of whom was killed. Vieilleville obliged the captain, in whose company the surviving soldier was serving, to produce him in court, after which the head of the murdered soldier was cut off first, and afterward that of the guilty party.

Shortly after, he was informed that a few soldiers who had strayed from the city, under a pretext of killing game, attacked the countrymen who came to town with provisions, and robbed them of their money. About midnight three of them were caught, who, being put upon the rack, gave the names of seven of their accomplices. He caused them to be arrested in their beds, and was himself present at these proceedings, with his guard. These ten highwaymen were conducted to his lodgings, where they were shown to four merchants whom they had robbed. Being recognized, they were at once condemned, three of them having their bones broken upon the wheel, and the rest being hung. Next morning the captains heard of their execution sooner than of their imprisonment.

This caused a great consternation among the troops, which was still increased, by the fact that his severity toward his own domestics was still more inexorable. One of his servants, who had been in his employ for seven years, was hung the very next morning after breaking into the apartment of a girl whom he loved; and one of his cooks who had opened a hotel in Metz, and who, contrary to order, had purchased provisions of the country-people at the gate, whereas they should have been exposed for sale in the markets designated for such purposes, was pulled with ropes so violently that he became paralyzed until his death.

During the siege, several officers and soldiers

of the garrison having sent the men upon the walls to attend to the needful repairs, abused their wives and daughters in a shameful manner, murdered the men, whom they afterward pretended had been killed by the enemy's shot, and kept the women concealed for fiendish purposes. Twenty-six of these were missing. The former governor remained deaf to the complaints that were made to him on this account, partly because he feared a rebellion, and partly because he himself kept a girl contrary to the will of her mother, and caused her to be addressed as Lady Gonnor. The parents and relatives of these unfortunates, seeing how justly Vieilleville proceeded in all things, determined to petition him on the subject at a very early hour, when no officer had yet made his appearance. He rebuked them for having allowed six months to elapse without giving him notice of such iniquities. They replied, they had been afraid of being turned away, even as Sir Gonnor had turned a deaf ear to their grievances. "I thank you," said the governor, "for having measured my conscience by that of my predecessor; nevertheless, you shall have satisfaction, even before I retire to rest, provided you can inform me where your relatives are kept concealed." Hereupon, one of them, whose name was Bastoigne, and whose wife, sister, and sister-in-law had been carried off, assured him that he knew in what houses they were kept. "Well," said Vieilleville, "now go home, and this evening at nine o'clock you shall have your missing friends. I select this hour purposely, in order to spare to these ruined females the disgrace of a public exposure. In the mean while keep every thing perfectly quiet, lest the women should be removed before I can act."

Hereupon he made his arrangements, had guards put out, and in company with a few soldiers, instituted a search in the houses which had been pointed out to him. First he repaired to the house of Captain Roiddes, who kept the beautiful wife of a notary public, named Le Coq, broke the door open, and entered the apartment, at the moment when the captain and his paramour were on the point of retiring for the night. The delinquent at first attempted resistance; but on seeing the governor, he fell at his feet, asking him what he desired. The governor replied, he was looking for a chicken that he had been feeding these eight months. The captain, who was very brave, and was much better skilled in fighting than in talking, vowed, with an oath, that he kept neither chicken nor hen, nor any other kind of poultry. All began to laugh, even Vieilleville moderated his severe tone, saying: "Dullard, I demand Le Coq's wife this instant, or to-morrow morning your head shall roll at your feet." A soldier who was devoted to the captain, in the meanwhile allowed the lady to escape by a back door, into a street. But here he was arrested by a halberdier, and fared rather badly when undertaking to resist this authority. The lady had, in the mean while, fled to her husband, in order to prove her innocence, whereupon the captain, who was already in the hands of the guard, for the purpose of being conducted to the place of execution, was released again from confinement. The other officers hearing of these transactions,

all the girls and women whom they kept confined were permitted to escape, and to return to their families. Vieilleville continued his search for six hours longer, until he was informed that every lost female had been restored.

Seven noble families in Metz had claimed the right, from time immemorial, of electing from among their own number the chief-mayor of the city, an office of considerable importance. They had become so inflated with their own eminence, that, when a child was baptized in one of these families, the hope was expressed it would one day be chief-mayor of Metz, or King of France. Vieilleville was determined to put a stop to this privilege. At the next election, when they invited him to be present, he told them that they had rather ask him whether such an election was agreeable to his own sense of duty. He told them that they could no longer elect a mayor in the name of "*His Imperial Majesty of the Holy Roman Empire, and of the Imperial Court of Spires*;" and that the words: *in the name of the Most Christian, Invincible Crown of France, and of the Sovereign Parliament of Paris*, must be substituted in the place of the former." He continued, that he had appointed a good citizen, Michel Prailon, chief-mayor, and that they might be present in court, at his installation, on the morning following. The departing chief-mayor, upon hearing of this, sank on his knees, more especially as Vieilleville had no orders from the king for any such innovation; he had to be carried home, where he died in two days, as a true adherent of the ancient privileges of his house.

Vieilleville installed the new mayor with his own hands, and took charge of the appropriate solemnities. This change, and the deliverance of their daughters and wives, won for him the affection of the citizens, and made them willing to be good French subjects. They even informed him that a petition to the Imperial Chamber was being drawn up, and pointed out the place where it was deposited. Some persons were arrested on these premises during the night, at the time when they were engaged on the document. The author, and the person who was to transmit the paper, were carried off, and nothing further was ever heard of them; the probability is that they were drowned. The other participants, who belonged to the nobility, were released, after receiving a severe reprimand, and begging pardon on their knees.

He not only reorganized the police of the city; he likewise made it his business to clear the surrounding country of the robbers who infested it and rendered the roads unsafe. Every week, several hundred men of the garrison had to ride out and scour the country. He harassed the Imperial garrisons of Thionville and Luxembourg so constantly, that from the first of May, 1553, when he took charge of the governorship, until the April following, they lost about twelve hundred men, whereas his own loss was only one hundred and seventy. The prisoners were ransomed immediately, for a month's pay. He took care to send the bravest troops on such expeditions, called them by name, and accompanied them as far as the gates, where he took leave of them.

with a few kind words to the captains on behalf of those whom he committed to their charge.

In order to make head against Vieilleville, Count Mansfeld, who had the command in Luxembourg, requested reinforcements of the Queen of Hungary, Regent of the Netherlands. They were sent to him under Count Mesgue. But Mansfeld, being unable to accomplish any thing, laid down his command, which was now committed to Count Mesgue's charge, who was glad to be appointed to the office, although he was very unsuccessful. Vieilleville had excellent spies, among whom several Burgundians, named Maranges, did excellent service. There was no wedding or fair held within a circuit of fifteen or twenty leagues in the enemy's country, to which Vieilleville did not dispatch a few hundred horsemen as uninvited guests. If Count Mesgue sent troops to intercept Vieilleville's marauders, this one was at once informed of such proceedings, and sent additional forces to support his first command. During such encounters, the most daring deeds were sometimes performed, and the enemy was uniformly defeated.

He was informed that the Cardinal Lenoncourt, Bishop of Metz, was collecting a good amount of evidence against him, to be laid before the king's secret council. "Well," said he, "in order to enable him to make the list of his complaints very full, I will furnish him an opportunity of doing so." Hereupon he convoked the masters of the mint who struck the Cardinal's coin (for the bishop was empowered to have his own coin struck) and rebuked them for driving all good coin out of the circulation, and substituting base coin in its stead. He commanded them under penalty of death, not to strike any more coin, and caused their stamps and their tools to be broken in pieces by the provost, and urging, as a justification for his conduct, that it was not fair that the king should have a subject who had the same privileges as his master.

This was one of the most useful reforms instituted by Vieilleville, for innumerable frauds were perpetrated in the mint. The king was very much pleased with the change. The cardinal, on hearing of this proceeding, came very near destroying himself, for he was of a very vehement temper. He associated himself with the Duke of Vaudemont, governor of Lorraine, for the purpose of ousting Vieilleville from his command, and was assisted in this undertaking by the Cardinal Lorraine.

Vieilleville was informed by a courier from Malestroit that the dauphin's governor, Humières, was dying, and that it was the king's intention to give Vieilleville the company of gens-d'armes which Humières had possessed. The constable opposed this arrangement, and wished this company to be given to the governor's son. Vieilleville might have the squadron of light cavalry stationed at Metz, that had belonged to the former governor, Gonnor. The Constable had even won the dauphin over for his request, and had instructed him to intercede with the king in behalf of Humières' son, who it was the constable's wish should succeed his father in the own-

ership of his company of gens-d'armes. Without hesitation, Vieilleville dispatched his secretary to the king, urging him in the most emphatic manner, to adhere to his first intentions concerning this company. The secretary arrived in St. Germain before Humières had died. The king, after reading Vieilleville's letter, said: "I shall give him this company; he has waited long enough; his faithful services entitle him to it; after Humières' death, I shall not swerve from my present resolution, no matter who growls at it." At the same time, Vieilleville requested the squadron of light cavalry for his son-in-law, Espinay. "Granted," said the king, "with pleasure." The patent was sent to him without loss of time.

Vieilleville harassed Count Mesgue unceasingly. His troops frequently roved to the very gates of Luxembourg, challenging the imperialists. Mesgue was so disturbed at this that he proposed an armistice to Vieilleville. But the latter replied in a scornful manner, that both of them would deserve to be cashiered, if they assumed rights which only belonged to their masters. He advised Count Mesgue to study the laws and privileges of war a little better than he had done, and advised him to go back to the university of Louvain, which he had only left a short while ago. The count was so ashamed of his ignorance that he begged Vieilleville not to mention the subject any further, and to send back the letter wherein this thing had been broached. Vieilleville promised to do so, on condition that Mesgue would send to him a cargo of fish from Antwerp. The bargain having been struck, the fish was sent, and Vieilleville and his men consumed them with great relish and mirth.

Toward the end of September, 1554, President Marillac who wished to take a journey to Paris, was escorted to the capital by a select squadron of cavalry, and a body of arquebusiers on foot. Count Mesgue, on hearing of this, resolved to be avenged on this occasion for the many insults he had received from Vieilleville. He contrived his arrangements so quietly that Vieilleville only heard of them after the enemy had already issued from the gates of Thionville. He at once mounted the rest of his cavalry, and sent them off in two different detachments under the command of Espinay and Dorvoux. Both corps only numbered one hundred and twenty men. Three hundred light troops were ordered to occupy a small castle, Dompchamp, where about fifteen or twenty men and a captain were already stationed. He caused all the gates of the city to be locked, put the keys in his pocket, and sat down near the gate, where he had news of the enemy's progress brought to him every fifteen minutes. He doubled the guards, and some of the captains had to walk on the walls, in order to make observations. The other captains, together with Messieurs Boisse and Croze, were present with three hundred men and his body-guard. At nine o'clock he had his supper brought to him, and shortly after, both detachments sent word that they had reconnoitred the enemy, and found him with eight companies of infantry and eight or nine hundred horse; that this force was too powerful to be resisted, and that

they should retreat toward Dompchamp, which they would reach in three hours. They desired further instruction.

Hearing of this movement which looked like a retreat, Vieilleville took a dreadful resolution. He caused sixty heavy arquebuses to be taken down, with which he armed a corresponding number of his most powerful guards. Captain Croze was directed to take one hundred arquebusiers and ten or twelve drummers, and to remain quiet on a retired little farm near Dompchamp, until the combat should have begun. He put on his gilt armor and marched out of town upon his charger Yvoy; the town itself was left in charge of Captain Boisse, who he knew would guard the place with care in case he himself should remain on the field. After making all his arrangements he marched rapidly forward with his seventy musketeers, firmly resolved to conquer or to die.

As soon as he had joined the other troops he at once proceeded to make his arrangements. Among other things, he placed his infantry between the horses, an arrangement that was frequently resorted to after him by other commanders. The enemy advanced toward him in a direct line to within five hundred paces; he marched forward with measured tread, first firing a volley in order to prevent the enemy from seeing his small number. Both corps met, the enemy imagining that Vieilleville would be routed without difficulty, for they were ten to the French one. The musketeers did not lose a shot. Vieilleville, having Espinay and Thevales by his side, fell upon the enemy, cutting down all who came before him. Croze with his drummers, rushed from his ambush, attacking the enemy furiously in the flank. Chevalier la Rogue fell upon them with terrible effect from another quarter. The infantry had remained behind, because the enemy was supposed to be in small number. All their commanders having been killed, the troops now began to rush back, falling upon their own infantry whose ranks they broke. More than fifteen hundred of their men were killed, the rest were taken prisoners. Each soldier had one or two prisoners; even two sutler-women drove a few wounded soldiers in front of them, whom they had caught without arms. Count Mesgue had fled across the woods as far as the Moselle, which he traversed with two other fugitives in a small boat, after which he safely reached Thionville. Vieilleville's loss was eight killed, and twelve wounded. He re-entered Metz, and straightway marched to the cathedral where he thanked God for this victory. The thunder of the cannon and the peals of all the bells, must have announced the victory to the inhabitants of Thionville.

It happened, by a strange coincidence, that on the very day when this brilliant battle was fought, the king decorated him with the royal order. The officer whom he had sent to the king with the standards that had been taken, met the royal bearer of the order on his way to Vieilleville. The Duke of Nevers was to hang the order round Vieilleville's neck. But Vieilleville, in a very polite note to the Duke, declined receiving the order out of any other hands than the king's; he

had made this vow when Francis I. dubbed him knight.

The sergeant-major of the whole district, and the provost whom Gonnor had recommended so earnestly to Vieilleville's favor, were very excellent men in all matters of public service, and were highly considered in Metz. But they permitted themselves to perpetrate a number of fraudulent transactions. They frequently permitted criminals who had been condemned to death, to escape on payment of a sum of money, saying that the fellows had been drowned, not having been worth the hanging. Such a criminal whom they pretended they had drowned, was caught again at a time when another criminal who had been condemned to death, had already been dragged by these two high functionaries through the dungeons of the city for upward of two months. Having received strict orders to have this prisoner executed, they had him taken to the place of execution enveloped in a large cloak, which concealed the hands that had been left untied; he was likewise said to be a Lutheran, in order to make it unnecessary for him to carry a crucifix. When the fellow was standing on the ladder, he suddenly jumped down, leaving the cloak in the sheriff's hand, and ran away so fast that nobody knew what had become of him. It was found out that the two functionaries had been paid one thousand crowns by one of the prisoner's relatives, in consideration of which bribe he was to be permitted to run away. Vieilleville, incensed at this conduct, had them arrested and put upon the rack, where they confessed their crimes. A council of war condemned both to death, the sergeant-major was strangled in prison, and the provost and his secretary were publicly hung.

There were two Franciscan cloisters in Metz, one of which was inhabited by monks from Nyvelle, a small town in the Netherlands. Father Guardian made frequent visits to his relatives in Metz, and on every journey paid his respects to the Queen of Hungary who learned through him the state of affairs in Metz, and was moreover made acquainted with a good many particulars concerning France and Germany; in short, he was a regular spy. He became an accomplice in a plan to take Metz. For this purpose he introduced some seventy of the bravest soldiers into the fortress, all disguised as Franciscan monks. It had been arranged that Count Mesgue was to receive reinforcements, and that he was to appear near the gate of the bridge Yffrai, as if designing to make an assault. By an invention of his own, Father Guardian was to set fire to upward of one hundred houses; every body would hasten to put the fire out, during which the monks were to appear on the walls and draw their comrades up. A few thousand soldiers of the garrison were expected to revolt as soon as they should see an opportunity to plunder the citizens, and would bawl: "*Liberty! liberty! down with Vieilleville!*"

The monk managed matters quite successfully: in less than three weeks the soldiers were in the cloister. But at this period Vieilleville was informed by one of his adroitest spies, that the Queen of Hungary was sending reinforcements to

Count Mesgue—consisting of twelve hundred light arquebusiers, eight hundred horse, and a considerable number of Netherlandish noblemen. It was certain that the count meditated some enterprise, but it was impossible to find out what it was. Two Franciscans, of middle size, had been seen closeted with the count, but it had been impossible to trace their whereabouts; they were supposed to have come from Brussels.

Vieilleville at once called a few captains to his house, and sent for Guardian, asking him whether all his monks were here, and informing him at the same time that he wished to see them. Finding every thing in order, he repaired to the other convent, and inquired for Guardian. He was told that Guardian had gone to Nyvelle to attend to his brother's funeral. Vieilleville demanded to see the monks and to be informed of their number. Three or four replied that they had gone to the city to collect alms. He saw by their change of color that something wrong was brewing. He at once instituted a search, and found in the very first apartment two pretended Franciscans who feigned sickness and had concealed their military pantaloons under their blankets. Threatened with death, they at once confessed whence they came, but they were unable to say what they had come for, they expected to learn this as soon as the father should have returned from Luxembourg. Vieilleville caused the cloister to be closed, and appointed a trusty captain with a strong guard, who had orders to let every body in but no body out. At the same time all the gates of the city were closed, and likewise the bridge-gate at Yffray which was on the road to Luxembourg, and where Captain Salcede was on guard. To this place he repaired himself, dismissed his guard, and remained with a nobleman, a page, and his servants, in company with Salcede and his men.

He informed Captain Salcede that he expected some person at the gate, and that Salcede himself must see this person, even if he should have to remain in the watch-house all night. Salcede might take his dinner at the gate, if it were only garlic and turnips; he requested the captain to be in a hurry.

Salcede came at once, bringing a very nice dinner, which tasted very well in the open air. Scarcely had they sat down, when the sentinel reported the arrival of two Franciscan monks. Vieilleville took a halbert, and, attended by two soldiers, took his place at the barrier. The monks, who were amazed at seeing him here, doing duty like a common soldier, dismounted. He requested them to repair to the quarters of Captain Salcede; the two soldiers had orders to accompany them thither. Now he sent every body away; he, Salcede, and his lieutenant Ryolus remaining alone. "Well, Mr. Hypocrite," said he, accosting the father, "you come from a conference with Count Mesgue. Confess at once what you are transacting together, or else you will be killed on the spot. If you confess the truth, I shall spare your life, even if it had been your intention to take my own. You cannot get into your cloister, it is full of soldiers, and your monks are prisoners; two of them have admitted that they are disguised soldiers of the Queen of Hungary." The father

fell at his feet, asserting that these two were his relatives, and had killed their brother on account of an inheritance. In the mean while news was sent by the captain on watch at the cloister that six monks had entered it, who wore soldiers' clothes under their monkish garb. Vieilleville now threatened to put the father on the rack, unless he confessed. The monk, seeing that every thing was betrayed, more particularly when the letter which Vieilleville's spy had sent to him from Luxembourg was shown him, said that he well saw how God assisted him and watched over the city, for without this news, Metz would have been lost to the king, and would have fallen into the Emperor's hands. The troops that had been ordered on this expedition, were in St. Jean, only six hours' march from Metz; they were to be there about nine o'clock in the evening. In one word, he confessed the whole conspiracy. Vieilleville now committed him in charge of Captain Ryolus, with orders to have him bound, and not to let him talk to any living being.

In this emergency Vieilleville acted with the presence of mind which he showed in all unforeseen events. He ordered up his company; Messrs. Espinay and Lancque had to do the same. Captains St. Coulombe and St. Marie had to furnish three hundred arquebusiers. The new serjeant-major, St. Chamans, had to pile fifty bundles of dry wood upon the gates, with orders to kindle them between six and seven o'clock in the evening. The whole town was in a state of excitement; nobody knew what was to pay.

When every thing was got ready, he said: "Now let us march quietly and quickly; in less than three hours you shall see strange things." He had selected a very adroit captain as the leader of his soldiers; he summoned him to his presence, and revealed to him his whole plan. He wished this captain to place him in ambush, whence he could attack the enemy; if they should fail in this, they would attack any how, although they were only one to the enemy's three. The captain placed him in a thick forest, at one end of which a village was situated. Here Vieilleville distributed his men in small detachments at intervals of a thousand paces, so that the enemy would lose his senses and would fancy himself attacked by the whole garrison, which was known to consist of five thousand two hundred foot, and one thousand horse. He left the road to Thionville open, because he did not wish to pursue the fugitives, in accordance with the golden rule: "Build a silver bridge for a fleeing enemy."

News was brought that the enemy might arrive in one hour. The report was that a fire was seen in Metz, that the enemy was much stronger than was expected, that the country was flooded with hostile troops. Soon the vanguard of sixty men came trotting through the woods. The halberdiers were lying flat on their bellies, and the arquebusiers had retreated to the background as far as possible, to prevent the matches being smelled. The enemy was heard to say: "Put spurs to your horses, we are too slow. There are nothing but moles in the forest. Thunder! how shall we be able to make a fortune, and do the emperor a service?" Another said: "We shall

cause him to blush, for we shall accomplish with three thousand men what he could not accomplish with a hundred thousand." Another speech was: "I shall have great fun this night; the town is full of pretty girls and women." The whole band now penetrated into the forest, Count Mesgue bringing up the rear with a splendid corps of cavalry. He pushed them forward with all his might, so that they marched in great disorder. The whole corps was followed by a body of Netherlandish nobles, consisting of eight hundred men.

After these too had entered the forest, Vieilleville's first detachment rushed from its ambush, crying: "*France! France! Vieilleville!*" The noblemen called to their servants for arms; the arquebusiers now came up, each of them killing his man; at the same time the drummers made a terrible noise. The vanguard attempted to turn about and assist the rear, but the second corps now rushed from its ambush, and the confusion became so terrible that the Spaniards lost their senses. The Count Mesgue cried: "We are betrayed! God, what is this!" and tried to defend himself. The third corps now rushed from its ambush, and the enemy's cavalry galloped to the village, where they hoped to make a stand; but here Vieilleville's fourth corps awaited them, and even a fifth, which attacked them in the centre and cut them up so dreadfully that Count Mesgue had to dash through his own infantry in order to save his life. The flight now became general, and the victory was complete.

Four hundred and fifty prisoners were made, and eleven hundred had remained on the field of battle. Vieilleville had only lost fifteen men, and only few a had been wounded.

This happened on a Thursday, in the month of October, 1555; Vieilleville's prudence and activity discovered and punished an act of treason on the same day. The monks of Metz were more closely guarded, but the thirty soldiers who had disguised themselves as monks, were set free by Vieilleville, because they had risked their lives for their master. He ordered them, however, to be led through the city with their monkish gowns on their arms, and carrying white staves in their hands, and to have their names published on every public square with these words: "These are the monks of the Queen of Hungary," &c.

Vieilleville sent a courier to the king with news of this victory. The courier was likewise charged with requesting for him leave of absence for two months, giving as one of his reasons that he had not seen the king's countenance during three years that Vieilleville had been in possession of the governorship of Metz. Vieilleville had several causes for requesting leave of absence. In the first place he did not wish to be present at Father Guardian's execution, since he had promised him he would do him no bodily harm; yet he considered it very wrong to let such a villain live. Next he had in his head a plan for the construction of a citadel in Metz, which would cost a great deal of money, since three churches would have to be demolished, and the king would have to buy two hundred and fifty houses, in order to remove the inhabitants to some other locality, and,

by this means, gain space for the work. He feared that, unless he arranged the plan with his own hands, the constable would oppose him, so much rather as the Duke of Guise expected to march with a numerous army to Italy, for the purpose of retaking Naples. Immense sums were required to complete this armament, and it was almost impossible to procure the money. He was likewise informed that the Cardinal Lenoncourt talked against him in every social circle, and that the Cardinal Lorraine backed him in this nefarious conduct.

Leave of absence was granted, and La Chapelle Biron was sent to Metz to take charge of the governorship during Vieilleville's absence. Vieilleville having placed every thing into the hands of the new governor, he left for the capital, taking with him only Count Soult, for whom he had intended his second daughter, who was one of the queen's maids of honor. Immediately after his arrival at court, the Cardinal Lenoncourt retired to one of his abbeys near Fontainebleau. He met with a very gracious reception at the hands of the king, who decorated him on this occasion with his order. The Cardinal Lorraine, in his capacity of chancellor of the order, and the constable as the oldest knight of the order, were not present at this solemnity. The latter excused himself with his headache to which he was subject, and the former with a fit of colic. The king, however, understood the real meaning of these empty apologies.

It was the Cardinal Lorraine's intention to attack Vieilleville in the king's private council on account of his infringements of the Bishop of Metz's privileges. He therefore requested the king to be present, and to take cognizance of the important revelations he intended to make. The good king, not knowing what was to come, at once convoked the council, where the Cardinal commenced a speech that threatened to be very long. He showed how the French kings had always been the supporters of the church, illustrated this assertion by a number of extracts from history, and wound up with saying that one of the pillars of the church, even a pillar of whose wood popes had been made, had been restrained in his ecclesiastical privileges. Vieilleville at once rose, requesting the king to impose silence upon the cardinal who evidently intended this discourse for his benefit. He wondered that the cardinal had commenced on such a high key; he had supposed that the holy Father and his See must have been in danger of the Turks, and that the King of France was to have been urged to dispatch an army of crusaders against the infidels. It was not the holy Father who was meant, but simply the Cardinal Lenoncourt; he felt assured that the money involved in the equipment of a large army, would remain intact in the coffers of the king. He now reviewed the complaints which the cardinal could possibly make, and answered them one by one with much eloquence and warmth. He hoped the Cardinal Lenoncourt himself would appear as his accuser, and not hide himself behind the influence of the Cardinal Lorraine, in the hope that he, Vieilleville, might thus be prevented from justifying and defending himself. The king

asked the Cardinal whether this was the only reason why he had desired his royal presence in the council? To which the Cardinal replied, that there were other points which had not yet been mentioned. The king said that Vieilleville did not desire to be believed on his word, but that he requested to be confronted with his accuser. Thereupon the king commanded the chancellor to invite Lenoncourt to be present in council on the day following. In the mean while the king stated that he approved of every thing Vieilleville had done in the administration of his office; he spoke with much emphasis, and rose from his seat with a good deal of excitement. The Cardinal Lorraine feigned an attack of colic, left the council-chamber, and immediately sent word to Lenoncourt of what had happened, advising him to depart as soon as possible. Those who were sent to invite him to the council, found him gone.

Vieilleville now laid his plan of a citadel before the king, who found it so excellent that he at once consented to the work. But he enjoined Vieilleville to keep the matter quiet, for if the constable and the Duke of Guise should hear of it, they would certainly oppose the work, in order not to see their chances of raising three millions of crowns for their Italian campaign, lessened. I have faithful servants in Paris, said the king, and I shall at once repair to the capital, where I have no doubt I shall be able to raise the needful funds for the construction of this work. The king had now spent eight months in Fontainebleau, and wished to have the buildings and grounds renovated.

Vieilleville being placed in possession of the funds, he returned to Metz to begin the work immediately. It was high time that he should have come back, for during his absence, two soldiers, who found that La Chapelle was not very watchful at the gates, had spinn a new conspiracy. Vieilleville had caused their brothers to be broken upon the wheel for having abused a prostitute during the night by cutting off her nose. The girl had screamed so loud that the whole city had become roused, and Vieilleville himself had mounted his horse, and had called the garrison to arms. They had applied to Count Mesgue; a drummer, named Balafré, acted as their agent. The Queen of Hungary, whom Comba had visited, had given them twelve hundred crowns to establish a tavern; provided with a passport from La Chapelle, who frequently received presents from them, they traded with Thionville, carrying provisions up and down the river. Count Mesgue had been introduced by them into the town on two occasions, where he had had an opportunity, under cover of a disguise, to examine every thing he desired to know: Vieilleville happened to inquire of the captain of these soldiers, whose name was La Mothe-Gondrin, why these soldiers, who held a somewhat higher rank than their comrades, troubled themselves with keeping a tavern, which seemed beneath their dignity. The captain replied that, since their brothers had been executed, they had lost their affection for the service; that they soon intended to quit it, but that they desired, before doing so, to make a little more money.

As soon as Vieilleville heard of their being brothers of the executed criminals, he conceived a suspicion, and immediately sent for Comba, telling him that, inasmuch as he spoke Spanish quite fluently, he would have it in his power to do the king a service; he was asked to come along, money and horses being all ready for him. He conducted him to the lodgings of Captain Beauchamp, whom he ordered to bind Comba until the irons could be sent for, and to keep this arrest so quiet that nobody could know any thing about it. His comrade Baubonnet, was informed not to wait for Comba, who had been sent away for four days on some errand.

Discoveries are sometimes made in a very strange manner. This was the case in this instance. The captain's servant was a brother of the drummer Balafré, whom he had often seen in Comba's company. Through the keyhole, this servant now saw how Comba was bound, and ran to inform his brother of it. Balafré requested a private audience of Vieilleville, threw himself at his feet, confessed the whole plot, and stated that he had been sent seven times by Comba to Count Mesgue with letters for this personage. Vieilleville took a diamond from his finger and gave it to the drummer, with a promise that his fortune would be secured to him if he would serve Vieilleville faithfully in this business. He conducted the drummer to Comba, who was ordered to write to Count Mesgue that he might send his flock by the road which his confidant should point out to him. Vieilleville himself dictated the letter, after Balafré had previously made him acquainted with the slang terms they had been in the habit of using. The drummer delivered the letter, and brought back the answer that the soldiers would be sent on Wednesday at midnight.

In order to conceal his plans more fully, he assembled his captains, and informed them that Sir Vaudemont, with whom he was living on unfriendly terms, was returning from court, and that it was his intention to go to meet him, not as a courtier, but clad in the paraphernalia of war. He therefore requested the captains to have every thing ready for five o'clock in the morning, when he expected to march with one thousand arquebusiers and his whole cavalry; he hoped that these signs of reconciliation would be agreeable to the king. In the mean while he sent quietly for the drummer, and bade Comba write that every thing was going on well, and that Mesgue might come in perfect safety, for Vieilleville would be absent with his best troops.

Count Mesgue, rejoiced at this news, had resort to a similar stratagem, informing Vieilleville that Count Aiguemont designed to go to meet Sir Vaudemont, and that he desired to inform him of this movement, inasmuch as they would have to traverse a portion of his territory, and it was their wish to avoid every hostile act, so much more since their masters had concluded an armistice. This letter was sent off by a courier. The drummer was intrusted with a few lines to Comba, whom he requested to postpone the execution for another day, inasmuch as Count Mansfeld desired to be present, and was bringing more troops.

Upon hearing of this news, Vieilleville informed his captains that Vaudemont would arrive one day later, and that they would not march until Thursday, at four o'clock in the morning.

Vieilleville hoped to catch the enemy in his trap, but this time he failed. Beauchamp, moved by Comba's lamentations, consented to relieve him of his irons on Wednesday, for a sufficient length of time to enable him to eat his dinner. He descended into the cellar to draw some wine, and Comba had to light him. While he was stooping to draw the wine, Comba knocked him over, so that he tumbled on the floor, after which the prisoner darted up the steps, closed the door, bolted it, and then beat the old woman in whose house Beauchamp resided, until she surrendered the keys of the door, and enabled him to effect his escape. Beauchamp screamed like a madman, until he was let out of the cellar. When finding that the doors had been opened, he came very near killing himself. He determined, however, at once to repair to Vieilleville's residence, who was still sitting at the dinner-table with his captains, and conversed with them about the approaching march. Beauchamp at once called to him that Comba had fled, and that he, the captain, asked his pardon for this mishap. Vieilleville became so enraged, that he threw his dagger at the captain, and jumped up to kill him. Beauchamp, however, escaped, and the other captains placed themselves before Vieilleville, interceding in their unlucky companion's favor. The gates were closed. Baubonnet, and thirty disguised soldiers, were to be taken prisoner; but having received vent of the discovery of the plot, most of them succeeded in effecting their escape. They were, however, overtaken on their flight, and cut down; others jumped off the wall into the river. Vieilleville caused search to be made after Comba and Beauchamp, in every house, until the former was discovered in the house of a laundress. Comba and Baubonnet were at once condemned to be quartered, and the disguised soldiers were either broken on the wheel or hung. Count Mesgue was informed of the failure of the plot in season to save himself; he now believed that Vieilleville was in league with the devil, since he found out the most secret designs.

Vieilleville took his disappointment so much to heart, that he was attacked with a very serious illness, and his life was despaired of. The king sent his chamberlain to Metz to inquire after Vieilleville's condition, wrote him an autograph letter, and pledged himself to confer the governorship of Metz upon Espinay. This kindness had such an effect upon him that he began to improve again; he sent away a number of physicians who had been recommended to him by various princes, and, as soon as he was able to travel, he went with his family to Durestal, where he spent eight months in taking care of his health.

As soon as Vieilleville's health was entirely restored, he repaired to Paris toward the end of the year 1557, where he concerted with the king such measures as the duties and necessities of the governorship of Metz might suggest. He made it an especial point to quiet the soldiers of the garrison, who had not received their pay for four

months, and were, on this account, disposed to rebel. This want of funds embarrassed the provisional governor, Sennecterre, very much; for twelve companies of the best troops had been taken from Metz to serve in the expedition to Naples, and had been replaced by the militia of Picardy and Champagne, the most undisciplined troops in Europe. If it had not been for a few old officers, and for the gens d'armes, Sennecterre would not have been able to control them. Vieilleville instructed the chief-provost of Metz to institute strict inquiries into the causes of this tumultuous conduct, and to treat the captains who had favored it, with equal severity; that it was his intention to reverse the proverb: "First strike the dog and then the lion;" that he had made up his mind to whip the lions to his satisfaction, so that the dogs would tremble, and almost die of fright.

One morning, Vieilleville made his appearance quite unexpectedly before the gates of Metz, with seventy horsemen. The chief-provost arrived, without loss of time, with his evidence. Shortly after, after strong detachments of troops had been stationed in various parts of the city, three captains were arrested, who were accused of having laid hands on the person of the governor, and having fired at his guard. They had to ask pardon upon their knees, after which they were taken down into a cellar, and had their heads cut off by an executioner. To the great terror of the militia-men, who were designated by the term *legionnaires*, these heads were stuck on pikes, and exposed to the public view. If these men even met for the purpose of presenting a petition, they were repelled by force, even by bullets. In spite of these measures, one hundred of these men had assembled in a public square, with arms in their hands. Vieilleville at once dispatched the sergeant-major, St. Chamons, with a strong guard, to inquire of them what they intended to do. They committed the imprudence of stating that they expected their comrades, and that they intended to demand satisfaction for the death of their three captains. The three lieutenants of the executed captains, being apprehensive of a similar fate, they sent in their resignation, for they could not pass through the well-guarded gates unless the resignation was accepted. St. Chamons, moreover, fired at the crowd as soon as they had made known to him their seditious plans. Some fifty remained dead on the field, and the remainder were executed. The lieutenants, however, were permitted to go whithersoever they pleased; for Vieilleville told them that neither the king nor he had any employment for such rebels as they were. They at once started for the gates, but had persuaded about a hundred privates to escape with them. Upon hearing of this, Vieilleville sent a strong detachment after them, and had every man of them cut down. If a militia-man committed the least disorderly act, he was sentenced to death. Their hosts were the first who accused them, if guilty. This severe treatment caused such a fright among them that they did not know what to do. They were advised to apply to Vieilleville's son-in-law, Espinay, who would intercede

for them. He did so, and Vieilleville called them before him, where they asked his pardon upon their knees. He rebuked them for their conduct, and then dismissed them. This reconciliation caused great joy: for Vieilleville, upon hearing that these légionnaires had left the city under Sennecterre for ten days, without mounting guard, had resolved to assemble them outside the gates, and to have the whole of them shot down. Nevertheless, Vieilleville continued his measures of precaution, and, for four months in succession, made the rounds of the town, sometimes four times in the course of a week. One day, he found a légionnaire asleep at his post. He cut him down at once, saying that he intended to leave him as he found him, and that he should at least serve as an example, if he could not be used for any thing else.

After having restored the most perfect order, Vieilleville resolved to retake Thionville from the Germans. To this end he sent for one Hans Klauser of Treves, whose life he had spared on a certain occasion, and whom he knew to be a bold and cunning fellow. He loaded this man with presents, and at once proceeded to adapt him to his purposes. He promised him, moreover, a company of German horse in the king's service, if he would go to Thionville, reconnoitre the place, and procure for him, within eight days, a knowledge of the works, including even the width and depth of the ditches. He was to leave Thionville in the morning by the opposite gate, where Vieilleville would meet him in order to inform him of whatever other points might have occurred to him during this time.

After the lapse of eight days, Hans Klauser returned with such a complete report concerning the works, that Vieilleville was amazed at his skill and care, and at once sent him back to Treves with a sum of money to enable him to equip a company of German horse, every man of which was to be a native of the land. Vieilleville ordered his secretary, Carloix, to study this report with the greatest care, and to commit it to memory as it were, after which he dispatched the secretary to the king without the document, so that, in case he should be taken by the enemy, he would have less difficulty to get clear again. The king was at Amiens. He at once gave his consent to Vieilleville's undertaking, who sent word that he would pledge himself to take Thionville within seven days provided the king would allow him, inasmuch as the best troops were to be sent to Italy, to enlist seven regiments of lansquenets and one thousand horse in Germany, for which purpose he had already obtained one hundred thousand crowns on his own responsibility. The king at once agreed to all these arrangements, expressed himself highly pleased with Vieilleville's devotion and vigilance in his service, assigned to him the revenues of the province of Champagne, to defray the expenses of this expedition, and appointed him lieutenant-general of the army of Champagne, Lorraine, Messin and Luxembourg. The enlistments in Germany were so successful that the regiments were soon ready to march.

As soon as Vieilleville heard of this he marched out of Metz with the garrison of this town,

united with himself the troops of Toul and Verdun, and at once laid siege to Thionville, to the great amazement of Count Carebbe, who commanded in this place. He sent six companies of infantry toward Luxembourg in order to cut off all communication between Thionville and Count Mesgue. His artillery now arrived which he had taken from the arsenal of Metz, and consisted of twelve guns of heavy calibre, ten coulœuvrines, each eighteen feet long, and of other smaller pieces. Shortly after, the German troops arrived likewise, the whole forming quite an army, for there were no less than six princes from the houses Luneburg, Simmern, Wurtemberg, &c., who were anxious to study the art of war under such a master. The whole army amounted to about twelve thousand men.

The Duke of Guise had in the meanwhile returned to France, and, the constable having been taken prisoner at St. Quentin, had been appointed lieutenant-general of France. Guise having heard of Vieilleville's operations, sent a courier requesting him to delay the attack until he should arrive; for it was his wish, and, in his capacity of lieutenant-general of France, his right, to conduct the operations. The courier arrived at the moment when Vieilleville was on the point of opening fire.

Vieilleville was much vexed at this intermeddling. But he kept his temper, and sent word to the duke to come, and that he would be obeyed as respectfully as the king himself. He added, however, that nothing would prove more prejudicial to the assault on Thionville than delay, and that the procrastination occasioned by the duke's journey would cause serious injury to the king's service. The courier assured him that the duke would arrive in ten days. "What?" exclaimed Vieilleville, in ten days? If he had not fettered me with the bugbear of his lieutenant-generalcy of France, I should have been in Thionville within two hours, and perhaps even in Luxembourg. He will not be here under three weeks, and Count Mesgue will have abundant time to secure his position."

The duke did not arrive under twenty days. Previous to his arrival, he sent the chief of the artillery to Metz to examine every thing. He found all things so well arranged, and such ample preparations for the success of the expedition, that he said publicly there had been no necessity of the duke's presence, and that it must be exceedingly painful for an honorable commander to be arrested in the midst of a successful expedition by princes who were always ready to appropriate to themselves the laurels that rightfully belonged to somebody else. It is easy for the duke to swallow that which he finds all ready for deglutition. When the duke marched off with the whole of the artillery, the officers exclaimed, laughingly: "Well, let us hasten to Thionville, where we all expect to meet our death; we have been waiting for you this long while."

A council of war now was held, to decide where the place had better be attacked. Vieilleville said it had not taken him long to find this out, and pointed out a little tower, which he contended was the feeblest portion of the works. Marshal Strozzy replied that the opinion of the other com-

manders would first have to be ascertained. They met again in the duke's house. On going thither, Sir La Marc informed Vieilleville privately that he had better not insist on his opinion in the council as the duke and Strozzy had determined to attack the place from another point, lest Vieilleville should reap the honor of the victory. He told him, moreover, that the duke was offended at him for having dared to cause himself to be appointed lieutenant-general of these provinces; that one lieutenant-general was sufficient, and that he was this man.

In the council, Strozzy gave it as his opinion that the place should be attacked from the river-side, not at the little tower. The other members of the council, who knew Strozzy as an experienced general, were of the same opinion. When Vieilleville's opinion was called for, he replied that he would have to refute the whole council, and that he therefore preferred not to express his mind, in order to place no obstacles in the way of the king's service.

The guns having been mounted, the hostile artillery on the opposite side was soon silenced, and, a considerable breach had been opened. The duke and Strozzy were triumphant, and Vieilleville's little tower was spoken of with contempt. A general assault was ordered, the soldiers had to wade through the river, but were even unable to reach the works on account of a number of difficulties which had not been thought of. The duke and Strozzy were embarrassed; nevertheless, to save their plan, they caused the guns to be carried across the river, and to be mounted at the breach. Now they discovered a difficulty which the Marshal had overlooked, namely a wide ditch, forty feet deep; it was impossible to descend to the bottom of the ditch, and then to clamber up on the opposite side. Thus it happened that the French guns were standing on the walls without the troops being able to advance.

On the sixteenth day of the siege, Strozzy ordered the coulœuvrines to be carried across the river, and to bombard the town. On this occasion he was wounded by a musket-ball in the abdomen. He said to the duke who was standing by his side: "Devil, the king loses this day a good servant, and you too." The duke urged him to think of his salvation, and mentioned the name of Jesus. "What Jesus do you mean? I know nothing of Jesus, or of God; my fire is out." Upon the prince continuing his exhortations, and reminding him that he would soon stand in God's presence, "Well," he replied, "I shall be where all those who have died for the last six thousand years, have gone before me." Saying this, he departed. This man did not believe in religion, as might already be inferred from a conversation which he had with Vieilleville the previous evening at supper, where he tauntingly inquired: "What was God doing, before he created the world?" To which, Vieilleville modestly replied that no mention was made of this in the Scriptures, and that, not being spoken of in Holy Writ, it was unnecessary to trouble one's mind about it. "This Holy Writ is a very nice thing, if it were true," said Strozzy. Hereupon Vieilleville feigned indisposition, and left the room,

vowing that he would have no further intercourse with such an atheist.

The duke now applied to Vieilleville, reminding him of his promise to the king that he would take the place within seven days. He requested him to conduct the operations, and promised him not to interfere. Vieilleville now opened the trenches as he had originally intended, sent for fresh artillery from Metz, and demolished the little tower in less than three days. A breach having been made, a general assault was ordered under Vieilleville's direction. The assault was repelled with the loss of a number of soldiers. Hans Klauer perished on this occasion, and Vieilleville had the crest of his helmet shot away. A new assault was ordered and carried out with so much fury that Vieilleville penetrated into the town with only thirty men. Carebbe became frightened on seeing this determined bravery, and at once capitulated. The garrison and all the inhabitants had to leave town on the morning following, and it was a pitiable sight to behold old men, women, and children driven out of their homes. Even the sick had to leave. Every body had compassion on them, except Guise, whose heart remained unmoved. The houses were sold to French citizens, who now were sent into the place, and the money was remitted by Vieilleville to the king's treasurer, and some of it was distributed among his soldiers. As for himself, he did not keep a penny, although he was better entitled to it than any body else.

He expected to see the king of Spain before Thionville, and would have been rejoiced to maintain the place against such a powerful monarch, the son of Charles V. But the King of Spain marched with his army upon Amiens, where the French army, under command of the king, and increased by as many troops as Vieilleville could spare, was opposed to him. Both armies were sixty-thousand strong; both kings desired peace, but neither was willing to make the first advances.

Vieilleville, who saw these perplexities even at a distance, sent an eloquent monk to the king of Spain, who had orders to talk to this monarch of peace, as if God himself had inspired him with these sentiments. The king of Spain listened to him with marked pleasure and attention, requesting him to visit the king of France, and to talk to him in a similar strain. The monk did so, negotiations for peace were seriously entered upon and concluded, and the king thanked Vieilleville for having again rendered him a great service, by preventing the effusion of blood with so much humanity and patriotic devotion.

After the conclusion of the peace, Vieilleville, whom the king desired to see personally, was ordered to Paris, where he was received with much kindness and respect. The queen was especially pleased with the gold medals which Vieilleville had caused to be distributed after the conquest of Thionville, among the German princes and generals, on one side of which might be seen the king's, and on the other the queen's likeness, the latter so perfect that even Janet, who was the most skillful portrait-painter of that period, had to praise it. The king conversed with Vieilleville frequently and for a long time, and alluded of his own accord to the fact that the Duke of Guise had

by his untimely measures, retarded the enterprise against Thionville and Luxembourg. He likewise made inquiries concerning the unhappy end of Marshal Strozzy, but Vieilleville replied with the adroitness of a courtier, that it was not well to speak of this event any further, and that God's grace had ruled as it seemed to Him best. Strozzy was a near relative of the queen. On this occasion, Vieilleville was presented with the brevet of Marshal of France. The king asked him reproachingly, why he had not applied for this office immediately after Strozzy's death, when it would have been conferred upon him instead of being given to Sir Thermes. To which Vieilleville replied that, he did not wish to urge his Majesty to fill the office while the war lasted; that all who had any claim to it, would make every effort to deserve it, but might leave the army as soon as the office should have been conferred. This was indeed the case after Thermes had received his appointment, in consequence of which, about a dozen grandees left the army with two thousand horse.

The king desired Vieilleville to be present at the peace-negotiations with Spain, in Chateau-Cambresis. By his wise counsels he succeeded in effecting a final arrangement on the seventh of April, 1559, and was himself the bearer of this news to the king. This personage declared that, next to God, France and all Europe were indebted to Vieilleville for this peace, which had first been broached by the monk whom Vieilleville had sent. The treasurer was ordered to bring fourteen bags filled with crowns, ten of which were presented to Vieilleville, and the remaining four to his son-in-law Espinay, and nephew Thevalle.

Shortly after, the Spanish ambassadors arrived in Paris, among whom were the Duke of Alva and about twenty princes, who remained in Paris a whole month, and were fêted in the most brilliant manner. The Cardinal Lorraine sought to persuade the king to institute a *mercuriale* during this period. This name is derived from the Latin name of Wednesday (Dies Mercurii, the day of Mercurius), because on this day all the presidents and councilors, about one hundred and twenty, were gathered in a large hall, and an inquiry was instituted into the private and public morals of the members of parliament. On this occasion, the king was to declare through his attorney-general, that many members of the court were suspected of heresy, which might be inferred from the fact that every heretic who was before them on his trial for heresy, was acquitted, nor was any one of them condemned to death. "Even if this measure were intended for nothing else than to show the King of Spain that your Majesty adheres to the faith, and is well worthy of the title of Most Christian Majesty." He added "that the Duke of Alva, and the princes and grandees of Spain, who had come to Paris for the purpose of celebrating the marriage of their king with his Majesty's daughter, would be highly gratified to see half a dozen heretical members of parliament burned at the stake." The king gave his consent to such a sitting, which he ordered for the very next day.

Vieilleville, who, in his capacity of first gentle-

man of the bed-chamber, slept in the king's apartment, was informed by His Majesty of what he intended to do. Vieilleville suggested that the cardinal and the bishops might do such a thing, but that it would ill befit the king to indulge in such jokes. The king persisting in his design, Vieilleville related to him what had happened between Louis XI. and John Rouault, Marshal of France. Louis XI., who thought very highly of the Bishop of Angiers, commanded this prelate to repair to Lyons for the purpose of receiving the six thousand Italian auxiliaries who had been sent to him from Italy. The marshal who was present when the bishop received this order, became very much excited on account of having been overlooked by the king, and soon after appeared before his majesty in company with thirty noblemen, asking the king in an arrogant tone whether he had any orders to transmit to Angiers? The king inquired after the reasons which prompted his sudden departure. The marshal replied that he had priests to consecrate in Angiers, and that he was about as fit to officiate as a bishop, as the bishop was to officiate as a general. The king was ashamed of having reversed the order of things in this manner, and caused the bishop, who had already started on his journey, to return to Angiers; the marshal was sent in the bishop's place. "In the same way," continued Vieilleville, "if your Majesty consents to officiate as a theologian or inquisitor, the Cardinal Lorraine would have to teach us to hold the lance at a tournament, to sit on horseback, to salute, to turn to the right or left. Moreover, is your Majesty disposed to ally joy and sadness? This undoubtedly would be the case, if such bloody executions were ordered during the nuptials."

The king determined not to go. On hearing this, the cardinal assembled the clergy, waited on the king early in the morning, and frightened him by such awful thunders that he considered himself in the clutches of the evil-one, and at once sallied forth on his way to parliament. During the sitting, one of the accused councilors, Anne du Bourg, defended his religion with so much zeal that the king became very much incensed at the accusing priests. Moreover he heard a great deal of grumbling on marching through the streets, and he afterward admitted that he regretted very much not having followed Vieilleville's advice.

On the first of June, 1559, the king gave the grand tournament where the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth and Philip II. of Spain were celebrated. On this occasion the Spaniards happened to be very awkward. Vieilleville performed a feat which had never been performed before; he unhorsed a Spaniard who ran tilt against him, and threw him across the bar with extraordinary skill and ease. In order to have some rest from these severe bodily performances, the marriage between the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Alva, who espoused her in the name of the king of Spain, was concluded. The peaceful solemnities lasted eight days; the king put a stop to them because he was passionately fond of tournaments which he desired to recommence.

Vieilleville dissuaded the king from a further

continuance of the tournament, for the French nobility had made a sufficient exhibition of their skill, and it was moreover time to think of the marriage of the Duke of Savoy and the king's sister Madame Margaret. The king replied that the arrangements for this wedding could not be perfected before the end of July, on which occasion he wished to cede Piedmont, Savoy, and several other districts. Vieilleville was amazed at this sacrifice, and frankly admitted to the king he could not understand why provinces which had cost France forty millions of crowns and one hundred thousand men, should be given away on account of a marriage. He suggested that a royal princess received at most a sum of one hundred and fifty crowns; and even if Madame Margaret should end her days in an abbey, no great harm would be done, for she was already forty years old. The constable made all these arrangements as his ransom, and it was evident, said Vieilleville, that he availed himself of his right, for it was a common saying, that in a case of extraordinary need a constable was privileged to pawn the third part of the kingdom.

After these and similar remonstrances on the part of Vieilleville, the king cursed the hour when he had made these arrangements at the instigation of the constable, without first consulting Vieilleville; that it was too late now, but that he would hold the constable who had beguiled him into these foolish transactions, responsible for them. Shortly after, a nobleman entered the king's apartment, with the articles of agreement all drawn up, where it was stated that France was to retain the marquis at Saluzzo. On reading this, the king at once informed Vieilleville of it, with the remark that his father had been wrong to rob a prince of his territory, and that as a good Christian, and in order to save his father's soul, he was very willing to return the land to the Duke of Savoy. When Vieilleville saw that the king mixed up piety and Christendom with this business, and accused his father even of tyranny, he remained silent, and regretted having said so much.

On the last day of June, 1559, a great tournament was ordered for the afternoon. The king unrobed himself after dinner, and requested Vieilleville to clothe him in his armor, although this was the office of the chief-equerrier of France, who happened to be present. When Vieilleville put the helmet on the king's head, he sighed, saying that he had never done any thing more reluctantly. The king was not allowed time to ask him for the reason, for the Duke of Savoy entered the apartment at this moment. The tournament commenced. The king broke his first lance with the duke, the second with Guise, and the third with Count Montgomery, a tall but awkward young man, who was lieutenant of his father, Count Sorges, a captain in the Royal Guard. It was the last lance which the king had to break. Both hit each other with equal skill, and the lances broke. Vieilleville now was anxious to take the king's place; but the monarch requested the privilege of another tilt with Montgomery, who owed him satisfaction for having pushed him out

of his stirrups. Vieilleville endeavored to dissuade the king from the encounter, but he insisted. "Well, Sire," exclaimed Vieilleville, "I swear to you, that for three nights in succession I have dreamed that this day your Majesty will meet with an accident, and that this last day of June will prove fatal to you." Montgomery too excused himself, saying that the king's request was against all rule; but the king commanded, and Montgomery had to take his lance. Both tilted against each other, and broke their lances with great skill. Unfortunately Montgomery forgot to throw away the splintered stick, as is the custom, and, whilst running against the king, ran the splinter into the king's visor, where it glanced upward and pierced the king's eye. The king dropped the reins, holding on to the horse's neck. The horse ran to the end of the course, where the two first equerries awaited the king in accordance with the duties of their office, and caught hold of the horse. They took off his helmet, and he whispered with a feeble voice that he was a dying man. All the surgeons were summoned in order to determine the locality, where the splinter had entered the brain, and, although experiments were made upon four criminals in imitation of the injury which the king had received, no splinter could be found.

On the fourth day the king recovered his senses, and sent for the queen, whom he requested to have the marriage ceremony performed without loss of time, and to create Vieilleville a marshal of France, for which high office a brevet had already been given him. The nuptials were celebrated with a spirit of sadness; the king had already lost his speech, and died on the following day, the tenth of July, 1559. In him Vieilleville lost a master who esteemed him highly, and would have appointed him Constable of France, for he had expressed himself to this effect. Latterly, in order to have him always about him, the king had conferred the governorship of Metz upon Espinay, and had appointed Vieilleville Governor of Ile de France.

The power which the Guises arrogated to themselves after the death of Henry II., contrary to all right, occasioned the well-known conspiracy of Amboise. A certain La Rénaudie allied himself with thirty able captains, and surrounded the king's castle with five hundred horse and a number of infantry, with a view of capturing the Guises and setting the king free. The news of this attempt disturbed the king and the Guises very greatly. It was decided to send Vieilleville to this corps for the purpose of inquiring of them whether they designed to deprive the French of the glory of being the most devoted and faithful subjects of their king. This commission embarrassed Vieilleville. He was convinced that the Guises had arrogated to themselves an undue degree of power, and he was unwilling to be used on an errand where he had to speak against his own conviction. By an ingenious turn he got clear of this duty: "Inasmuch as the troops to whom your Majesty desires to dispatch me, have been guilty of a conduct which amounts to rebellion, they would not believe me, even if I announced to them the king's pardon. Such a

message should be delivered by a prince whose pledge the king would be sure to respect like his own word."

Vieilleville had reasoned correctly. The Duke of Nemours was sent in his place; but he had the mortification of seeing fifteen noblemen who had followed him confiding in his own and the king's pledge, arrested and thrown into irons. To the duke's complaints on this score, the chancellor contented himself with replying that the king was not bound to keep his word to rebels. These fifteen noblemen were executed in various ways; they complained less of dying than of the faithlessness of the Duke of Nemours. One of them, Castelnau, rebuked him for his perfidy from the scaffold, dipped his hands in the still smoking blood of his companions, raised them to heaven, and pronounced a speech which moved every body to tears. The chancellor, who had condemned them to death, was so deeply struck by his words, that he was taken home sick, and died a few days after. Shortly before his death, he had a visit from the Cardinal Lorraine, to whom he addressed this dying farewell: "Accursed Cardinal, thou robbest thyself and us all of our eternal salvation!"

On the other hand, Vieilleville could not well decline the order to go to Orleans and disperse the rest of the conspirators. He executed this order with so much zeal and discretion that he surprised a body of six hundred of the enemy, cutting down a number and making many prisoners, all of whom he released, for he considered it a great wrong that men of honor who had exposed their lives for a principle, should be condemned to an infamous death, which they undoubtedly would have been, if he had surrendered them.

This success raised him greatly in the favor of the king, and of the Guises. He was now sent to Rouen, where the reformed party had excited disturbances. He had full power to destroy not only those who had been active participants in the disturbances, but likewise those who had connived at them with a feeling of satisfaction. Vieilleville, who was accompanied by seven companies of gens-d'armes, let the greater number of his men remain behind, and entered Rouen with only a hundred noblemen. He at once disarmed the citizens, caused thirty of the rebels to be arrested and tried, without regard to religion, and desired emphatically that no allusion should be made in the sentence to religion, but that they should be judged as rebels against the king. By such means, Vieilleville restored the public tranquillity, and disarmed party spirit, which would have broken out with greater fierceness than before, if he had only punished the reformed.

The court was sojourning at Orleans when he returned from his expedition. During his absence, Prince Condé had been arrested. In order to find out Vieilleville's opinion concerning this event, the king ordered him to visit the prince. Vieilleville, who perceived the king's design, begged the monarch not to send him, because he had a natural aversion to all disturbers of the peace. At the same time, he advised the king to content himself with sending the prince to the Bastille, asserting that it would be an ever-

lasting stain on the king's character, if he executed a royal prince who had not attempted the king's life. The king was well pleased with his advice, and admitted that he had simply desired to find out Vieilleville's opinion.

In the mean while, the disputes between the King of Navarre on one, and the King of France and the Guises on the other side, became fiercer than ever; at court, the King of Navarre was treated with a carelessness which struck every body with surprise, the Guises alone excepted. Vieilleville asked leave to return to his province, but the queen opposed it very urgently. In these critical times, his presence at court was desired, where his advice, which was always the result of practical wisdom, was very much needed. At the same time, it was intended to send him to Germany, where he was to explain to the elector and to other princes of the empire, who were the king's allies, what was the true position of affairs between the King of Navarre and the court of Paris, lest the king should appear in a false light.

These disputes were put a stop to by the sudden death of Francis II., which took place on the 5th of December, 1560. Every body now ran to the King of Navarre, and even the queen-regent, who governed in the name of Charles IX., appointed him lieutenant-general of the kingdom. This wise measure was intended to pacify the various religious parties, which commenced to become very turbulent. Vieilleville had advised the queen to take this step. This unfavorable turn of affairs induced the Guises to retire, the Cardinal Lorraine going to an abbey, and the duke to Paris, where he had many friends. Here, in conjunction with the Constable Montmorency, and the Marshal St. André, he concocted his plans for the complete extermination of the Lutherans, and this is the beginning of the horrid massacres which afterward devastated France. Vieilleville, seeing that the queen-regent and the King of Navarre were reconciled, insisted upon returning to his governorship, which was finally granted. Hardly had he arrived in Metz, when he was appointed extraordinary ambassador, to convey to the emperor and to the princes of Germany, the news of the young king's ascension to the throne.

Vieilleville started on his journey without loss of time, with a cortege of sixty horses. First he visited the Elector of Bavaria, in Heidelberg; thence he repaired to Stuttgart, to pay his respects to the Duke of Wurtemberg; next he went to Augsburg, and afterward to Weimar, where Vieilleville was well received by the Dukes John Frederick and John William. He brought them the pension which Henry II. had guaranteed to them as the descendants of Charlemagne,—four thousand crowns a year to each of them. From Weimar, Vieilleville went to Ulm; thence he intended to go to Cassel, but he was dissuaded from doing so, on account of the bad roads. From Vienna, he went to Frankfort; thence to Prague, and from Prague, by a very circuitous route, to Mentz, whence he returned to Metz, via Coblentz and Treves.

Everywhere Vieilleville was received with demonstrations of respect, especially in Vienna.

The emperor, Ferdinand I., received him with these words: "Welcome, Sir Vieilleville, although you do not bring me Metz and the other imperial cities which France has taken from Germany; I have wished to see you long ere this." The emperor took him into his own room, where they conversed together alone for two hours. Vieilleville expressed his amazement at their being all alone; for it was the fashion in France to tread upon the king's toes, so great was the crowd that followed him all over. Vieilleville likewise remarked to the emperor that it was dangerous to let a gentleman enter the city with fifty or sixty horses, without asking him who he was or whence he came. He stated that nobody had asked him a single question, and yet a pacha was encamped some thirty hours' marching from Vienna. The emperor at once ordered a strong guard to be placed at every gate, but, by Vieilleville's advice, he afterward modified this order by placing a watch at the top of the highest steeple, who had to report every change he noticed in the direction where the Turks were encamped, for which purpose he was to strike the bell a number of times. This watch was named by the emperor, Vieilleville's watch, because he had suggested it. At a grand dinner given by the emperor, Vieilleville saw for the first time the princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Roman King, Maximilian, and the emperor's niece. He at once conceived the idea that this beautiful princess would be a suitable consort for his king, and he took it upon himself after dinner to broach the subject to the emperor who was very much pleased with the idea. The King of France to whom the subject was communicated after Vieilleville's return to France, was likewise favorably disposed toward such an arrangement.

Vieilleville had scarcely arrived in Metz, where he expected to remain a few days, when a courier arrived from court with orders to Vieilleville to make arrangements at once for a journey to England in the capacity of ambassador. He directly repaired to Paris, where arrangements were at once perfected to send him across the sea. The object of the journey was to defeat the Cardinal Chatillon who sought to interest Queen Elizabeth in favor of the Huguenots. Vieilleville acted so cunningly toward the queen that she was unwilling to receive the cardinal after his arrival in London. In the mean while the disturbances in France became more and more threatening; the Prince Condé laid siege to Paris, but had to raise it again, and was totally defeated by Guise at Dreux, at the very moment when victory seemed to incline to the side of Protestants. The Marshal St. André had commanded the vanguard of the king's army, and now pursued the fugitives with only sixty horsemen. St. André came across a captain of light cavalry, Bobigny, who made his escape with a troop of horsemen. The two corps hailed each other, the marshal giving his name first. Thereupon Bobigny fell upon his troops, cut them down, and took the marshal prisoner. This captain had formerly been in the marshal's service, but had stabbed an equerry. St. André had him hung in effigy, for the captain had fled to Germany. The marshal begged to be treated ac-

ording to the usages of war, and that the past might be forgotten. In the mean while Bobigny disarmed the marshal, and took his word of honor that he would remain as a prisoner. They rode on until the Prince Porcian, who belonged to Condé's party, saw the prisoner and at once shook hands with him. The marshal at once offered himself as Porcian's prisoner, who attempted to take him out of Bobigny's hands. But every body crying out against the injustice, and complaining bitterly of the prince's meanness, who tried to deprive an inferior of his advantage, this personage desisted from all interference. As soon as Bobigny had left the prince some thousand paces behind, he addressed the marshal with these words: "You have satisfied me that I cannot trust you; you have broken your word; you will ruin me if you recover your freedom; you have caused me to be hung in effigy, have confiscated my property, which you have given to your servants; you have ruined my whole house. The hour has come when the judgment of God is upon you," and saying these words he blew the marshal's brains out. The news of the marshal's death clouded the victory of the Catholics in Paris. Vieilleville especially was inconsolable on account of this loss. He was at once offered the brevet of marshal, but he declined its acceptance. He was unwilling to be the successor of a person whom he had loved so much. The king, incensed at his refusal, repaired to Vieilleville's residence, whom he found lying on his bed in a state of utter despondency. The king commanded him to accept the bâton of marshal. Vieilleville, moved by so much kindness, could not refuse; he threw himself at the king's feet, from whom he received the patent.

Some time after Vieilleville was sent to Rouen, whose commandant, Villebon, did not enjoy the confidence of the court. Yet it was probable that Coligny would attack this place. Although Villebon was related to Vieilleville, yet he slighted the latter on every occasion. The following occurrence gave rise to serious difficulties.

A magistrate, belonging to the reformed party, who managed to get into the city and leave it again loaded with money which he took from the palaces where it had been hid, had been arrested and was executed by order of the governor, Villebon, who allowed his dead body to remain lying in the public square, exposed to all sorts of indignities. Nobody dared to touch it, he being an heretic. Vieilleville heard of this occurrence which excited his anger; he ordered the body to be buried. The money which Boisgyrand carried about him, had disappeared in the governor's house. Villebon, who felt uneasy, sent one of his creatures, a counselor of parliament, to the marshal, to find out what he intended to do in regard to the money. Hardly had this man come before the marshal, when this one assailed him so roughly that he shed tears of rage; and when he undertook to fall back upon his office as a member of the parliament, Vieilleville felt tempted to pitch him out of the window. This person now went before the governor, accusing Vieilleville of having said that he was not worthy of being governor of the place. Villebon, incensed at this statement, did not visit Vieilleville for several days. At last they met at

church, saluted, and the marshal took the governor home to dinner. After dinner, Villebon broached the subject; the marshal was still sitting at the table and begged to let the matter drop. Villebon became excited, exclaiming that those who had said he was unworthy of his office had told a lie. At these words the marshal jumped up, and gave Villebon a blow which, but for the table would have sent him rolling on the floor. Villebon drew his sword, the marshal drew his. In a moment one of Villebon's hands and part of the arm lay on the floor. All were amazed. Villebon was carried off. Vieilleville would not permit the hand to be taken away. "Here it shall lie," said he, "for it has insulted my dignity."

In the mean while the report was spread abroad that the governor had been so mutilated because he was an enemy of the Huguenots. An armed mob assembled in front of Vieilleville's residence, who had taken precautionary measures. All who attempted to break in were well received. Many were killed. The soldiers finally came to the marshal's aid, and the cavalry that had been quartered in the surrounding villages, had likewise arrived. The mob now scattered, trembling at the marshal's vengeance. However, he forgave every body and peace was restored.

The king was informed that the German princes intended to attack Metz, whereupon Vieilleville was ordered to this place. On his arrival, he found the report confirmed, in so far as this, that the German princes, having heard that Vieilleville had been killed in the disturbances of Rouen, had resolved to march an army of forty thousand foot and twenty thousand horse against Metz, Toul, and Verdun, with a view of retaking these places which had been lost under Charles V. Upon hearing that Vieilleville was still living and had resumed his command, the plan had been abandoned.

Some time after, Vieilleville was ordered by the king to be present at the siege of Havre de Grace, where the old Constable, Montmorency, directed the operations. Although his family was not well disposed toward Vieilleville, yet he favored the constable with such excellent advice that the place soon capitulated. During the troubles which the constable had instigated against the court, and which required the king's presence in Paris, Vieilleville showed so much discretion, firmness and moderation, that the king was unwilling to part with him any more. He even went so far, after the constable had been killed in a battle against the Prince Condé, as to offer Vieilleville the office of Constable of France. This happened in the great council. Vieilleville, rising from his seat, bent a knee before the king, and declined his offer in such a dignified and disinterested manner, that he won all hearts. Vieilleville, having taken St. Jean d'Angely, which had been bravely defended by a captain of the Prince Condé, and on which occasion the governor of Bretagne had been killed, was rewarded with the succession to this governorship. Vieilleville was rejoiced at this appointment, for the double reason that he was permitted to make one of his sons-in-law his lieutenant-general in Bretagne, and to appoint the other, Duilly, governor of Metz. These arrange-

ments had scarcely been completed when the duke Montpensier, being of royal blood, demanded the government of Bretagne for himself with much earnestness. The king refused, whereupon the duke renewed his request, shedding tears, which was not very becoming in a man of forty. The king, not knowing what to do, sent a trusty messenger to Vieilleville, to inform him of the condition of things. Vieilleville was at once disposed to resign his office into the king's hands. "I am only sorry," said he, "that such a brave prince has to resort to a woman's weapon in order to obtain his end, and rob me of my happiness." At the same time the king sent him ten thousand crowns, which he, however, declined receiving. Being threatened with disgrace, in case he should insist upon declining acceptance of this present, he agreed to take it, but divided the amount between his sons-in-law, who had likewise lost by the change.

The best service which Vieilleville ever rendered to his king, was to conclude an alliance with the Swiss cantons, which was more advantageous to him than any other alliance that Vieilleville ever concluded. He was frequently visited by Charles IX., at his castle Dnrestal, where Vieilleville spent the last years of his life, and where the king on one occasion spent a whole month, amusing himself with the chase. His intimate friendship with the king, and the influence he possessed over this monarch, excited the envy and enmity of many persons.

At last poison was administered to him, from the effects of which he died in twelve hours. The king and his mother happened to be on a visit to Vieilleville when this catastrophe occurred.

Thus died a man on the last day of November, who was a father of the people, a prop of justice, and a master in the art of war. After his death disturbances of every sort broke out. He had been a stumbling-block to the disturbers of the peace by his courage, his discretion, his love of justice; for this reason they removed him out of their way.

PREFACE TO THE HISTORY OF THE ORDER OF MALTA,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO VERTOT BY M. N.
(Jena, 1792.)

THE order of the Templars shone and disappeared in history like a meteor; the order of John has already reached the seventh century of its existence, and, though no longer claiming political significance, is forever a memorable subject of contemplation to the philosophical student of history. The ground upon which it was built, indeed, threatens to cave in, and it is with a smile of pity that we look back upon its origin, which was such a sacred and solemn event in the age where it occurred. Like a venerable ruin, the order itself, is still standing upon its unascended rock, and, lost in admiration of a departed heroism, we contemplate it like an overthrown obelisk or like Trojan's triumphal arch.

We may, indeed, congratulate ourselves with living in an age when it is no longer necessary to

contend for a distinction, or for objects, such as gave rise to the creation of this order, when an expenditure of strength and a heroism, such as were the common attributes of this order, are as superfluous as they are impossible; but it must be confessed that we do not always act with becoming modesty or appreciation in ranking our own age above the past. The contempt with which we are in the habit of looking back upon yonder period of superstition, fanaticism, and mental servitude, betrays less the glorious pride of a self-conscious *strength* than the petty triumph of *weakness*, which avenges by an impotent derision the blush of shame with which the aspect of superior merit often tinges the countenance. Be our advantages over those gloomy centuries whatever they may, it is at most only a favorable *exchange* that we can boast of. The possession of clearer apperceptions, the conquest of prejudices, the acquisition of more moderate passions and of more liberal sentiments—taking it for granted that all these advantages are, indeed, rightfully claimed by us—have been purchased at the sacrifice of *practical virtue*, without which our most precious knowledge can hardly be deemed a gain. The same civilization which has extinguished in our brain the fire of a fanatical zeal, has at the same time stifled in our hearts the glow of enthusiasm, has paralyzed the lofty soarings of our genius, annihilated the deed-maturing energy of character. For a delusion which they confounded with wisdom, or rather, which, to them, was wisdom, the heroes of the Middle Ages risked their blood, their lives, and their property; though their reason was enlightened ever so imperfectly, yet they sought to obey its highest mandates with the devotion of heroism; can *we*, the refined grand-children of civilization, boast of expending half as much energy on our wisdom as *they* did on their folly?

I am prepared to accept what the author of the introduction to this history regards as an important advantage of that period, I mean the practical strength of mind with which the dearest possessions were abandoned for the noblest aims, and with which all the delights of the senses were sacrificed for a purely ideal good. The same eccentric flight of imagination which causes the historian and the coldly calculating politician to look back upon that age with the eye of doubt, is judged much more equitably, even admiringly by the moral philosopher. In the midst of the abominations which are favored and sanctified by a gloomy fanaticism; in the midst of the absurd aberrations of superstition, he is enchanted by the sublime spectacle of a conviction that triumphs over all sensual temptations; of an intensely-cherished *idea of the reason* which maintains its control over every ever so powerful emotion. Although the epoch of the crusades constituted a long and mournful arrest in the march of *civilization*, or even a relapse on the part of the European into his former barbarism, yet humanity had never reached the highest pinnacle of its dignity as at that period, provided *the control of emotions by an idea* may be regarded as such. The willingness of being guided by supra-sensual motives, this necessary condition of our *moral culture*, had, it appears, to be developed and to

acquire practical skill by working on coarser material, until an enlightened intelligence should assist the *good will*. The philosophical critic becomes reconciled with the crude fancies of an undeveloped understanding and an anarchical sensuality by the very fact, that it is the noblest of all the powers of the mind which is manifested and exercised in those wild undertakings; he excuses the adventurous means and the chimerical object for the sake of the near relation existing between man's moral dignity and his simple resolution to serve under the banner of the cross.

Of this kind are the heroes of faith, whom the following history introduces to our knowledge; their weaknesses, ushered in by brilliant virtues, may boldly show themselves to the critical eye of a wiser posterity. Under the banner of the cross we see them practice the severest and most sacred duties of humanity, and, whereas they fancied they were obeying *a law of the church*, they were unconsciously executing the highest *laws of morality*. Has not man for thousands of years been seeking above the stars the legislator who lives in his own bosom? Why then should we find it strange, if these heroes borrowed the sanction of a human duty from an apostle, and attached to the cloak of an order the dignity of virtue, and the general obligation of obeying her behests? May we repudiate ever so much the absurdity of a faith which commanded them to bleed for the apparent riches of an enthusiastic imagination, for inanimate relics; who would refuse his respect to the heroic fidelity with which the spiritual knights obeyed this delusion? If this heroic band returns home, after performing miracles of bravery, exhausted by the bloody labors of the combat with the infidels, and, instead of wreathing its victorious brow with the well-earned laurel, exchanges its knightly functions without grumbling for the humble offices of *nurses*; if these lions in battle now manifest, at the sick bed, a patience, a self-denial, a mercy, which obscure even the most brilliant heroism of the warrior; if the very hand which, a few hours previous, wielded the terrible sword for Christianity, and conducted the trembling pilgrim through a crowd of enemies, now ministers food, *for the love of God*, to a patient, afflicted with some loathsome disease, and performs the most disgusting offices from which our refined senses turn away in disgust; who can suppress an intense emotion, on beholding the knights of the hospital of Jerusalem engaged in such menial services? Who can witness, without a sentiment of awe, the persevering bravery with which the little band defended itself against a superior enemy in Ptolemais, in Rhodes, and afterward on the island of Malta? or the unshakable firmness of the two grand-masters, Isle Adam and La Valette, or the equally sublime willingness of the knights to devote themselves to death? Who reads, without a feeling of exalted admiration, of the voluntary destruction of those forty heroes in the citadel of St. Elmo, an example of obedience which is surpassed by Leonidas and his band only in so far as their object was of a sublimer nature? The Christian religion has been accused by celebrated authors, of suppressing the warlike courage of her worshipers, of extinguish-

ing the fire of enthusiasm. How brilliantly is this reproach refuted by the crusades, and by the glorious deeds of the Templars and the Maltese knights! Greeks and Romans fought for their lives, for temporal good, for the enchanting phantom of honor and universal dominion, in the presence of a grateful country which showed them at a distance the laurel-wreath for their devotion. The courage of those Christian heroes was deprived of that aid, and had no other support than its own unquenchable fire.

There are other considerations which seemed to me should invite attention to the external as well as internal affairs of this ecclesiastical order. This order is a political body, founded for some specific purpose, supported by special laws, and kept together by peculiar bonds. It originates, is developed, blooms, and fades away, in one word, it begins and closes its political existence before our eyes. The point of view from which the philosophical critic looks at every political society, may likewise be applied to this *republic of ecclesiastical knights*. He regards the various political combinations as so many experiments instituted by man, though not intentionally, to ascertain the effect of certain conditions, either with reference to some special object, or else with reference to the common object of all political societies. What can be more worthy of our attention than to ascertain the results of these experiments, to see the adequacy or inadequacy of those conditions to the intended object, illustrated by some living example? Thus it is that, in the course of time, the human race has tried by actual experiment, every imaginable condition of human bliss, although this may not have been the direct object of the change; every possible political form has been adopted with a view of finally hitting upon the most suitable. For all these political organizations, universal history becomes a sort of natural science, informing us with tolerable exactness, how much or how little has been gained, by these different principles of combination, for the ultimate object of our common labors. From a similar point of view we may regard the different ecclesiastical orders of knighthood, to which religious fanaticism gave birth at the time of the crusades. Impulses which had never been known before to result in such combinations, or to be used for the attainment of such ends, are now for the first time used as the basis of a political organization, the result of which is communicated to the reader in the subsequent history. The fiery spirit of knighthood is allied to the severe rules of an order; military to monkish discipline; Christian self-denial to the insolent daring of the soldier, in order to form an impenetrable phalanx against the external enemies of religion, and to vow with equal heroism an eternal war to her internal enemies, pride and licentiousness.

A touching and sublime simplicity characterizes the childhood of the order, a brilliant and honorable destination crowns its young age, but soon it succumbs to the common fate of humanity. Wealth and power, these natural companions of bravery and abstinence, lead it with rapid strides to the brink of ruin. Not without grief the citizen of the world sees the beautiful hopes which such a

fair beginning excited in his mind, ruined; but this disappointment only shows that nothing which was built by delusion and passion, is durable, and that reason alone builds for eternity.

After these remarks concerning the superior qualities of this order, I believe I may be spared a statement of the reasons which prompted me to publish Vertot's work in a new form. I dare not assert that it will answer the object which I had in view in publishing it; it is however, the only work which can furnish an adequate idea of the order, and chain the attention of the reader. The translator has sought to replace the occasional verbosity of the original, by a livelier and more interesting narration of events; even where the judgment of the author seems to have been clouded by his partiality, the German translator has endeavored to correct the defects of the original, by a more appreciative study of the facts. I need hardly remind my readers that this book is neither written for the savant nor for the students of history, but for the general reader who does not derive his information from sources. The last-mentioned class will undoubtedly hail this work with feelings of sympathetic acknowledgment. The second volume will conclude the history of the order, for it had reached the fullness of glory toward the end of the sixteenth century, after which it sank with rapid strides into the grave of political oblivion.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST PART OF THE CELEBRATED CAUSES OF PITAVAL.

(Jena 1792.)

THERE is a general complaint that among the writings which constitute the general staple of circulating libraries, there are too few which aim at improving either the heart or the mind of the reader. The desire of reading books, which is spreading even among the classes for whose education so little is done by government, instead of being gratified by good works written by our better class of authors, is on the contrary improved by mediocre scribes and selfish publishers for the purpose of circulating their worthless trash even at the expense of morality and public culture. Insipid novels destructive of taste and morality, dramatized stories, so-called ladies' books, and the like, constitute to this day the staple of our circulating libraries, and ruin the remnant of sound principles which our stage-poets have not yet destroyed. In investigating the causes which keep up the taste for these productions of mediocrity, we find it founded in the general inclination of mankind to passionate and complicated situations, in which the most miserable novels unfortunately so frequently abound. But why should not the same propensity which delights in exhibitions of crime, be used for a more glorious object? It would not be a small gain if better authors would condescend to win readers from the common scribes, to study the tricks by which these monopolize the reading public, and to make use of them for good purposes.

Until this suggestion is practically realized, or

until the public taste shall be sufficiently cultivated to love the true, the beautiful, and the good, without any foreign admixture, an entertaining book deserves our praise if it accomplishes its purpose without causing the mischief with which the small share of amusements commonly afforded by such works has to be purchased. Whilst it is read, it takes, at any rate, the place of a worse book; and, if it furnishes food to the mind, scatters the seed of useful knowledge; directs the reader's attention to worthy objects; its worth, among the class of books to which it belongs, cannot be denied.

Of this kind is the present work, the usefulness of which I have been induced to warrant by my public testimony. It contains a number of *judicial* cases which, in point of interest, complication, and variety of objects, almost rival a romance and have moreover the advantage of being historically true. Man is here seen in the most complicated situations exciting our expectation to the utmost, and keeping the reader agreeably employed in exercising his powers of divination in the unraveling of the plot. The secret play of the passions is here unfolded to our sight, and many rays of truth are shed over the secret machinations of intrigue, and of spiritual as well as temporal frauds. Motives which in common life, are hidden from the eye of the observer, become more manifest, where life, liberty, and property are at stake, and in this way the criminal judge is able to cast a deeper look into the human heart. To this we may add, that the searching details of the course of justice expose the secret motives of human actions to the light of day much more clearly than is the case under ordinary circumstances; whereas the most circumstantial narration of facts frequently leaves us in the dark concerning the first causes of an event, concerning the true motives of the active agents, a criminal trial reveals to us the innermost thoughts, and exposes the most cunningly-concealed web of malice to the light. This important gain which is of itself sufficient to justify the commendations bestowed upon this work, is still greatly enhanced by the legal knowledge with which the relation of these cases is interspersed, and which is rendered lucid and intelligible by the individuality of the case to which the legal technicalities apply.

The entertainment which these cases afford by their contents, is still considerably augmented by the manner in which they have been treated. By managing the interests of both parties with equal care and skill, by concealing the final development and exciting the expectation of the reader to the highest pitch, the authors have endeavored, whenever such a thing was feasible, to convey to him an impression of the equivocal character of the situation, which frequently rendered a decision doubtful and embarrassing to the judge.

A faithful translation of Pitaval's cases has already been published by the same firm, and has been continued to the fourth volume. But the enlarged aim of the work has rendered a change in the treatment of the subject necessary. Inasmuch as the work was designed for the public generally, it would have been improper to furnish the same mass of legal details with which the ori-

ginal work, that was more particularly intended for lawyers, abounds. By means of the abbreviations which the new editor has introduced, the work has gained in interest, without its completeness being impaired.

A selection of Pitaval's cases may require three or four volumes; if this should be the case, cases will be extracted from other authors, and more particularly, if possible, from the criminal records of our German courts; by this means the present selection will form a complete magazine of this species of literature. The degree of perfection which the selection is intended to attain, will depend upon the support of the public, and upon the reception which this first attempt will meet with.

ON LOVELINESS AND DIGNITY.*

THE Grecian fable attributes to the goddess of beauty a belt possessed of a power to impart loveliness to its possessor, and to win love for him. This goddess is attended by the *Graces*.

The Greeks therefore distinguished loveliness and graces from beauty, inasmuch as they were designated by attributes distinct from the goddess of beauty. All loveliness is beautiful; for the belt which gave it, belonged to the goddess of Gnidus; but all beauty is not lovely, for without this belt Venus would remain what she is.

According to this allegory, the goddess of beauty alone wears and bestows the belt of love's power or charm. Whenever Juno desires to enchant Jupiter on Mount Ida, she has first to borrow this belt of Venus. High position, even when adorned with a certain degree of beauty, which Jupiter's spouse is not denied, is not sure to please without loveliness; for it is not by her own charms, but by means of Venus' belt, that the queen of the gods expects to conquer Jupiter's heart.

The goddess of beauty may separate herself from her belt, and may *transfer* its power to inferior degrees of beauty. Hence loveliness is not the *exclusive* prerogative of beauty, but may be transmitted to that which is less beautiful, or not beautiful, although the transmission must proceed from the hand of beauty.

The Greeks advised him who, among other qualities of the mind, was not endowed with loveliness, to offer a sacrifice to the Graces. This shows that the Graces, although represented as the companions of the fair sex, might likewise be favorable to man, to whom they were considered indispensable, if he meant to please.

What is loveliness, since it allies itself with beauty most readily, though not exclusively? since it emanates from beauty, but may be transmitted to that which is not beautiful? since beauty may exist *without it*, but *by it* alone is capable of exciting an inclination for itself?

The delicate sentiment of the Greeks distinguished, at an early period of their history, that which the reason was as yet unable to express in

* This Essay was first published in the new *Thalia*, in the second number of the year 1793.

lucid and definite language. The desire of manifesting their sentiments, led them to borrow images of the imagination, since the understanding was as yet deficient in adequate conceptions. Yonder myth is therefore deserving of the respectful regard of the philosopher, who has to content himself any way with investigating the ideas embodied in the perceptions which the unsophisticated son of Nature uses as vehicles of manifestation; in other words, the philosopher has to explain the hieroglyphics of the sensations.

The conception of the Greeks, divested of its allegorical envelope, seems to embody the following series of ideas:

Loveliness is a *movable form* of beauty, which may become manifest and then disappear again, not being inherent in the subject; this distinguishes it from the *fixed* beauty, which is a necessary, inherent element of the subject. Venus may detach her belt, and lend it to Juno; her beauty is an inseparable attribute of her person. Without her belt she is no longer the charming Venus; without beauty she ceases to be Venus.

This belt, the symbol of movable beauty, has the peculiarity of lending to the person who is adorned with it the objective quality of loveliness; this property distinguishes it from every other ornament which does not alter the personality itself, but only modifies its impression, subjectively, in the mind of some other person. The Greek myth means emphatically that loveliness is converted into an attribute of the subject, and that the wearer of the belt not simply *seems*, but really *is*, lovely.

A belt, which is nothing else than a mere accidental, external ornament, does not seem a suitable symbol to designate the *personal* attribute of loveliness; but a personal attribute which is supposed to be separable from the subject, could not well be symbolized by any thing else than some accidental ornament, which may be detached from the subject without injuring its personality.

The belt of love's power, or the belt of loveliness, does not act according to natural laws, for in such a case it would not alter the personality, but *magically*, that is to say, its power is expanded beyond all natural limitations. By this expedient the contradiction was to be removed in which the imagination becomes inevitably entangled, whenever it seeks, within the boundaries of nature, an expression for that which exists beyond these boundaries in the empire of freedom.

If the belt of charm expresses an objective attribute, which may be separated from the subject without altering its nature, it must necessarily refer to beauty of motion; for motion is the only change which an object may undergo without prejudice to its identity.

Beauty of motion is a conception which satisfies the two postulates contained in the Greek myth. It is *first* objective, belonging to the object itself, and not to the manner in which it is perceived by us, and, *secondly*, it is accidentally connected with the object which still continues, even if the object and the attribute should be separated.

The belt of charm preserves its magic power even in that which is less or not beautiful; in

other words, even that which is less or not beautiful may *move beautifully*.

The myth informs us that loveliness is an accidental attribute of the subject; hence only accidental motions can be possessed of this attribute. All the *necessary motions* of ideal beauty must be beautiful, because they belong to its nature as necessary elements; the beauty of *these* motions is *implied* in the idea of Venus; the beauty of the accidental motions is an enlargement of this idea. There is loveliness of voice but not loveliness of respiration.

Is the beauty of the accidental motions to be regarded as loveliness in every case?

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the Greek myth has limited loveliness and the graces to man; it goes further, including even the beauty of form within the limits of the human race among which the Greeks, as is well known, located even their gods. If loveliness is the prerogative of human culture, none of the motions which man has in common with the objects of brute nature, can lay claim to it. If the locks of a beautiful head could be said to move with loveliness, there is no reason why the same expression should not be used of the branches of a tree, the waves of a river, the corn on the field, the limbs of an animal. But the goddess of Gnidos only represents the human race, and ceases to have any meaning in localities where man is nothing but a thing of nature and a being of matter.

Loveliness can only be predicated of voluntary motions, and among these only of such as constitute an expression of *moral* sentiments. Motions which emanate from no other source than sensuality, were they ever so much the result of volition, belong to the province of nature, which of herself never rises to the sphere of loveliness. If sensual desire or the instinct could be manifested with loveliness, it would no longer be either capable or worthy of characterizing the expression of human sentiments.

Yet it is by the idea of *man* that all beauty and perfection are bounded in the Greek mind. The Greek philosopher separates sensuality and soul; his sense of humanity finds it difficult to individualize as distinct and separate entities, human intelligence and the rude nature of the animal. As he incorporates every idea, even the most spiritual state, in some bodily form, so he requires that every act of the human instinct ought to convey an expression of man's moral destiny. To the Greek, nature is never *simply* nature; hence he need not blush to honor her; reason to him in never *simply* reason; hence he need not hesitate to accept her as his standard measure. Nature and morality, matter and spirit, earth and heaven, are united in his poesy with a wonderful beauty. The freedom which dwells in Olympus, was introduced by him into the domain of the senses, and in return we feel disposed to pardon him for having made the senses an attribute of the Olympic gods.

This delicate perception of the Greeks which never separated the material from the spiritual, ignores the possibility of voluntary motions on the part of man, which appertain exclusively to the senses, without at the same time expressing some

moral sentiment. For this reason, loveliness, to them, is nothing else than a beautiful expression of the soul in the voluntary motions. Wherever loveliness exists, the soul constitutes the motor principle; the *soul* contains the source of the beauty of motion. Thus the above-mentioned myth resolves itself into the following thoughts: "Loveliness is a form of beauty that is not given by nature, but is produced by the human subject."

So far I have confined myself to developing the idea of loveliness from the Greek fable, and I trust I have done so without doing violence to the myth. I now beg leave to examine what results may be obtained in this respect by following the road of philosophizing reason, and whether it has made more discoveries here than it can boast of in other departments of human thought, of which man did not already possess a dim *intuition*, or which the spirit of poesy had not already *revealed* to him.

Venus, without her belt and without the graces, represents to us the ideal of beauty as the simple offspring of nature, and as the product of plastic forces *independent of the action of a sentient spirit*. Very justly the fable adopts a special divinity as the representative of this beauty, for even the natural instinct draws a rigid line between this form of beauty and that which owes its origin to the action of a sentient spirit.

This simply natural beauty, fashioned according to a law of necessity, may be termed constructive or *architectonic beauty*, in contradistinction to that which is determined by voluntary motions. I apply this name to that portion of human beauty, which has not only been *executed*, (for this may be said of every natural phenomenon,) but which is exclusively *determined by the forces of nature*.

A happy proportion of the limbs, rounded and easy forms, a clear complexion, a delicate skin, an elegant and graceful shape of the body, a euphonious voice, &c., are advantages which we owe to nature and to our good fortune; to nature, because she furnished and developed the capacity for them; to our good fortune, because it protected the work of nature from the action of hostile forces.

This Venus rises from the foam of the ocean as a perfect form: perfect, for she is a complete, rigidly-determined work of necessity, incapable, as such, of variety or expansion. Being nothing else than a beautiful exhibition of the end which nature intended to realize in regard to man, and each of her attributes being fully determined by the fundamental idea of her being, she may be regarded as a perfect whole so far as her constituent principles are concerned, although these can only be developed in the course of time.

The architectonic beauty of the human form should be carefully distinguished from the technical perfection of this form. By the latter we understand the *system of ends* such as they exist combinedly for some highest end; by the former, on the contrary, we understand the *qualitative manifestation* of these ends to the contemplating understanding. When speaking of beauty, we neither consider the material value of these ends,

nor the artistic form of their combination. The percipient faculty dwells exclusively upon the manner in which an object is seen, without considering at all its logical quality. Although the architectonic beauty of the human form is determined by the fundamental idea of this form, and by the end which nature has sought to realize by means of it, yet the æsthetic judgment *isolates* the idea of such beauty from this end, and nothing enters into the idea of beauty except that which constitutes an immediate and specific property of the phenomenal manifestation.

It cannot, therefore, be said that the dignity of humanity *enhances* the beauty of the human form. Our judgment concerning the latter may be influenced by our conception of the former, but it ceases, in such a case, to be of a purely æsthetic character. The technical construction of the human form, constituting an expression of man's destiny, should, indeed, fill us with respect. But this technical construction is not exhibited to the senses, but to the *understanding*; it may be *imagined*, but cannot *appear sensually*. The architectonic beauty, on the contrary, can never be an expression of his destiny, inasmuch as it appeals to an entirely different faculty from that which has to decide concerning the nature of that destiny.

If we apply beauty to man in preference to all other technical formations of nature, this is only true of his purely phenomenal beauty, unconnected with the idea of human dignity. If this were not so, beauty would no longer be a fact of the senses, but would become a fact of the understanding, which implies a contradiction. In claiming the prize of beauty, man cannot fall back upon the dignity of his moral destiny, upon his prerogative as an intelligent being; here he is simply a thing in space, a phenomenon among other phenomena. His position in the ideal world is not considered in the world of sense; if he holds the highest rank in the latter, he owes it exclusively to *that* which constitutes his *sensual nature*.

But we know that this very nature has been determined by the idea of his humanity; hence his architectonic beauty must be indirectly determined by a similar principle. Hence, if among the sensual beings around him, he distinguishes himself by a higher beauty, he is undoubtedly indebted for this prerogative to his human destiny, which contains the source of distinction between him and the other beings of sense. But it is not because the human form is an expression of this higher destiny, that it is beautiful; for, if this were the case, the same form would cease to be beautiful the moment it expresses a destiny of an inferior order, or the contrary of the human form would be beautiful, if we could accept it as the expression of that higher destiny. But suppose, in beholding a beautiful human form, we could forget what it expresses; suppose the human form, without being phenomenally altered, could be made to express the brutal instinct of the tiger, the judgment of the eyes would remain unaltered, and would regard the tiger as the most beautiful work of the Creator.

Man's destiny, as an intelligent being, is, therefore, involved in the beauty of his form, only in

so far as its phenomenal exhibition coincides with the conditions upon which sensual beauty depends as its determining principles. Beauty must at all times be the spontaneous effect of natural motions, the rational idea, which determined the technical construction of the human organism, can never *impart* beauty to the latter, but may *accept* it as an attribute of the human form.

It might be objected that every thing phenomenal is the result of natural forces, and that this cannot be regarded as the exclusive characteristic of the beautiful. It is true, all technical formations are the products of nature, but it is not nature that renders them technical; at any rate they do not convey this impression to the mind. Their technical meaning is a fact of the understanding; the perfection of their technical construction is perceived by the understanding prior to the phenomenal manifestation of this fact in the world of sense. Beauty has this peculiarity, that it is not only a phenomenon in, but an offspring of, the world of sense; that nature not only expresses, but creates it. Beauty is an attribute of sensual things, and the artist who attempts to realize it, can attain this end only in so far as he preserves the appearance that nature has done the work.

In order to judge critically the technical construction of the human organism, we have to consider the design to which this construction has been adapted; this is not necessary, if we simply desire to estimate the beauty of the work. Sense alone is a competent judge in this respect, which it could not be, if the world of sense, which constitutes the only sphere and object of its operations, did not contain all the conditions of beauty, and were not perfectly sufficient to realize them. *Indirectly*, human beauty is undoubtedly founded upon the idea of humanity, because man's whole sensual nature is founded upon it; but we know that the senses only deal with *immediate* effects, and that, so far as the senses are concerned, beauty may be regarded as an independent effect of natural motions.

According to these statements, it would seem as though beauty, being a product of the world of sense, and pertaining exclusively to the domain of sensual contemplation, could not interest the human reason. For after separating from the idea of beauty the impressions which the contemplation of the technical perfection of the organism must necessarily excite, and by which our judgment must necessarily be influenced, beauty seems to be deprived of every quality that might make it the object of rational delight. Nevertheless it is just as certain that beauty is *pleasing to reason*, as it is certain that beauty does not depend upon such attributes of the beautiful object as can only be discovered by reason.

In order to solve this apparent contradiction, we should remember that there are two ways in which phenomena may become objects of the reason and may express ideas. It is not always necessary that reason should *abstract* these ideas from phenomena; it may interpret phenomena in accordance with its own pre-existing ideas. In either case the phenomena will be found adequate to a rational conception, with this difference, that, in

the former, this conception exists as it were, objectively, and is transmitted to the reason, which has to form its conception in order to explain the quality, and frequently even the possibility of the object; whereas, in the second case, the phenomenon, existing as something independent of the conception of the reason, is converted by the free action of the latter into an expression of the rational conception, and a mere thing of sense is subjected to supra-sensual treatment. In the former case, there exists a necessary objective connection between the idea and its object, in the latter case this connection is necessarily subjective. I need not say that the former applies to the technical perfection, the latter to the beauty of the object.

Inasmuch as in the latter case the connection between the conception of the reason and the idea of the sensual object is altogether accidental, and inasmuch as the objective quality of the thing has to be considered as entirely independent of the rational conception, it is perfectly correct to consider beauty, *objectively*, as the attribute of natural conditions, and to explain it as an effect of the world of sense. On the other hand, inasmuch as reason makes a super-sensual use of this effect of the world of sense, and, by imparting to it a higher significance, impresses upon it the stamp of rationality, it is likewise perfectly correct, from a subjective point of view, to assign to beauty a place among the things of intelligence. Beauty should therefore be considered as the citizen of two worlds, to one of which she belongs by *birth*, to the other by *adoption*; she receives her existence in the world of sense, and in the world of reason she *obtains* the right of citizenship. This accounts for the fact why taste, this faculty of criticising the beautiful, steps between mind and sense, and unites these two repelling natures in the bonds of a happy union; why it wins the respect of reason for the *material*, and the affection of the senses for the *rational*; why it elevates sensual perceptions to the rank of ideas, and transforms even the world of sense into a kingdom of freedom.

Although, as far as the object itself is concerned, the connection between a rational idea and the mental image of the object is accidental, yet the conceiving subject or agent must necessarily connect such an idea with this mental image. This idea, and the corresponding sensual attribute of the object, have to be related in such a way that reason is compelled by its own unalterable laws, to perform such an act. It is inherent in the nature of reason to connect a definite idea exclusively with a *certain* mode in which objects manifest themselves; and it is inherent in the object why it calls up exclusively *this* idea and no other. The question, what idea reason infuses into the beautiful, and by means of what objective quality the beautiful object is enabled to serve as the symbol of this idea, is too important to be answered in a superficial manner; I shall therefore enter upon a more complete elucidation of this subject in my analysis of the beautiful.

According to the manner in which the subject has been presented, the architectonic beauty of man is *the sensual expression of a rational con-*

ception ; but it is this in no other sense, and with no better right, than any other beautiful formation of nature. In *degree* it surpasses, but in *kind* it is on a level with, every other form of beauty, since it only manifests sensual qualities of the subject, and only acquires a supra-sensual meaning by a conception of the reason.* If the end of Creation has been more beautifully exhibited in man than in other organic forms, we should regard this as a *favor* which reason, that makes laws for the human organism, has conferred upon nature that executes them. It is true that, in forming man's technical organism, reason pursues her ends according to the demands of an unyielding necessity, but happily her own demands *coincide* with those of nature, so that the latter acts in accordance with her own inclinations while executing at the same time the mandates of reason.

These remarks only apply to the *architectonic* beauty of man where the necessity of nature is supported by the necessity of the teleological reason involved in the work. Here alone it was possible to *calculate* the relation of beauty to the technical structure, which is no longer possible as soon as the necessity is all on one side, and the supra-sensual cause that determines the phenomenon, is liable to accidental changes. Hence nature alone provides for man's architectonic beauty, for here she was *intrusted*, by the creating Intelligence, at the very outset, with the creation of every thing that man *is in need of*, for the accomplishment of his ends, and she need not apprehend any innovations in her *organizing* functions.

Man is at the same time a *personality*, a being which, itself, is cause, the absolutely first cause of its own states ; a being that may alter its conditions in accordance with reasons drawn from its own self. This mode of manifestation depends upon his mode of feeling and willing, hence upon the conditions which he determines as a free agent, not upon conditions which are determined by nature according to her necessities.

If man were only a being of sense, nature would dictate the laws, and at the same time determine the cases where they should be applied ; but now she shares her rule with man's freedom, and, although her laws are maintained, yet it is mind that decides upon the cases.

The domain of mind *extends as far as nature is living*, nor does it cease until organic life terminates in shapeless matter and the animal energies become extinct. We know that all the motor powers

in man cohere, and this explains why the mind, considered simply as the principle of voluntary motion, may perpetuate its action through the whole frame. Not only the instruments of the will, but also those over which the will does not exercise any immediate control, experience, at least indirectly, the influence of the mind. The mind exercises this influence over them not only intentionally, when it acts, but also unintentionally when it experiences an emotion.χ

It follows from what we have stated, that nature can only provide for the beauty of such phenomena as result from her unlimited action in accordance with the law of necessity. But the *will-power* is allied to *accidental use* ; although the changes which nature undergoes under the rule of freedom, take place *in accordance with* her own, and no other laws, yet they no longer *result from* such laws. Inasmuch as the mind has to determine what use it intends to make of its instruments, nature has no further control over that portion of beauty which is depending upon this use, nor does her responsibility extend over it.

Accordingly man would run the risk of descending in the scale as a phenomenal being at the very moment when he elevates himself, by the use of his freedom, to the rank of a pure intelligence, and of losing before the tribunal of taste what he gains before that of reason. The destiny which he *realizes* by his action, would cost him a prerogative which the destiny, as simply *announced* in his technical structure, seemed to favor ; although this prerogative is purely sensual, yet we have seen that reason imparts to it a higher significance. Nature, which is fond of accord, is not guilty of such a gross contradiction, and that which exists harmoniously in the empire of reason, does not manifest itself discordantly in the world of sense.

If the personal or free principle in man takes it upon itself to determine the play of the phenomena, and, by its interference, deprives nature of the power to protect the beauty of her work, it takes the place of nature, and, if I may be allowed to use this expression, assumes with her rights a portion of her obligations. By involving the subordinate senses in its destiny, and by causing them to depend upon its own conditions, itself becomes as it were a phenomenon, and acknowledges its subjection to the law which presides over all phenomena. For its own sake, it obliges itself to preserve the integrity of nature, whilst she is bound to it as a ministering agent, and never to treat her *contrary* to her former duty. I call beauty a *duty* of the phenomena, inasmuch as the corresponding need of, or desire for beauty in the subject, is founded in reason, and is therefore universal and necessary. I call it a *prior* duty, inasmuch as the senses have already judged before the understanding enters upon its business.

Freedom now governs beauty, nature furnished the beauty of the structure, the soul furnishes the beauty of the mechanism. Now we know what we have to understand by loveliness and the graces. Loveliness is the beauty of the form under the influence of freedom, the beauty of the phenomena determined by, or resulting from the will of the person. The architectonic beauty

* For we repeat, that the *mere perception* takes in every thing that is *objective* in beauty. Inasmuch as that which places man above all the other beings of sense, does not occur in the domain of sensual perception : an attribute which comes within the range of sensual perception, cannot evidence man's superiority. His high destiny, which alone establishes this superiority, is not expressed by his beauty ; the conception of his destiny can never become an element in the idea of his beauty, can never become the determining principle of the æsthetic judgment. Not the thought which is embodied in the human form, but the effects of this thought, are revealed to the senses. The mere senses are no more elevated to the supra-sensual cause of these effects than the sensual man, (if the illustration is not out of place,) at the moment when he gratifies his desires, is elevated to the idea of the Supreme Cause of the universe.

does honor to the Author of nature, loveliness and the graces do honor to the one who possesses them. The former is a *talent*, the latter a *personal merit*.

Loveliness is only attributable to *motion*, for a change of feeling can only be manifested by a corresponding motion in the world of sense. On this account, however, unchanging and quiescent features are not incapacitated from expressing loveliness. These unchanging features originally were nothing but motions which finally became habitual in consequence of frequent repetition, and left permanent impressions.*

But all the motions of man are not capable of gracefulness. Gracefulness is *the beauty of form in a state of free motion*; motions which *appertain to nature alone*, can never lay claim to such an attribute. It is true, an animated spirit finally controls all the motions of the body, but if the chain by which a beautiful trait is attached to moral sentiments, is very long, this trait becomes a property of the organic structure, and can hardly be ranged in the category of the graces. Finally the mind *fashions* to itself a body, and the structure itself is made subordinate to the evolutions required of it by the mind; thus it is that loveliness of form may finally become converted into architectonic beauty.

In the same way, as a hostile, discordant spirit ruins even the sublimest beauty of organic structure, so that the magnificent masterpiece of nature is no longer recognized in the unworthy hands of a free will-power: so we sometimes see the serene and harmonious mind hasten to the assistance of an organism whose play is embarrassed by obstacles; nature is set free, and the oppressed form, still bound by the fetters of infancy, *expands* with a glorious effulgence. Man's plastic nature is endowed with many resources within its own organization, to make up for neglected development and to correct its defects, provided the moral sense supports it in, or at least, does not interfere with, its work of development or restoration.

Since the *consolidated motions* (or evanescent impressions converted into fixed features) are not

* Hence Hume's definition of loveliness (in his *Principles of Criticism*, Vol. ii. p. 39, recent edition) is not sufficiently comprehensive. He says, "that, if the most lovely person is in a state of *rest*, and neither moves nor speaks, we lose sight of the quality of loveliness, as we do of colors in the dark." We do not lose sight of this quality, as long as we perceive in the countenance of the sleeping person the features which a gentle and benevolent spirit has formed; the most valuable portion of the graces remains, I mean the portion which from *evanescent expressions* of the countenance gradually had become converted into *fixed features*, and affords a permanent manifestation of the habitual disposition of the mind to conceive beautiful sentiments. But if the reviewer of Hume's work undertakes to correct his author by the remark; "that loveliness is not limited to voluntary motions and that a sleeping person does not cease to appear charming," and why? "because the involuntary, gentle, and, for this reason, lovelier motions become more strikingly manifest during sleep," he neutralizes the conception of gracefulness, which Hume only restricted within too narrow limits. Involuntary motions during sleep, unless they are mechanical repetitions of voluntary motions, can never appear lovely, much less can they appear particularly lovely at such a time; if a sleeping person is charming, this is not attributable to her present motions, but to the features resulting from previous ones.

excluded from the attribute of loveliness, it may seem as if the beauty of *seeming* or *imitated motions* (serpentine lines) should be ranged within the definition of loveliness, as Mendelssohn indeed asserts.* But this would enlarge the conception of loveliness to that of beauty; for *all* beauty is, after all, an attribute of true or seeming (objective or subjective) motion, as I shall endeavor to show in my analysis of the beautiful. Loveliness can only be attributed to motions which correspond to a sentiment.

The personality of man either dictates motions to the body by the will-power, if a preconceived effect is to be realized in the world of sense, in which case the motions are *voluntary* or designed; or else the motions take place without the person's will, in accordance with a law of necessity, but in obedience to some impelling emotion; these may be termed *sympathetic*. Although the latter are involuntary and resulting from some emotion, yet they should not be confounded with motions excited by the senses or by the instinct, for the instinct is no free principle; what *it* does, is not the act of the personality. By sympathetic motions I understand such as accompany a moral sentiment or emotion.

The question now occurs, which of the two orders of motions depending upon the personality, is capable of loveliness.

That which it is necessary to separate in a philosophical inquiry, is not, on this account, always separated in reality. Thus we seldom meet with designed motions which are not attended with motions of the sympathetic order, because the will, which gives rise to *the former*, is determined by moral sentiments from which the latter emanate. Whilst a person is talking, we see the looks, features, hands, and sometimes even the whole body of the person *talk at the same time*, and the mimical part of the conversation is very frequently considered as the most eloquent. But even a designed motion may sometimes be regarded as a sympathetic one; this is the case whenever the voluntary character of the motion is mixed up with something involuntary.

The manner in which a voluntary motion is performed, is not so accurately determined by its own end, but that it might be performed in more ways than one. That which is left undetermined by the will or by the end in view, may be determined sympathetically by the emotional state of the person, of which it may become an expressive manifestation. By extending my arm for the purpose of receiving an object, I execute an end, and the motion which I perform, is prescribed by the intention I desire to realize. But what shall be the direction of my arm toward the object, or how far the rest of my body shall follow the direction of the arm; how quickly or slowly, and with what an expenditure of strength I intend to execute the motion; these are calculations in which I do not engage at *that* moment, and something is left to the promptings of the nature within me. Nevertheless, in some way or other, that which is not determined by the object of my motion, has to be decided in some way; here it is.

* *Philosoph. Writings*, Vol. i. p. 90.

where my emotional state may decide the question, and, by its own tone or vibrations, may determine the precise character of the motion. The part which the emotional state of a person takes in a voluntary motion, constitutes its involuntary character, and determines its claims to, and its degree of gracefulness.

A *voluntary*, unless united to a sympathetic motion, or, which amounts to the same, unless mingled with something *involuntary* emanating from the emotional state of the person, can *never* be said to be *graceful*; this attribute is always founded in some emotional state. The voluntary motion *follows* after an act of the emotional principle; this act is past when the motion takes place.

A sympathetic motion, on the contrary, accompanies the emotional act and the state which prompted it, with both of which the motion has to be regarded as running in *parallel lines*.

This is sufficient to show that the voluntary motion, which does not immediately emanate from the person's sentiment, does not represent it. For between the sentiment and the motion, resolution steps in, which, of itself considered, is a neutral principle; the motion is the effect of the resolution and end, not of the person and the sentiment.

The connection between the voluntary motion and of the sentiment which precedes it, is accidental; the connection between the sympathetic motion and this sentiment is, on the contrary, necessary. The former motion is related to the emotional principle in man as the conventional sign of speech to the thought which it is made to express; the sympathetic motion, on the contrary, as the passionate sound to the passion. It is not therefore by the *character* of the motion that the former expresses the mind, but by its *conventional use*. Hence we cannot, properly speaking, say that the *mind* manifests itself in a voluntary motion, since it only expresses the *material character* of the will (its conventional object), but not its *form* (the internal sentiment). This latter can only be manifested by the sympathetic motion.*

For this reason we may be able to infer from a man's speeches *what he would like to seem*; but *that which he really is*, has to be divined from the mimical utterance of his words, from his gestures, in other words, from motions *which are not designed by him*. If we should be told that a man may even *will* his features, we cease to trust his face from the moment that this discovery is made, and we no longer regard these motions as the expression of his sentiments.

A man may indeed succeed by art and study, in subjecting the sympathetic motions to his will,

* If an event occurs in presence of a numerous company, it may happen that every person present entertains a distinct opinion of the action of the author of this event; so accidental is the connection between voluntary motions and their moral cause. If, on the contrary, a member of the group should suddenly cast his eye upon a cherished friend or upon a hated enemy, the unequivocal expression of the countenance would manifest the emotion of his heart quickly and in a determinate manner, and the judgment of the whole company concerning the emotional state of this person would most probably be uniform; for in this instance the expression is united to its emotional cause by a natural law of necessity.

and, like a skillful magician, in projecting any form he pleases upon the mimical mirror of his soul. But in such a man, every motion lies, and nature is entirely absorbed by art. Gracefulness, on the contrary, must always be natural, that is to say, it must be involuntary, or at least seem so, nor must it ever appear as though the subject *were conscious of its loveliness*.

Incidentally, I may observe on this occasion, what the *imitated* or *studied* loveliness, which I would designate as the gracefulness of the stage or the dancing-school, amounts to. It is a worthy pendant to the kind of *beauty* which is produced at the toilet-table by carmine and the acetate of lead, by false curls, *fausses gorges*, and whalebone, and holds about the same relation to true loveliness as *the beauty of the toilet-table* is related to *architectonic beauty*.* The unpracticed beholder may be affected alike by either, as by the original which they imitate; even the connoisseur may be deceived by an accomplished artist. But some trait will sooner or later reveal the purpose or the constraint, and such a revelation is inevitably followed by indifference, if not by contempt and disgust. As soon as we perceive that the *architectonic beauty is the work of Art*, so much of the phenomenal humanity seems lost to us, as has been added to it from a strange domain; and how could we, who do not even excuse the abandonment of an accidental advantage, regard with pleasure or even with indifference, an exchange

* In presenting this contrast, I am as far from disputing the dancing-master's merit regarding true gracefulness, as the actor's claim to it. The dancing-master undoubtedly assists true loveliness by enabling the will to control its instruments, and by removing the obstacles which *matter* and *gravitation* oppose to the play of the living forces. He has to do this by means of *rules* which maintain the body under a salutary discipline, and which may be, and even seem *rigid*, or rather *compulsory*, as long as the natural gravitation resists the exigencies of art. If he dismisses his pupil, the latter should have become so habituated to the rule, that he need no longer be reminded of it in society; the work of the rule should have become a natural state.

The disrespect with which I allude to the theatrical gracefulness, only applies to the imitated article, which I do not hesitate to repudiate both upon the stage and in society. I confess to my dislike of the actor who studies his gracefulness at the toilet-table, even if he should do so ever so successfully. What we claim of the actor is, 1, *truth* and 2, *beauty* of representation. As far as *truth of representation is concerned*, I maintain that the actor should realize his object through art, not any thing through nature, otherwise he would not be an artist; I admire him, if I should be told that he, who acts a furibund Guelfo in the style of a master, is a man of gentle character; on the other hand I maintain that, so far as *the loveliness of representation is concerned*, art should have no part in it, and his actions should be exclusively the work of nature. If I am reminded that the truth of his play is not natural to his character, I shall esteem him the more highly; if I am reminded that the beauty and loveliness of his play are not natural to him, I shall be angry at the *man* who had to be assisted by the *artist*. This is because the essence of gracefulness disappears, if this is not natural, and because we feel authorized to expect gracefulness of the artist as a man. What shall I say to the tragic artist who would like to know how he is to acquire gracefulness, if he is not permitted to *study* it? I opine that he ought first to mature his humanity, and then, if he is otherwise called, he may go and represent it upon the stage.

which gives up a portion of humanity in the place of common nature? How could we not despise the deception, even if we should forgive the effect? As soon as we see that *loveliness* is artificial, our heart is at once closed up, and the soul which hastened to meet it, starts back. Spirit seems suddenly transformed into matter, and a heavenly Juno into a mere phantom.

Although loveliness ought to be or to seem involuntary, yet we only attribute it to motions which are more or less dependent upon the will. There is a certain language of gestures which is said to be graceful, we talk of a lovely smile and a charming blush; both of which are sympathetic motions that are not determined by the will, but by the sentiment. But even if we do not object that the smile may be controlled by the will, or without expressing a doubt as to the blush being entitled to the attribute of loveliness, it is nevertheless true that the causes to which loveliness applies, belong most generally to the domain of the voluntary motions. Loveliness is expected of speech and of song, of the voluntary play of the eyes and of the mouth, of the free motions of the hands and arms, of the gait, of the attitude and position of the body, of man's whole bearing as far as he has any control over it. Of such motions on the part of man, as are executed *with perfect independence* by the natural instinct or by a ruling affection, and which may be traced to a sensual origin, we expect something different from loveliness as we shall see in subsequent paragraphs. Such motions appertain to *nature*, not to the human *personality* from which all gracefulness must emanate.

If loveliness is an attribute which we demand of voluntary motions, and if, nevertheless, every thing voluntary ought to be banished from the domain of loveliness, we shall have to look for it in that which occurs unintentionally in intentional motions, and which at the same time corresponds with a moral cause in the sphere of the emotions.

By this general inference we only designate the species of motions among which gracefulness should be looked for; but a motion may have all these qualities without being lovely; it then becomes simply *telling* or *expressive*.

In the largest acceptation of the term, I call *telling* every bodily phenomenon which accompanies or expresses an emotional state. In this respect all the sympathetic motions are telling, even those which accompany purely sensual affections.

Even animal forms tell, inasmuch as their exterior manifests their interior. But here, it is only nature that tells, not the free personal principle.

In the permanent shape, and in the fixed architectonic features of the animal, nature manifests her *end*; the awakened or excited desire stamps the features of the countenance with a corresponding expression. The ring of necessity traverses the animal as it does the plant, without being interrupted by a *personal will-power*. The individuality of the animal or plant constitutes some special form of a general conception of nature; the speciality of its present state simply illustrates the realization of a natural end under determinate natural conditions.

Telling, in a *more restricted* sense, applies only

to the human form, or rather to such phenomena of the human form as accompany and correspondingly manifest man's moral or emotional state.

I repeat, only to *such* phenomena; for in all other respects man occupies the same level as any other being of sense. In his permanent form and in his architectonic features, *nature* alone expresses her design, as she does in the animal and in all organic beings. Nature's design in his case may, indeed, go a great deal further than in the case of the other beings of sense, and, to accomplish such a design she may employ a much more complicated and artistic series of means; but all this remains within the pale of nature, nor does it constitute any claim to moral excellence.

In the case of the animal and the plant, nature not only designs, but likewise carries out, the destiny of the being. In the case of man she simply determines the destiny, but leaves its realization *to himself*. This it is that makes him a man.

As a personality, man alone, of all known beings, possesses the prerogative to interfere by his will in the chain of necessity which binds the brute creation, and to initiate within himself a new series of phenomena. This change is realized by means of actions resulting in performances which are more especially designated as *acts*. It is only by acts that he can prove his personality.

The formation of the animal not only expresses the idea of its destiny, but likewise the relation of its present condition to its destiny. Inasmuch as, in the case of the animal, nature at the same time designs and realizes the destiny, the formation of the animal can never express any thing else than the work of nature.

Inasmuch as nature only designs the destiny of man, but leaves its realization to his own will, it follows that the actual relation of his state to his destiny must be his own work, and cannot be the work of nature. The expression of this relation in his formation does not appertain to nature, but to himself, it is a personal expression. If the architectonic portion of his form reveals to us nature's designs toward him, his own motions inform us of what he *himself* has done toward realizing this design.

In observing the human form, we do not content ourselves with the fact that nature exhibits to our view the general conception of humanity, or the degree to which she has realized this conception in a particular individual; for in this respect man is on a level with every other technical formation. We expect his form to say to us, how far in his capacity of free agent, he has endeavored to meet nature's design; in other words, we expect it to bear the impress of character. In the former case we perceive clearly enough that nature *designed to form a man*; but we can only infer from the latter circumstance whether he has *really become a man*.

The formation of a man is attributable to himself only in so far as it is expressed by acts; so far it is *his own*. For, though the greater portion or even all of these expressive features should constitute simple manifestations of the senses, and belong to him even in his capacity of an animal, yet it was his destiny, and he was endowed with the power, to limit the sphere of his senses

by his personal freedom. The presence of such features proves therefore the non-use of that power, and the non-fulfillment of that destiny, and tells in regard to his morality as surely as the non-performance of an act commanded by duty, constitutes an act.

From the expressive or telling features, which always reveal the soul, we have to distinguish the mute features, which plastic nature, as independent of every influence of the soul, stamps upon the human form. I call these features mute, because being unintelligible ciphers of nature, they do not reveal character. They only show the peculiarity of nature in the constitution of the species, and are frequently sufficient of themselves to distinguish the *individual*, but are unable to manifest any thing of its personality. For the physiognomist, these mute features are not without significance, because the physiognomist not only desires to know that which man has made himself, but what nature has done for or against him.

It is not very easy to indicate the boundary, where the mute features cease and the telling features commence. The uniformly-acting formative power, and the lawless affection are continually fighting for their respective supremacy; what nature has built up with a quiet but indefatigable activity, is frequently demolished again by the freedom of the will, which overflows the banks like a swelling river. An active mind gains a control over all bodily motions, and finally manages to alter by the power of sympathetic motions the fixed forms of nature, which are inaccessible to the will. Every thing in such a man becomes characteristic, as is evidenced by many minds that have been thoroughly *moulded* by a long life, by extraordinary adventures and an active spirit. The only part which plastic nature can claim in such forms, is the *generic character*, the whole individuality of the execution appertains to the personality; hence we say with a good deal of correctness that such a form is all soul.

On the other hand, the trained pupils of *rules*, (which lull up the senses, but do not awaken humanity), nowhere show us any thing in their flat and inexpressive forms except the finger of nature. The inactive soul is a modest guest in its body, and a peaceable and quiet neighbor of the architectonic power left to its own energy. No fatiguing thought, no passion disturbs the placid rhythm of the physical life, the *structure* of the machine is never endangered by its *play*, the vegetative life is never interfered with by the free agency of the will-power. Inasmuch as the deep repose of the mind does not occasion any considerable consumption of strength, the waste will never exceed the supply; on the contrary, the animal economy will always have a surplus. In exchange for the small amount of bliss, which nature allows the mind, the latter consents to act as the punctual agent of her household, and his glory consists in keeping her *accounts* with strict correctness. Whatever the organization can achieve, will be done, and the business of nutrition and generation will flourish. Such a happy relation between the necessity of nature and the free will must necessarily be favorable to the architectonic beauty! which, in such a case, is seen in all its

purity. But it is well known that the general forces of nature perpetually war against the special or organic forces, and the most artistic technical composition is finally conquered by *cohesion* and *gravitation*. For this reason the beauty of the structure, *considered as a simple product of nature*, has its definite period of bloom, maturity, and decay, which may be accelerated, but can never be retarded by the play of the machine, and the usual end of which is the subjection of the *form* by the *mass*, and the extinction of the organic life-power by the gradual decay of the material tissues.*

* Hence we shall find that, for the most part, such beauties of structure lose their refinement even at the age of thirty-five or forty, in a marked degree, by obesity; that in the place of those scarcely perceptible, delicate lineaments of the skin, furrows and wrinkles make their appearance: that, imperceptibly, *weight* obtains an influence over the form, and that the charming and varied play of beautiful lines on the surface is lost in an uniformly-swelling cushion of fat. Nature takes back what she had given.

I may remark that a similar change sometimes takes place with genius, which, in its origin as well as in its effects, has a good deal in common with architectonic beauty. Like this, so the former is a simple *production of nature*; and, according to the perverse reasoning of mankind who esteem highest that which cannot be imitated by any rule, or obtained by any merit, beauty is admired more than loveliness, genius more than the acquired power of mind. In spite of their perverse manifestations, which very frequently make them an object of merited contempt, *both these favorites of nature* are very frequently regarded as a certain native nobility, as a higher caste, because their advantages are dependent upon natural conditions, and therefore beyond the boundaries of choice.

What happens to the architectonic beauty, unless it seeks in due season to educate for itself a support and a substitute by the acquisition of lovely gracefulness, that likewise happens to genius, if it neglects to gather strength by the cultivation of principles, taste, and science. If it had no other endowment to boast of than a lively and flowery imagination (and nature cannot well impart other than sensual advantages), let it in due season take care to secure the possession of this equivocal gift by the only use that is capable of converting natural gifts into possessions of the mind: I mean, by imparting a form to matter; for the mind cannot call any thing its own which has not previously been fashioned into form. Unless, controlled by an adequate power of reason, the wildly sprouting, exuberant *power of nature* will outgrow the freedom of the mind, and will stifle the latter in the same manner, as, in the case of architectonic beauty, the form is finally overpowered by the mass.

It seems to me that experience furnishes abundant evidence of this fact in the case of poetic geniuses who acquire celebrity before they are of age, and whose whole talent, in spite of numerous beauties, frequently consists in their *youth*. But if the short spring is past, and if the fruits are inquired into which were expected of it, we find them to be spongy and frequently stunted growths engendered by a misdirected and blind creative instinct. At the very period when we expect to see matter moulded into form, and to see perceptions elevated by the rational mind to the sphere of ideas, these precocious geniuses are overwhelmed by the power of matter, and the much-promising meteors appear ordinary lights, or even less. For the poetical imagination sometimes relapses under the rule of matter, from which it had dis-embarrassed itself: but, under these circumstances, it does not scorn to subserve nature in some other and *more solid* work of her creative powers, provided the labor of poesy does not seem to produce adequate results.

Although no single mute feature constitutes an expression of the mind, yet it characterizes the quality of the mind, from the same reason that a sensually-telling feature constitutes such a characteristic. The mind should be active, and should experience moral emotions; the absence of such states in the growing mind betrays a guilty neglect. Although the pure and beautiful expression of its destiny in the architecture of its form fills us with delight and respect toward the highest reason as its cause, both these sentiments will only remain unalloyed as long as the mind is viewed as a simple product of nature. If we think of the mind as a moral personality, we are authorized to look for an expression of the same in its form; if this expression is not found, contempt is the unavoidable consequence. It is only *organic* beings that are venerable to us as *creatures*; man can only be revered in his capacity of *creator*, or rather as the author of his condition. He is not, like other beings of sense, simply to reflect the rays of another person's reason, were it even the reason of God, but, like a sun, he is to shine by his own light.

An expressive or telling growth is demanded of man, as soon as he becomes conscious of his moral destiny; but it must be a growth that tells in his favor, that is to say, one which expresses an habitual morality, a mode of experiencing emotions conformable to his destiny. Reason makes this demand of human culture.

As a phenomenon, man is at the same time an object of the senses. Where the *moral sense* is satisfied, there the *aesthetic sense* likewise claims satisfaction, and the accord with an idea should not be disturbed by the phenomenal manifestation. Howsoever rigidly the reason calls for an expression of morality, as unremittingly the eye calls for beauty. Inasmuch as both these demands are addressed to the same object, although from different ranges of the judgment, one and the same cause must have provided for the gratification of both. The moral constitution which most fully capacitates man to fulfill his destiny as a moral personality, must admit of a manifestation that shall be most advantageous to him in his capacity of simple phenomenon. In other words: his moral talent should manifest itself by loveliness.

Here it is where we meet a great difficulty. The idea of morally-expressive emotions shows that they must have a moral cause beyond the world of sense; in the same way we know from the conception of beauty, that it must have a sensual cause, and should be a perfectly free effect of nature, or at least appear so. But if the first cause of morally-expressive motions is located *beyond*, and the last cause of beauty *within*, the world of sense, *graceful loveliness*, which is intended to ally both, seems to contain a contradiction.

In order to remove it, we have to suppose, "that the moral cause in the emotional sphere, which serves as a basis to gracefulness, necessarily produces in the corresponding sensual principle a form containing the *natural conditions* of the beautiful."

The beautiful presupposes, as may indeed be

said of every thing sensual, *certain conditions*, and, so far as it is the beautiful, purely sensual conditions. If the mind, in obedience to a law which it is impossible for us to fathom, is enabled, by the condition in which it happens to be, to dictate the manner in which the natural motions that accompany it shall take place; and if the condition of habitual moral excellence which man has realized in himself, happens to be the same by which the sensual conditions of the beautiful are realized: it is by these coincidences that he renders the beautiful possible, and this alone is *his* act. If beauty results from it, we must regard this as the consequence of those sensual conditions, as a free *effect of nature*. But inasmuch as in voluntary motions, where nature is treated as a means to an end, she cannot be considered actually free; and, inasmuch as in the involuntary motions which express the moral element, she cannot be called free any more, the freedom with which she manifests herself in spite of her dependence upon the will, may be regarded as an act of leave on the part of the mind. It may therefore be said that gracefulness is a favor which the moral element bestows upon the sensual, in the same sense as we may regard architectonic beauty as nature's consent to her technical form.

I beg leave to illustrate this by a figurative image. If a monarchical state is governed in such a way that, although the will of one man controls every thing, yet the individual citizen persuades himself that he is living according to his own desires and in obedience to his own inclination, we call this a liberal government. We should hesitate to apply this term to a government where either the ruler maintains his will contrary to the inclination of the citizen, or else the citizen maintains his inclination contrary to the will of the ruler; for in the former case the government would not be *liberal*, and in the latter case it would not be a *government*.

It is not difficult to apply this proposition to human development under the government of the mind. If the mind, in the world of sense, which is dependent upon it, manifests itself in such a manner that nature executes the mandates of the mind with strict correctness, and expresses its emotions in the most telling manner, without violating the demands which the senses make of them, we shall have produced that which we term loveliness. We should be equally far, however, from terming this result loveliness, if the mind either manifested itself in the world of sense in a forced manner, or if the mental expression were wanting in the free manifestation of the senses. For, in the former case, there would not exist any beauty: in the latter case there would be no beauty of functional play.

It is the super-sensual emotional cause which renders gracefulness expressively telling, and it is a purely sensual cause in nature which imparts beauty to it. It can be said as little that the mind *generates* beauty, as it can be said of the ruler, in the case we have related as an illustration, that he *produces* liberty; liberty may be *left*, but cannot be *given* to a person.

But as the cause why a people governed by a ruler, feels free, is mainly founded in the ruler's

mind, and opposite sentiments on the part of the latter would not be very favorable to liberty, so we have to look for the beauty of free motions in the moral condition of the mind upon which they depend. The question now arises what kind of *personal quality* will allow the largest share of liberty to the instruments of the will, and what moral emotions in their manifestations harmonize most readily with beauty?

It is evident that dependent nature, if she is to realize forms of beauty, must not be forcibly controlled, either by the will in intended, or by the emotions in sympathetic motions. Even the common sentiment of mankind makes ease a chief characteristic of gracefulness; ease can never be exhibited by a strained effort. It is likewise evident that nature's relation to the mind must not be one of force, if a beautiful moral expression is to be secured; for where simple nature *rules*, the dignity of the human personality is effaced.

Three relations may be imagined between man and himself, or rather between his senses and reason. Among these relations we have to look for that which is most adapted to him as a phenomenal being, and invests him with the robe of beauty.

Either man suppresses the demands of his sensual nature in order to abide by the requirements of his rational principle; or else reversing this order, he makes the rational portion of his being subordinate to the sensual, and simply follows the impulses with which the forces of nature move him onward in the world of phenomenal manifestations like any other natural beings; or, finally, the senses and reason exist in harmonious union, and man lives in accord with himself.

If man becomes conscious of his pure rationality, he repels every thing merely sensual; it is this separation from matter that enables him to acquire the consciousness of his rational liberty. Inasmuch as the senses offer an obstinate and energetic resistance, that separation is not effected without an effort without which he would find it impossible to restrain the desire, and to silence the exigencies of the instinct. A mind thus trained gives nature to understand that it is her master, whether she acts as the agent of its will, or attempts to act independently of its mandates. Under its severe discipline the senses will be controlled, and the internal resistance will appear in the outer world as a condition of constraint. Such a condition of the moral life cannot be favorable to beauty which is the product of the free action of nature; it is not with forms of gracefulness that the struggle of the moral freedom against matter will appear invested.

On the contrary, if man, subjugated by the demands of the senses, allows the natural instinct to rule with undisputed sway, every trace of moral independence, as it disappears in his inner nature, will likewise disappear in his external form. It is only the animal nature that speaks through the dim, languishing eye, through the half-open and greedily-expecting mouth, through the stifled and tremulous voice, through the hurried respiration, through the shaking limbs, through the sink-

ing condition of the whole organism. All resistance on the part of the moral energy is at an end, and nature exercises an undisputed control over his motions. But this complete cessation of the moral power, which takes place at the moment of, and still more during the gratification of the sensual desire, liberates for the time being the brute matter which had been kept in check hitherto by the equilibrium of the passive and the active forces. The brute powers of nature commence to lord it over the living forces of the organism, the form is overpowered by the mass, the human ideal by brute nature. The soul-radiating eye grows dim or projects glazed and staring from its orbit; the delicate blush of the cheeks changes to a coarse and uniform stain of redness; the mouth looks like a mere orifice, for its shape is no longer determined by the active, but by the passive forces of nature; the voice and the sighing respiration are nothing but mechanical expirations by means of which the oppressed chest seeks relief, and which no longer betray the influence of the soul. In one word, no beauty must be thought of in the liberty which the senses *arrogate to themselves*. The freedom of the forms which had been subjected to proper restraints by the moral will, is overpowered by the *crude matter* which extends its dominion in proportion as the power of the moral will becomes less.

A man in this condition not only revolts the *moral sense* which unremittingly exacts the expression of a pure humanity; the *æsthetic sense* which is not content with brute matter, but seeks its gratifications in the development of beautiful forms, likewise turns away with disgust from a sight which can only charm the *animal desire*.

The first of these three relations between man's sensual and moral natures reminds one of a *monarchy*, where the severe supervision of the ruler restrains every free movement of the people; the second reminds one of a wild *ochlocracy*, where the citizen who refuses obedience to his legitimate ruler, is no more free than human culture becomes beautiful by the suppression of the moral government, which is sacrificed to the brutal despotism of the lowest classes, even as in the case of the coarse sensualist the form is overpowered by the mass. In the same way as *liberty* occupies the mean between political oppression and anarchy, we shall find *beauty* occupy a mean position between *dignity* constituting the expression of the ruling mind, and *lust* constituting the expression of the ruling desire.

If both *reason controlling the senses*, or *the senses controlling reason*, are incompatible with beauty: beauty must depend upon a condition of the moral nature—for there is no fourth relation—where *reason*, and *the senses*, *duty* and *desire* agree.

In order to become an object of desire, the obedience to reason must constitute one source of pleasure for it is only by pleasure or pain that the desire is set in motion. In common life the reverse is the case, for pleasure is the reason which impels men to act rationally. If this ordinary conduct in life is no longer taught or sanctioned in the treatises on Ethics, it is because the immortal

author of Critique has led us back to a knowledge of pure reason by disembarassing it from the fetters of a delusive philosophy.

But by the manner in which the principles of this philosopher are developed by himself and others, inclination becomes an exceedingly equivocal companion of the moral sense, and pleasure a doubtful addition to the determinations of the moral will. Even though the desire of happiness should not exercise a blind rule over man, yet it will want to *have a voice* in those determinations, and will in this way adulterate the purity of the will which should always obey the mandates of *law*, without ever yielding to the exigencies of *desire*. In order to be perfectly certain that inclination did not co-operate in effecting the determination, we had rather see it at war than in agreement with the rational principle, because there is great danger lest the influence of inclination should lead to the preponderance of reason over the will. For inasmuch as morality does not depend upon the *legality* of the act, but upon the *moral sense of duty* which determines its performance, it is of very little consequence whether the legality would obtain additional support from the agreement between inclination and duty. It seems certain that the approbation of the senses, even if it does not weaken the moral character of the will, is at any rate incapable of *guaranteeing* it. The manifestation of this approbation in the forms of loveliness can never be a sufficient and valid testimony in favor of the morality of an act, the moral character of which cannot, therefore, ever be inferred from the beautiful manner in which a sentiment is expressed, or an act is performed.

So far I believe I have reasoned in the same direction as the strictest moralist; but I do not apprehend to be accused of *latitudinarianism*, if, in the world of sense and in the performance of moral acts, I defend the claims of the senses which I repudiate *entirely* in the domain of pure reason and in the enactment of moral laws.

As much as I am convinced—or rather, because I am convinced—that the part which inclination has in the performance of a free act, proves nothing in favor of its moral character, as much I feel authorized to infer from *this very fact*, that man's moral perfection is to be measured by the part which inclination has in the performance of his moral acts. Man is not destined to perform isolated moral acts but to be a moral being. His precept is not merely to practice *single virtues*, but *virtue*, and virtue is nothing else than an "*inclination to do one's duty*." However much acts from inclination, and acts from a sense of duty are opposed to each other in an objective sense, yet this opposition does not exist in a subjective sense, and man is *not only permitted* but *ought to* establish an agreement between pleasure and duty; he ought to obey his reason with pleasure. With his pure spirit a sensual nature has been associated not to be cast off again as a burden, or to be put off as a coarse envelope, but to be most intimately united with his higher nature. By endowing man with both reason and the senses, nature has announced to him the obligation not to separate what she had united, not to neglect his sensual nature, even in the purest manifestation of his

diviner selfhood, and not to base the triumph of one upon the suppression of the other. It is only when resulting from his *integral humanity* as the combined effect of his united moral and sensual natures, *as an habitual state of his being*, that his moral character is perfectly safe; for as long as the moral sense has to use *force*, the natural instinct must necessarily have some power of resistance left. If the enemy is simply *prostrated*, he may rise again; but if he is *reconciled*, he is really conquered.

In Kant's moral philosophy, the idea of duty is defined with a rigidity which repels all loveliness, and might very readily tempt a feeble mind to seek moral perfection in the path of a gloomy and monkish asceticism. However much the great philosopher has sought to guard against this misinterpretation, which must be most revolting to his serene and liberal spirit, yet it seems to me that he has given rise to such a *misinterpretation* by the rigid antagonism which he has established between reason and the senses, though this may have been unavoidable in view of the plan he had laid out for himself. As regards the matter itself, there can no longer be any dispute *among thinking minds*, after the arguments which he has offered, and I should think that it would be better for us to divest ourselves of the human ideal than to expect to arrive at different results in this matter by a process of rational argumentation. But with whatever absolute independence he has conducted the investigation of truth, and however much all explanations in this matter are derived from objective appearances, yet in his *exposition* of the discovered truth he seems to have been guided by a rather subjective maxim which it is not difficult to account for by the circumstances of his epoch.

The morality of his age, both in theory and practice, was such, that on one side he must have been shocked by a coarse materialism in moral principles, which the unworthy complaisance of philosophers had fashioned as a pillow for the lax morals of the age. On the other hand, his attention must have been excited by a no less dubious *doctrine of perfection* which in its attempt to realize an abstract idea of perfection of the world, did not hesitate in its choice of means. For this reason he directed the main force of his argument against the point where the danger was most evident and the reform most urgent; and he made it his rule to attack sensuality not only where it bids defiance to the moral sense with an impudent brow, but likewise where it appears invested with the imposing garb of morally-praiseworthy ends, in which a certain enthusiastic spirit of caste knows how to hide itself. He was not called upon to instruct *ignorance*, but to reform *perversity*. A cure had to be effected by a violent shock, not by insinuating persuasion; and the more severely he contrasted the principle of truth with the ruling maxims, the more he might hope to excite the attention of the public to such a contrast. He became the *Draco* of his age which did not seem as yet worthy or susceptible of a *Solon*. From the *sanctuary* of pure reason he produced the moral law which had been lost sight of and yet was so well known, and exhibited in all its sacredness before the degraded century, without inquiring

whether there were eyes that might be dazzled by its lustre.

But what had the *children of the house* done, to induce him to care only for the *servants*? Because impure inclinations very frequently usurp the name of virtue, was this a reason why the most disinterested affection in the noblest breast should be exposed to suspicion? Because the moral sensualist would fain relax the law of reason, and degrade it to a mere principle of expediency, ought this law to have been rendered so rigid as to convert the most vigorous manifestation of moral freedom into a more glorious form of bondage? For has the truly moral man a freer choice between self-respect and self-condemnation than the man who is enslaved by his senses has between pleasure and pain? Is there less constraint for the pure will in the case of the former than there is for the depraved will in the case of the latter? Was it necessary that humanity should be accused and *debased* by the *imperative form* of the moral law, and that the sublimest document of human greatness should at the same time constitute the evidence of human frailty? Was it not unavoidably necessary, in presence of this imperative form of the moral law, that a precept which man imposes upon himself in his capacity of rational being, and which, on this account, is binding upon him alone, and alone compatible with his sense of freedom, should assume the appearance of a foreign and positive law, which could not well be expected to be diminished by his *radical* disposition to act contrary to the law (a disposition that he is, at any rate, accused of)?*

It is not profitable for moral truths to be *opposed* by emotions which man may own to himself without blushing. How are sentiments of beauty and liberty to be made to agree with the austere spirit of a law which guides him by *fear* rather than by *confidence*; which is ever endeavoring to disintegrate his being which nature has made *a unit*, and which secures the control of one part of his being by exciting his distrust in the other part? In reality, human nature is a much more compact whole than the philosopher whose tendency is to disintegrate, is permitted to admit. Reason can never repudiate emotions which the heart accepts with joy, as unworthy of itself; man could not raise himself in his own estimation whenever he has become morally debased. If man's sensual nature always acted, in moral things, the part of an oppressed, not of a co-operating element, how could that nature participate with all the fire of its sensations, in a triumph of which itself is the victim? How could it become so intensely interested in the self-consciousness of the pure spirit, if it were incapable of finally becoming so intimately united to the latter, that even the analytical understanding could no longer separate these two natures without resorting to arbitrary definitions?

Moreover the will has a more immediate relation to the emotive than to the perceptive faculty, and, in many cases, it would be a sad thing, if it had

first to be enlightened by the pure reason. I do not expect much of a man who has so little confidence in his own instincts that he has first to examine their claims before the tribunal of morality; on the other hand, we respect a man who feels able to trust to the impulse of desire without running the risk of offending morality. For this state of mind shows that the senses and reason exist in that perfect harmony which constitutes the imprint of a fully-matured humanity, and reflects the image of a *beautiful soul*.

We call a soul beautiful, where the moral sense has so far subdued all the sensations of man that the direction of the will may be safely left to the emotional principle without exposing it to the danger of deciding antagonistically to the mandates of reason. Hence, in a beautiful soul, it is not the isolated acts that should be called moral, for the whole character is so. Nor can any act be considered meritorious, for the reason that the gratification of an instinct is not a meritorious act. The merit of a beautiful soul consists in being beautiful. It practices the most painful duties that are incumbent upon man, with an ease as though these duties were simple gratifications of the instinct; the most heroic sacrifice which such a soul imposes upon the natural instinct, has all the appearance of a voluntary act on the part of this instinct. For this reason it is never conscious of the beauty of its acts; nor can it imagine the possibility of acts being performed, or sensations experienced in a different manner; whereas a dogmatic pupil of moralism, following the words of the master, will ever be found ready to render a strict account of the relation of his acts to the law. The life of the latter will be like a drawing where the rules of art are indicated by hard lines, and which serve the tyro as a model for the study of elementary principles. In a beautiful life, as well as in a painting by Titian, all those hard and trenchant lines have disappeared, in spite of which the whole figure has a truer, more living, and more harmonious expression.

In a beautiful soul, sensuality and reason, duty and inclination exist in harmony, which is made manifest to the eye by lovely forms. It is only when subserving the behests of a beautiful soul that nature can be free and preserve her forms; for the former is lost under the tyranny of a rigid mind, and the latter under the anarchy of sensual excesses. A beautiful soul spreads an irresistible loveliness even over a person without natural beauty; it may even triumph over natural defects. Every motion emanating from such a soul, will seem easy, gentle, and yet animated. The eye will beam with brightness and a perfect absence of constraint; the light of emotion will radiate from its centre. The gentleness of the heart will impart a loveliness to the mouth which no dissimulation could feign. There will be no rigidity in the features, no constraint in the voluntary motions, for the soul is unconscious of either. The musical voice will move the heart with the pure stream of its modulations. Natural beauty may excite pleasure, admiration, amazement; but loveliness alone can charm. Beauty is *worshiped*; loveliness alone is *loved*; we do homage to the Creator, but we love his creature man.

* See the confession of faith of the author of "Criticism of Human Nature," in his latest publication: "Revelations within the boundaries of Reason," first section.

Upon the whole, loveliness will be found among the *female*, beauty rather among the male sex. The cause of this is near at hand. To constitute loveliness, both the physical frame and the character have to co-operate; the former by its willingness to receive impressions and to be set in motion, the latter by the moral harmony of emotions. In both respects nature has favored woman more than man.

The more delicate female frame receives, and again parts with every impression more speedily. Solid constitutions are moved only by a violent impulse, and if powerful muscles are put upon the stretch, they cannot show the same ease which is required to produce a lovely appearance. What is still regarded as beautiful sensitiveness in a female face, might express suffering in the male. The delicate fibre of a woman inclines like a feeble reed under the gentlest breath of emotion. With easy and lovely undulation the soul glides over the expressive countenance which soon again calms down to a placid mirror.

The soul's co-operation in the production of loveliness is more easily effected by woman than by man. The female character seldom elevates itself to the highest idea of moral purity, and seldom realizes more than emotional acts. This character may resist sensuality with heroic energy, but such a resistance is only effected through the senses. Since a woman's morality is based upon her inclination, it will appear in her conduct as though her inclination were based upon morality. Loveliness will therefore be the vestment of female virtue, in which male virtue may frequently be deficient.

DIGNITY.

As a beautiful soul expresses itself in lovely forms, so an elevated mind expresses itself with dignity.

It is, indeed, incumbent upon man to bring about an intimate union between his two natures, to constitute an harmonious whole, and to act out his integral humanity. But this beauty of character, the most mature fruit of his humanity, is simply an idea to which he may endeavor with all his vigilance to conform his conduct, but which he will never be able fully to realize.

This inability is founded in the immutable organization of his nature, in the physical conditions of his existence.

In order to secure his sensual existence, which is dependent upon natural conditions, man, who had to provide for his own preservation by means which he is endowed with the power of modifying at his discretion, had to be impelled to perform acts by means of which the physical conditions of his existence are accomplished, and restored again, if they should cease to be effective. However, although nature had to depend upon man for the care of his own preservation, which she alone provides for in the world of plants, yet the important business upon which the perpetuity of his species and the continuance of his own individual existence depend, could not well be left to his uncertain intelligence. For this reason nature subjected this business which is *essentially* hers, to

necessary *forms*, thus binding man's arbitrary arrangements by a law of necessity. In this way she created instincts which are nothing else than a natural necessity determined by the medium of sensations.

The natural instinct assails the sentient faculty by the double power of pain and pleasure: of pain, where it demands gratification; of pleasure, where this is obtained.

A natural necessity being beyond conditions, man, in spite of his liberty, has to experience the sensations which nature chooses to determine for him; according as they happen to be painful or pleasurable, they will enkindle feelings of resistance or desire. In this respect man is on a level with the animal; the most self-denying Stoic feels hunger as intensely and desires it as little as the worm writhing at his feet.

But now a great difference becomes manifest. In the case of the animal, desire or resistance is followed by action as necessarily as sensation is followed by desire, and the external impression by sensation. The existence of the animal constitutes a continuous chain where one ring is necessarily join to its fellows. In the case of man we have another power, *will*, which, in its capacity of a super-sensual faculty, is so little subject to the law of nature or to that of reason, that it is left free to determine which of these two laws it intends to obey. The animal is *obliged* to get rid of its pain; man may resolve to keep it.

The human will is a sublime conception, independently of its moral use. The *mere* will raises man above the animal, the *moral* will elevates him to the rank of a god. But before he can approximate the divine character, he has to forsake his animal nature; hence it is no small step toward moral freedom, if man exercises the *simple* will-power, even in indifferent things, by subduing the natural necessities of his organization.

Nature operates until the will-sphere is reached; here the law of reason begins. The will is placed between these two tribunals, to either of which it may vow allegiance, although its relation to the one or the other differs. As a natural power the will is free, *not being obliged* to obey either the law of nature or that of reason; but it is not free as a moral power, for as such it is *bound* to obey the law of reason. Without being in bondage, yet it is held by the moral obligations of reason. Hence it uses its freedom in reality, though it should act contrary to the mandates of reason; but it uses this freedom *unworthily*, in spite of which it remains *within the operations* of the natural instinct to which it adds nothing higher; for *to will in consequence of desire*, is simply to desire in a circuitous manner.*

The natural law as resulting from instinct, may be at war with the law of reason, whenever the gratification of the instinct demands the performance of an act which is contrary to moral principles. In such a case the will is at all times bound to place the natural gratification after the mandate of reason; for the obligations imposed

* On this subject the reader may be referred to the theory of the will in the second part of *Reinhold's Letters*, a theory deserving of the closest attention.

by the natural law are conditional; whereas the obligations imposed by the law of reason are absolute and unconditional.

But nature maintains her rights with much energy; since she never craves a thing from arbitrary motives, she never relinquishes her claims unless they are gratified. Inasmuch as the evolution of her facts is one of rigid necessity from the first stimulus which excites her activity, to the will by which her legislation is bounded, she cannot *yield* her previous demands, but has to urge the will forward to the gratification of her wants. At times it appears indeed as though she shortened her path, and, without first appealing to the will, as though she acted as the immediate and first cause in the gratification of her desires. In such a case, where man not only allows the instinct free sway, but where the instinct arrogates this freedom to itself, man would *simply* be an animal; but it is doubtful whether this can ever take place, or, if it should take place, whether this blind power of his instinct should not be regarded as a crime perpetrated by the will.

Desire demands gratification, which the will is called upon to procure. But the will is to be directed by reason, and is to execute that which the latter allows or prescribes. If the will appeals to reason previous to gratifying the desires of the senses, it acts morally; but if its decisions are prompted by the immediate impulse of the senses, it acts sensually.*

As often as nature makes a demand, and seeks to surprise the will by the blind violence of passion, the will should order her to wait until reason has spoken. Whether reason will decide *for* or *against* the interest of sensuality, the will cannot know; on this very account it should first consult reason whenever passion seeks to *initiate* an act. By subduing the violence of his desires, which urge a premature and hasty gratification, and would rather leap over the barriers imposed by the will, man gives evidence of his moral independence, in consequence of which he not merely desires or detests, but *wills* either his desire or his detestation.

But the simple appeal to reason is a limitation of nature, which is a competent judge in her own affairs, and does not wish to see her decrees subjected to a new and foreign tribunal. The volition which summons the business of the desiring faculty before the tribunal of the moral reason, is, properly speaking, *contrary to nature*, since it converts the necessary into something accidental, and depends upon the laws of reason for a decision in a matter where the laws of nature alone can speak, and, indeed, have spoken. The pure reason cares as little how the senses may receive its enactments, as the senses care whether pure reason approves of their demands. Each of these two tribunals obeys its own law of ne-

cessity, which would not exist if either were permitted to effect arbitrary changes in the other's domain. Hence it is that not even the bravest spirit, in spite of all resistance against the senses, can suppress the sensation or the desire itself, but can only prevent it from influencing the will or its determinations; he may *disarm* the desire by moral means, but can *appease* it only by natural ones. By his independent power he may prevent natural laws from operating in a compulsory manner against his will, but he cannot change an iota in the laws themselves.

In passional states, "where the sensual desire acts first, and either seeks to *evade* or to force the will, the moral nature of the human character must necessarily manifest itself by *resistance*, and the desire can only be prevented from limiting the freedom of the will by being itself kept within bounds." The accord with the law of reason in the movements of passion can only be realized by opposition to the natural desire. Inasmuch as nature never retracts her demands from moral reasons, and she remains unchanged, no matter what the will may resolve upon with regard to her claims, an agreement between inclination and duty, between reason and sensuality becomes impossible, and man cannot possibly act harmoniously with his whole nature, but has to act exclusively with his reason. In such cases his actions are not *morally* beautiful, for in order to realize moral beauty, inclination has to participate in the performance of the act, whereas in the present case, the inclination is contrary to the act. But his actions are *morally great*, for only that is great which evidences a superiority of the higher faculties over the sensual desire.

In passional states, a *beautiful* has to become changed to an *elevated* soul; this is the infallible touch-stone by means of which we distinguish it from the *good heart* or the *virtue of temperament*. If inclination happens to be on the side of justice for no better reason than because justice happens to be on the side of inclination, the natural desire will exercise a despotic power over the will, and if a sacrifice should be necessary, it will be offered by man's moral, not by his sensual nature. But if, as is the case with beautiful characters, reason itself *controlled* the inclination, and simply *confided* the helm to the sensual desire, the helm will be seized back again by reason whenever the senses attempt to transgress the bounds of their power. In passional states, the virtue of temperament descends to the level of a natural product; the beautiful soul becomes invested with heroism and is raised to the rank of a pure intelligence.

Controlling the sensual desires by moral power is *freedom of mind*; *dignity* constitutes the phenomenal expression of such freedom.

Rigorously speaking, man's moral power is incapable of being made manifest, for the reason that the super-sensual cannot be expressed to the senses. But indirectly this power can be represented to the understanding by sensual signs, and is so represented by the dignity of human culture.

The excited instinct, like the heart impelled by emotions, is accompanied by bodily motions which either anticipate the will, or as sympathetic motions are not subject to its sway. For

* This appeal of the will to reason must not be confounded with the inquiry instituted by this faculty concerning the means of gratifying a desire. In the present case the question is not *how*, but *whether* the desire is to be gratified. The latter point appertains to the domain of morality, the former to that of discretion.

- inasmuch as neither emotion, nor desire, nor detestation is dependent upon man's arbitrary determination, he cannot exercise any control over the motions immediately connected with those states. The instinct is not limited by the mere desire; hurriedly and urgently it attempts to realize its purpose, and unless energetically resisted by the independent spirit, it performs *by anticipation* acts over which the will alone should exercise absolute control. The instinct of preservation is incessantly struggling for supremacy in the sphere of the will-power, and seeks to exercise the same power over man that it exercises over the animal.

Hence in every passional state which the instinct of preservation kindles in man, we discover motions of two kinds, each arising from a different origin; first, such as arise immediately from the sensation and are involuntary; and secondly, such as should and might be voluntary, but which the blind instinct appropriates to itself over the moral freedom. The former have reference to the passional state itself, with which they are necessarily united; the latter correspond rather with the cause and object of the passional state, on which account they are accidental and changeable, and cannot be regarded as genuine signs of that state. But, inasmuch as both are equally necessary to the natural instinct, as soon as the object of its desires is known, it follows that both are necessary in order to secure an harmonious and integral manifestation of the passional state.*

If the will is sufficiently independent to restrain the eagerness of the instinct, and to maintain its own rights against the impetuous demands of the latter, all the phenomena to which the excited instinct had given rise in its domain, remain manifest, but all those which it sought to monopolize in a sphere not its own, will be found wanting. The phenomena cease to agree, but it is in this want of agreement that the expression of *moral force resides*.

Suppose we perceive in a man signs of the most tumultuous passional state belonging to the first class of the involuntary motions. Whilst his veins are swelling, his muscles are spasmodically stretched, his voice is choked, his chest heaves, his abdomen is drawn in: his voluntary motions are gentle, his features are relaxed, his eye and brow are unclouded. If man were nothing but a being of sense, all his features, having the same origin, would agree, and, in the present case, would express nothing but suffering. But inasmuch as an expression of repose is mingled with that of suffering, and the same cause cannot have opposite effects, this antagonism of features shows the existence and the influence of a force which is independent of the suffering, and is superior to the impressions beneath which the senses are suc-

cumbing. In this way the *repose in suffering*, which is the proper characteristic of dignity, becomes, although only indirectly by an inference of the reason, an expression of man's intelligence and moral freedom.*

But it is not only in states of suffering in a more particular sense, where this term implies painful sensations, but in every powerful desire that the spirit should manifest its freedom, and that this manifestation should take place in a dignified manner. This rule not only applies to painful, but likewise to agreeable sensations, but in either case the natural desire aims at control, and has to be restrained by the will. Dignity refers to the *form*, not to the *essence* of the passional state; hence it may happen that passional states which are essentially praiseworthy, but to which man abandons himself without restraint, become common and low for want of dignity; and that on the other hand, passional states which in themselves are condemnable, approach the sublime, because the manner in which they are manifested, expresses the control of the spirit over mere sensations.

Dignity implies the *rule* of the mind over the body; it implies the *authority* of the former over the imperious instinct which seeks to act without the mind and to withdraw from the control of the latter. Loveliness, on the contrary, implies a *liberal government* of the mind, for here it is the mind that leads the natural desire to acts, and has no resistance to overcome. Forbearance is only due to obedience, severity is only justified by *resistance*.

Loveliness is circumscribed within the *freedom of voluntary*, dignity within the *control of involuntary motions*. Loveliness leaves to the natural desire, wherever it executes the mandates of the mind, an appearance of voluntary action; dignity, on the contrary, subjects the natural desire which attempts to rule, to the control of the mind. Wherever the instinct undertakes to act and to encroach upon the prerogative of the will, the will should not show any *indulgence*, but should show its independence by the most emphatic resistance. But if the will *initiates* the motion, and is followed by the sensual desire, the former should show forbearance instead of severity. This is, in a few words, the law for both natures in man, determining their mutual relation and phenomenal manifestation.

Dignity is required in states of *suffering* (πάθος), loveliness is expected in a person's deportment (ἡδονή); for it is only in states of suffering that the mind, and in acts that the body can manifest its freedom.

Dignity being an expression of the resistance which the independent mind offers to the natural instinct, and the natural instinct having to be regarded as a power that renders resistance necessary, it follows that dignity becomes ridiculous wherever no such power is to be combated, and *contemptible*, wherever no such power *should be* combated. We laugh at the comedian, whatever

* If only the notions of the second kind are met with, without those of the first, we infer from this that the person wills the passional state, but that the natural desire refuses it. If the motions of the first kind are met with, without those of the second, we infer that the natural instinct desires the passional state, but that it is opposed by the will. The former case is met with every day in affected persons and bad comedians; the second case occurs less frequently, and only in the case of strong characters.

* This subject has been discussed more fully in a dissertation on pathetic forms in the third number of the *Thalia*.

his rank or official titles may be, who affects dignity even in indifferent things. We despise the small soul that affects dignity in the performance of a trifling duty, which is frequently nothing else than the non-commission of a baseness.

In general it is not so much dignity as loveliness that we expect of virtue. Dignity is implied in virtue, which, by its essence, presupposes a control, on the part of man, over his instincts. During the performance of a moral duty, the senses will much more generally be found in a state of restraint and even suppression, especially in cases where a painful sacrifice is imposed upon them. Inasmuch as the ideal of a perfect humanity implies an agreement, not an opposition between the moral and the sensual principles, this ideal does not accord with the idea of dignity, which, being expressive of that opposition, exhibits to our view either the particular limits of the subject or the general limits of humanity.

In the former case, if the subject should be unable to harmonize inclination and duty, the act will lose in moral worth in proportion as its performance is characterized by struggle, and dignity is required to beautify the form. For our moral judgment measures every individual by the species, and man is only excused in so far as his individual nature is bounded by that of the species.

In the second case, on the contrary, if an act of duty cannot be harmonized with the demands of nature without effacing the idea of humanity, the resistance of inclination becomes necessary, and it is only the sight of the struggle that can satisfy us concerning the possibility of victory. In such a case we expect to see the opposition manifested to the senses, and shall never be persuaded to believe in virtue where we do not even recognize the presence of humanity. Wherever moral duty commands an act which inflicts suffering upon the sensual life, we deal in earnest, not in playful things; levity in the performance of an act would revolt rather than satisfy us; not loveliness, but dignity will characterize the act. In general, man should, in all such cases, do in a lovely manner what he is able to do within the limits of his humanity; and perform with dignity whatever exceeds these limits.

Of virtue we expect loveliness, and dignity of inclination. Loveliness is as natural to inclination as dignity to virtue; for inclination is essentially sensual, favorable to natural freedom and hostile to every forced condition. Even the uneducated man is not wanting in a certain degree of loveliness, if love or a similar passion animates him; where do we find more loveliness than in the case of children who are nevertheless wholly under the direction of the senses? There is danger lest inclination should convert a state of passivity into a ruling state, lest it should stifle the moral independence of the mind, and should superinduce a general relaxation of energy. In order, therefore, to be respected by the *moral sense*, inclination should always be allied to dignity. Hence it is that a lover demands dignity of the object of his love. Dignity is his guarantee *that it is not an animal want which prompted the loved one's passion*, but that the latter's choice was

made in perfect freedom; that he was therefore *not desired as a mere thing, but esteemed as a human personality*.

Loveliness is expected of him who imposes, dignity of him who accepts the obligation. In order to divest himself of a humiliating advantage over his neighbor, the former should cause his inclination to participate in the action of his disinterested will, and, by converting it into an action *prompted by affection*, give himself the appearance of the winning party. The latter, in order not to dishonor in his person, by the dependent relation which he assumes, the humanity whose sacred palladium is freedom, should elevate the simple *accession* of the instinct to an act of his will, and in this way should bestow a favor by accepting one.

A fault should be criticised with loving gentleness, and admitted with dignity. If the reverse takes place, it will appear as though the one thought too much of his interest, the other too little of his disadvantage.

If the strong man desires to be loved, he should blend his superiority with loveliness. If the weak desires to be respected, he will have to prop his weakness by dignity. It is supposed that dignity is proper to the throne, and it is well known that those who are seated on the throne, like to see loveliness in their counselors, confessors, and parliaments. But what may seem good and praiseworthy in a political empire, is not always so in the empire of taste. The king enters this empire as soon as he descends from his throne (for thrones have privileges); even the rampant courtier, when raising himself to the dignity of a man, seeks refuge in his sacred liberty. But in such a case it is advisable for the one to supply his want with the other's abundance, and to yield of his dignity as much as he requires of the other's loveliness.

Dignity and loveliness manifesting themselves in different spheres, they do not exclude each other in the same person, or even in the same state of a person; on the contrary, it is loveliness from which dignity obtains its credentials, and it is dignity that bestows value upon loveliness.

Wherever dignity is met with, it implies a certain limitation of desires and inclinations. But whether, what seems to us restraint, is not rather a certain bluntness or hardness of the desiring faculty, and whether, what we consider moral independence, is not rather the ascendancy or overpowering activity of some other passional state, which checks the present tendency to passionate excitement, can only be placed beyond doubt by the loveliness inherent in our deportment. Loveliness evidences a calm and harmonious mind, and a sensitive heart.

Loveliness, of itself, shows a susceptibility of the emotive principle, and an accord of the emotions and sensations. But that it is not indolence of mind which leaves so much liberty to the senses, and lays the heart open to every impression; and that it is the moral power which has realized yonder accord, can only be guaranteed by the dignity reflected in our conduct. By its dignity the personality gives proof of its moral independence; at

the same time as the will *restrains* the *excess* of the involuntary motions, it shows that it simply *allows* the *freedom* of the voluntary motions.

If loveliness and dignity are supported, the former by natural beauty, the latter by force, and *united* in the same person, the human ideal is realized in this person, who is henceforth justified in the world of mind, and acquitted in that of sense. Both series of legislative enactments here approximate so closely that their boundaries may be said to coalesce. With a more moderate lustre the *rational liberty* is reflected by the smile of the mouth, by the softly animated look, by the serene brow; and with an elevated expression the *natural necessity* seems to take leave of the noble majesty of the face. The antiques have been formed in accordance with this ideal of human beauty, as may be inferred from the divine shape of Niobe, from the Apollo of Belvidere, from the winged genius of Borghese, and from the muse of the Barberinean palace.*

Where gracefulness and dignity are united, we are alternately attracted and repelled; attracted as spirits, repelled as sensual beings.

* With the exquisite and elevated judgment which is peculiar to *Winckelmann*, this great critic has conceived and described the sublime beauty arising from the union of gracefulness and dignity. (See his *History of Art*, first part, p. 480, Viennese edition.) What he found united, he accepted and described as a unit, and he did not go beyond the teachings of the senses, omitting to inquire whether the apparent unit might not be separated. He obscures the conception of gracefulness by mixing it up with elements which evidently appertain exclusively to dignity. But gracefulness and dignity are essentially distinct, and it is wrong to regard that which rather circumscribes the idea of gracefulness, as an attribute thereof. What *Winckelmann* terms the high, heavenly gracefulness, is nothing else than beauty and gracefulness combined with over-powering dignity. "Heavenly gracefulness," he says, "seems all-sufficient to itself; it does not offer itself, but wants to be sought after; it is too sublime to be very striking to the senses; it withdraws within the recesses of the soul's own motions, and approximates to the blissful silence of divine nature." "By it," he says somewhere else, "the author of *Niobe* risked his flight into the empire of immaterial ideas, and attained to the secret of *combining the agony of death with the highest beauty*;" [it would be difficult to discover any other sense in these passages except that they refer to dignity], "he became the creator of pure spirits that do not excite the desires of the senses, for they do not seem born for passion which they only seem to tolerate." In another place he says: "The soul only spoke under the silent surface of the water, and never manifested itself in a tumultuous manner. In representing suffering, the most acute pain remains hidden, and joy hovers like a gentle zephyr, which scarcely agitates the leaves, upon the face of *Leucothea*."

All these traits belong to dignity, not to gracefulness, for gracefulness is not concealed, but manifests itself to the senses; it is not sublime, but beautiful. But it is dignity which restrains nature in her manifestations, and gives repose even to the features of *Laocoon* when struggling with the agony of death and the bitterest pain.

Hume makes the same mistake, though in his case this is less surprising. He too mixes up gracefulness with elements belonging to dignity, although he draws distinctions between gracefulness and dignity. Generally his observations are correct, and the *proximate rules* which he derives from them, are true; but we cannot follow his reasonings beyond this point. *Principles of Criticism*, part ii.

Dignity affords us an example of the subjection of the sensual to the moral, which we are obligated to imitate, but which at the same time exceeds our physical power. The opposition between the natural desire and the mandate of the law, strains the senses, and awakens the sentiment which we call *respect*, and which is inseparable from dignity.

In the domain of gracefulness, as well as in that of beauty, the demands of reason are complied with within the limits of the sensual sphere. This unexpected agreement of the accidental desire and the necessities of reason awakens a feeling of *delight*, absorbing and hushing the senses, but animating and interesting the mind; hence the sensual object will be attracted by us. This attraction is designated as benevolence, *love*; a sentiment which is inseparable from lovely gracefulness and beauty.

In the excitement of sensual passion a sensual object is presented to the senses, promising the gratification of a sensual want. The senses endeavor to unite with the sensual object, and *desire* is the consequence; a sensation which strains the senses, but relaxes the mind.

Of respect it may be said that it *bows before*, of love, that it *inclines* to, and of desire, that it *rushes upon* its object. In the case of respect, reason is the object, and sensual nature the subject.* In the case of love, the object is sensual, and the subject is moral nature. In the case of desire, both the object and subject are sensual.

Love alone is a free emotion, for its pure fountain rushes forth from the source of freedom, from the bosom of our divine nature. Here it is not littleness and vulgarity which contend against greatness and elevation of character, it is not the sensual life which looks up to the dizzy heights of the law of reason; it is *absolute greatness* itself which sees itself imitated within the limits of lovely gracefulness and beauty, and satisfied in the moral sphere; it is the *law-giver himself, the God* within us, that plays with his own image in the world of sense. Hence the mind melts away under the influence of love, whereas it feels constrained by respect; for there is nothing in love that limits it, since absolute greatness has nothing

* *Respect* must not be confounded with *esteem*. Respect, in its absolute sense, refers to the relation between sensual nature and the demands of the pure, practical reason, without regard to the reality of such a relation. "By respect we understand the feeling of inadequateness to the realization of an idea which is law to us." (*Kant's Critique of Judgment*.) For this reason respect is not a pleasant, rather an oppressive sentiment. It is a sensation of the distance which separates the empirical from the pure will. It cannot, therefore, appear strange, if I make sensual nature the subject of respect, although this is based only upon *pure reason*; for the inadequateness to the realization of the law can only be founded in the senses.

Esteem, on the contrary, implies the actual realization of the law, and is not conceived for the law, but for the person that acts in accordance with the law. Hence, esteem affords delight, for the fulfillment of the law delights rational beings. Respect is a state of constraint, esteem, a more spontaneous sentiment. But this is owing to love, which constitutes an ingredient of esteem; Even the wicked has to respect goodness; but in order to esteem the doer of good works, he would have to cease being wicked.

above it, and the sensual life, from which alone a limitation of the love might emanate, exists in perfect accord with the mind in the forms of loveliness and beauty. Love descends, respect ascends. Hence the wicked man cannot love any thing, though he may have to respect a good many things; hence again, the good man respects but little what he does not at the same time embrace with love. The pure mind can only experience love, not respect; the sensual man only respects, but does not love.

Whereas the guilty man lives in everlasting dread of meeting the internal lawgiver in the world of sense, and sees an enemy in every thing that is great, beautiful, and excellent, the beautiful soul knows no higher or sweeter delight than to see its own holiness imitated and realized outside of itself, and to embrace its immortal friend in the world of sense. Love is at the same time the most generous and the most selfish principle in nature; the most generous, for it receives nothing from, but gives every thing to its object, since the pure spirit can only give, but not receive; the most selfish, for it is its own self that it seeks and values in its object.

But for the very reason that the loving one does not receive any thing from the loved one which he had not previously given to the latter, it frequently happens that he gives to the latter that which he had not previously received from him. The external sense imagines it sees that which only the internal sense beholds; the ardent wish assumes the form of faith, and the lover's own abundance hides the poverty of the loved one. Hence love is so easily exposed to illusions, which rarely happens to respect or desire. As long as the internal sense *exalts* the outer, so long the blissful enchantment of Platonic love continues, and would seem the bliss of heaven, if it were only perpetual. But as soon as the internal sense ceases to substitute its own perceptions for those of the outer, this sense reclaims its rights, and demands that which appertains to it, *material substance*. The fire which the heavenly Venus had kindled, is made use of by the terrestrial, and the natural instinct very frequently avenges its long neglect by a more absolute supremacy. The sensual eye being never deceived, it avails itself of this advantage over its noble rival with a coarse effrontery, and goes so far as to assert that itself keeps the promise which the soul's enthusiasm has failed to fulfill.

Dignity prevents love from being degraded to desire. Loveliness prevents respect from changing to fear.

True beauty, true loveliness never excites desire. If desire is excited the object is either deficient in dignity, or the beholder in moral sentiment.

True dignity never excites fear. If fear exists, we may rest assured that the object is either deficient in taste and gracefulness, or that the beholder does not rejoice in a favorable testimonial of his conscience.

Charm, loveliness, and gracefulness, are generally employed as synonymous terms; but they are not synonymous, or rather they should not be used as such, since the idea which they express, is capa-

ble of several definitions to which different terms might be applied.

There is a gracefulness which *excites*, and one which *subdues*. The former borders on the sensual, and the delight which it affords, unless checked by dignity, may readily degenerate into desire. This form of gracefulness may be designated *charm*. A man whose susceptibilities have become blunted, being unable to stimulate his feeling by his own internal power, has to be furnished with external stimuli, and to restore his elasticity by light exercises of the fancy and quick transitions from sensations to acts. This stimulus is furnished by the intercourse with a *charming* person who agitates the stagnant sea of his imagination by her looks and conversation. The subduing gracefulness is akin to dignity, since it manifests itself by moderating restless motions. The man who is agitated by emotions, turns to her, and on her peace-breathing bosom seeks repose from the wild tumult in his breast. This form of gracefulness may be designated as *loveliness*. With charm we frequently find allied the laughing jest and the stinging satire; with loveliness, on the contrary, pity and affection. The enervated Soliman finally languishes in the bonds of Roxalana, whereas the wild spirit of Othello is hushed by the gentle love of Desdemona.

Dignity, too, has degrees; where it approaches to loveliness and beauty, it assumes the form of *nobleness*; and where it approaches to terror, it becomes exaltation.

The highest degree of loveliness is enchantment; the highest degree of dignity is *majesty*. In the presence of an enchanting object we lose ourselves, and melt away as it were in contemplating its charms. We enjoy our liberty most by completely losing it, and the intoxication of the spirit borders on the delirium of sensuality. Majesty, on the contrary, is invested with a power which imposes upon us the duty of self-examination. We look down in the presence of the god before us, we forget every thing around, and feel nothing but the burden of our own existence.

Only sacred things are invested with majesty. If a man is enabled to represent sacredness to us, he is invested with majesty, and though our knees should not bend, yet our spirit will lie prostrate before him. But we quickly rise again from our prostrate position, as soon as the slightest trace of *human weakness* becomes visible in the object of our adoration; for that which is only great *by comparison*, cannot prostrate the contemplating spirit.

Mere power, were it ever so terrible and unbounded, is unable to invest its possessor with majesty. Power chains the being of sense; majesty fetters the mind. A man who has power to condemn me to death, may be destitute of majesty in my eyes, provided I am what I should be. This advantage over me is at an end as soon as I determine it shall be. But if a man represents to me the pure will, I may bow to him, if possible, even in a future life.

Loveliness and dignity are too precious, not to excite a desire of imitation in vain and foolish hearts. But there is but *one* way to

accomplish such an imitation : it is to imitate the sentiments which those virtues embody. Any other imitation is a mere *aping*, which will soon betray itself by the extravagance of its forms.

As the affectation of the sublime becomes *pomposity*, and the affectation of nobleness mere *ostentation*, so the affectation of loveliness becomes *pedantic precision*, mere *formulism*, and the affectation of dignity a *rigid and solemn gravity*.

Genuine loveliness is simply yielding and accommodating ; spurious loveliness is *dissipated*. Genuine loveliness makes a temperate use of the instruments of voluntary motion, and is anxious to avoid all unnecessary restraints of the freedom of the natural impulses ; spurious loveliness has not the heart to make a proper use of the instruments of the will ; in order to avoid the appearance of harshness and awkwardness, it *sacrifices* at least a portion of the object of motion, or seeks to reach it in a *roundabout way*. Whereas the *awkward* dancer, in dancing a minuet, will display an amount of force as though he had to set a mill-wheel in motion, and makes such sharp corners with his hands and feet as though they had to be measured with geometrical exactness ; the *affected* dancer, on the contrary, will execute his steps with a lightness as though he were afraid of touching the floor, and will content himself with describing serpentine lines with his hands and feet, though he should not budge from the spot. The fair sex, which is more especially possessed of genuine loveliness, most frequently affects the spurious article, which is nowhere more offensive than where it serves as a bait to the sensual desire. In such a case the smile of true gracefulness is converted into a repulsive grimace ; the beautiful play of the eyes, which charms us when true emotion radiates from them, becomes distortion ; the meltingly modulated voice, so irresistible in a true mouth, is changed to a studied and tremulous sound, and the whole harmony of female charms is supplanted by the deceptive trickery of a spurious toilet.

If theatres and ball-rooms afford us an opportunity of observing an affected loveliness, an affected dignity may be observed in the cabinets of ministers and in the studios of savants, especially in universities. Whereas true dignity contents itself with preventing the excess of passion, and with wisely restraining the involuntary motions of the instinct, spurious dignity rules even the voluntary motions with an iron rod, suppresses not only the sensual manifestations but the moral emotions which are sacred to true dignity, and extinguishes the expression of the soul in the countenance. Spurious dignity is not only severe toward resisting, but harsh toward yielding nature ; it seeks a ridiculous greatness in subjugating nature ; and, where subjugation is impossible, in hiding it. As though it had vowed an irreconcilable hatred to every thing natural, it envelops the body in the folds of long gowns which hide the human form, it restrains the use of the limbs by loading them with a mass of useless ornaments, and cuts off even the hair in order to replace the gift of nature by the work of spurious art. Whereas true dignity, which is never ashamed of nature, except when rude and vulgar, preserves even when reserved, an appearance of frankness and liberality ; sentiment

still radiates from the eyes, and a serene and calm spirit is reflected from the brow : *gravity* draws the forehead into wrinkles, becomes taciturn and mysterious, and guards its features as carefully as a comedian upon the stage. All the muscles of the face are strained, all natural expression is banished, and the whole man looks like a sealed letter. But spurious dignity is not always wrong in checking the expression of the features, lest it might reveal more than it is desirable to divulge ; true dignity is not obliged to observe such precautions. True dignity only governs, but never hides nature ; in the case of spurious dignity, the *internal* play of nature is the more violent, the more subdued it seems *externally*.*

ON THE PATHETIC.†

An exhibition of suffering, as such, is not the object of art, but as a means, it is exceedingly important to art. The highest object of art is the exhibition of the super-sensual, which is effected by the tragic art in particular, by exhibiting to us the fact that the will, in a state of passion, is independent of natural laws. The freedom of the will in us is manifested by the resistance which it offers to the violent demands of the sensations ; the resistance, however, can only be measured by the violence of the attack. If man's *intelligence* is to manifest itself as a power independent of nature, the latter must first have displayed its whole power before our eyes. The *sensual being* must suffer deeply and violently ; there must be pathos to enable the reason to show its independence, and to manifest itself as an *active agent*.

* There is a *solemnity* of a genuine kind, of which art may avail itself. This does not arise from a desire to appear important, but it wishes to prepare the mind for something important. Where a great and deep impression is to be created, and the poet is anxious that no part of it should be lost, he first prepares the mind for its reception, removes all disturbing influences, and excites the expectation of the imagination. This result is accomplished by a *solemn* presentation of the facts, by accumulating contrivances the object of which is not perceived, and by intentionally retarding the progress of the narrative, where the impatience of the reader demands haste. In music a solemn impression is produced by a *slow* and uniform succession of strong sounds ; the force of the sounds rouses the mind, and excites its attention ; the slow character of the music delays the gratification of the senses, and the uniformity of the measure conceals the end from the impatient listener.

The impression made by greatness and sublimity is not a little sustained by *solemnity* which is employed with great effect in religious rites and mysterious celebrations. The effects of bells, of choral music, of the organ are well known ; for the eye, too, there is a *solemnity* ; it is *magnificence* allied to *terror*, such as is witnessed in funeral corteges, and in public displays characterized by a great silence and a slow measure.

† *Note of the Editor*. In the third number of the new *Thalia*, 1793, Schiller had inserted a treatise on the *Sublime* which, by its title, was to be a development of some of Kant's ideas. A few years later, Schiller wrote on this same subject the essay which has been published in the second volume of this edition. When a complete collection of his prose writings was arranged, Schiller gave the preference to this later essay. Of the former essay only a portion, entitled, "On the *Pathetic*," has been received into the present collection.

It cannot be known whether the repose of the moral sphere in man is an effect of his moral force, until we have first become convinced that this repose does not result from insensibility. It is not difficult to control emotions which only touch the surface of the soul gently and swiftly like the breeze; but to preserve one's moral independence in a tumult which excites one's whole sensual nature, this presupposes a power of resistance which is infinitely superior to the natural passion. The exhibition of moral freedom is therefore rendered possible only by the most intense exhibition of suffering nature, and the tragic hero must first have shown his faculty of experiencing emotions, before we do homage to him as a rational being, and have faith in the strength of his soul.

Pathos is the first and unavoidable demand which we make of the tragic artist; he may carry the exhibition of suffering as far as the *attainment of his ultimate object*, the exhibition of moral freedom, will permit. He has to burden, so to say, his hero, or his reader, with a full load of suffering, since otherwise it would remain problematical whether his resistance to suffering is a moral act, something *positive*, or rather something *negative*, a deficiency of power.

The latter occurs in the former French drama, where we scarcely ever or never behold nature in a *state of suffering*, but where we generally witness the cold, declamatory poet, or the comedian upon stilts. The chilling tone of declamation stifles nature, and the spurious propriety of which the French tragedians boast, completes their inability to present a truthful delineation of human nature. Propriety, even where properly applied, falsifies the expression of nature, which is nevertheless required of art under all circumstances. We can hardly believe that the French tragedian *is suffering*, for he discusses his moral condition as calmly as the calmest mind, and his unceasing desire to make an impression upon others, never permits him to allow the free expansion of nature in his own mind. Even in the agony of pain, the kings, princesses and heroes of Corneille or Voltaire never forget their rank, and would rather divest themselves of their *humanity* than of their *rank*. They are like the kings and emperors in old picture-books, who go to bed with their crowns on their heads.

How different are the Greeks and their modern followers. The Greek is never ashamed of nature; he concedes their full rights to the senses, yet he is sure that they will never overpower him. His deep and correct understanding enables him to distinguish the accidental, which bad taste regards as the main object, from the necessary; whatever is not inherent in humanity, is necessarily an accidental accrescence. The Greek artist who has to represent a Laocoon, a Niobe, a Philoctetes, knows nothing of a princess, of a king or a king's son; he clings to man. Hence it is that the sculptor shows us his figures in a state of nudity, although he knows that this is not the condition in which man exists in society. Raiment is something accidental which should not have the precedence over the necessary; the laws of propriety or want are not those of art. The sculptor is

bound and anxious to show us *man*, who is hidden by garments; hence the sculptor is right in discarding them.

As the Grecian sculptor discards the useless and troublesome burden of garments in order to afford room for *human nature*, so the Greek poet frees his men from the useless and troublesome constraint of conventional rules, and from all chilling laws of propriety which only serve to impose upon man an air of affectation, and to conceal his nature. In Homer's poems, and in the dramatic works of the Greeks, suffering nature speaks the language of truth, of sincerity, and penetrates to the very depths of our hearts; all the passions have free play, no emotion is suppressed by the rule of propriety. Heroes are as susceptible to the common sufferings of mortals as other people; what makes them heroes is the very fact that they feel their sufferings intensely without being overpowered by them. They love life as much as other men do, but not to such a degree as to be prevented from sacrificing it, if such a sacrifice is demanded by duty and humanity. Philoctetes fills the Greek stage with his lamentations; even the raging Hercules gives free utterance to his pain. Iphigenia, destined as an offering to the gods, confesses with touching simplicity that she parts with the light of the sun with regret. The Greek never seeks his glory in insensibility and indifference to suffering, but in *bearing* it in spite of his susceptibility to such a state. Even the Grecian gods are obliged to render homage to nature as soon as the poet attempts to bring them nearer to humanity. The wounded *Mars* howls with pain like ten thousand, and *Venus*, having been pricked with a lance, ascends to Olympus in tears, deprecating all combats.

This tender susceptibility to suffering; this warm, honest, and open nature, which excites our deep and living sympathy in the Greek works of art, is a model of imitation for all artists, and a law which the Genius of Grecian art has enacted. The first demand which is addressed to man, emanates from *nature*, which should never be repelled; for man, before being any thing else, is a sentient being. The second demand is addressed to him by *reason*, for he is a rationally-sentient being, a moral personality, whose duty it is to control nature instead of allowing nature to exercise an unlimited sway. Not till *nature* has obtained her rights, and *reason* has maintained hers, *propriety* is permitted to enforce a third demand, and to impose upon man in the expression of his sensations as well as his thoughts, a regard for society, to bid him behave like a *civilized* being.

The first law of tragic art is the exhibition of suffering nature. The second law, the exhibition of moral resistance to suffering.

A passional state as such is indifferent, the exhibition of which, in itself considered, would be without any æsthetic value; for, we repeat, nothing that simply concerns man's sensual nature, is worthy of artistic representation. For this reason not only the relaxing (or dissolving) emotions, but *all the highest degrees* of manifestations of any passion are beneath the dignity of tragic art.

The dissolving passions, the simply tender emotions belong to the domain of the *agreeable*, with

which tragic art has nothing to do. They simply delight the senses by a process of relaxation, referring to the outer, not to the inner condition of man. Many of our novels and tragedies, especially of our so-called dramas, (intermediate productions between comedies and tragedies,) and of our favorite family-pieces, belong to this class of performances. They simply effect a discharge of tears, and a pleasurable ease in the circulatory apparatus; but the mind remains empty, and the nobler energies of man derive no support from such exhibitions. In the same way, according to Kant, many persons feel edified by a sermon which does not *build up* any thing in them. Modern music, likewise, seems to aim chiefly at affecting the senses, pandering to the ruling taste which wants to be tickled, not powerfully stirred, moved and elevated. *Languishing* or subduing productions are preferred; if the music in a concert-room is ever so noisy, every ear is pricked as soon as a softly-subduing passage occurs. At such a time an expression of sensuality partaking of the character of animality, becomes manifest in every countenance, the intoxicated eyes are moistened with tears, the open mouth seems languishing with desire, a voluptuous tremor seizes on the whole body, the respiration becomes hurried and feeble, in short all the symptoms of intoxication become manifest; an evident proof that the senses are reveling, and that the mind or the free will in man is sacrificed to the sensual impression. All such emotions are excluded from the domain of art by a noble and manly taste, since they merely please the *senses* with which true art has nothing in common.

On the other hand all those passional states are excluded from the domain of true art which simply *torture* the mind without affording any compensation to the senses. These states suppress the moral freedom as much by *pain* as the former did by the delights of sensuality, and can only excite detestation, but no emotions worthy of art. Art should delight the mind and please the moral will. He who becomes a prey to pain, is nothing but a tortured animal, he ceases to be a suffering man; for we expect man to offer a moral resistance to suffering, by which the freedom of the will, the power of intelligence can alone be made manifest.

For this reason artists and poets who expect to realize pathos by the sensual power of passion and an intense description of suffering, have a poor conception of their art. They forget that suffering should never be the *ultimate object* of the exhibition, nor can it be the *immediate* source of the delight which tragic representations afford us. The pathetic is æsthetic only in so far as it is elevated. Effects which can only be traced to a sensual source, and are only founded in some sensation, never are elevated, should they betray ever so great an amount of force: for all mental elevation emanates *solely* from the reason.

An exhibition of simple passion, be it delightful or painful, without a simultaneous exhibition of the super-sensual resistance, is designated as *vulgar*, the opposite as *noble*. *Vulgar* and *noble* are conceptions which, in all cases, have reference to the part which man's super-sensual nature

either takes or does not take in an act or work. Nothing is *noble* but that which emanates from the reason; whatever the senses alone give birth to, is *vulgar*. We say that a man acts vulgarly if he simply follows the inspiration of his sensual instinct; that he acts *properly*, if he gratifies his instinct with a due regard for the law; that he acts *nobly*, if he follows the precepts of reason without regarding his instincts. We call a face *vulgar*, if it does not reflect by a single trait the human intelligence; we call it *expressive*, if the features are fashioned by mind, and *noble*, if they are fashioned by a pure mind. We call an architectonic work *common*, if it reveals no other than a physical end; we call it *noble*, if, independent of physical ends, it likewise expresses ideas.

We assert, therefore, that good taste forbids the exhibition of a passional state, were it otherwise ever so vigorous, which expresses no other than physical suffering or physical resistance, without at the same time manifesting the higher humanity, the presence of a super-sensual power; such an exhibition is forbidden for the simple reason that not suffering, of itself, but the resistance to suffering belongs to the domain of pathos, and is worthy of being represented by art. Hence the absolutely highest degrees of passion are excluded from the domain of art as well as of poesy; for all such manifestations suppress the internally-resisting force, or rather, presuppose the suppression of this force, for no passion can attain its absolutely highest degree of development as long as man's intelligence continues to offer some resistance.

The question now arises—In what manner does this super-sensual force of resistance in cases of passional excitement manifest itself? Simply by controlling, or more generally, by combating the passion. I use the term *passion*, for the senses, too, may combat; but this is no combat with the passion, but with the cause which excites it; no moral, but a physical resistance which is manifested even by the worm when trod upon, or by the bull when it is wounded: yet such a resistance does not excite any pathetic emotions. Man, in common with every animal, seeks to express his sufferings, to remove his enemy, to save a suffering limb; the instinct performs such acts without first interrogating the will. They do not manifest his humanity, his intelligence. The senses will always combat their enemy, but never themselves.

The combat against passion is a combat against the senses, and presupposes a something distinct from the senses. By means of his intelligence and muscular power man can defend himself against the object that inflicts suffering upon him; against the suffering itself he has no other arms than the power of reason.

Rational ideas must therefore either be expressed in the work of art, or else they must be awakened by it, if pathos is to be the result. Ideas cannot, properly speaking and in a positive sense, be represented to the senses, because they cannot be rendered visible by any corresponding forms. But they can indeed be represented negatively and indirectly, if something is presented to the senses the conditions of which are in vain sought for in *nature*. Every phenomenon the

origin of which cannot be traced to the world of sense, is an indirect representation of the super-sensual.

How does art accomplish the representation of something supernatural without employing supernatural means? What sort of a phenomenon is it which is achieved by natural agencies (for without these it would not be a phenomenon), and yet which cannot be traced to physical causes without incurring contradictions? This is the problem: how is it solved by the artist?

We must recollect that the phenomena which may be observed in man while in a state of passion excitement, are of two kinds. Either they are proper to him as an animal, and obey the natural law without the will being able to control them, or, in general, without the moral force being able to exercise any influence over them. The instinct gives rise to such phenomena by its immediate action, and they obey blindly its laws. To this category belong the organs of the circulation, of respiration, and the surface of the skin; but even the organs which are subject to the will, do not always wait for a decision of the will, but they are frequently set in motion by the immediate influence of the instinct, especially in cases where the physical condition is threatened with pain or danger. Our arm, it is true, is under the control of the will, but if we seize something hot unawares, the sudden withdrawal of the hand is not an act of the will, but prompted by instinct. We may go still further. Speech certainly is under the control of the will, but even this instrument and work of the understanding may be disposed of by the instinct without first appealing to the will, whenever a violent pain or even a powerful emotion surprises us. Let the most resolute Stoic see all at once something exceedingly marvelous or frightful; let him all at once see somebody glide down a precipice, a loud exclamation will escape his lips; nor will the exclamation be an inarticulate sound, but some intelligible word, and nature will act in him before the will is prepared for action. This shows that phenomena may occur in man's individuality which cannot be attributed to him as an intelligent personality, but have to be ascribed to his instinct as a force of nature.

But there occur phenomena in man which are or may be regarded as being under the influence and control of the will, and which the will *might have prevented*. For these phenomena the personal will, not the *instinct*, should be held accountable. It is the business of the instinct to take care of the interest of the senses with a blind zeal; but it is the duty of the will to restrain the instinct by laws. Of itself the instinct does not need any laws; but the personal will has to prevent the instinct from violating the precepts of reason. It is therefore certain that in passion states, the instinct should not exercise an absolute sway, but that it should be limited by man's will. If the instinct alone determines the phenomenal manifestations of passion, nothing remains to remind us of the *personal will*, and man is reduced to the level of a brute; for this appeal belongs to every being of nature that is ruled by instinct. If the human personality is to be made manifest, man has to develop phenomena

which are either contrary to the instinct, or are not, at any rate, determined by the instinct. The fact of their not having arisen from the movements of the instinct, is sufficient to reveal to us the existence of a higher source, as soon as we become satisfied that the instinct would have determined the phenomena in a different way, if its power had not been restrained.

Now we are able to state the manner in which the super-sensual moral power of man, his moral selfhood can be made manifest in states of passion excitement. It is by this, that all the organs which are subject to the exclusive control of nature, and over which the will has no power, or exercises power only under certain circumstances, betray the presence of suffering, whereas the organs which are withdrawn from the blind power of the instinct, and do not necessarily recognize the natural law, either show little or no suffering, and appear to a certain extent in a state of freedom. By the *disharmony* between the traits engraved upon animal nature in accordance with a law of necessity, and the traits determined by the independent action of the mind, we recognize the presence of a *super-sensual principle* in man, which has power to limit the movements of nature, and by this power is distinguished from the purely animal nature. This purely animal nature obeys the natural law, and may appear subdued by the violence of an emotion. It is here that the whole intensity of suffering becomes manifest, which serves as a standard by which the force of resistance should be measured; for the force of resistance, or the amount of moral force in man can only be determined by the force of the attack. The more decisively and violently the *animal passion* breaks forth, without being able to maintain a corresponding power in the *sphere of humanity*, the more prominent the humanity will become, the more gloriously man's moral independence will become manifest, the more pathetic the work of art, and the more sublime the pathos will appear.*

In the statues of the ancients this æsthetic principle is exhibited to the sense of vision; but it is difficult to convey in definite and precise language the impression made upon our minds by the sight of the living features. The group of

* By the *sphere of animality* I comprehend the whole system of phenomena in man which are under the blind power of the natural instinct, and may be accounted for with perfect satisfaction without presupposing a free will; by the *sphere of humanity* I comprehend the phenomena which are subject to the free will. If, in an artistic representation, the passion emotion in the sphere of animality is *wanting*, the representation leaves us cold; if the passion emotion becomes overpowering in the sphere of humanity, it disgusts and revolts us. In the sphere of animality, the passion emotion should remain *integral*, otherwise the pathetic character will be wanting; it is only when reaching the sphere of humanity that this emotion may be resolved into a series of phenomena. A suffering person, represented as lamenting and weeping, will only excite feeble emotions, for lamentations and tears resolve pain already in the sphere of animality. We are much more powerfully seized by the subdued and mute pain, where *nature* refuses help, and where we have to seek refuge in something far beyond ordinary nature; it is in this *appeal to the super-sensual* that pathos and the tragic power are founded.

Laocoon and his children may be regarded as the measure of what the ancient sculptors were capable of achieving in the pathetic range. "Laocoon," writes Winckelmann in his History of Art (page 699, Vienna, 4th edition), "is a nature in prey to the most intense pain, fashioned in the image of a man, who seeks to oppose this pain with all the moral energy of which he feels himself possessed; whilst the pain gorges the muscles with blood and causes every nerve to be strained to the utmost, the strong mind is seen in the swelling brow, and the chest heaves with the oppressed respiration; and with the subdued sensation of torture, in order to restrain and conceal the pain. The anxious moans which he seeks to suppress, and the breath which he endeavors to retain, exhaust the abdomen, and depress his sides, suggesting thoughts concerning the motion of his intestines. But his own suffering seems to cause him less anguish than the pain inflicted upon his children, who turn their faces to their father, crying for help; for the paternal heart is revealed by the woeful expression of the eyes, where pity seems to be floating in a dim mist. His features express grief, but not a boisterous shriek of complaint, his eyes are looking upward for help. The mouth seems filled with sorrow, the weight of which depresses the lower lip; but in the everted upper lip the sorrow is mingled with pain, which dilates and draws up the nostrils, as if from a feeling of indignation at the unmerited torture which is inflicted upon him. Under the brow the combat between pain and resistance, concentrated in one point, as it were, is expressed with striking truthfulness; for whilst the pain is pressing the eyebrows upward, the resistance to the pain depresses the muscular tissue above the eye, in the direction of the upper eyelid, so that this lid is almost completely covered by the overhanging bundles of muscular fibre. Not being able to beautify nature, the artist has sought to exhibit her with more expression, more force and power; where the most intense pain is felt, the greatest beauty is made manifest. The left side, into which the furious serpent discharges its poison after the bite, seems to suffer most in consequence of the proximity of the pain to the region of the heart. He seems to raise his lower extremities, as if attempting to escape from his pain; no part is at rest; even the marks of the chisel serve to make the skin appear still more rigidly congealed."

With how much truth and delicacy the struggle of intelligence against the suffering of sensual nature is shown in this description! how strikingly the phenomena are indicated by which animal pain and human power, the violence of the natural law and the dignity of rational liberty manifest themselves! Virgil has depicted the same scene in his *Eneid*; but it was not a part of the poet's plan to dwell upon the moral state of Laocoon, as the sculptor had to do. With Virgil the whole narrative is something accessory; the intention which he sought to realize was sufficiently accomplished by the representation of the physical condition without the inner soul of the sufferer being disclosed to us, since the poet desired to inspire us with terror rather than to move us to

pity. In this respect the poet's duty was of a negative order, namely, not to efface the expression of humanity or of moral resistance by an excessive exhibition of suffering; for this would have inevitably called up feelings of horror and indignation. For this reason the poet preferred dwelling upon the cause of the pain, and depicting more circumstantially the frightful shape of the two serpents, and the fury with which they assailed their victim, rather than to enlarge upon its painful sensations. He passed by these in a hurry, since he desired to preserve in all its force the idea of divine punishment and the impression of terror. If he had communicated to us of Laocoon's person as much as the sculptor has done, the suffering man would have become the hero of the scene in the place of the punishing god, and the episode would no longer have been adapted to the whole work.

Virgil's narrative is known by Lessing's excellent commentary. But Lessing has simply referred to it for the purpose of illustrating by this example the limits of descriptive poetry and painting, not for the purpose of expounding the idea of pathos. It seems to me that the narrative is equally adapted to this last object.

"Ecce autem gemini Tenedo tranquilla per alta
(Horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad littora tendunt.
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exsuperant undas, pars cætera pontum
Pone legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga.
Fit sonitus spumante salo, jamque arva tenebant,
Ardentes oculos suffecti sanguine et igni,
Sibila lambabant linguis vibrantibus ora."

The first of the three conditions of the sublime, which have been indicated in previous paragraphs, namely, power, is here expressed; a great natural power bent on destruction, and laughing all resistance to scorn. The conversion of this power into something terrible, and of this terrible into something sublime, depends upon two distinct operations of the mind, or two kinds of perception which we generate within us by an independent exercise of the mind. By contrasting this irresistible power of Nature with the feeble power of resistance vouchsafed to the physical man, the former appears terrible; and by contrasting it with our will, and recollecting the absolute independence of the latter, of every influence as exercised by Nature, this power becomes invested with sublimity. These two relations are set up by ourselves; all that the poet gave us, was a subject endowed with great power, which the subject sought to manifest. If we tremble at the thought of this power, it is because we imagine ourselves, or some creature like us, engaged in combat with it. If we feel elevated in spite of our trembling, it is because we are conscious that, although conquered by this power, we have nothing to fear for our moral freedom, for the independence of our will. So far, the picture is simply invested with a contemplative sublimity.

"Diffugimus visu exsangues, illi agmine certo,
Laocoonta petunt."

Now, power is allied to terror, and the contemplative sublime passes into the pathetic. We

see power and terror engage in combat with human weakness. Laocoon or ourselves, the difference is one of degrees. The sympathetic instinct scares the instinct of preservation out of its repose, the monsters dart at us, and escape is impossible.

Henceforth it no longer depends upon us whether we care to measure this power with our own, and to bring it in conflict with our own existence. This takes place without any contrivance of our own, through the object itself. Hence our fear does not, as in the previous moment, arise from a subjective cause in our own minds, but is founded in the object. For although the whole is a mere fiction of the imagination, yet we distinguish in this fiction a conception which is communicated to us from without, from another which is the product of our own internal independent mental activity.

Hence the mind loses a portion of its liberty, because it receives from without that which it had previously realized by its own independent action. The idea of danger is invested with an appearance of objective reality, and the emotion assumes a serious character.

If we were mere beings of sense, obeying no other instinct than that of self-preservation, we should stop here, and remain in a state of suffering. But there is something in us which is not affected by the senses, and whose action is not determined by physical causes. This independent something is the moral principle. In proportion as this principle is developed in us, the state of suffering will be more or less modified, and will manifest itself with more or less intensity.

In persons endowed with a high order of moral force, the terror of the imagination readily passes into the sublime. In proportion as the imagination loses its freedom, reason enforces its own; and the moral sense *expands within us, in proportion as its sphere outside of us is limited*. Driven from every intrenchment which might afford protection to the senses, we throw ourselves into the unconquerable citadel of our moral freedom, and by abandoning a precarious protection in the world of sense, we gain absolute and endless safety. But before we apply to our own moral nature for help, we have to be reduced to extremities; the feeling of exalted freedom can only be purchased by suffering. A common soul does not elevate itself beyond it, and the sublimity of pathos seems simply terrible; but a soul endowed with moral energy passes through a state of suffering to the consciousness of its sublimest power, and invests the terrors of the imagination with a robe of sublimity.

"Laocoonta petunt, ac primum parva duorum
Corpora gnatorum serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat, ac miseros morsu depascitur artus."

The assault upon the moral man, the father, preceding that upon the physical, the effect is very striking. All emotions assume a more æsthetic form, when emanating from an indirect source, and no sympathy is stronger than the sympathy excited by another person's suffering.

"Post ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem
Corripiunt."

The moment had now arrived where our respect was to be excited for the hero, as a moral personality, and this moment was adequately improved by the poet. From his description we have learned the whole power and fury of the hostile monsters, and we know that all resistance is utterly futile. If Laocoon had been an ordinary mortal, he would, like the other Trojans, have sought safety in flight. But he has a feeling heart, and his children's danger keeps him chained to the spot. This single trait renders him worthy of our whole pity. In whatever condition of mind the serpents might have seized him, we should have been moved and horrified. But being seized at the very moment, when he stands before us in all the glory of a father's love; at the very moment when his ruin is the inevitable consequence of his anxiety to fulfill a father's duty by saving his children, our sympathy is enkindled to the utmost degree. By his own free choice he plunges into his own destruction, and his death becomes an act of his will.

In the exhibition of pathos, the senses must show suffering, and the mind must show its freedom. In pathetic representations, if the expression of physical suffering is wanting, there is a deficiency of *æsthetic* force, and our hearts remain cold. If the moral expression is wanting, the representation can never become *pathetic*, were the physical suffering otherwise ever so intense. The moral sense will revolt against such brutish scenes. While exercising his moral freedom, we should behold man suffering physical pain; and while he is suffering physical pain, he should manifest the moral independence of his mind.

In states of suffering, the independence of the mind may be manifested in two different ways; *negatively*: if the moral sense does not receive the law from physical nature, and the *physical state* does not determine the *moral sentiment*; or *positively*: if the moral sense *dictates* the law to physical nature, and the moral sentiment rules the physical state. The former relation leads to sublime *conceptions*, the latter to sublime *acts*.

Every character that is above fate, is a sublime conception. "A brave mind, struggling against adversity," says Seneca, "is an attractive spectacle, even to the gods." Such a spectacle is afforded by the Roman Senate after the disaster of Cannæ. Even Milton's Lucifer inspires us with a sentiment of admiration, when his indomitable spirit examines for the first time, and without quailing, the horrors of hell, his new abode.

"Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

Here, at least
We shall be free;" &c.

Medea's reply in the tragedy belongs to the same category.

The sublimity of a conception may be *beheld*, being founded upon co-existence; the sublimity of an act, on the contrary, can only be *imagined*, being founded in succession, and the understanding being required to trace a state of suffering to

the free determination of the will. Hence the former, the sublimity of conception, belongs to the province of the painter and sculptor; the poet may appropriate both orders of sublimity. Even if a sublime *act* is to be represented upon canvas or in marble, it has to be represented as a sublime conception.

In order to establish the sublimity of an act, man's suffering should not only exercise no influence upon his moral nature, but should, on the contrary, be the work of his moral character. This may be accomplished in two different ways. Either indirectly, in obedience to a moral law, if he *chooses* suffering out of respect for some moral duty. In such a case the conception of duty becomes his determining *motive*, and his suffering becomes an *act of the will*. Or directly by a law of necessity, if moral *penance* is done in consequence of the violation of some duty. In this case his conception of duty operates upon him as a *power*, and his suffering is merely an *effect*. An example of the indirect way is afforded by *Regulus* when he abandons himself to the vindictive fury of the Carthaginians in order to keep his word. He would illustrate the second way, if he had broken his pledge, and had been made miserable by the consciousness of his guilt. In either case, the physical suffering would have a moral cause, with this difference—that in the one case *Regulus* shows to us his moral character; in the other, his adaptation to moral conduct. In the former case, he appears to us morally great, in the second, his greatness is purely of an æsthetic nature.

This last difference is of importance to tragic art, and deserves a more particular elucidation.

In an æsthetic sense, a man is a sublime object already, if he represents to us the dignity of human destiny by his *state*, even though this destiny should not be realized by his acts. In a moral sense he is invested with sublimity, if he realizes his destiny by his acts, if we not only respect his *capacity*, but the *use* he makes of it; if not only his natural disposition, but his actual conduct reflects moral dignity. It makes a vast difference whether we base our judgment upon a man's moral disposition and the possibility of moral freedom, or upon the acts emanating from that disposition, and upon the life determined by a free will.

I repeat that this difference is considerable, and that it depends not merely upon the objects judged, but upon differences in our modes of judging. Morally the same object may excite our displeasure, æsthetically our pleasure. But even if our judgment should be satisfied in both respects, the satisfaction is obtained in different ways. He may be æsthetically useful, without being morally satisfactory, and on the other hand, he may be morally satisfactory without being æsthetically useful.

Let us look at *Leonidas* devoting himself to death in the pass of *Thermopylæ*. Morally considered, this act is the fulfillment of a moral law in spite of all opposition on the part of the instinct. Æsthetically considered, this act illustrates the moral power as independent of the compulsory violence of the instinct. This act *satisfies* my moral sense, my reason; it *delights* my æsthetic sense, the imagination.

This difference in my sensations in the case of the same object, I account for in the following manner:

As our being is distinguished into two principles or natures, so our sensations, in accordance with this distinction, are divided into two entirely distinct classes. As rational beings we feel approbation or disapprobation; as sensual beings we experience delight or displeasure. Both sensations, approbation and delight, are founded upon gratification; the former upon the gratification of a *claim*, for reason merely *claims*, but is not in need of any thing; the latter upon the gratification of a *request*, for the senses are merely *in need*, but cannot claim. Both the claims of reason and the wants of the senses, are related to each other as necessity to need; both come under the category of necessity, only with this difference that the necessity of the reason is absolute, the necessity of the senses conditional. But in the case of either the gratification is accidental. Hence the sentiment of delight as well as of approbation is founded in last resort upon an agreement of the accidental with the necessary. If this necessity is imperative, approbation will be the sentiment; if it is need, the sentiment will be delight; in either case the sentiment will be the more intense the more accidental is the gratification.

In order to establish a moral judgment, reason demands that the act should be invested with a moral character, and it is absolutely necessary that we should will what is right. But the will being free, our doing right is (physically) accidental. If we actually do right, the agreement between this accidental use of our freedom with the mandate of reason excites approbation which is the more intense the more accidental and doubtful *this* use of our freedom was made by the antagonism of the sensual inclinations.

In determining the æsthetic value of an act, the object is considered *with reference to the wants of the imagination* which cannot command, but simply *desire* that the accidental should agree with its interests. The interest of the imagination consists in maintaining its play *independently of all laws*. This tendency to lawless independence is by no means favored by the moral obligation of the will to act in the direction of a specific and rigidly-determined object; and inasmuch as the moral obligation of the will is the object of the moral judgment, it is readily seen that this species of judgment is not favorable to the imagination. A moral obligation on the part of the will can only be conceived on the supposition of its absolute independence of the compulsory power of the natural instinct; the *possibility* of morality implies freedom, and in this respect harmonizes most perfectly with the interests of the imagination. But inasmuch as the imagination by its necessities cannot prescribe laws in the same way as reason dictates to the will, the faculty of freedom, when considered with reference to the imagination, is something accidental, the agreement of which with the necessity of reason must excite delight. In judging the sacrifice of *Leonidas* *morally*, we consider the necessity rather than the accidental performance of the deed. If we judge it *æsthetically*, we consider the accidental performance of

the act rather than its necessity. If the will is free, it is its duty to act so, and not otherwise; but that there should exist a freedom of the will which renders it possible thus to act, is a *favor* bestowed by nature upon the faculty to which freedom is a necessity. Hence if a virtuous act is judged by the moral sense, by reason, the highest possible award is approbation, since reason never finds *more* than it claims, and very rarely *as much*. On the contrary, if the same act is judged by the æsthetic sense, the imagination, we experience a positive delight, since the imagination cannot claim an agreement with its necessities, and must feel surprised by their gratification as by some lucky chance. We approve of Leonidas *actually conceiving* the heroic resolution; but we exult and are delighted at his *ability* to conceive it.

The difference between these two ways of judging becomes still more striking, if we suppose an act which is differently judged by the moral sense and by the æsthetic faculty. Take the voluntary burning of Peregrinus Proteus at Olympia. Morally considered, I cannot approve of this act inasmuch as it was prompted by impure motives, for the sake of which the *duty* of self-preservation was violated. Æsthetically considered, this act excites my delight, for the reason that it illustrates man's power to resist even the most powerful of all instincts, the instinct of self-preservation. Whether it was a purely moral sentiment or some more powerful sensual excitement which suppressed the instinct of self-preservation in the enthusiastic Peregrine, is of no consequence in the æsthetic appreciation of an act, since the individual man and the relation of his own will to the will-power are no longer considered, but the human will is regarded in a general sense as a faculty inherent in the species, in its relation to the opposing power of the senses likewise considered in its universality. In judging the act *morally*, self-preservation was represented as a duty whose violation shocked our moral sense; in estimating the act æsthetically, self-preservation was regarded as an *interested motive*, whose disregard caused in us a feeling of delight. In the æsthetic estimation of an act, we perform an operation diametrically opposite to that which the moral judgment performs. In the æsthetic mode we place the sensually-finite individual, and the morbidly-determinable will opposite to the absolute will-power and moral duty; in executing a moral judgment, we place the absolute will-power and moral force opposite to the compulsory power of nature and the limits of the senses. Hence the æsthetic judgment leaves us free, elevates and inspires us, since the mere faculty of willing in an absolute sense, the mere capacity to perform moral acts, places us in the vantage-ground toward the senses; since the mere possibility of freeing ourselves from the compulsory power of nature, flatters our longing for freedom. Hence the moral judgment restrains us, humiliates us, since in every special act of the will we are under disadvantages toward the absolute will-power, and the limitation of the will to the one determination which is demanded by duty, is contrary to the lawless aspirations of the imagi-

nation. Yonder, we soar from the actual to the possible, from the individual to the species; here we descend from the possible to the actual, and circumscribe the species by the individual; it is, therefore, no wonder that, in performing acts of the æsthetic judgment, our inner consciousness should expand, and that in performing acts of the moral judgment, it should, on the contrary, feel circumscribed and fettered.*

All this shows that the moral and the æsthetic manner of judging, so far from supporting each other, on the contrary oppose each other, since they urge the moral sense into two different directions; for the lawfulness which is demanded by reason in the name of morality, does not accord with the lawless freedom insisted upon by the imagination as its æsthetic privilege. For this reason a subject will be so much less fitted for æsthetic purposes, as it is fitted for moral ends; and if the poet should nevertheless have to select it, he will do well to treat the subject in such a way that our reason is not so much directed to the *rule* of the will, as our imagination to the *faculty* of willing. For his own sake the poet will have to pursue this course, for his empire terminates where the free will determines the act. We are *his* only as long as we live in the world of sense; he loses us as soon as we look into our own breast. This becomes inevitable as soon as we cease to regard *an object as a phenomenon, and it rules over us as a lawful power*.

Even the manifestations of the sublimest virtue are useless to the poet for *his* purposes, except in so far as they are characterized by *power*. The direction of the power does not concern him. Even if he should exhibit to our view the most perfect models of morality, the poet has no other object, nor *should he have any other* than to delight us. But nothing can afford us delight except that which improves our being, and nothing can afford us a moral delight except that which elevates our moral nature. But how can the du-

* I may observe, incidentally, that this solution accounts for the difference in the æsthetic impression which Kant's conception of duty generally makes upon these different classes of his readers. One not insignificant portion of the public finds this conception of duty very humiliating; another judges that it elevates the heart. Both are right; the cause of this difference is to be traced to the different stand-points from which both consider the subject. There is nothing great in doing one's duty; if, in doing the best we are able, we simply fulfill a duty, and still fulfill it imperfectly, there is nothing inspiring even in the highest virtue. But faithfully to persevere in one's duty in spite of the limits of the senses, and steadily to obey the sacred law of mind in spite of the fetters of matter, is a truly elevating spectacle and worthy of our admiration. Contrasted with spirit-life, there is, indeed, nothing meritorious in virtue; and whatever efforts we may make, we shall always be *useless servants*; but contrasted with the world of sense, virtue is a sublime reality. In so far as we judge acts morally, with reference to the moral law, we shall have little reason to be proud of our morality; but in so far as we regard the possibility of these acts, and contrast the moral power to which they can be traced, with the world of sense, in other words, in so far as we judge these acts æsthetically, we are entitled to indulge a certain feeling of conscious pride; this is even unavoidable, since we discover in us a principle which is beyond all comparison great and boundless.

tiful deportment of another person improve *our* being and enhance our moral power? This *actual* fulfillment of duty depends upon the use *he* accidentally makes of his freedom, and which on this very account proves nothing *in our favor*. It is simply the *faculty* for a similar dutiful conduct that we share with him, and by considering his faculty as the reflex of our own, we feel our moral power enhanced. It is by the imagined possibility of an absolutely free will that the real exercise thereof delights our æsthetic sense.

We become still more convinced of this, if we consider how little the poetical force of the impression which is made upon us by moral characters or acts, depends *upon their historical reality*. The pleasure which ideal characters excite in our minds, is not diminished by the thought that they are poetical fictions; for it is upon the poetic, not the historical truth, that all æsthetic effects are founded. Poetic truth does not mean the actual occurrence of a fact, but the possibility of such occurrence as founded in the nature of the thing. The æsthetic power, therefore, resides in the imagined possibility.

Even in the actual events of historical persons, the poetical does not consist in the occurrence of those events, but in the power which is made manifest by it. The circumstance that these persons have lived, and that these events have actually taken place, may augment our pleasure, but it will be with an heterogeneous addition which is rather prejudicial than advantageous to the poetical impression. It has been supposed that the poetry of Germany might be benefited, if the poets would make national subjects the themes of their art. We are told that Greek poetry acquired such a powerful sway over the hearts, because it pictured native scenes and perpetuated native deeds. It cannot be denied that this circumstance enabled the ancient poets to produce effects of which modern poetry cannot boast,—but did these effects belong to the poet and his art? Woe unto the genius of Grecian art, if this accidental advantage were its only distinction over modern genius! Woe unto the artistic taste of the Greeks, if these historical features in the works of the poets had been required to create and foster it! Only a barbaric taste requires to be allured to beauty by the stimulus of private interest; it is only the bungler who borrows of his subject a power which he despairs of embodying in the form of his composition. Poesy is not to wander through the cold regions of memory, is not to appoint erudition as her interpreter, interest as her advocate. She is to strike the heart because she gushed from it; she is not to aim at the citizen in man, but at man in the citizen.

It is fortunate that true genius does not heed the suggestions which we offer to it out of kindness rather than by right; otherwise Sulzer and his followers would have given to German poetry an exceedingly equivocal direction. It is indeed an honorable mission for the poet to promote man's moral culture, and to kindle patriotic feelings in his heart, and the muses know best, how closely the arts of the beautiful and the sublime are related to this object. But that which poetry executes indirectly with a high degree of

excellence, would be badly done by her, if it were made the direct object of her performances. In the case of man, poetry never executes a special business, and no instrument is less fitted to perform some special service. Her sphere of action is the totality of human nature; she can only affect single traits or acts by affecting human character generally. Poetry may be to man what love is to the hero. She can neither advise him, nor fight his battles, nor perform any other work for him; but she may educate him to become a hero, she may call him to perform deeds, she may arm him with strength.

The æsthetic power with which the sublimity of sentiments and actions seizes us, does not by any means depend upon the interest which reason feels, that acts should be done *rightly*, but upon the interest which the imagination experiences that it should be *possible* to act rightly; in other words, that no sensation, were it ever so powerful, should be capable of suppressing the moral freedom. This possibility resides in every strong manifestation of freedom and will-power, and wherever this possibility is met with, there the poet finds a suitable object for his work. It is indifferent so far as *his* interest is concerned, from what class of characters, bad or good, he takes his heroes, since the same measure of power which is required for good deeds, is very often required to do evil with consistent energy. In the æsthetic sphere, how much more we regard power than its direction, or how much more freedom than legality, is evidenced by the fact that we had rather see power and freedom manifested at the expense of legality, than to see legality triumph at the expense of power and freedom. In cases where the moral law allies itself to motives which threaten to carry the will along by their overpowering influence, the character gains in æsthetic beauty if it succeeds in resisting the moral opposition. The vicious man begins to excite our interest as soon as he has to risk property and life for the purpose of carrying out his evil designs; and the virtuous ceases to claim our attention in proportion as his happiness compels him to conduct himself properly. Vindictiveness, for instance, is undoubtedly an ignoble and even a low passion. Notwithstanding it becomes an æsthetic phenomenon as soon as he who gratifies his revenge, makes painful sacrifices to accomplish this purpose. In murdering her children, Medea aimed at Jason's heart, but at the same time she stabs her own with the dagger of pain, and her revenge becomes invested with æsthetic sublimity, as soon as we behold the tenderly-loving mother.

In these respects the æsthetic judgment contains more truth than is generally supposed. Evidently vices bearing evidence of strength of will, imply a higher capacity for true moral freedom than virtues supported by inclination; for, in the case of the consistent villain, a single victory over himself, a single change of maxims may prove sufficient to enable him to employ in the performance of good deeds the consistent energy and will-power which he had hitherto devoted to evil practices. Else, why should we repel with a feeling of repugnance, the half-good character, whereas we admire with feelings of

trembling awe, the accomplished evil-doer? Undoubtedly because, in the case of the former, we abandon even the possibility of absolute moral freedom, whereas it is evident, that the latter may by a single act of his will, elevate himself to the full possession of human dignity.

In æsthetic judgments we are not influenced by the absolute morality of the person or act, but by the co-existing freedom, and the morality pleases our imagination only in so far as the part of freedom is rendered prominent by the former. Hence it is an evident confusion of boundaries, if moral ends are expected of æsthetic subjects, and if the imagination is to be driven from its legitimate domain for no other purpose than to enlarge the forum of reason. Either it will have to be entirely subjugated, in which case all æsthetic effects are lost; or it will share its domain with reason, in which case morality will not be benefited very greatly. By pursuing two different objects, the danger will be incurred of missing both; the freedom of the imagination will be chained by the laws of reason, and the necessity of the reason will be destroyed by the lawless freedom of the imagination.

ON THE CAUSES OF DELIGHT IN TRAGIC SUBJECTS.*

HOWEVER much a few modern æstheticians may make it their business to defend the fine arts against the general belief, that they aim at pleasure, as against a degrading reproach, this belief will nevertheless continue to exist upon its firm ground, and the fine arts will not be willing to exchange their ancient, undisputed, and beneficent calling for a new one to which they are to be very generously elevated. Without dreading to be degraded by their destiny to afford us delight, they will, on the contrary, pride themselves in the privilege of accomplishing by their own direct activity that which all the other developments and manifestations of the human mind accomplish only in an indirect manner. Nobody who admits the existence of an end in nature, will deny that happiness is the end which she seeks to realize in the case of man, although he ought not to perform moral acts for the mere purpose of acquiring happiness. With nature, or rather with her Author, the fine arts have this in common, that they seek to distribute pleasure and to create happiness. They bestow in a playful manner the blessings which the severe labors of industry only yield after a hard and fatiguing struggle. With persevering application we have to purchase the delights of the understanding, with painful sacrifices the approbation of reason, and with hard privations the pleasures of the senses, or we have to atone for their excesses by a long chain of sufferings; art alone affords enjoyments which have not first to be earned by labor, which impose no sacrifice, and need not be atoned for by bodily or mental penance. But who wants to confound the merit of affording this kind of delight, with the pitiable merit of creating amuse-

ment? Who would deny to the fine arts the power of affording rational delight, simply because they are above the low aim of affording the gratifications of common amusement?

The honest intention of pursuing moral goodness every where as the highest purpose which has led to, and protected so many mediocre productions in the fine arts, has caused a similar damage to the theory of art. In order to assign a high rank to the fine arts; in order to win for them the favor of the government and the respect of mankind, they are expelled from their peculiar domain, and are saddled with a calling which is foreign to them and contrary to their essential nature. It is supposed that by supplanting the frivolous object of affording amusement, by a moral end, a great service is rendered to them; their evident influence upon the public morality must necessarily sustain such an assertion. A contradiction is supposed to underlie the doctrine that the same art which so highly promotes the highest object of humanity, should accomplish this end only incidentally, and should make the procurement of pleasure, which is supposed to be such a common thing, its chief aim. But this apparent contradiction could easily be solved by a substantial theory of pleasure and a complete philosophy of art. Such a theory would show that a liberal pleasure, as is afforded by art, rests upon a moral basis, and that the whole of man's moral nature is interested in it. Such a theory would likewise show that the production of such pleasure can only be accomplished by moral means, and that, therefore, art can only accomplish its highest object by walking in the ways of morality. For a just appreciation of art it is perfectly immaterial whether her end is moral, or whether she can attain her end only by moral means; for, morality being her object in either case, she has to be in the closest union with the moral sense; but so far as the perfection of art is concerned, it is by no means immaterial which of these is the end, and which the means. If morality is the direct object of art, she loses both her freedom which gives her power, and the incentive of pleasure which secures for her such universal efficiency. Play is changed to a serious business; and yet it is play which enables her to execute the business most certainly. It is only by achieving her *highest* æsthetic effect, that art will exercise a beneficent influence upon morality: but she cannot achieve this highest æsthetic effect without enjoying her freedom to its fullest extent.

It is moreover certain that every pleasure which emanates from a moral source, improves man's morality, and that here the effect must again be converted into cause. The pleasure derived from the beautiful, the touching, the sublime, strengthens our moral feelings, as the pleasure derived from benevolence, from love, &c., strengthens these affections and virtues. As a contented mind is the sure lot of a morally-excellent man, so moral perfection loves to be the companion of a contented heart. It is not, therefore, merely because art affords delight by moral means, that she has a moral effect, but because the pleasure itself, which is afforded by art, becomes a means of morality.

* This Essay was first published in the first number of the new *Thalia* of 1792.

There are as many means, by which art attains her end, as there are sources of liberal pleasure. I call a pleasure liberal, where the mental powers, reason and imagination, are active, and where the emotion is produced by a conception of the mind; in opposition to the sensual or physical pleasure, where the soul is subjected to a blind, natural necessity, and the sensation is the immediate consequence of the physical cause. Sensual pleasure is the only kind of pleasure that should be excluded from the domain of the fine arts; the talent of exciting sensual pleasure, can never elevate itself to the rank of art, or only where the sensual impressions are arranged, strengthened, or moderated according to an artistic plan, and this plan is recognized by the mind as a conception of its own. But even in such a case, only that portion of the plan should be designated as art, which has for its object the procurement of a liberal pleasure, namely, the tasteful arrangement which delights our understanding, not the physical charms which only delight our senses.

The general source of every pleasure, even of the sensual, is adaptation or fitness. The pleasure is sensual, if the adaptation is not recognized as a conception of the mind, but by a law of necessity develops the sensation of pleasure as its physical consequence. A suitable circulation of the blood, for instance, in single organs or in the whole body, produces bodily delight with all its varieties and modifications; we feel this suitability by the medium of agreeable sensations, but we do not obtain any conception of it, either lucid or confused.

Pleasure is liberal or free, if the adaptation is recognized as a conception of the mind, and this conception is accompanied by an agreeable sensation: all conceptions accompanied by the perception of accord and adaptation, are sources of a liberal pleasure, and in so far capable of being improved by art for such a purpose. These sources may be classified as follows: Good, True, Perfect, Beautiful, Touching, Sublime. The good occupies our reason; the true and the perfect the understanding; the beautiful, the understanding, with the imagination; the touching and the sublime, the reason allied to imagination. Mere charm or a simple invitation to activity addressed to power may afford delight, but art avails herself of charm only for the purpose of serving as an accompaniment to the higher sentiment of fitness; considered by itself it is lost among the mass of vital sensations, and art scorns it as she scorns all other sensual delights.

A difference of the source from which art derives the means of affording pleasure, does not, of itself, authorize a classification of the arts, since several, and even all kinds of pleasure may meet in the same class. But in so far as a certain art is pursued as the main object, it may not give rise to a special class, but it may determine a special mode of viewing the works of art. Arts which chiefly gratify the understanding and the imagination, arts which make the true, the perfect, the beautiful, their chief object, might be designated as the fine arts (arts of taste, the understanding); those on the contrary, which chiefly engage the reason and imagination, arts which make the good,

the sublime and the touching their main object, might be united in one class under the name of touching or sympathetic arts (arts of the heart, or the emotions). It is, indeed, impossible to separate the touching from the beautiful, but the beautiful may very well exist without the touching. Although this difference of views does not justify a perfect classification of the liberal arts, it serves at least, to indicate more precisely the principles which should guide us in the criticism of art, and to prevent the confusion which must inevitably supervene if, in determining the laws of æsthetics, the very different departments of the touching and the beautiful are confounded.

The touching and the sublime agree in producing pleasure by displeasure, and inasmuch as pleasure arises from the perception of fitness, and pain from its opposite, they agree in causing us to feel a fitness which presupposes the want thereof.

The sense of the sublime is composed on the one hand of the consciousness of our weakness, and of our want of power to compass an object, and, on the other hand, of the consciousness of supremacy which shrinks from no limits, and subjects to the mental sway that to which our physical energies succumb. The sublime object is opposed to our sensual power, and this want of fitness must necessarily awaken displeasure. At the same time it is instrumental in awakening in us the consciousness of another power superior to that which subdued the imagination. By resisting the senses a sublime object becomes adapted to reason, and affords delight by stimulating the higher powers at the same time that it inflicts pain by subjecting the lower faculties to restraints.

By emotion, in the strict acceptance of the term, we understand the mixed sensation of suffering and of the pleasure which arises from it. Our own misfortune can only excite our emotion, if the pain caused by it is sufficiently mild to afford room for the pleasure which a sympathizing beholder might experience from it. The loss of some great possession prostrates us to-day, and our pain moves the spectator's heart. A year hence we think of this loss with emotion. The weak is at all times a prey to his pain; the hero and the sage are only moved by their own highest misfortune.

Like the sense of the sublime, emotion has two ingredients, pain and pleasure; here as yonder, fitness is based upon its opposite. It seems a want of fitness in nature that man should suffer, since suffering is not his destiny; this want of fitness is painful to us. But the pain which the want of fitness causes, is suitable or adapted to our rational nature generally, and, in so far as it invites us to be active, it is adapted to the wants of human society. Hence the pain which the want of fitness causes in us, must necessarily afford us pleasure, since that pain is adapted to our moral nature. In order to determine whether pain or pleasure will be most prominent in an emotion, we shall have to ascertain whether fitness or the want thereof will chiefly interest the mind's attention. This may depend upon the number of ends which are to be attained or will be violated, or upon their relation to the last and highest end.

The suffering of a virtuous person moves us more painfully than the suffering of a vicious person, because in the former case not only the general end of happiness, but also the special end of acquiring happiness by virtue, is defeated; in the latter case only the former end is set aside. On the other hand, the happiness of a villain causes us much more pain than the unhappiness of a virtuous man, for this reason that vice itself, and secondly, the reward of vice imply a want of fitness.

Moreover virtue is much more able to reward, than fortunate vice is able to punish itself; for this very reason the honest man in his misfortune will remain faithful to virtue much sooner than a vicious person, while enjoying happiness, will return to virtue.

In determining the relation of pleasure to pain in emotions, we have especially to ascertain whether the violated end surpasses in importance the attained, or the attained end that which is violated. No fitness comes nearer to our heart than the fitness in moral things, and nothing surpasses the pleasure which this kind of fitness causes us. Fitness in natural things, might continue problematical, which in moral things is demonstrated to us. It alone is founded upon our rational nature and upon an internal necessity. It is the nearest, the most important, and at the same time the most evident to us, because it is not determined by external influences, but by an internal principle of our reason. It is the palladium of our freedom.

This moral fitness is most intensely felt, if it maintains its supremacy when struggling against other forms of fitness; it is only when the moral law is contending against all other natural laws, and all of them lose their power over the human heart in presence of this law, that its whole power is most perfectly shown. In these natural laws we include every thing that does not appertain to the province of morality, every thing that does not acknowledge reason as the highest legislative power; hence sensations, instincts, passions, as well as physical necessities and fate. The more terrible the antagonists, the more glorious the victory; resistance alone can render the power manifest. This shows, "that the highest consciousness of our moral nature can only be preserved in a violent condition, in a condition of struggle, and that the highest moral pleasure is always accompanied by pain."

The species of poesy which affords us the highest moral delight, has to employ mixed sensations, and has to delight us by pain. This end is more particularly accomplished by *tragedy*, whose domain comprehends all possible cases, where some natural fitness is sacrificed to a moral, or a moral fitness to one of a higher order. It might not be impossible, according as the struggle between the moral and some other fitness is recognized and felt, to build up a scale of pleasure from the lowest to the highest degree, and to fix the degree of an agreeable or painful sensation *A PRIORI* by the principle of fitness. From this same principle definite orders of tragedies might perhaps be derived, and a complete table of all possible classes of such compositions might perhaps be determined *A PRIORI*; so that we might be enabled to assign its

place to every published tragedy, and to calculate beforehand the degree as well as the quality of the emotion beyond which it cannot soar. This subject will be discussed in a special article.

A few examples will illustrate the statement that the perception of a moral fitness is far superior in our internal minds to the fitness in purely physical things.

When we behold Huon and Amanda tied to the stake, preferring death by fire to acquiring a throne by becoming faithless to that which they loved, what is it that makes this scene for us an object of heavenly delight? It would seem as though the opposition between their present condition and the smiling destiny which they scorn; the apparent want of natural fitness in consequence of which virtue is rewarded by misery, the unnatural denial of the love of self, &c., should fill us with intense pain, since all these circumstances overwhelm our souls with perceptions of a want of fitness; but what do we care about nature with all her ends and laws, if her want of fitness affords us an opportunity of beholding in its fullest light the moral fitness? The experience of the victorious power of the moral law which this spectacle presents, is such an exalted and essential good that we are tempted to become reconciled to the evil to which we are indebted for it. Accord in the empire of freedom delights us infinitely more than all the contradictions in the natural world are able to deceive us.

When Coriolanus, conquered by the duty of husband, son, and citizen, leaves Rome whose conquest he had almost accomplished, when he suppresses his vengeance, leads his army back, and offers himself up to the hatred of a jealous rival, he evidently perpetrates an act ill adapted to his object; by this step he not only loses the fruit of all his former victories, but he designedly rushes into his ruin; but what an excellence, what a greatness, to prefer the most violent antagonism to inclination, to an opposition to the moral law, and, by such conduct, to violate all the rules of prudence contrary to the highest interests of the senses, for no other reason than to act in agreement with the higher moral duty! Every sacrifice of life is contrary to life's intention, for life is the condition of all good; but the sacrifice of life for moral ends is eminently to the purpose, for life is never important as an end, but only as a means to morality. Hence, if a case should occur, where life becomes a means to morality, life should be given up for the moral end. "It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I should preserve Rome from famine," said the great Pompey, when about to set sail for Africa, and his friends requested him to postpone his departure until the gale had blown over.

But the suffering of a criminal delights us tragically no less than the suffering of a virtuous person; nevertheless the impression of a want of moral fitness is conveyed to us in his case. The opposition of his acts to the moral law fills us with indignation; the moral imperfection which his conduct implies, fills us with pain, not to speak of the misery of the innocent whom his crimes have sacrificed. Here the pain

which the sufferings of persons cause us, is not counterbalanced by our satisfaction with their morality; yet both forms of suffering constitute a fruitful theme for art upon which we may dwell with intense delight. It is not difficult to harmonize this fact with what we have sought to establish.

It is not merely obedience to the moral law, but pain on account of its violation, that conveys a conception of moral fitness. The sadness which springs from the consciousness of moral imperfection is adapted to an end, or appropriate, inasmuch as it is the opposite of the satisfaction which accompanies the moral rectitude of our acts. Repentance, self-condemnation, even in their highest degree, are morally sublime, since they never could be felt unless, deep in the criminal's heart, an incorruptible feeling for right and wrong were awakened, whose sentence overpowers even the most ardent interests of self-love. Repentance arises from contrasting a deed with the moral law; it is a disapproval of the deed which conflicts with the law. Hence, at the moment when the repentance is felt, the moral law must be the highest tribunal in man; it must be of more importance to him than the price of his crime, since the consciousness of having offended the moral law, embitters his enjoyment of the fruit of his criminal deed. The state of mind which recognizes the moral law as the highest tribunal, is a state of moral adaptation, hence a source of moral delight. What can be more sublime than the heroic despair which tramples in the dust all the goods of life, and life itself, because it cannot bear, cannot overpower the disapproving voice of the internal judge? Whether the virtuous makes a voluntary sacrifice of his life, in order to act in accordance with the moral law; or, whether the criminal, impelled by his rebuking conscience, destroys himself in order to punish himself for his transgression of the moral law, our respect for the law rises in either case to an equally high degree; if there should be a difference, the advantage would be on the side of the criminal, since the consciousness of doing right, might in some measure, have facilitated the resolution of the virtuous, and the moral merit of an act decreases in proportion as inclination and pleasure contribute to its performance. Repentance and despair on account of the commission of a crime, show us the power of the moral law later, but not less fully; they constitute pictures of the sublimest morality, except that they reflect a state of violence. A man who despairs on account of the violation of a moral law, is caused by this despair to return to his allegiance; the more terribly his self-condemnation manifests itself, the more powerfully the admonitions of the moral law are heard by him.

But there are cases where the moral pleasure is purchased by a moral pain; this happens if a moral duty has to be violated in order to act in accordance with a higher and more general duty. If Coriolanus, instead of besieging his own native city, had been encamped with his army before Antium or Corioli; if his mother had been a Volscian matron, and if her prayers had had the same

effect upon him, this victory of filial duty would have made an opposite impression upon us. In such a case respect for the mother would have been opposed by the higher obligation of a citizen, which should be obeyed before filial duty in case a conflict between them should ensue. The commandant who is left to choose between surrendering the town or seeing his captive son pierced before his own eyes, unhesitatingly chooses the latter, because the duty toward his child is inferior to the duty toward his country. At first sight our heart revolts at seeing a father act in such dreadful opposition to the natural instinct and to paternal duty; but soon we are filled with admiration at the thought that a moral impulse, even when allied to inclination, could not lead reason astray in her determination. When the Corinthian Timoleon causes a cherished but ambitious brother to be murdered, because his sense of patriotic duty prompts him to exterminate whatever seems dangerous to the liberties of the republic, it is indeed not without a feeling of horror that we see him execute this unnatural deed, which is so contrary to our moral sense; but soon our detestation gives way to the highest respect for his heroic virtue, which maintains her claims against all foreign influences of the inclination, and decides as correctly and calmly in the wildest tumult of the feelings as in a state of the most undisturbed rest. Our views of republican duty may differ from those of Timoleon; this does not alter the moral delight which we experience. On the contrary, it is in cases where our understanding is not on the side of the active agent, that we recognize with a peculiar force our desire to rank the love of duty above fitness, and the accord with reason above the accord with the understanding.

No moral phenomenon will be viewed in so many different ways as this, for reasons which it is not difficult to understand. All men are endowed with moral sense, but not all in that degree of strength and independence which the proper estimation of the above-mentioned cases requires. Most men content themselves with either approving of an act whose agreement with the moral law is readily apparent, or rejecting another whose opposition to this law is equally evident. But a clear understanding, and a reason which is independent of every natural power and even of moral instincts are required, in order correctly to determine the relation of moral duty to the highest principle of morality. Hence the same act which may embody in the eyes of a few the highest adaptation to purpose, may appear to the great crowd as a revolting contradiction, although both classes of critics express a moral judgment; hence it is, that the emotion kindled by such acts cannot be communicated universally, as the unity of human nature and the necessity of the moral law might lead us to expect. But it is well known that even that which is true and elevated in the highest sense, is viewed by many as extravagance, because the measure of reason which takes cognizance of the sublime, is not the same in all. A small soul is overwhelmed by such a load of conceptions, or feels painfully stretched far beyond

its moral level. Does not the great crowd frequently see the most abominable confusion, where a thinking mind admires the highest order?

Thus much concerning the sense of moral fitness in so far as tragic emotions and the delight of suffering are based upon it. Nevertheless there are many cases where a natural fitness seems to afford delight at the expense of the moral fitness. We are evidently delighted at the consistent manner in which a villain arranges his machinery, although both contrivances and object are contrary to our moral sense. Such a man is capable of exciting our liveliest interest, and we dread the failure of plans, the defeat of which, if moral fitness were the chief and direct object of art, we ought to desire with the most intense enthusiasm. But this phenomenon does not do away with what has been said hitherto about the sense of moral fitness, and its influence upon our delight in tragic emotions.

Under all circumstances, fitness, whether contrary to morality or not referring to it at all, affords us pleasure. This pleasure remains unalloyed as long as we do not become conscious of a moral end which is violated by our enjoyment. In the same way as the intelligent instinct of animals, the industry of bees, &c., delight us, without this natural necessity being referred to an intelligent will, still less to a moral end, so the fitness of every human business affords us pleasure as long as we have no other thoughts concerning it than the relation of means to an end. But if we take it into our heads to refer this end and its means to some moral principle, and if, in such a case, we discover a contradiction between it and the end; in short, if we are reminded of this act being that of a moral being, a deep indignation takes the place of the former pleasure, and no fitness of the understanding, were it ever so striking, is capable of reconciling us to the conception of a want of moral fitness. We should never be strongly reminded that this Richard III., this Iago, this Lovelace, are men; otherwise an interest in these characters would inevitably change to the opposite. Daily experience shows that we possess and frequently exercise the faculty of turning our attention voluntarily from a certain phase of objects to some other side, and that the pleasure which is alone possible for us by this act of abstraction, invites us to perform and to dwell upon it.

Not unfrequently an ingenious malice wins our favor chiefly because it is the means of promising for us the enjoyment of moral fitness. The more dangerous the traps with which Lovelace besets Clarissa's virtue; the harder the trials which the ingenious cruelty of a despot causes the perseverance of his innocent victim to undergo, so much more glorious is the triumph of moral fitness. We rejoice at the power of a sentiment of duty which gives so much trouble to the ingenious cunning of a seducer. On the contrary, to the consistent villain we impute the triumph over the moral sense which we know must become stirring in him, as a sort of merit, because that triumph gives evidence of a certain force of mind, and a certain fitness of the understanding not to suffer

moral emotions to turn him away from his purpose.

For all that, it is undeniable that the fitness of villainy can only cause a perfect delight, if it is annihilated by the moral fitness. In such a case it becomes the condition of our highest pleasure, because it alone is capable of placing the supremacy of the moral sense very prominently before our minds. There is no more convincing proof of this than the last impression with which the author of *Clarissa* dismisses us. The highest fitness of the understanding which we had involuntarily to admire in Lovelace's intrigue of seduction, is gloriously defeated by the fitness of reason with which Clarissa opposes this formidable enemy of her innocence, and by this means we are enabled to combine in a high degree the enjoyment of these two kinds of fitness.

In so far as it is the object of the tragic poet to procure a living perception of the workings of moral fitness; in so far as he makes an intelligent choice and use of the means adapted to this end, he will delight the appreciative beholder both by the moral and the natural fitness. By the former he gratifies the heart, by the latter the understanding. The great crowd experiences blindly, as it were, the effect which the artist intended to produce upon the heart, but does not perceive the magic contrivances by means of which art manages to achieve this result. But there is a class of critics on whom the effect which the artist sought to produce upon the heart, is lost, but whose taste may be gained by the fitness of the means that were employed for the achievement of his object. The most delicate cultivation of taste frequently degenerates into this contradiction, especially where the moral culture does not keep pace with the development of the understanding. This class of critics only seeks to gratify its understanding by the touching and the sublime; this they feel and examine with the most correct taste: but beware of appealing to their hearts! Age and culture lead us toward this cliff; for the character of the cultivated man the highest glory consists in happily subduing this pernicious influence. Among the nations of Europe, the French have been led nearest to this extreme, and as in all other things, so in this, we are striving to follow this model.

ON TRAGIC ART.*

A STATE of passional excitement, independent of all relation on the part of its object to the improvement or deterioration of our moral nature, affords us delight; we endeavor to excite such a state in us, even though we should have to make some sacrifices to accomplish this purpose. Our most common amusements are founded upon this incentive; it is not very material whether desire or loathing is the object of, such a state, whether it is, by its nature, agreeable or painful. Expe-

* This Essay was first published in the second number of the new *Thalia*, 1792.

rience ever teaches that a passional state, if disagreeable, has a more powerful charm for us, and that the attraction for such a state seems to hold inverse relations to its nature. It is generally noticed that the sad, the terrible, the horrible even, allure us with irresistible charm; that we feel equally repelled and attracted by scenes of woe, of horror. All crowd with eager expectation round the narrator of a murder; the most fanciful ghost-story is greedily devoured by us, and this greed is greater the more our hair stands on end.

This emotion manifests itself with still greater intensity at the sight of actual objects. A gale, in which a whole fleet perishes, if seen from the shore, would enchant our phantasy as strongly as it would revolt our feeling heart; we might find it difficult to persuade ourselves with Lucretius that this pleasure results from contrasting our own safety with the dangers of the gale. How great the crowd that follows a criminal to the scene of his tortures! Such a phenomenon can neither be accounted for by the delight of a satisfied love of justice, nor by the ignoble pleasure of gratified revenge. In the hearts of the spectators this wretch may even be excused, the warmest pity may desire to work for his preservation; in spite of this, a curious desire is excited, with more or less intensity, in the heart of the spectator, to witness with eye and ear the expression of his tortures. If the man of education and refinement constitutes an exception in this respect, it is not because the incentive of curiosity is silent in him, but because he is overpowered by the painful strength of pity, or is held in check by the laws of propriety. The brute son of nature who is not checked by a feeling of tender humanity, abandons himself without fear to this powerful incentive. This must therefore be founded in man's original moral disposition, and must admit of an explanation by the general laws of psychology.

But even if we find these sensations of brute nature incompatible with the dignity of human nature, and hesitate, on this account, to found upon them a law for the species, yet we are abundantly warranted by experience to believe in the reality and universality of the delight which painful emotions cause. The struggle between opposing inclinations and duties, which is a source of misery for him who endures it, delights the spectator; with increasing delight we follow the progress of a passion that finally draws its victim down into the precipice. The same tender feeling which frightens us away from the sight of physical suffering, or from the physical expression of moral suffering, enables us to experience a so much sweeter delight by sympathizing with a purely moral pain. The interest with which we dwell upon descriptions of such scenes, is universal.

These statements only apply to passional states that are communicated or imitated; for the close relation existing between the original state and our own desire for happiness, engages our attention too intensely to leave room for the delight which the state itself, disembarrassed from every interested relation, of itself affords. In him who is really ruled by a painful passion, the feeling of pain is overpowering, however much the hearer or

spectator may be enchanted by the exhibition of the former's suffering. Notwithstanding, the original painful state of feeling is not wholly without delight, even for him who is suffering it; but the degrees of this kind of delight differ according as men are endowed with different moral susceptibilities. If restlessness, doubt, fear, did not offer some delight, games of chance would attract us much less, we should never rush into danger with reckless daring, sympathy with strange people could not delight us most intensely at the moment when the illusion is greatest, and when the most intense degree of identification with the representing artist has been reached. We do not mean by this that painful passional states afford delight in themselves, nobody will think of asserting such a thing; it is sufficient if these moral states express the conditions by which certain kinds of pleasure are alone possible for us. Hence it is that minds which are particularly susceptible to, and desirous of these kinds of pleasure, will become more readily reconciled with these painful conditions, nor will they wholly lose their freedom even in the most violent tumults of passion.

The relation which the subject has to our sensual or moral faculty, causes the displeasure which we experience from disagreeable states of passion, and the delight which we experience from agreeable states. The relation existing between man's moral nature and his sensual, determines the degree of freedom which may be maintained in passional states; and since we know that moral things are beyond the caprice of choice, and that the sensual instinct is, or at least should be, subject to the laws of reason, it is evident that there is a possibility of preserving perfect freedom in passional states arising on the plane of the selfish instinct, and of determining the degree to which they shall be allowed to expand. This degree will be lower in man in proportion as the moral sense retains its supremacy over the desire of sensual happiness, and the interested attachment to one's own selfhood is diminished by the obedience to the general laws of reason. In states of passion such a man will feel less deeply the degree to which a subject is related to his instinctive desire of happiness, and will consequently be much less affected by the want of delight which is the natural consequence of such a relation; on the contrary, he will pay more attention to the relation existing between the subject and his moral nature, and, for this reason, will be more receptive of the delight which the relation to the moral law not unfrequently causes us to experience in the midst of the most painful suffering of the senses. Such a moral composition is most capable of enjoying the delight of pity, and of keeping even the original passional state within the boundaries of pity. Hence the exalted value of a philosophy of life which weakens in us the selfish consciousness of individual existence by a constant reference to general laws, which teaches us to lose sight of our little selves in the sum of the great whole, and enables us to treat ourselves as if we were strangers to our reason. This exalted disposition of the mind is the privilege of strong and philosophical characters, who have learned by unceasing efforts and struggles against themselves,

to subdue the selfish instinct. Not even the most painful loss carries them beyond the boundaries of grief, with which a fair share of delight may still be allied. Those only who are capable of parting with themselves as it were, enjoy the privilege of participating in their own existence, and to feel their own sufferings in the mild reflection of sympathy.

What has been said so far, may reveal to a great extent the sources of the delight which a passional state, and more particularly a state of sadness, may afford by its own inherent nature. We have seen that this delight is greater in moral natures, and that it acts with so much more freedom as the mind is less dependent upon the selfish principle in man. It is moreover more intense in states of sadness where self-love is mortified, than in states of joyfulness which presuppose a gratification of the self-love; hence, it becomes stronger, if the selfish instinct is violated, and weaker, if it is flattered. We are only acquainted with two sources of delight, the gratification of the instinct of happiness, and the fulfillment of moral laws; if it is shown that a delight does not emanate from the first of these two sources, it must necessarily emanate from the second. Hence it is from our moral nature that gushes forth the delight which the exhibition of painful passional states affords us under certain circumstances, even if these states are experienced by ourselves.

Several attempts have been made to explain the delight of pity; but only few explanations could prove satisfactory, because the cause of the phenomenon, instead of being traced to the nature of the passional state, was traced rather to accessory circumstances. To many, the delight of pity is nothing else than the soul's delight in its own sensitiveness; to others it is the delight in powerfully moved forces, an intense evolution of the desiring principle, in one word, a gratification of the instinct of action; others derive the delight of pity from the discovery of morally beautiful traits of character which the conflict with misfortune and passion has rendered manifest. But the problem has as yet remained unsolved why the pain itself, the actual suffering attracts us most powerfully in those who are the objects of our pity, since by the explanations which we have furnished, a feebler degree of suffering evidently should be more favorable to what we have recited as the causes of our delight in the emotional state. The intensity of the conceptions that have been roused in our imagination, the moral excellence of the suffering persons, the retrospective glance of the sympathizing spectator at himself, may enhance the delight of emotions, but do not constitute the producing cause. The suffering of a weak soul, the pain of a villain, indeed do not afford us this enjoyment, but only because they do not excite our pity in the same degree as suffering heroism or struggling virtue. The question therefore again presents itself, why the degree of suffering determines the degree of sympathetic delight in some emotion; this question can only be answered by the proposition, that the assault upon our sensual life is the very condition upon which the manifestation of the moral power whose

activity excites delight in sympathetic sufferings, depends.

This power is no other than reason. In so far as the free agency of reason, as an absolute and independent power, deserves more particularly to be designated as activity; in so far as the moral nature only feels perfectly free and independent when performing moral acts; so far it is, indeed, the gratified incentive to action, from which our delight in sad emotions is derived. It is, however, not the number, not the intensity of the conceptions, not the agency of the desiring faculty generally, but a definite species of the former, and a definite, rationally-determined agency of the latter, upon which this delight is founded.

A passional state that is communicated, delights us because it gratifies the instinct of activity; a state of sadness produces this effect in a higher degree, because it gratifies that instinct in a higher degree. It is only when perfectly free, when conscious of its rational nature, that the moral mind manifests its highest activity, since it is only under such circumstances that it employs a power which is superior to all resistance.

A moral state which is chiefly favorable to the manifestation of this power, which awakens this higher activity, is the most suitable to a rational being, and most satisfactory to the instinct of activity; hence it must be allied to a high degree of delight.* Such a state is developed in us by the sadness of passion, the delight in which must surpass the delight in joyful passional states in the same degree as the moral power in us is superior to the sensual.

That which is only a subordinate element in the whole system of ends, may be separated by art from this connection, to be treated as a chief end. For nature, delight may be only an indirect end; for art, it is the highest. Hence it is especially the object of art, not to neglect the exalted delight which is contained in the emotion of sadness. The art which makes the delight of pity its special object, is called tragic art in the most general acceptance of the term.

Art accomplishes its object by imitating nature, namely: by fulfilling the conditions in which delight becomes a possible reality, and uniting for this purpose, according to an intelligent plan, the scattered contrivances of nature, in order to realize, as an ultimate end, what nature had only treated as a secondary or incidental end. Tragic art will, therefore, imitate nature in such acts as are chiefly capable of awakening the emotion of sympathy.

In order to lay down general rules for tragic art, it is above all things necessary to be acquainted with the conditions in which, according to common experience, an emotion is most certainly and most intensely enjoyed; and, at the same time, to direct one's attention to the circumstances which limit or even destroy it.

Experience indicates two opposite causes which prevent emotions from being enjoyed: if the excited pity is either too feeble, or else if it is ex-

* See the Treatise on the Cause of Delight in Tragic Subjects.

cited so strongly that the communicated emotion assumes the intensity of a genuine state. The former may be owing to the weak impression which the original suffering makes upon us, in which case we use the phrase that our heart remains cold, and we experience neither pain nor pleasure; or else the difficulty may be owing to the presence of stronger emotions which combat the impression that had been received, and by preponderating in the moral nature, weaken the delight of pity, or totally stifle it.

According to what has been advanced in the preceding essay on the causes of delight in tragic subjects, every tragic emotion is prompted by the conception of a want of fitness which suggests to the mind a superior fitness whenever the emotion affords us delight. It depends upon the relation existing between these two opposite conceptions, whether delight or its opposite is to be the predominating accompaniment of an emotion. If the conception of a want of fitness exists more vividly than that of fitness, or if the violated end is more important than the end which has been accomplished: dissatisfaction will always predominate, whether this proposition applies objectively to the human species generally, or only subjectively to particular individuals.

If we become too much displeased with the cause of a misfortune, our pity with the person who suffers it, becomes weakened. Two totally different emotions cannot co-exist in the mind in the same degree at one and the same time. The indignation at the author of this suffering becomes the ruling state to which every other emotion must yield. Our sympathy, for instance, with the unfortunate, whom we desire to pity, is weakened, if we know that he plunged into his misery by his own fault, with unpardonable recklessness, or does not know how to save himself, either because he lacks the courage or the intelligence for such a purpose. Our pity for the unfortunate Lear, who is so cruelly abused by his daughters, is considerably weakened by the reflection that this weak-minded old man gave up his crown with so much levity, and distributed his love among his daughters with so little discretion. In Cronegk's tragedy *Olint and Sophronia*, our pity is only feebly excited by these two martyrs of their faith, who suffer the most horrible tortures, and our admiration is only feebly excited by their heroism, for the reason that insanity alone can be guilty of an act like that by which *Olint* brings himself and his whole people to the brink of the precipice.

Our pity is likewise weakened, if the author of a misfortune, whose innocent victims are to be the objects of our compassion, fills our souls with detestation. The highest perfection of his work must always be damaged, if the tragic poet cannot get along without a villain, and if he is compelled to derive the greatness of the suffering from the greatness of malice. This proposition is corroborated by Shakespeare's *Iago* and *Lady Macbeth*, *Cleopatra* in *Roxalana*, *Francis Moor* in the *Robbers*. A poet who understands his true interest, will contrive misfortune not as the result of a malicious purpose which intends it, much less as the result of mental weakness, but as that of the force of circumstances. If the misfortune does

not originate in moral sources, but in external things which neither have volition, nor are subject to it, our pity is more genuine; at any rate, it is not weakened by the idea of a want of moral fitness. But in such a case the sympathizing spectator cannot be spared the disagreeable sensation of a want of fitness in nature, which has to save the moral fitness. Our pity reaches a much higher degree, if both he who suffers and he who causes the suffering, become the objects thereof. This can only take place, if the author of the suffering neither excited our hatred nor contempt, but is impelled, contrary to his inclination, to become the author of the misfortune. For instance, it is a peculiar beauty of the German *Iphigenia* that the King of *Taurus*, the only one who resists the wishes of *Orestes* and his sister, should never lose our respect, and should finally compel us even to love him.

This species of the pathetic is still surpassed by another species where the cause of misfortune is not only not contrary to morality, but is only possible through morality, and where the reciprocal suffering depends upon the suspicion that both parties had respectively inflicted it upon each other. Of this kind is the situation of *Ximene* and *Roderic* in the *Cid* of *Pierre Corneille*, a situation which, so far as the plot is concerned, is undoubtedly the masterpiece of the tragic stage. Honor and filial duty arm *Roderic*'s hand against the father of his beloved, whom he conquers by his bravery; honor and filial duty raise up a terrible accuser and pursuer against him in *Ximene*, the daughter of the slain. Both are acting contrary to their inclination, which trembles with as much anxiety at the thought of rendering the persecuted object miserable, as it is impelled by moral duty to cause this misery. Both therefore win our highest respect because they fulfill a duty at the expense of their inclination; both inflame our pity in the highest degree, because they are suffering voluntarily and from motives which secure to them our highest respect. Here our pity is so little disturbed by unpleasant sensations, that it blazes up on the contrary, in a two-fold flame; it is only the inability to combine the idea of misfortune with the highest fitness for happiness, that can cloud our sympathetic delight. However much may be gained by the fact that our indignation at this want of fitness does not fall upon a moral personality, but upon the necessity of circumstance, yet a blind submission to fate is always humiliating and mortifying to free, morally-independent beings. It is this that taints even the most excellent compositions of the Greek stage; in all these compositions appeal is finally made to necessity; and our reason, which, however, demands a rational denouement, is left in presence of an indissoluble knot. But at the highest point to which the morally-cultivated man is able to ascend, and to which pathos is likewise able to elevate itself, this knot is solved, and all dissatisfaction disappears with this solution. Such a result takes place, if we cease to be displeased as the thread of fate becomes disentangled, and a dim intuition or rather a distinct consciousness of a teleological combination of things, of a sublime order, of a benevolent will, is

kindled in the soul. In such a case our delight in the existence of a moral accord is joined by the quickening conception of a most perfect fitness in the great whole of nature, the apparent violation of which, in a single painful case, stimulates our reason to seek a justification of this case, by the determination of universal laws, and to resolve the single discord in the mass of universal harmony. Grecian art has never reached this severe height of tragic emotions, because neither the popular religion, nor even philosophy, disclosed these avenues of light. It is reserved for modern art, which enjoys the advantage of receiving purer material from a more enlightened philosophy, to fulfill even this highest postulate, and thus to unfold the whole moral dignity of art. Although we moderns have to give up the expectation of seeing Grecian art restored, since the philosophical genius of the age and modern culture generally are not favorable to poesy; yet these circumstances affect tragic art less injuriously, which is founded upon a moral element. Our civilization may, perhaps, compensate tragic art for the robbery which the tendencies of the age have committed on art generally.

As tragic emotions may be weakened by the admixture of unpleasant conceptions and feelings, and as the delight which these emotions cause may be diminished by such influences, so these same emotions may be intensified, by too close an approximation to the genuine passional state, to such a degree that pain may become the preponderating feeling. We have stated that the displeasure which passional states cause, originates in the manner in which the object is related to our senses, and that the delight which those states cause, depends upon the manner in which they themselves are related to our own moral condition. Hence between the senses and the moral sphere a definite relation is supposed to exist, upon which the relation of pleasure to displeasure in sad emotions depends, and which cannot be altered or reversed, without at the same time, reversing the sensations of pleasure or displeasure which accompany the emotions, or converting them into their opposite. The more vividly the sensual power is excited, the more feebly the moral sense will act, and *vice versa*, the more the sensual power is diminished, the more the moral power will be strengthened. That which causes the sensual power to preponderate in the mind, must diminish our delight in emotions which emanate from a moral source, for the very reason that the moral susceptibility has become depressed; on the contrary, whatever heightens this susceptibility, must take away the sting of pain, even if the passional states should be experienced by ourselves. Our sensual susceptibility acquires this preponderance, if our conception of the person's suffering becomes so intense that it is no longer possible to discriminate between a communicated and an original passional emotion, between our own selfhood and that of the suffering subject, between truth and fiction. This susceptibility becomes likewise preponderating, if it is fed by accumulating the objects of its interested attention, and by the dazzling light which an excited imagination spreads over it. Nothing, on the contrary, is more calculated to

restrain it within proper limits than the assistance of super-sensual, moral ideas, by which the suppressed reason is raised up again as by spiritual supports, and is enabled to elevate itself into a bright sky beyond the cloudy region of sentiment. Hence the great charm which general truths or moral axioms, if the dramatic dialogue is appropriately interspersed with them, have had for all civilized nations, and the almost extravagant use which already the Greeks made of these. Nothing occurs more opportunely for a moral character, after the long continuance of a passive state of suffering, than to be roused from the bondage of the senses, and to be re-instated into a condition of freedom and moral independence.

Thus much of the causes which limit our pity, and oppose the enjoyment of sad emotions. Let us now enumerate the conditions which favor the existence of pity, and most infallibly and intensely awaken the delight of emotions.

All pity presupposes conceptions of suffering; the intensity of the former is proportionate to the vividness, truth, completeness and duration of the latter.

1. The more vivid the conceptions, the more warmly the feelings are invited to participate: the more intensely the sensual power becomes excited, and hence the more actively the moral power is invited to resist. Conceptions of suffering may be arrived at in two different ways which are not equally favorable to the vividness of the impression. We are much more strongly affected by sufferings which we witness, than by those which are communicated to us orally or in writing. The former arrest the free play of our imagination, and, striking our senses immediately, find the shortest road to our heart. Narration, on the contrary, first elevates the special to something general, which afterward enables us to appreciate the particular case; an operation of the understanding which must necessarily weaken the impression. A feeble impression cannot hold undivided possession of the moral sphere, and heterogeneous influences will be allowed to operate, disturbing the impression and scattering the attention. Very frequently narration causes us to substitute for the passional state of the active agent the condition of the narrator, by which the illusion which is so necessary to the development of pity, is interrupted. As often as the narrator urges his own personality upon our attention, the action is interrupted, and our sympathizing emotions must necessarily experience a corresponding check; this is even the case if the dramatic poet forgets himself in the dialogue, and makes the personating artist indulge in observations which could only be made by the cold spectator. There is hardly any of our modern tragedies that is completely free from this fault, but the French alone have elevated it to the rank of a rule. An immediate and living presence and actual representation are therefore required, in order to impart to our conceptions of suffering the force without which no high degree of emotion can exist.

2. But if these impressions of a person's sufferings are wanting in truth, they may be ever so vivid without exciting a sensible degree of pity. We have to form a conception of the suffering

with which we are expected to sympathize; to this end, there must be an agreement between the suffering and something that existed in us previously. The possibility of pity depends upon the perception or supposition of a similarity between us and the suffering subject. Wherever this similarity is perceived, pity becomes a necessary result; where it is wanting, pity is impossible. The more visible and perfect the similarity, the more intense our pity; the slighter the similarity, the weaker the pity. If we are to feel the passional state of another person by imitation, all the conditions of this state must be present in us; otherwise the external cause which, by its union with these conditions, gave rise to the passional state, could not produce a similar effect in us. We should be enabled without constraint, to exchange the personality of the doer for our own, and to ingraft, for the time being, his state upon our own selfhood. But how is it possible to feel another man's state in us, unless we first see *ourselves* reflected by him?

This similarity extends to the whole foundations of the moral mind, inasmuch as they are universal and necessary. Universality and necessity are chief ingredients of our moral nature. The sensual faculty may be prompted to changes in its manifestation by accidental causes; even the perceptive faculties are subject to changeable conditions; our moral nature alone obeys its own laws, and is, therefore, the most fit to furnish a general and sure standard of similarity. Hence we designate as true, a conception which agrees with our peculiar mode of thinking and feeling, which holds relations of affinity to our thoughts, which is readily seized and ingrafted upon the sphere of our emotions. If the similarity concerns the peculiar individuality of our emotive sphere, the peculiar expression of the general human type in us, which may be supposed as non-existing without damaging this general image of humanity within us, the conception is true only for us; but if the similarity refers to the general and necessary form which is supposed to be characteristic of the human type and species, the truth may be said to be of an objective character. To the Roman, the verdict of the first Brutus, the suicide of Cato, possess objective truth. The conceptions and feelings from which the acts of these two men emanate, are not immediate developments of the common nature of man, but of their own specially-determined individualities. In order to share these feelings with them, we should have to possess Roman dispositions, or, at any rate, a momentary ability to acquire them. On the contrary, it is sufficient to be simply man, in order to be filled with intense and elevated emotions by the heroic sacrifice of Leonidas, by the calm resignation of Aristides, by the voluntary death of Socrates, and to be moved to tears by the terrible change in the fortunes of Darius. In opposition to the former, we designate such conceptions as objectively true, because they harmonize with the common nature of man, and, from this harmony, derive as rigid a universality and necessity as if they were independent of every subjective condition.

For all that, a description or scene which is

subjectively true, and presupposes the existence of accidental determinations, should not be confounded with determinations of an arbitrary character. For the subjectively true flows no less from the general organization of the human mind, which had been determined to specific acts by special influences, and of which both the objective and subjective manifestations constitute necessary conditions. If Cato's resolution were contrary to the general laws of human nature, it could not even be subjectively true. Exhibitions of the subjective order have a more restricted sphere of action, because they presuppose other determinations beside those general ones. Tragic art may avail itself of them with great effect, if it is to be of an intensive, not so much of an extensive nature; nevertheless the absolutely true, the purely human, in human relations will always prove the most fruitful theme of art, where its province becomes universal, without the necessity being imposed upon it of sacrificing the strength of the impression.

3. A third requisite for the vividness and truth of tragic delineation, is completeness. Whatever external contribution is required, in order to excite the intended emotion, should be fully exhausted. If the spectator, were his feelings otherwise ever so Roman, is to appropriate to himself the state of Cato's soul, if he is to identify himself with the last resolution of this republican Stoic, he must find this resolution not only founded in the soul of the Roman, but also in the circumstances; he must see exhibited to his view Cato's situation in all its completeness and extent, not a single link in the chain of the determinations which led to the final resolution of the Roman as their necessary result, must be wanting. Without this completeness the truth of a delineation is not recognizable; for it is only the similarity of circumstances which is perfectly clear to our minds, that can justify our judgment concerning the similarity of emotions, since an emotional state can only arise from a combination of external and internal conditions. If we are to decide whether we would have acted as Cato did, we have to identify ourselves with all his external circumstances, and then only we are authorized to contrast our emotions with his own, to draw conclusions regarding their similarity, and to pronounce a verdict concerning their truthfulness.

This completeness of delineation is only possible by the union of a number of single conceptions and emotions which are related to each other as cause and effect, and in their connection, stand before our consciousness as a unit. If these conceptions are to touch us vividly, they must make an immediate impression upon our sensual faculty, and, inasmuch as narration always weakens this effect, they must originate in some present action. To complete the tragic delineation, we have, therefore, to present to the senses a series of single acts which are combined in the tragic performance as their unit.

4. If a high degree of emotion is to be awakened by the conceptions suggested by the sight of suffering, they have to act upon us uninterruptedly. The passional or emotional state which the sufferings of other persons excite in us, is a forced con-

dition, from which we would fain be released. This would cause a too easy disappearance of the illusion which is so essential to the continuance of pity. Hence the feelings have to be chained to these conceptions as if by force, and have to be deprived of the freedom of prematurely getting rid of the illusion. To achieve this result, vivid conceptions and strong impressions, which assail our senses, are not sufficient; for the more violently the sensual perceptions are excited, the more powerfully the soul reacts in order to conquer this impression. A poet who desires to excite our emotions, should not weaken this independent power of the soul; for it is upon the conflict of this force with physical sufferings that the delight of sad emotions depends. If, therefore, the moral sentiment, in spite of its opposing independence, is to remain chained to the emotions excited by suffering, they should be interrupted at intervals and with becoming tact, or they should be relieved by opposite emotions, after which the former would return with increasing force, and the vividness of the former impression would be restored. Against exhaustion, against the blunting effect of habit, a change of emotions is the most powerful remedy. A change of this kind quickens the exhausted senses with new life, and a graduated succession of impressions rouses the moral power to a proportionate resistance. This should be unremittingly busy in maintaining its freedom against all sensual constraint, but it should not conquer till the close, much less it should succumb in the conflict; in the former case there would, otherwise, be no suffering, and no action in the latter, whereas emotion results from the union of the two. The great secret of tragic art resides in the skillful management of this conflict; here she shows herself in all the glory of her effulgent splendor.

The achievement of this result requires a series of alternate conceptions, hence, a suitable combination of several acts corresponding to these conceptions, unwinding, like a ball of thread, the main action, and gradually and completely developing the intended tragic impression, and finally holding the mind captive as in a net. The artist, if I may employ this figure, first gathers up with careful economy all the single rays of the subject which he intends to use as the instrument of his tragic purpose; in his hands they become like so many flashes of lightning which enkindle all hearts. Whereas the beginner launches the thunderbolt of terror and fear against the hearts of his spectators at once and without result, the tragic master approaches his end step by step, by a succession of gradual shocks, which penetrate the soul to its depths, for the simple reason that he touches it gradually and without haste.

Upon deducing results from these teachings, we shall find that tragic emotions are based upon the following conditions: First, the object of our pity must belong to our species in the full sense of the term, and the act for which our sympathy is to be excited, must be a moral act, it must belong to the domain of freedom. Secondly, the suffering, its sources and degrees, must be communicated to us completely in a succession of united events; and thirdly, these objects must be

presented to our senses by adequate acts, they should not be simply narrated. In tragedy, all these conditions are combined and fulfilled by art.

According to this, tragedy may be defined as the poetic imitation of a coherent series of events (a complete action), which exhibits to us men in a condition of suffering, and which has for its object the exciting of our pity.

First, it is the imitation of an action. The conception of imitation distinguishes tragedy from all other kinds of poesy which simply narrate or describe. In tragedies, the single events are exhibited to the senses or to the imagination, as if actually occurring, immediately, without the interpolation of a third element. The epopœa, the novel, the simple narrative, by their form, remove the action to a distance, because they interpolate the narrator between the reader and the acting persons. But it is well known that distant and past things weaken the impression and the sympathizing power of the soul; whereas they are strengthened by the actual exhibition of the fact. Narration changes the present to the past; the drama changes the past to something actual.

Tragedy is, secondly, the imitation of a series of events, of an action. Not only the emotions and passional states of tragic persons, but the events from which they emanated, and which determined their manifestation, are represented by the imitative power of tragedy; this distinguishes it from lyrical poetry, which imitates certain emotive states of the soul, but not acts. An elegy, a song, an ode, may exhibit to our senses, by imitation, the actual condition of the poet's feelings as controlled or determined by particular circumstances (be they those of his own soul, or ideal conceptions); so far they are comprehended in the category of tragic poesy; but they do not completely respond to the conception of tragedy, since they are limited to exhibitions of sentiment.

Tragedy is, thirdly, the imitation of a complete action. A single event, were it ever so tragic, does not constitute tragedy. Several events related to each other as cause and effect, have to belong to each other as the elements of a logical unit, if truth—by which I mean the accord of a represented passional state, character and the like, with the nature of our soul, upon which alone our sympathy is based—is to be recognized. Our pity will not be excited, unless we feel that, under similar circumstances, we should have suffered and acted in the same manner. It is therefore necessary that the action which is exhibited to our senses, should be followed up in its completeness, and that, under the co-operation of external circumstances, we should see it flow by degrees from the soul of its author. Thus it is that the curiosity of *Œdipus* and the jealousy of *Othello* arise, grow, and finally reach their culminating point before our eyes. Thus alone we can fill the great gap which is found to exist between the peace of a guiltless soul and the torments of a crime-oppressed conscience, between the proud safety and the frightful ruin of a happy person, in short, between the spectator's calm state of mind at the commencement, and the violent tumult of his emotions at the close of the performance.

A series of several coherent events is required to excite in us a variation of emotions, that keeps the attention roused, that claims the exercise of every faculty of our minds, that stimulates the exhausted desire for action, and inflames it to greater energy by a slow and gradual gratification. Against physical sufferings the feelings have no redress except in the bosom of moral nature. In order to rouse this nature to action, the tragic artist has to prolong the tortures of the senses; but he should likewise afford sensual gratification, in order to render the triumph of moral nature the more difficult and glorious. Either of these ends can only be accomplished by a series of acts that have to be wisely chosen and discreetly combined for such a purpose.

Tragedy is, fourthly, the poetic imitation of an action worthy of our pity, and, in this respect, is the opposite of history. It would become history, if it had an historic object, if its object were to teach past occurrences and to inform us of the manner in which they happened. In this case, it would have to adhere strictly to historic truth, because it could not fulfill its object without a faithful relation of actual occurrences. But tragedy has a poetic object, its object is to excite our emotions by the exhibition of an action, and to afford us emotional delight. If it treats a subject in conformity to the end it proposes, it imitates with perfect freedom; it is empowered and even obliged to render historical truth subordinate to the laws of poesy, and to treat its subject in accordance with its own wants. However, inasmuch as it can only attain its end, which is to excite our emotions, on condition that it should harmonize with the laws of nature, it becomes subject, without injury to its historical freedom, to the rigid law of natural truthfulness, which has been termed poetic truth in opposition to historic. This shows how a strict observance of historic truth may sometimes injure the truth of poesy, and *vice versa*, how a rude violation of historic truth may sometimes be of great advantage to the poetical. The tragic poet being, like every other poet, subject only to the law of poetic truth, the most conscientious adherence to history can never absolve him from his duty as a poet, can never serve as an excuse for the violation of poetic truth, for the absence or deficiency of interest in the plot. It would be entertaining a narrow idea of tragic art, or of poesy generally, if we would summon the tragic poet before the tribunal of history, and would expect to be instructed by him who, by his very title, obliges himself merely to move and delight his readers' hearts. Even if the poet, out of an anxious respect for history, should have renounced his privilege as an artist, and should have conceded to history a silent jurisdiction over his work, art justly invites him before its tribunal, and, unless sanctioned by its verdict, the Death of Hermann, Minona, Fust of Stromberg, would be pronounced mediocre tragedies, even if the costume, and the character of the people and age had been imitated ever so accurately.

Tragedy is, fifthly, the imitation of an action which shows us men in a state of suffering. The expression "men," is not gratuitous in this definition; it serves to accurately define the limits by

which tragedy is circumscribed in the choice of its subjects. Only the suffering of sensually-moral beings, such as we are, can awaken our pity. Beings which are removed from the sphere of morality, like the evil demons painted by popular superstition or the imagination of poets; beings which are freed from all sensual shackles, as the pure intelligences appear to us; men who have risen above these shackles to a greater height than is consistent with human weakness, are alike unfit for tragedy. The conception of suffering, and suffering, too, in which we are to take part, implies that only men in the fullest sense of the term can be the objects thereof. A pure intelligence cannot be liable to suffering, nor can a man who approximates this intelligence in an unusual degree, ever excite a high degree of pathos, because he finds in his moral nature a too ready protection against the sufferings of a feeble sensual life. An absolutely sensual subject, or one who approaches to it, is indeed capable of the most frightful degree of suffering, because his sensual susceptibility is overwhelmingly active; but not being supported by any moral sentiment, he falls a prey to pain, and from a state of suffering which is absolutely helpless, from an absolute inaction of the reason, we turn away with indignation and loathing. Justly, therefore, the tragic poet accords the preference to mixed characters, and the ideal of his hero exists at an equal distance between that which is perfect and that which is condemnable.

Tragedy, finally, unites all these attributes for the purpose of exciting the affection of pity. Some of the tragic poet's contrivances might be conveniently employed for other purposes, moral, historical, &c; the fact of his proposing to himself this and no other end, absolves him from all demands not connected with it, but obliges him on the other hand, to conform to this end in every particular application of the rules that have been here laid down.

The final purpose to which all the rules for a particular species of poetry refer, is termed its end or object; the combination of the means, by which a species of poetry attains its purpose, is termed its form. End and form hold most exact relations to each other. The form is determined by the end as necessarily depending upon it, and the accomplishment of the end will result from a happy observance of the form.

Each species of poetry having its own peculiar end, it must, for this very reason, distinguish itself from all other species by its peculiar form, for this is the means by which it attains its end. What it achieves in preference to other species of poetry, it has to achieve by means of the form which it exclusively possesses. The end of tragedy is emotion; its form: imitation of an action leading to suffering. Several species of poetry may have the same action for their object, as tragedy. Several species of poetry may aim at the same end as tragedy, emotion, although this may not be their chief aim. The distinguishing characteristic of tragedy consists in the relation of the form to the end, in other words, in the manner in which it treats its subject with reference to the end, and how it achieves its end by the subject of the play.

If the end of tragedy consists in exciting pity, and form is the means by which this end is attained, the imitation of a touching action must be the totality of the conditions in which the affection of pity is most powerfully roused. The form of tragedy is, therefore, most favorable to the production of this affection.

A product of a peculiar species of poetry is perfect, where the peculiar form of this species has been best improved for the achievement of its end. A tragedy is perfect, where the tragic form, namely, the imitation of a touching action, has been best improved for the production of the affection of pity. A tragedy is the most perfect, if the production of pity is less the result of the subject employed, than that of the best management of the form. Such a tragedy might be regarded as the ideal of tragic art.

Many tragedies which are otherwise replete with a high order of poetic beauty, are dramatically faulty, because they do not seek to attain the end of tragedy by the best management of the tragic form; others are faulty, because the tragic form is used for the attainment of another end than that of tragedy. Not a few of our favorite plays touch us on account of the subject, and we are sufficiently awkward or generous to interpret this property of the subject as a merit of the artist. Other tragedies fail to remind us of the artist's intention why he assembled us in the theatre; contenting ourselves with being amused by a brilliant display of imagination and wit, we do not even feel that we leave the house with unmoved hearts. Is venerable art (for it is venerable, if it appeals to the divine portion of our being) to plead its cause by such champions, in the presence of such critics? The ready contentment of the public is encouraging only to mediocrity, but insulting and discouraging to genius.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS ÆSTHETIC SUBJECTS.*

ALL the properties of things which may impart to these an æsthetic value, may be comprehended in four different classes, whose *objective* differences as well as *subjective* relations may create a sensation of delight in our passive as well in our active faculties, differing both in *strength* as well as in *worth*, and variously useful for the purpose of the fine arts; namely, the *agreeable*, the *good*, the *sublime*, and the *beautiful*. Among these the sublime and the beautiful are alone *proper* to art. The agreeable is not worthy of it, the good is not its *end*; for the end of art is to afford delight, and the good, be it theoretical or practical, should never serve as a means to sensual nature.

The *agreeable* simply amuses the *senses*, thereby distinguishing itself from the good, which only pleases the reason. The agreeable delights by its material, for this alone can affect the senses; whatever is form, only pleases the reason.

* This Essay was first published in the fifth number of the new *Thalia* 1793.

The *beautiful*, it is true, pleases through the medium of the senses, by means of which it is distinguished from the good; but, by its form, it pleases the reason, being thereby distinguished from the agreeable. It may be said that the *good* pleases merely by a form which is *in accord with reason*, the beautiful by a form which is *analogous to reason*, the agreeable pleases without any form. The good is *thought*, the beautiful *contemplated*, the agreeable is simply *felt*. The good pleases as a conception, the beautiful as a perception, the agreeable in the sphere of material sensations.

The distance between the good and the agreeable is most striking. The good enlarges the sphere of our cognitions, because it affords and presupposes an idea of its object; the reason of our delight is contained in the object, though the delight itself is a state in which *we* happen to be. The agreeable, on the contrary produces no cognition of its object, nor is it founded upon any. It is agreeable for no other reason than because it is felt; the conception of the agreeable vanishes as soon as we imagine the affectibility of the senses altered or entirely done away with. To a chilly man, warm air is agreeable; but in the heat of summer this same man will prefer a cooling shade. It will be admitted that his judgment was correct in both cases. The objective is entirely independent of *ourselves*; what to-day seems to us true, fit, reasonable, will appear so to us in twenty years, provided our present judgment is correct. Our judgment concerning the agreeable varies in proportion as our relation toward its object varies. Hence it is no property of the object, but arises from the relation of an object to our senses; for the state of the senses is a necessary condition of the agreeable.

The good, on the contrary, is so already, as soon as it is exhibited and felt. The property by means of which it pleases, exists independently of our own selfhood, which is not necessary to it, although the delight which the good affords us, is founded upon a susceptibility inherent in our nature. It may be said, therefore, that the agreeable is, because it is *felt*; the good, on the contrary, is *felt*, because it is.

The distance between the beautiful and the agreeable is less strikingly perceived, although it is considerable. It is like the agreeable in this, that it has to be continually kept before the senses, and that it is pleasing only as a phenomenon. It is, moreover, like the agreeable in this, that it neither procures nor presupposes a cognition of its object. On the other hand it is very different from the agreeable, because it pleases by the *form* of its manifestation, not by the material sensation. It affords delight to a rational being, in so far as this being is at the same time sensual; but it affords delight to the sensual being only in so far as this is rational. It is not only pleasing to the individual, but to the species, and although its existence assumes a concrete form only by its relation to sensual-rational beings, yet it is independent of all empirical determinations of the senses, and remains unchanged even if the private character of human beings should be altered. The beautiful has in common with the

good, that by which it differs from the agreeable, and differs from the good in so far as it approximates to the agreeable.

By good we mean that which reason considers conformable to its theoretical or practical laws. The same object, however, may be in perfect accord with the theoretical reason, and yet be in the highest degree contrary to the practical. We may disapprove of the object of an undertaking, and yet admire the order and fitness with which it is carried out. We may despise the enjoyments which the voluptuous sensualist makes the object of his life, and yet we may praise his prudence in the choice of means, and the consistence of his principles. That which pleases us by its form alone, is good, and the goodness is absolute and unconditional, if its form at the same time constitutes its essence. The good, likewise, is an object of sensation, but not of an immediate sensation, like the agreeable, nor of a mixed sensation like the beautiful. It does not excite desire like the first, nor inclination, like the second. The pure conception of good can only inspire respect.

Having established the difference between the agreeable, the good and the beautiful, it is evident that an object may be ugly, imperfect, even morally condemnable, and nevertheless agreeable, pleasing to the senses; that an object may revolt the senses, and yet be good, pleasing to reason; that an object by its essence may revolt the moral sense, and nevertheless may be pleasing to the eye and appear beautiful. The reason is, because in all these different conceptions a different moral faculty is interested in a different way.

But these categories do not exhaust the classification of æsthetical predicates; for there are objects which are ugly, repulsive to the senses, terrible, unsatisfactory to the understanding, indifferent with regard to their moral worth, and nevertheless, pleasing in such a high degree, that we would willingly sacrifice the pleasure of the senses and of the understanding in order to procure the enjoyment of those objects.

Nothing is more charming in nature than a beautiful landscape at sunset, in the twilight. The rich variety and the soft outlines of forms, the infinitely-varying play of the light, the thin mist in which the distant objects are enveloped, all these things co-operate to delight our senses. The gentle murmur of a waterfall, the warbling of nightingales, an agreeable music, may perhaps contribute to augment our pleasure. We seem to melt away in sweet sensations of repose, and whilst our senses are deliciously moved by the harmony of hues, of forms and sounds, the mind indulges in a rich and easy flow of thoughts, and the heart is enchanted by a flood of emotions.

Suddenly a storm breaks loose, darkening the sky and the landscape, drowning or silencing all other sounds, and depriving us all at once of all these delights. Black clouds envelop the horizon, peals of thunder stun our senses, flashes of lightning rend the air, eyes and ears are affected by repulsive horrors. The lightning flashes simply to render the terrors of darkness more visible; we see it strike and we begin to dread that we too may be struck. Nevertheless it may occur to us that we have rather gained than lost by the

exchange, such persons excepted in whom fear destroys all freedom of judgment. This fearful spectacle which repels our senses so strongly, attracts us in one respect, and we contemplate it with a sensation which cannot be exactly called *delight*, but which is frequently preferred to it. This spectacle of nature is sometimes *pernicious* rather than *good*, (at any rate it is unnecessary that we should think of the usefulness of a thunder-storm in order to take pleasure in such a phenomenon,) it is repulsive rather than attractive, for darkness depriving us of all the images which the light enables us to behold, it can never please us, and the sudden atmospheric concussion by the thunder, and the sudden atmospheric illumination by the lightning, are contrary to a necessary condition of all beauty which excludes every sudden, abrupt, and violent motion. Moreover, this phenomenon is rather painful than acceptable to the mere senses, because the optic and the auditory nerves are painfully strained and as violently relaxed by the sudden change from darkness to light, and by the pealing of the thunder. In spite of all these reasons to the contrary, a thunder-storm is something very attractive to one who is not afraid of it.

Again, in the midst of a green and smiling plain, we will suppose a bare and wild hill that deprives the eye of a portion of the view. Every one will desire to see this mound removed as something which disfigures the beauty of the landscape. Now let us suppose this hill rising more and more to greater and still greater heights, without the rest of its shape being altered in the least, so that the same relation between its breadth and height is preserved upon a larger scale. At first the displeasure which was originally experienced at the sight of the mound, will increase, because its increasing size renders it still more perceptible, more disturbing. But let us continue to increase its size, until it has reached double the height of a steeple, the displeasure caused by the hill will imperceptibly vanish, making room for an entirely different sensation. After it has risen until the eye is no longer capable of encompassing its size within the field of vision, we shall admire the mountain more than the beautiful plain around, and we shall be loth to exchange the impression which the mountain makes upon us for another, were it ever so beautiful. Now let us impart to this mountain in our imagination an inclination as though it would tumble down at any moment, the former sensation will become mingled with another one; a feeling of terror will arise in our minds, but the object itself will be so much more attractive. But suppose this mountain could be propped up by another mountain, the terror, and with it a large portion of our delight, would be lost. Suppose further that four or five other mountains, each of them a fourth or fifth part lower than its predecessor, were ranged on a line with this mountain, the first feeling which its size awakened in us, would be materially weakened; a similar effect would be produced, if the mountain itself were cut up into ten or twelve equal parts, or if it were encumbered with artificial embellishments. All the changes that we had caused this mountain to undergo by

the first operation was to *increase its size*; this single circumstance was sufficient to transform an indifferent mound into an interesting object of contemplation. By the second operation this interesting object was likewise converted into an object of terror, by which means the delight which its sight had afforded us, was still heightened. By the subsequent operations we diminished the terrific character of the object, and by this proceeding weakened the impression of delight. We have *subjectively* diminished the idea of its size, partly by dividing the attention of the eye, and partly by ranging alongside of the mountain smaller mountains which might be used by the eye as means of measurement. In some cases *greatness of size and terror* may constitute sources of delight.

In the Grecian mythology there is no more frightful, and at the same time no more repulsive figure than the furies or Erinnyæ when ascending from Orcus for the purpose of pursuing a criminal. Horribly distorted features, emaciated bodies, heads encircled with serpents in the place of hair, revolt our senses as much as they offend our taste. But if these monsters are imagined as pursuing Orestes, the murderer of his mother; as brandishing their torches and chasing him unremittingly from place to place, until indignant justice is reconciled and they disappear again in the abyss of Hell, we dwell upon this spectacle with a shudder of delight. But not only the anguish with which a criminal is tortured by his conscience, and which the furies symbolize to the senses; even his unlawful deeds, the very act of crime, may please us as objects of tragic representation. The Medea of the Greek tragedy Clytemnestra, who murdered her husband; Orestes, who killed his mother, fill our minds with a delightful thrill of horror. Even in common life, indifferent, or even repulsive and offensive objects begin to interest us as soon as they approximate to the *monstrous* or *terrible*. A common and insignificant man begins to please us as soon as some violent passion, which does not enhance his worth in the least, transforms him into an object of fear and terror; in the same way a common, insignificant object becomes a source of delight as soon as we enlarge its dimensions so that it threatens to pass the boundaries of our powers of comprehension. An ugly man becomes still more so by anger; yet he may interest us most when ruled by this passion, provided it does not appear ridiculous, but assumes a terrible expression. This observation is even true in regard to animals. An ox at the plow, a horse harnessed to a cart, a dog, are common objects; but if we excite the ox to combat, if we enrage the quiet horse, or if we behold a dog in rage, these animals acquire an *æsthetic* value, and we feel disposed to look upon them with feelings of interest and even regard. The disposition to passion, which is common to all men; the power of sympathetic feelings, which *in nature* drives us to sights of suffering, of terror, of horror, which has so many charms for us *in art*, which invites us to the theatre, which excites our interest in the description of great misfortunes: all this shows the existence of a *fourth source of*

delight, which neither the agreeable, nor the beautiful, nor the good is capable of affording.

All the examples that we have cited hitherto, have, in common with each other, a certain objectivity in the sensations which they excite in us. All convey the conception of something "which *passes*, or threatens to pass our sensual powers of comprehension or resistance," without, however, overwhelming these powers, and without crushing in us the desire of knowing or resisting. A variety is set before us which our perceptive powers make the utmost effort to reduce to unity. A power is presented to us, contrasted with which our own disappears, which we are nevertheless obliged to compare with it. Either it is an object which at the same time *presents itself to*, and *withdraws itself from*, our perceptive powers, and which excites in us a desire to realize a conception, without affording us the hope of gratification; or it is an object that seems to rise in hostile opposition to our *existence*, invites us to combat and causes us to tremble for the result. The same effect upon the sentient faculty is seen in all the above-mentioned cases. All excite a restlessness in our feelings, and arouse their expectant attention. A certain earnestness, which may increase to solemnity, takes possession of our souls; whilst symptoms of anxiety are distinctly perceived in the sensual organs. The reflecting mind contemplates its own nature, apparently resting upon an enhanced consciousness of its independent power and dignity. This consciousness must necessarily predominate, if the great or the terrible is to have an æsthetic value for us. Inasmuch as the mind feels inspired and elevated above its ordinary level by such conceptions, we apply to them the designation of *sublime*, although the objects themselves may not be possessed of any objective sublimity, and it may be more suitable to designate them as *elevating* or *exalting*.

If an object is to be designated as sublime, it has to be *opposed* to our sensual faculties. We can imagine two different relations between objects and our senses, in conformity with which there must exist two different kinds of resistance. They are either looked upon as objects of which we desire to acquire a knowledge, or else as a *power* with which we compare our own. According to this distinction there are two kinds of the sublime—the sublime of knowledge and the sublime of power.

The sensual faculty furnishes no other contribution to knowledge than by taking cognizance of the existing material, and ranging its various objects in space and time. It is the business of the understanding, not of the imagination, to distinguish and to assort these various objects. The understanding alone recognizes *variety*, the imagination (as a sensual faculty) recognizes only *uniformity*, and it is simply the quantity, not the quality of uniform things which can establish differences when phenomena are perceived as facts of the senses. If the sensual powers of conception are to be overwhelmed by an object, this object must transgress the bounds of imagination by its quantity. Hence the sublime of knowledge

depends upon number or quantity, and may, therefore be designated as mathematic.*

OF THE ÆSTHETIC VALUATION OF QUANTITY.

The quantity of an object may be conceived in four totally different ways.

The steeple which I see in front of me is a quantity.

It has a height of four hundred feet.

It has a height.

It is a high (an elevated) object.

Evidently, each of these four judgments, all of which refer to the quantity of the steeple, expresses a different idea. In the first two judgments the steeple is regarded as a *quantity* (QUANTUM); in the two last as a thing of *large size* (MAGNUM).

Whatever has parts, is a quantity. Every perception, every conception of the understanding, has quantity, as surely as the latter has a sphere, and the former has substance. Quantity generally cannot, therefore, be understood, if objects are said to be of different sizes. Here we mean a quantity such as appertains to an object exclusively, not simply a *quantum*, but a *magnum*.

In every quantity we imagine a unity resulting from the union of several homogeneous parts. If one quantity differs from another, the difference must consist in this, that in the one quantity a greater number of parts are combined together than in the other, or in this, that one quantity is part of another. A quantity in which another quantity is contained as a part, constitutes a *magnum* with reference to the part.

Examining how often a certain definite quantity is contained in another, is to *measure* this quantity (if it is fixed), or to count it (if it is not fixed). It depends, therefore, upon the unity which has been adopted as a measure, whether an object is to be regarded as a *magnum*; in other words, all quantity is relative.

Contrasted with its unity of measure, every quantity is a *magnum*; still more so when contrasted with the measuring unity of the former measure, which in its turn becomes a *magnum* to the second unity. In the same way as we descend in the scale, we may ascend. Each *magnum* becomes small as soon as we consider it as contained in some other quantity; where is the limit, since every series of numbers may again be multiplied by itself?

By measurement we may, therefore, arrive at a *comparative*, but never at an *absolute* quantity, which is no longer contained in any other quantity, and contains all other quantities within itself. What should prevent the same process of the understanding which had yielded such a quantity, from *doubling* it? For the understanding proceeds by successive series, and, guided by numbers, is capable of continuing its synthesis without end. As long as we are still able to determine the size of an object, it is not as yet a quantity in an absolute sense, and, by comparison, may be made to appear very small. According to these statements, there can only be one absolute quan-

tity in nature, a quantity *PER EXCELLENTIAM*, namely, the endless whole of nature for which there exists no adequate perception, and whose synthesis cannot be achieved in time. Since the empire of numbers can never be exhausted, the understanding would have to complete its synthesis. The understanding itself would have to fix upon some unity as the highest limit of measure, and simply declare great any thing exceeding this limit.

This takes place if I say of the steeple in front of me *that it is high*, without *determining* its height. Here I do not measure by comparison, yet I cannot ascribe absolute height to the steeple, since nothing prevents me from increasing this height in my imagination. The mere sight of the steeple would have to constitute an extreme measure, and I should have to be able to imagine that the expression: *this steeple is high*, would imply the extreme limit of height for every other steeple. Hence height is an ingredient of the idea of steeple, and is simply a measure *peculiar to the species*.

A certain maximum of size is prescribed for every thing, depending upon the *species* (if it is a work of nature), or (if it is the work of man's own free will) determined by the limits of the efficient cause, and by the end for which the thing is designed. In the perception of objects we resort to this mode of measurement with more or less consciousness; but our sensations differ according as the measure which we use as a standard of unity, is more or less accidental or necessary. If an object exceeds our conception of its species, it may excite in us a feeling of *wonderment*. We are surprised, our experience expands; but in so far as we do not feel interested in the object itself, we shall experience no other sensation than that of surpassed expectation. We have abstracted that measure from a series of observations, but there is no reason why it should always occur. But if a product of man's free agency exceeds our conception of the limits of the efficient cause, we shall feel a certain degree of *admiration*. In an experience of this kind we are not only surprised by the fact that our expectations have been surpassed, but by the sensation that barriers have been removed. Yonder, our attention was simply arrested by the product which of itself was indifferent; here, the attention is attracted by the *producing force* which is of a moral character or belongs, at least, to a moral being, and, for this reason, must be an object of interest to us. This interest will rise in proportion as the force which constituted the active principle or agent, was more noble or more important, and it was more difficult to overleap the barrier which has been removed. A horse of an unusual size may afford us an agreeable surprise, but we shall be still more surprised at the skillful and vigorous rider who controls its movements. If we see him leap with this horse over a wide and deep ditch, we are astonished; and if, moreover, we see him dash against the enemy, our astonishment is united with respect, and finally increases to admiration. In the latter case we treat his action as a dynamic quantity to which we apply our conception of *human bravery* as a measure, and the question

* See Kant's Critique of the Æsthetic Judgment.

now is, how we should feel under similar circumstances, and what we consider as the extreme limit of courage.

It is quite different, if our quantitative conception of the end is exceeded. Here we do not adopt an empirical and accidental, but a rational and necessary standard of measurement which cannot be exceeded without destroying the purpose of the object. The size of a dwelling-house depends exclusively upon its purpose; the size of a steeple can only be determined by the limits of architecture. If I find the house too large for its object, I dislike it. On the contrary, if the steeple exceeds my idea of the height of steeples, this excess will delight me all the more. Why? Because the former is a contradiction, the latter, on the contrary, an unexpected accord with what I am looking for. I am perfectly willing that limits should recede, but not that the end should be missed.

When predicating of an object that it is large, without stating how large it is, I do not attribute to it absolute size, to which no measure is adequate: I merely do not express the measure to which I subject the size, in the supposition that size is a necessary ingredient of the general idea. I do not determine its size wholly, with reference to all imaginable things, but partially, with reference to a certain class of things, hence *objectively* and *logically*, since I enunciate a relation and proceed in accordance with a rational conception.

This conception may be empirical, hence accidental, in which case my judgment can only have subjective validity. I make perhaps the size of certain varieties the size of the species; I regard perhaps as an objective limit what is only the limit of my own subjective powers; I have perhaps based my judgment upon my own private notion of the use and object of a thing. With reference to the object itself, my valuation of quantity may be altogether *subjective*, although, as far as the form is concerned, it is *objective*, in other words, a real determination of proportionate quantity. The European looks upon the Patagonian as a giant, and his judgment is regarded as valid by those whose size suggested to him the measure of human height; in Patagonia, on the contrary, his judgment would not be admitted. Nowhere the influence of subjective reasons upon the judgments of men is more perceptible than in their valuation of quantities, in the sphere of material as well as immaterial things. We may suppose that every man is endowed with a certain measure of power and virtue which serves him as a guide in measuring the value of moral things. A miser may regard a dime as a great proof of his liberality, whereas a generous man would regard a threefold larger amount as too insignificant. A common man deems himself very honest simply because he *does not cheat*, another of more delicate perceptions frequently hesitates to appropriate a lawful profit.

Although in all such cases the measure is subjective, yet the measurement itself is objective; for we have but to generalize the measure, and the determination of the quantity will be universally the same. This result is actually obtained with the objective measures in universal use, al-

though all have a subjective origin and are suggested by the human body.

All comparative valuation of quantity, whether ideal or material, whether determining the quantity totally or partially, leads only to relative, never to absolute quantities; for, even if an object actually exceeds the measure which we regard as the highest and extremest, we may still inquire, *how many times* this measure is exceeded. Compared to its species the object is indeed a *magnum*, but not the greatest possible magnum, and the boundary being once passed, the progression may be endlessly continued. But we are looking for the absolute quantity, which alone contains within itself the ground of a *preference*, since all comparative quantities, as such, are alike. Since nothing can compel the understanding to stop its office, the imagination will have to limit its exercise. In other words, the valuation of quantity must cease to be logical, it has to be performed æsthetically.

In estimating a quantity logically, I refer it to my powers of cognition; in estimating it æsthetically I consider it with reference to my sentient faculty. In the former case my experience is confined to something of the subject, in the latter case my experience is confined to myself, originating in the quantity placed before me. Yonder, I perceive something outside of myself; here, something within me. Hence I no longer measure, properly speaking, I no longer estimate a quantity, but I look upon myself for the time being as a quantity, and moreover as an endless quantity. An object which transforms me to myself into an endless quantity, is designated as *sublime*.

The sublime of quantity is, therefore, no objective quality of the thing to which it is ascribed; it is simply the effect of our own individuality superinduced by that object. *On the one hand* it results from the consciously-perceived inability of the imagination, to attain in the determination of quantity the totality postulated by the reason, and, *on the other hand*, from the consciously-perceived ability of the reason, to set up such a postulate. Upon the former circumstance, the *repelling*, and upon the latter the *attracting* power of the great and the sensually-infinite are founded.

Although the sublime is a phenomenon which is only generated within our own individuality, yet the reason why these and no other objects determine us to make this use of them, must be contained in the objects themselves. And since, in making up our judgment, we attribute the predicate of sublime *to the object* (by which act we show that we do not carry out this combination voluntarily, but in the name of a law which we desire to see recognized and obeyed by every body), there must exist in our personality a necessary reason why we make this and no other use of a certain class of objects.

Hence there are *internal* as well as *external* necessary conditions of the mathematically-sublime. Among the former we class a certain definite relation between the reason and the imagination; among the latter, a definite relation of the object before us to our æsthetic valuation of quantity.

If the great is to move us, both the imagination

and the reason have to manifest themselves with a certain degree of force. Of the imagination, we demand that it should strain all its powers of comprehension to define the idea of the absolute, which the reason is unremittingly insisting upon. If the imagination is inactive or indolent, or if the mind is tending to intellectual perceptions rather than to intuitive cognitions, the sublimest object will remain a purely logical thing, which is not even brought before the tribunal of the æsthetic judgment. This is the reason why men of extraordinary analytical powers rarely show much susceptibility for the æsthetically great. Either their imagination is not sufficiently active to engage in the conception of the absolute of reason, or else their understanding is too busy to appropriate this subject to *itself*, and to transfer it from the sphere of intuition to its own discursive domain.

Without a certain power of imagination a great object cannot become æsthetic; on the other hand, without a certain force of reason, the æsthetic object cannot become sublime. The idea of the absolute requires a more than common development of the higher rational faculty, a certain richness of ideas, and a more intimate acquaintance on the part of man with his nobler self. He whose reason is not yet developed, will not know how to make a super-sensual use of sensual greatness. Reason will not interfere in this business, which will be left exclusively to the imagination or the understanding. When left to itself, imagination will hesitate to enter upon a process of combination which is painful to it. Hence it contents itself with a simple apprehension of the object, nor does it dream of generalizing its conceptions. Hence the stupid insensibility with which the savage resides in the bosom of the sublimest nature, and surrounded by the symbols of the infinite, without being roused by this greatness from his animal slumber, without even suspecting in the remotest degree the great Spirit of Nature, who reveals himself by this immensity of the sensual to every feeling soul.

What the rude savage stares at with a stupid insensibility, the enervated sensualist flies from as from an object of horror which makes him conscious of his weakness instead of his power. His narrow heart feels painfully strained by great conceptions. His imagination may be sufficiently excitable to attempt a conception of the sensually-immense, but his reason is not sufficiently independent to achieve this undertaking with success. He attempts to reach the top of the eminence, but he falls down exhausted after having finished half his journey. He struggles against the terrible genius, but only with terrestrial, not with immortal arms. Conscious of his weakness, he prefers withdrawing from a spectacle which strikes him down, and seeks aid of the great comforter of all weak-minded mortals, the *rule of the law*. If he is himself unable to elevate himself to the greatness of nature, nature has to descend to his own small powers of conception. She has to exchange her bold forms for artificial ones which are strange to her, but necessary to his effeminate senses. She has to subject her will to his iron yoke, and has to accommodate herself to the

fetters of mathematical regularity. In this way we arrive at a taste like the old French taste in laying out gardens, which has almost completely given way before the English taste, without true taste having gained thereby in a perceptible degree. For the character of nature is no less mere variety than uniformity. Her sedate and calm earnestness is incompatible with the sudden and frivolous transitions with which the modern taste in the laying out of squares and gardens causes her to leap from one figure to another. In submitting to changes, she does not divest herself of her harmonious unity; she hides her fullness with a modest simplicity, and even while luxuriating in her freedom, we see her remain faithful to the law of constancy and regularity.*

Among the objective conditions of the mathematically-sublime, the first is, that the object to which this attribute is to be ascribed, is to constitute a unit; and the second, that it is to render the highest sensual standard of measure with which we are in the habit of measuring all quantities, useless to us. Without the former, the imagination would not be invited to attempt to express the object in its totality; without the second, it would not be possible for the imagination to fail in this attempt.

The horizon surpasses every quantity that can possibly appear before us, for all space must be circumscribed by it. Nevertheless it sometimes happens that a single mountain, which rises on the distant horizon, is capable of communicating to us a stronger impression of the sublime than the whole horizon, which not only comprehends this quantity, but thousands of others. This is owing to the horizon not seeming to us like one object, and not requiring us to regard it as a united whole in forming a conception of it. But if we remove from the horizon every object which excites our particular attention; if we imagine ourselves transferred to a large and continuous plain, or to the ocean, the horizon itself becomes an object, which will then seem the most sublime that the eye has ever beheld. The circular figure of the horizon contributes a great deal to this impression, because it is conceived without an effort, and the imagination has so much less difficulty to attempt the completion of the impression.

The æsthetic impression of quantity seems to depend upon the imagination making a *fruitless* attempt to conceive the totality of a given object, a failure which can only occur if the highest quantitative measure of which the imagination is capable of forming at one and the same moment, a clear conception, and which she increases by adding it to itself as many times as the understanding is capable of associating these successive additions, is still too small for the object. This seems to justify the inference that objects of the same size must make an equally sublime im-

* The modern art of gardening and dramatic poetry have had pretty nearly the same fate, among the same nations. We discover the same tyranny of rule in French gardens as well as in French tragedies; the same checked and wild absence of rule in English parks and in Shakespeare; and as regards German taste, having always received its law from abroad, it had likewise in these points, to balance to and fro between those two extremes.

pression, and that the smaller object will be less capable of producing it, which is contrary to experience. For experience has shown that the part sometimes seems more elevated than the whole, the mountain or steeple more elevated than the skies, the rock more elevated than the ocean, whose waves lave its sides. But here we should call to our minds the above-mentioned condition that the æsthetic impression can only take place, if the imagination encompasses the totality of the object. If it omits this operation with the larger, but executes it toward the smaller object, it may be æsthetically moved by the latter, and withal remain insensible toward the former. But if the imagination conceives the larger object as a quantity, it likewise conceives it as a unity, in which case the larger object must necessarily make an impression that is proportionally so much stronger, the more it surpasses the second body in size.

All physical quantities exist either in space (extensive quantities) or in time, (numerical quantities). Although every extensive quantity is at the same time a numerical quantity (since we have to conceive in time what exists in space), a numerical quantity becomes a sublime object only when changed into a quantity of space. The distance of Sirius from the earth is indeed an enormous quantity in time, and the attempt to comprehend it fully overpowers my imagination; but I never undertake to have a perception of this numerical quantity, but get along by means of numbers, and the impression of sublimity comes to me only, if I recollect that the greatest extensive quantity which I am able to comprehend as a unit, a mountain, for instance, is still much too small and useless a measure for such a distance. The measure for such a distance is, therefore, derived from extensive quantities, and it depends upon the measure whether an object is to appear great to us.

The great in space may occur in *length* or *height* (to which *depths* belong likewise, for depth is nothing but a height beneath us, as height may be designated as a depth above us; hence the Latin poets do not hesitate to apply the term *profundus* to heights:

Ni faceret, maria ac terras cœlumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum.)

Heights appear more sublime than equally great lengths, the reason of which resides in a measure in the dynamically-sublime being allied to the sight of the former. A simple length, were its end ever so far beyond our visual power, has nothing terrible, but a height may inspire us with terror, because we may tumble to the ground. For the same reason a depth is still more sublime than a height, because the idea of terrible is immediately associated with it. If a great height is to seem terrible to us, we have first to imagine ourselves on the top, and thus convert it into a depth. This experiment may be readily instituted, if we contemplate the clouded azure of the sky in the water of a well, or in some other dark water, where its endless depth will afford a much more awful sight than its height. The same effect is

obtained in a still higher degree, if we look at the sky backward, by which means we likewise convert it into a depth, and our imagination is irresistibly compelled to view it in its totality, because it is the only object that strikes our eye. Heights and depths make a stronger impression upon us for this reason that the valuation of their quantity is not weakened by comparison. A length may always be measured by the horizon, on which account the impression it makes, must be weakened, for the sky extends as far as any length. The highest mountain, it is true, is small if contrasted with the height of the sky; but this fact is taught only by the understanding, not by the eye, and it is not the sky whose height makes the mountains low, but it is the mountains whose extent shows the height of the sky.

It is therefore not only *optically* correct, but *symbolically* true that the Atlas supports the sky. As the sky seems to rest upon the Atlas, so our conception of the height of the sky reposes upon the height of the Atlas. Figuratively the mountain really supports the sky, for our senses imagine that it is supported by the mountain. Without the mountain the sky would *fall*, by which we mean that optically it would come down from its height, and sink to a lower altitude.

ON THE ÆSTHETIC EDUCATION OF MAN,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.*

LETTER I.

You will then grant me the privilege of laying before you the results of my inquiries into *the beautiful* and *art*, in a series of letters. I feel most deeply the weight, but likewise the charm and dignity of this undertaking. I shall discuss a subject which is immediately connected with the best part of our happiness, and which is not very remotely connected with the moral nobleness of human nature. I shall plead the cause of beauty before a heart which experiences and exercises its whole power, and which, in a disquisition where it is frequently just as necessary to depend upon feelings as upon principles, will take upon itself the most difficult portion of my labor.

What I intended to request of you as a favor, your generosity imposes upon me as a duty, and you leave me the appearance of merit where I simply yield to my inclination. The freedom with which you request me to treat my subject, so far from affecting me as a restraint, on the contrary is needful to my spirit. Little versed in the use of dogmatic forms, I shall not run the risk of sinning against good taste by abusing them. My ideas, which I have drawn from the monotonous intercourse with myself rather than from a rich experience of the world, or acquired by reading, will not deny their origin, will be found guilty of any other fault rather than of sectarianism, and will fall rather by

* These letters were addressed to the late Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, and were first published in the Horen, 1795.

their own weakness than to maintain themselves by authority and foreign aid.

I will not conceal that it is chiefly Kantian principles upon which the subsequent assertions will rest; but you will have to accuse my want of ability, not those principles, if, in the course of my disquisitions, you should be reminded of any particular philosophical school. Your freedom of mind shall be inviolable to me. Your own sentiment will furnish the facts upon which I shall build; your own liberal mode of thinking will dictate the laws by which I shall shape my course.

Only philosophers disagree concerning the ideas which prevail in the practical portion of Kant's system, but I trust I shall be able to show that men have always agreed upon them. Disembarrass these ideas of their technical form, and they will appear as the ancient verdicts of common sense and as facts of the moral instinct which wise nature appointed as the guardians of man until his intelligence fits him for a life of independence. But this technical form which truth manifests to the understanding, is concealed by her from the feelings; for alas! the understanding has first to destroy the object of the inner sense, in order to be able to appropriate this object *to itself*. Like the chemist, so the philosopher discovers union only by dissolution, and the work of voluntary nature by the tortures of art. In order to grasp the evanescent phenomenon, he has to chain it by rules, analyse its fair forms by definitions, and preserve its living spirit in a skeleton of words. Is it to be wondered if the natural sentiment does not see itself reflected by such an image, and if, in the report of an analytical philosopher, truth looks like a paradox?

Grant me your forbearance, if the following disquisitions should remove their object from the senses in order to bring it nearer to the understanding. What is true of moral phenomena, must be true in a much higher degree of the appearance of beauty. Its whole magic depends upon mystery, and its very being dissolves as the elements of its nature are disintegrated.

LETTER II.

But may I not possibly make a better use of the freedom you have vouchsafed me than to engage your attention in the domain of the fine arts? Is it not inopportune to arrange a code for the æsthetic world, since the affairs of the moral world are so much more important and interesting to us, and since the philosophical spirit of investigation is so earnestly invited by the age to occupy itself with the most perfect of all the works of art, the construction of a true system of political freedom?

I should be unwilling to have lived in, and worked for, another century. We are citizens of the age as well as citizens of the state; and if it is deemed improper, or even illegitimate to exclude one's self from the manners and customs of the social circle to which we belong, why should it be less one's duty, in the choice of one's sphere of

activity, to accord a voice to the wants and taste of the age?

This voice does not seem favorable to art, not at least to the art to which my inquiries will be exclusively directed. The course of events has imparted to the genius of the age a direction that threatens to remove it further and further from the ideal art. This art should leave reality, and with becoming boldness elevate itself above want; for art is a daughter of liberty, who will receive rules from the necessities of mind, but not from the need of matter. But at present, want seems to rule and to bend this sunken humanity beneath its tyrannical yoke. *Utilitarianism* is the idol of the age to which all the powers of man are to do homage. In this coarse balance the spiritual merit of art cannot be weighed, and, deprived of all encouragement, it disappears from the noisy mart of the world. Even the philosophical spirit of investigation robs the imagination of one province after another, and the limits of art become narrower in proportion as science enlarges her boundaries.

The eye of the philosopher as well as that of the man of the world are anxiously riveted to the theatre where the great destiny of humanity is now, as is supposed, under discussion. Would we not betray a censurable indifference to the well-being of society, if we were to exclude ourselves from this discussion? As closely as this great dispute must interest by its nature as well as by its consequences every body who calls himself a man, so it must interest every independent thinker by the manner in which the great struggle is conducted. It appears that a question which in former times was answered by the blind right of the stronger, has now been summoned before the tribunal of pure reason; any one who is capable of judging society from its centre, and of identifying his individual selfhood with the nation, may regard himself as a judge before this tribunal of reason, at the same time as his character as man and citizen of the world makes him a party to the dispute, and involves him more or less remotely in the final result. It is not simply his own business that is to be decided in this great trial; the decision is to be conformable to laws which his character as a rational spirit authorizes and enables him to dictate.

How attractive it would be for me to investigate such a subject with one who is as intelligent a thinker as he is a liberal citizen of the world, and to rely for the ultimate decision upon a heart which devotes itself with a beautiful enthusiasm to the welfare of humanity! How agreeably surprising to arrive with your unprejudiced mind at the same result in the world of ideas in spite of the distance which separates our respective standpoints, and which the circumstances of our respective positions render necessary! If I resist this temptation, and place beauty before liberty, I fancy that I may not only excuse this course with my inclination, but justify it upon the score of principle. I trust I shall be able to show that this subject is less remote from the wants than from the taste of the age; nay, that the solution of yonder political problem can only be accom-

plished by the suggestions of æsthetic beauty, for it is through beauty that we are led to freedom. But this argument cannot be conducted without first calling up the principles which guide reason generally in the enactment of political laws.

LETTER III.

Nature does not pursue a different course toward man from what she pursues toward her other creatures; she acts for him, as long as he is unable to act for himself as an independent intelligence. But what makes him a man is precisely that he does not stand still, where nature placed him, and that he possesses the faculty of retracing the steps which she had anticipated with him, of converting the work of nature into a work of his free choice, and elevating the physical necessity to the rank of a moral law.

He awakens from his sensual slumber, feels that he is a man, looks around himself and sees himself in the midst of—a state. The force of necessity led him to the state even before he was permitted to select this condition by an act of freedom. But as a moral personality he cannot be satisfied with a political state dictated by necessity, having arisen from his natural condition and framed only with reference to it; it would be a sad thing for him, if he could be! By the same right which makes him a man, he abandons the rule of a blind necessity, as he does in so many other respects in perfect freedom, extinguishing, for instance, by morality, and ennobling by beauty, the common character which the imperious necessities of instinct have impressed upon the sexual love. Thus it is that in the years of maturity he makes up for the deficiencies of childhood; that he fashions for himself an *ideal state of nature* which is not indicated by experience, but pointed out as a necessity of the reason; proposes to himself a purpose in this ideal state of which he was not conscious in the state of nature, and a choice of which he was incapable at that early period, and now proceeds as if he commenced anew, exchanging with intelligence and freedom a state of independence for a state based upon a compact. However artfully and firmly a blind despotism may have founded its work; however arrogantly it may maintain, with whatever halo of veneration it may surround the work, he is entitled, in executing this operation, to regard this work as non-existing; for the work of blind forces does not possess any authority to which freedom need bow, and all things must accommodate themselves to the high end which reason has proposed in shaping man's personality. In this way the attempt of a people that has reached the age of manhood, to transform its state of nature into one of moral government, is accounted for and justified.

This state of natural government (as any political society may be designated whose organization is originally derived from forces, not from laws) is indeed contrary to the moral man who is to be governed by the forms of legality; but it is sufficient to the physical man who imposes laws upon himself for the very purpose of getting rid of the

government of rude force. It now so happens that the physical man is a *reality*, the moral man a *problem*. Hence if reason abolishes a natural political state as it necessarily must do, if it wishes to substitute its own in the place of the former, it risks the physical and actual man in exchange for the problematically-moral; it risks the existence of society, in order to attain a merely possible (although morally necessary) ideal of a social state. It takes from man something which he possesses in reality, and in exchange proposes to him something that he should and might possess; and if reason had expected too much of him, it would even have deprived him of the means of gratifying his animal wants which are, however, the condition of his humanity, promising him in exchange a humanity that is still wanting to him and may remain wanting to him without his existence being endangered or damaged. Before he should have had time to attach himself to the law by virtue of his will, reason would have removed the ladder of nature from beneath his feet.

The great difficulty is that the physical society cannot cease for one moment *in time*, whilst the moral society is taking shape *in the idea*, and that man's existence should not be endangered for the sake of his dignity. If the watch-maker wishes to repair a watch, he lets the watch run down; but the living clock-work of the state has to be repaired whilst the clock is striking, and here it behoves us to exchange the wheel while performing its revolutions. Hence a support has to be sought for the continuance of society, rendering it independent of the state of natural government which we desire to remove.

This support is not found in man's natural character, an egotistical and violent power which aims at the destruction rather than the preservation of human society. Nor is this support to be found in man's moral character that has yet to be formed and which, being free, and *never becoming manifest*, cannot be acted upon by the legislator, nor can be safely depended upon. It would, therefore, seem necessary to separate arbitrary power from the physical character, and freedom from the moral; to cause the former to agree with laws, and to make the latter dependent upon impressions; to remove the former a little further from matter, and to approximate the latter to it a little more; by this means we should realize a third character which would be in relations of affinity with each of these two, which would effect a transition from the government of brute force to that of laws, and which, without hindering the development of the moral character, would on the contrary, serve as a material pledge of an invisible morality.

LETTER IV.

Thus much is certain: only the preponderance of such a character can render a revolution in accordance with moral principles, uninjurious, and only such a character can guarantee its stability. In organizing a moral political government, the moral law is depended upon as an active power, and the freedom of the will is considered

an active principle in the sphere of causes, where all things are rigidly and perpetually united. But we know that the determinations of the human will always remain accidental, and that only in the Supreme Being the physical necessity coincides with the moral. If the moral conduct of man is to be relied upon like other natural results, it must be like a natural state, and man must be instinctively impelled to such a conduct as may result from a moral character. Man's will is perfectly free between duty and inclination, no physical necessity should interfere with this royal privilege of his personality. If, therefore, he is to retain the freedom of choice, and nevertheless become a reliable link in the chain of causes, the effects of these two impelling forces have to be characterized by the same phenomena and, in spite of all differences of form, the substantial objects of his will have to remain the same, and his instincts have to agree with his reason sufficiently to become the basis of a universal system of laws.

It may be said that every individual man, by his constitution and destiny, incloses an ideal man within himself, to agree with whose immutable unity throughout all changes of state, is the great problem of his existence.* This pure man who is manifest more or less distinctly in every individual, is represented by the state, the objective, and so to say canonical form in which the great multiplicity of individual characters seeks to become united. We may imagine two different ways how the actual man may coalesce with the ideal, hence as many ways how the state may maintain its power over the individual, either by the ideal man suppressing the empirical or actual, or by the state wiping out its individuals; or secondly, by the individual *becoming* the state, and the actual man *elevating* himself to the ideal.

This difference is not, it is true, regarded by the determination of a purely external morality; for reason is satisfied, provided its law is acknowledged unconditionally; but in a complete appreciation of character, where not only the form but the essence has to be considered, and where the living sentiment is likewise permitted an expression, the internal nature will be regarded so much more fully. Reason requires unity, but nature variety, and both these legislating powers revolve around man. The law of reason is engraved upon his soul by an incorruptible consciousness, that of nature by an inextinguishable sentiment. Hence we infer an imperfect cultivation, where the moral character can only be maintained by sacrificing the natural; and a political organization which can only realize unity by destroying variety, must still appear very imperfect. The state should not only honor the objective and generic, but likewise the subjective and specific character of its individuals, it should not depopulate the empire of phenomenal manifestations by expanding that of morality.

If the mechanic works upon the shapeless mass in order to impress upon it the form of his ends,

* See the recently published work: *Lectures on the Destiny of The Savant*, where this proposition is lucidly discussed, and in a manner which has never been attempted heretofore.

he does not hesitate to use violent means; for the natural object upon which he works, is not of itself deserving of respect, nor does he care for the whole for the sake of its parts, but for the parts for the sake of the whole. If the artist begins his work, he hesitates as little as the mechanic to do violence to the mass, but he manages not to show it. He respects no more than the mechanic, the material which he seeks to mould; but he will endeavor to deceive the eye by seeming to yield to the material and to respect the freedom of its form. This is quite different in education and politics, where man is both the material and the task. Here the object is made subordinate to the material, and it is only because the whole is beneficial to the parts, that the parts should accommodate themselves to the whole. With a different respect from that which the artist shows to his material, the political artist should approach his own, whose individuality and personality he should not only spare subjectively and for the sake of producing an illusory effect in the sphere of sense, but objectively and for the sake of preserving the internal essence.

But for the very reason that the state should be an organization, developing itself by its own inherent vitality and for its own ends, it can become a perfect reality only in so far as the parts are adequately fitted by education for the ideal of this social state. Since the state represents the pure and objective morality in the breasts of its citizens, it will have to observe the same relation toward them which they have realized toward each other; it will only be able to honor their subjective humanity in so far as they manifest it objectively by their acts. If the internal man is agreed with himself, he will maintain his individuality even under the most centralizing rule, and the state will simply be the interpreter of his better instincts, the more positive formula of his own internal law. On the contrary, if the subjective man among a people is still so entirely opposed to the objective manifestation that this objective life can only triumph by sacrificing the former, the state likewise will oppose the citizen with the severity of the law, and will have to crush this hostile individuality for the sake of preserving its own constitution.

Man may be opposed to himself in a twofold manner: as a savage, when his feelings rule over his principles; or as a barbarian, when his principles destroy his feelings. The savage despises art, and worships nature as his absolute master; the barbarian scorns and dishonors nature, but, more contemptible than the savage, he frequently continues to be the slave of his own slave. The cultivated man makes nature his friend, and honors freedom whilst simply bridling its excesses.

By subjecting the political body to the unity of its moral government, reason should not violate the rights of individuals. If individual nature seeks to maintain its law under the moral government of society, it should do so without impairing the unity of the public will; the triumphant form is equally far from uniformity and confusion. Hence a nation which claims the right of exchanging a government founded upon natural ne-

cessity, for a government founded upon liberty, will have to exhibit *fullness* and *integrity* of character.

LETTER V.

Do the present age and the present events manifest to us this character? Let me direct my attention at once to the most prominent object in this vast picture.

It is true, the authority of opinion is prostrate, tyranny is unmasked, and, although still armed, yet it no longer commands respect; man has been roused from his long slumber of indolence and delusion, and an emphatic majority demands to be reinstated into its imprescriptible rights. But they are not simply demanded; everywhere man is rising up in arms for the purpose of snatching by force what, in his opinion, he had been wrongfully deprived of. The edifice of force is shaking, its decaying foundations give way, and a *physical* possibility seems to have arisen, to install law upon the throne, to see man honored as the highest end of all government, and true liberty accepted as the foundation of political union. Vain hope! the *moral* possibility is wanting, and the liberality of the moment is weakened by the deficient susceptibility of the race.

Man is reflected by his deeds, and how does man show himself in the drama of this epoch? Here an exuberance of wild force, yonder the symptoms of weariness and exhaustion; the extremes of human decay, both occurring in the same age.

Among the lower classes, who are by far the most numerous, we discover rude and lawless instincts let loose after the dissolution of the public order, and rushing with insatiable fury into the whirlpool of animal gratifications. Admitting that the objective man has had cause to complain of the state, yet the subjective man should honor its provisions. Can the state be blamed for having lost sight of the dignity of human nature, as long as human existence had yet to be cared for? for having divided by force, and bound together by violence, where free and liberal combinations were as yet impossible? The dissolution of the state is its own justification. The bonds of society being loosened, man instead of elevating himself to a beautiful and ethereal order, relapses into a life of brutish nature.

On the other hand, the civilized classes evince a relaxation and depravity of character which is the more revolting the more it seems the result of culture. I do not recollect what ancient or modern philosopher has said that that which is most noble in man, becomes most detestable by its dissolution; but such a remark will likewise be found applicable to moral things. The son of nature, in his excess becomes a raving madman; the pupil of art a worthless villain. The enlightenment to which the civilized classes lay claim, not without reason, upon the whole has ennobled their sentiments so little that it enables them on the contrary, to corroborate their depraved ways by maxims. We deny nature in her legitimate sphere in order to experience her tyranny in

moral things, and receive our maxims from her while we oppose her impressions. The affected propriety of our manners refuses nature the *first* pardonable voice, in order to yield to her the *last* decisive voice in our materialistic moral treatises. In the very bosom of the most elaborately refined social life, egotism has founded its system, and without winning a social heart, we experience all the contagious aspirations and urgent wants of society. Our free judgment we subject to its despotic sway, our feelings to its strange customs, our will to its seductive allurements; and yet we oppose its sacred rights by arbitrary rules. A proud self-sufficiency contracts the heart of the man of the world, which yet so frequently beats full of sympathy in the rude son of nature, and, as in a burning city, every one seeks to save his property from the universal destruction. It is only by completely abjuring sensibility that we seek to protect ourselves from its aberrations, and the ridicule which so frequently proves a useful chastisement to the unreasoning enthusiast, assails with equal bitterness the noblest sentiments. So far from contributing to our independence, civilization creates for us a new want with every new power which it develops in us; the physical bonds become more and more tightly drawn, so that the fear of losing, stifles even the fiery instinct of improvement, and the maxim of passive obedience is considered the highest wisdom of life. Thus we see the spirit of the age vibrate between perversity and brutality, between a degenerated and an uncultivated nature, between superstition and moral skepticism, and it is only the equilibrating power of evil which sometimes restrains the movement.

LETTER VI.

Does this picture wrong the present age? I do not expect this objection; I am afraid rather of having proved too much by my statements. You may say to me that this picture indeed resembles the present humanity, but that it applies to all nations who are progressing in civilization, because all, indiscriminately, have to leave the ways of nature in consequence of sophistical reasonings, in order to be led back to nature by the light of true reason.

But a closer examination of the character of the present age will show an astonishing contrast between the present race and the humanity of former ages, especially in Greece. The glory of cultivation and refinement which rightfully belongs to us in comparison with a *simple* state of nature, cannot be claimed by us against the Grecian nature which allied itself to all the charms of art, and to all the dignity of wisdom without being sacrificed by this refinement as ours has been. The Greeks shame us not only by a simplicity which is foreign to our age, they are at the same time our rivals, even our models in the same advantages by which we manage to console ourselves for the unnatural character of our manners. Endowed with the love of form and with a fullness of strength, philosophers as well as artists,

tender as well as energetic, we see them combine the youth of imagination and the manliness of reason in a splendid manifestation of humanity.

At that time, in that period of a beautiful awakening of the mental powers, rigidly distinct spheres had not yet been assigned to the senses and the mind; there was no antagonism between them, rendering such rigid and hostile lines of demarkation necessary. Poesy had not yet been adulterated by wit, and philosophy had avoided sophistical absurdities. Either might have performed the office of the other, because truth was honored by both. In its highest flights, reason never lost sight of the senses, which it never mutilated even by the finest and deepest disquisitions. Their reason indeed analyzed human nature and displayed it grandly and sublimely in a whole circle of divinities; but this nature was never torn to pieces, it was only presented in different combinations, for the whole of humanity was present in each individual god. How different in the present age! With us likewise, the image of the species is presented in a grander form in the individual, but only fragmentarily, not differently combined, obliging us to look around from individual to individual, in order to collect all the elements of the species. It may almost be asserted that among us the mental powers are separated in life as the metaphysician isolates them in theory; we see not only single subjects, but whole classes of men develop only one portion of their faculties, of the balance we only see a vestige, here and there, like stunted growths.

I am not disposed to overlook the advantages which the present race, considered as a unit and weighed in the balance of the understanding, possesses over the best nations of antiquity; but it has to enter upon the struggle with closed ranks, and the whole has to be contrasted with the whole. What modern individual, as an isolated being, would dare cope with the individual Athenian for the prize of humanity?

Whence this inferiority of individuals in spite of the superiority of the species? Why was the individual Greek fit to represent his age? Why cannot the modern individual claim the same privilege? Because the former received his culture from all-combining nature, the latter receives it from the all-analyzing understanding.

It is civilization itself which has inflicted this wound upon the present race. As soon as a more rigid separation of conditions and occupations had been rendered necessary by an enlarged experience and a more positive and determinate direction of the thinking understanding on the one, and a more complicated machinery of the political organization on the other side, the internal unity of human nature was torn, and a pernicious struggle disunited her harmonious forces. Henceforth intuition and speculation assumed hostile positions in their respective spheres whose boundaries they now began to watch with jealous eyes. But the sphere to which we limit our activity, is inclined to lord it over us as a master who seeks to accomplish the suppression of all the other faculties. Whilst a luxuriant imagination is here devastating the laborious creations of the understanding, there the spirit of abstraction extin-

guishes the fire that should have warmed the heart and kindled the fancy.

The derangement initiated in the inner man by art and erudition, was completed and spread throughout society by the new genius of government. It could not be expected that the simple organization of the first republics should survive the simplicity of the ancient customs and conditions; but instead of elevating itself to a higher animal existence, it descended to a vulgar and coarse mechanism. The multifarious nature of the Greek republics, where every individual enjoyed an independent existence, and, if necessary, was able to act like a unit, now was replaced by ingenious contrivances, where a mechanical life is produced in the whole by its disintegration into an infinite number of inanimate parts. State and church, laws and customs, now were violently torn asunder; enjoyment was separated from labor, the means from the end, effort from reward. Chained to the whole as a single little fragment, man now confines himself to a fragmentary development; listening only to the monotonous noise of the wheel which he is perpetually revolving, he never develops the harmony of his being, and instead of impressing upon his nature the image of humanity, he contents himself with exhibiting in his person the imprint of his business or science. But even the scanty and fragmentary share which still binds the single members to the whole, is not dependent upon forms of their own creation, (for how could such an artificial and light-dreading machinery be confided to their freedom?) but is prescribed with scrupulous severity by set rules by which their free intelligence is chained. The dead letter replaces the living spirit, and a practiced memory is a surer guide than genius and emotion.

If public opinion measures man by his office; if in one citizen it honors memory, in the other a systematic understanding, in a third a mechanical talent; if, indifferent to character, it insists in one man upon knowledge, and if, in another, it excuses the greatest darkness of the understanding on account of his spirit of order and his lawful deportment; if it is at the same time desirous of seeing these isolated talents developed to a degree of intensity corresponding with the absence of extensive unfolding of the individual; can we wonder if the other faculties of the mind are neglected in order to devote all honor and care to the one that produces honor and reward? We know indeed, that a vigorous genius does not bound his activity by the limits of his business; but in the portion which falls to the lot of a person of mediocre talent, he consumes the whole of the scanty sum of his power, and it requires more than ordinary capacity to reserve some time for favorite pursuits without damaging one's business. Nor is it always a favorable recommendation in the eyes of the government, if a man's powers exceed the necessities of his office. Government is so anxious to enjoy the exclusive possession of its servants that it would rather share them with Venus Cytherea than with Venus Urania.

In this way the individual reality of life is gradually extirpated in order that the abstract whole should enjoy a scanty existence; and the state remains a stranger to its citizens because their

feelings never meet its demands. Compelled to secure an intelligent comprehension of the variety of its citizens by classifying them, and to be content with a second-hand knowledge of humanity through representative forms, the governing portion finally loses sight of it altogether, comparing it with a simple product of the understanding; and the governed must necessarily receive with a spirit of cold indifference the laws that are so little designed for him. Tired of preserving the bond which the state takes so little care to lighten, society becomes dissolved into a sort of natural moral state, (which has become the fate of most European nations), where the public authority simply constitutes an *additional* party which is hated and deceived by those who render its existence necessary, and is respected only by him who can do without it.

In presence of this double power which weighed upon humanity from within and without, could it have taken another direction from that which it really did take? Whilst the speculative mind was seeking inalienable possessions in the world of ideas, it had to become a stranger in the world of sense, and had to lose the substance while investigating the form. The spirit of business, circumscribed within a narrow circle of objects, and in this circle held by the additional restraints of formulas, had to see the boundless horizon removed from its sight, and had to become impoverished through this dogmatic limitation of its sphere of action. As the former is tempted to mould the actual by the ideal, and to elevate the subjective conditions of his individual powers of comprehension to the character of constitutive laws for the existence of all things, so the latter rushed into the opposite extreme of measuring the value of all experience by the special fragment of his own, and to adapt the rules of his business indiscriminately to every other. The one had to fall a prey to an empty subtilty of analysis, the other to a pedantic narrowness of mind; the one was placed too far above details, the other too low for the whole. The disadvantages of this direction of the mind were not confined to mere knowledge and productive labor; they likewise affected the emotions and human actions. We know that moral sensibility, for its intensity, depends upon the vividness, and for its extent upon the richness of the imagination. A preponderance of the analytical tendency must necessarily deprive the imagination of its fire and energy, and a more limited sphere of objects must necessarily limit its wealth. For this reason the abstract thinker has very frequently a *cold* heart, because he analyses the impressions which touch the soul only in their totality; the man of business frequently has a *narrow* heart, because his imagination, locked up in the monotonous circle of his calling, is unable to expand and identify itself with modes of thought and comprehension peculiar to others.

It seemed natural to my purpose to unveil the pernicious direction of the character of the age, and the sources of this bias, but not to show the advantages which nature offers by way of compensation. I admit that however little delight individuals may derive from this disintegration of their being, the species could not have progressed

in any other way. The Grecian humanity was undoubtedly a maximum which neither could remain at this point, nor go beyond it; it could not remain, because the understanding must inevitably be compelled, by the quantity of material which it had already accumulated, to separate itself from intuition and emotion, and to aim at clearness of knowledge; nor could it ascend higher, because only a certain degree of clearness can co-exist with a certain degree of fullness and warmth. The Greeks had reached this degree, and, if they desired to progress to a higher cultivation, they had, like ourselves, to abandon the totality of the being, and pursue the investigation of truth upon separate roads.

There was no other way of developing the various faculties of man, than by opposing them to each other. This antagonism of forces is the great instrument of culture, but only the instrument; for while the antagonism lasts we are only traveling toward culture. Single forces in man, by isolating themselves, and arrogating to themselves an exclusive right to legislate, come into conflict with the truth of things, obliging the public mind which generally skims over the surface of phenomena, to penetrate into the essence of objects. Whilst the pure understanding usurps its authority in the world of sense, and the empirical mind is employed in subjecting the former to the conditions of experience, both these faculties develop themselves to the highest degree of maturity, exhausting the whole extent of their ranges of power. Whilst on one side, the imagination boldly dares to disintegrate universal order, on the other side it compels reason to ascend to the supreme sources of knowledge, and to call the law of necessity in aid against it.

One-sidedness in the exercise of its powers leads the individual inevitably to error, but the species to truth. By intensifying the whole energy of the mind in *one* focus, and concentrating our whole being in one power, we add wings to this power, as it were, and we lead it by artificial means far beyond the limits which nature seems to have fixed for it. As it is certain that all human individuals together would not have been able to discover a satellite of Jupiter which the telescope has enabled the astronomer to behold; so it is equally certain that the human mind would never have undertaken an analysis of the infinite or a criticism of the pure reason, if in a few subjects reason had not individualized itself for such a purpose; if it had not cut itself loose from all matter, and by means of the most persevering abstraction had not launched its sight into the infinite. But will such a mind, etherealized by the pure understanding and the pure intuition, be capable of exchanging the rigid bond of logic for the free rhythm of poesy, and of grasping the individuality of things with a liberal, unbiassed sense? Here nature assigns limits even to the universal genius which he is unable to transgress, and truth will continue to make martyrs as long as philosophy shall have to make it its principal business to contrive measures against error.

However much society may gain by this separate development of human powers, it is undeniable that the individuals who are subjected to

this course, lose by this curse of universal destiny. Athletic bodies may be formed by gymnastic exercises, but beauty is the result of the free and uniform play of the limbs. For the same reason, the straining of single mental powers may produce extraordinary men, but happy and perfect men can only be realized through the harmonious evolution of the mind. What relation do we hold to the past and to the future ages, if the cultivation of human nature requires such a sacrifice? We would have been the servants of humanity, we would have been their slaves for a few thousand years, and would have impressed upon our mutilated natures the shameful traces of this bondage to enable our descendants to attend to their moral health, and to foster the unimpeded unfolding of their humanity!

Can it be man's destiny to neglect himself by attending to any one end? Can it be true that nature should have the power of robbing us by her own ends of a perfection, which reason imposes upon us by her ends? It cannot, therefore, be true, that the cultivation of a single power necessitates the sacrifice of their totality; or, even if nature's law tended ever so much in this direction, it must be given unto us to restore by a higher art the integrity of our forces which the mechanism of the actual has destroyed.

LETTER VII.

May this result be expected of the state? This cannot be; for the present organization of the state having caused the evil, the state, such as reason imagines it to itself, would have to be founded upon the better humanity which it is expected to bring forth. Thus my previous mode of reasoning brings me back to the point whence I started. The present age so far from exhibiting to us a humanity such as is indispensable to a reform of the political and social state, on the contrary exhibits its exact opposite. If the maxims which I have laid down are correct, and if experience corroborates my picture of the present age, we shall have to condemn as premature every attempt at revolution, and shall have to reject as chimerical every hope founded upon it, until the disintegration of man's internal nature shall have been arrested, and his nature shall have been sufficiently developed in its completeness to enable it to become the artist of reform and to guarantee the reality of the political creation of reason.

In her physical arrangement nature shows us the road which we should pursue in moral things. Not until the struggle of elementary forces in the lower organizations is ended, nature enters upon the noble work of fashioning the physical man. In the same way the conflict of moral elements, of blind instincts has first to be settled, and all coarse antagonism must have ceased, before it will be safe to favor the development of individual variety. On the other hand, the independence of his character must be secured, and the submission to heterogeneous and despotic forms must have given way before a proper degree of freedom,

before the variety of his powers can be made subordinate to the unity of an ideal. Where the natural man is still using his power in such a lawless manner, his freedom ought scarcely to be shown him; where the citizen still makes such a scanty use of his liberty, it should not be curtailed or withdrawn from him. The gift of liberal principles becomes treason against the state, if it is allied to a still fermenting power, and goes to strengthen the excessive vehemence of natural passions; the law of unity becomes tyranny against individuals, if it is imposed upon a prevailing weakness and physical want, thus extinguishing the last glimmer of independence and individuality. Hence the character of the age will first have to raise itself from its deep degradation; in one case it will have to free itself from the blind power of nature, and in the other, return to her simplicity, truth and fullness, a problem which it will require more than *one* century to solve. In the mean while, single individuals may succeed in realizing this high destiny in themselves; but the whole will not be mended thereby, and the inconsistencies in our conduct will bear testimony against the unity of our maxims. In other continents humanity may be honored in the negro, whilst in Europe it is dishonored in the philosopher. The old maxims will remain, but they will be clothed in the spirit of the age, and philosophy will authorize a despotism which used to be the privilege of the church. Frightened by liberty, which in its first experiments always announces itself as an enemy, the nations in one part of the world will hasten into the arms of a convenient despotism, and, in another, driven to despair by an unyielding dogmatism, they will plunge into the wild lawlessness of a state of nature. Usurpation will justify itself by the weakness of human nature, insurrection by its dignity, until blind force, this great ruler of all human interests, will step between and will decide the pretended struggle of principles as a common row of the mob.

LETTER VIII.

Is then philosophy, dispirited and hopeless, to withdraw from this domain? Whilst the rule of forms is enlarging in this other direction, is this most important of all goods to be abandoned to shapeless chance? Is the conflict of blind forces to last forever in the political world, and is the social law never to triumph over hostile egoism?

By no means! Reason indeed will not directly enter upon the combat with this brute force which resists her weapons, and no more than the son of Saturnus in the Iliad she will descend as an active champion to the gloomy battle-field. But from among the combatants she will select the one who is most worthy, she will furnish him with divine arms as Zeus did his grandson, and will accomplish the great decision by his triumphant strength.

Reason has done what she ought, by discovering and promulgating the law; it has to be executed by the courageous will and the living sentiment. If truth is to conquer in the struggle with blind

forces, it must itself first become *a force*, and must appoint an instinctive *impulse* as its agent in the world of phenomena; for these instinctive impulses are the only moving forces in the sentient world. If so far it has furnished so little evidence of its triumphant power, this is not the fault of the understanding which did not know how to unvail it, but the fault of the heart which remained closed against it, and of the impulse which did not execute its behests.

Why, in spite of all the light which philosophy and experience have kindled, are prejudice and intellectual darkness still so universal? The age is enlightened, by which we mean that a sufficient amount of knowledge has been discovered and given to the world, to rectify at least our practical maxims. The spirit of free inquiry has dispelled the delusions which had been blocking up the avenue to truth for so many years, and has undermined the ground upon which fanaticism and deception had erected their throne. Reason has been purified of the illusions of the senses, and of all deceitful sophistry, and philosophy itself, which had led us away from nature, now is calling us back to her bosom; why then do we still continue in the meshes of barbarism?

If the difficulty is not inherent in the things themselves, the obstacle must inhere in the minds of men, resisting the reception of truth if it should shine ever so brightly, or should have begot the most intensely-felt convictions. An ancient philosopher has experienced this obstacle, and has enunciated it in the deep-meaning and mysterious formula: *SAPERE AUDE*.

Dare to be wise. An energetic courage is required to combat the obstacles with which the light is opposed by the indolence of matter as well as by the cowardice of the heart. Not without a deep significance the ancient myth causes the goddess of wisdom to start in arms out of Jupiter's head; for her office is warlike. Even when first born, wisdom has to enter upon the struggle with the senses, which do not wish to be disturbed from their slumber. Most men are too much exhausted by the struggle against necessity, to prepare for the much more fatiguing combat against error. Satisfied if he himself is spared the trouble of thinking, man willingly confides to others the guardianship of his ideas, and, if higher wants should be felt by his soul, he believingly seizes the formulas which the state and the church keep all ready for such an emergency. If these unfortunates deserve our pity, our just contempt should be awarded to others whom a brighter lot frees from the tyranny of want, but whom their own free choice bends beneath its yoke. The twilight of obscure notions, which admits of more intensity of feeling, and allows the phantasy to revel in forms of its own creation, is preferred by these to the rays of truth which dispel the agreeable phantoms of their reveries. Upon these delusions which the hostile light of knowledge will dispel, they have founded the whole structure of their happiness; how can they be expected to purchase at so high a price a truth whose first occupation consists in taking from them every thing that is of value to them? They would have to be wise in order to love wisdom: this truth was

felt already by him who first gave a name to philosophy.

Not enough that all enlightenment of the understanding deserves our respect only in so far as the character is benefited by it; it proceeds, so to say, from the character as its starting-point, inasmuch as the road to the brain has to be opened by the heart. The cultivation of the emotive faculties may therefore be regarded as the more urgent want of the age, not only because this cultivation will render the mental enlightenment more available for the purposes of practical life, but because itself will stimulate the desire of multiplying the rays of light.

LETTER IX.

But are we not here moving in a circle? Is theory to lead to practice, and is practice nevertheless to be the condition of theory? All political reform should emanate from improvement of character; but how can the character become improved amid the influences of a barbarous form of government? In order to effect this purpose, it will be necessary to search for an instrument which is not furnished by the state, and to open springs whose purity cannot be tainted by political corruption.

I have now arrived at the point to which all the arguments which I have advanced hitherto, have tended. This instrument are the fine arts, these springs are disclosed by their immortal models.

Art, like science, is *absolved* from all arbitrary conventional rules. The political legislator may close her domain, but he cannot rule in it. He may banish the friend of truth, but he cannot proscribe truth; he may degrade the artist, but he cannot adulterate art. Nothing, indeed, is more common than to see science and art doing homage to the spirit of the age, and to see criticism giving the law to industry. Where the character becomes harsh and rigid, we see science guard her boundaries with stern severity, and art plod along in the heavy bonds of rule; where the character becomes lax and yielding, science will endeavor to please, and art will strive to amuse. For centuries, philosophers, as well as artists, are engaged in letting truth and beauty down into the depths of a vulgar humanity; the former perish in this abyss; but, buoyed up by an inherent and indestructible vital power, the latter rise again in triumph.

The artist is indeed the son of his age, but alas! if he is at the same time its pupil, or even more, its favorite. Let some benevolent deity snatch the infant from the mother's breast, feed it with the milk of a better age, and then let him mature under a distant Grecian sky. Arrived at the age of manhood, let him, a stranger, return to his own age, not to bring joy by his appearance, but fearful, like Agamemnon's son, to purify it. As to the material, he may borrow it of the present, but as to the form, it will have to be suggested by a nobler age, or will have to come from beyond all time, from the absolute and unchange-

able unity of his being. It is from the pure ether of his godlike nature that the spring of beauty runs down untainted by the corruption of the age or race which is immersed below in turbid floods. The material may be dishonored or ennobled by caprice, but the chaste form is not subject to its fitful changes. The Roman of the first centuries had already bent his knees before the emperors, when statues were still standing erect; temples remained sacred to the eye, when the gods had already become objects of derision; the infamies of Nero and Commodus were put to the blush by the noble style of the edifice which concealed them from the public eye. Humanity has lost its dignity, but art has saved it and preserved it in significant stones; truth continues to live in fiction, and the image will lead to the restoration of its prototype. As a noble art has *survived* nature, so it will precede nature in enthusiasm as a forming and life-quickenning power. Before truth sends its triumphant light into the depths of the heart, poesy catches the rays, and the summits of humanity shine with brightness, when a damp night is still resting upon the valleys.

How does the artist guard against the corruptions of the age, which surround him on all sides? By despising its judgment. Let him look upward, to his dignity and the law, not downward after fortune and want. Equally free from the vain officiousness which is anxious to impress its mark upon the fleeting moment, and from the impatient enthusiasm which measures the scanty proportions of the age by the dimensions of the absolute, let him leave the sphere of the actual to the understanding, which is at home in this range of interests; let him endeavor to produce the ideal by uniting the possible with the necessary. Let him stamp it upon fiction and truth, upon the plays of his fancy and upon his most serious acts, upon every form of sense and spirit, and let him launch it silently upon the boundless age.

Not every one in whose soul this ideal is glowing, is endowed with the creative repose and the patient purpose required to impress it upon the silent stone, or to pour it forth in sober language, and to confide it to the faithful hands of time. Too impetuous to avail itself of this calm means, the divine instinct of form rushes at once upon the present and upon living interests, and sets about reforming the shapeless substance of the moral world. Urgently the misfortune of the race appeals to the feeling man, still more urgently its degradation; his enthusiasm becomes enkindled, and in vigorous souls the glowing desire rushes forward to action. But has he examined whether these disorders in the moral world offend his reason, or whether they do not rather hurt his self-love? If he is not yet sure of it, he may know it by the zeal with which he insists upon positive and hurried effects. The pure moral instinct is directed toward the absolute; it knows no time, and the future seems near as the present from which it has to emanate. Before absolute reason the mere progression toward the end is equivalent to its realization, and the journey is ended as soon as it is commenced.

Give—this will be my advice to the young friend of truth and beauty, who inquires of me

how he is to gratify the nobler instincts in his breast in spite of the resistance of the age—give to the world upon which thou actest, the *direction* to goodness, and the calm rhythm of time will bring about the fulfillment. This direction is given if thou elevatest the minds of the age by thy teachings to the necessary and eternal, and if, by thy deeds or by the productions of thy art thou transformest the necessary and eternal into objects of their instinctive impulses. The edifice of delusion and arbitrary power will fall, it must fall, yea, it has fallen, as soon as thou art certain that it is inclining, but it must incline in the internal, not in the external man. In the modest quiet of thy mind bring forth the victorious truth, bring it forth out of thy own depths in forms of beauty, let not the mind alone do homage to it, but let its manifestation charm the senses. And lest the actual should force upon thee the model which thou art to create for it, do not familiarize thyself with the dubious company of the world, until thou art assured of an ideal retinue in thy own heart. Live with thy century; but be not its creature; give to thy cotemporaries what they require, not what they praise. Without being an accomplice of their guilt, share their penalties with a nobler resignation, and with a free will bend beneath the yoke which they are equally unwilling to do without or to bear. Prove to them by the persevering courage with which thou submittest to their sufferings, that it is not from cowardice that thou acceptest thy share of their sufferings. Imagine them to thee as they should be, if thou wishest to act *upon* them, but imagine them as they are, if thou art tempted to act for them. Seek their approbation by their moral worth, and weigh their happiness by their moral degradation; thus thy own nobleness will rouse theirs, and their want of moral worth will not destroy thy purpose. The earnestness of thy principles will frighten them away from thee, but they will still bear thee in playful forms; their taste is chaster than their hearts, and it is by the former that the shy fugitive must be held captive. Their maxims may be assailed in vain, their acts may be condemned in vain, but their idleness may prove a fair subject for thy creative hand. Chase lawlessness, frivolity, brutality from their amusements, imperceptibly thou wilt banish it from their acts, and finally from their feelings and sentiments. Wherever thou meetest them, surround them with noble, with great and spiritual forms, place the symbols of moral excellence all around them, until appearance shall conquer reality, and nature shall take the place of art.

LETTER X.

You agree with me, and have become convinced by my former letters, that man may swerve from his destiny by two different roads, that our age is really walking upon these two paths of error, and that it has fallen a prey to brutality as well as to laxity and perverseness. From this twofold aberration it is to be brought back by beauty. But how is beauty to meet two opposite defects at once, how is it to unite in itself two contradictory

attributes? Can it chain the nature of the savage, and emancipate that of the barbarian? Can it, at the same time, strain and relax the mind, and if it cannot do both, how can such a great effect as the culture of humanity reasonably be expected from it?

We have indeed heard *ad nauseam* the assertion that the cultivated sense of beauty refines the morals, and that no new argument is required to prove this. Daily experience is referred to, according to which a cultivated taste is generally combined with clearness of the understanding, impressibility and quickness of feeling, liberality and even dignity of conduct, whereas the contrary is generally found associated with an absence of taste. Those who hold this doctrine, point with a great degree of assurance to the example of the most civilized nations of antiquity, among whom the sense of the beautiful had likewise reached its highest development; and to the opposite example of the wild or barbarous nations upon which their insensibility for the beautiful entails a rude or at least austere character. Nevertheless thinking men sometimes take it into their heads either to deny the fact or to doubt the legitimacy of the conclusions drawn from such premises. They do not think quite so badly of the wildness of which uncivilized tribes are accused, nor so advantageously of the refinement which is extolled among the civilized. Even among the ancients, philosophers existed who considered refinement any thing else but a blessing, and who felt disposed to keep the fine arts out of the republic.

I do not speak of those who scorn the graces because these divinities never favored them. Those who know of no better standard for measuring worth than the labor of acquisition and the actual gain, how could they be expected to properly appreciate the silent influence of taste upon the internal as well as the external man, and not to overlook the essential advantages of culture on account of its accidental disadvantages? A man without taste despises the gracefulness of style as an attempt at bribery, the refinement of conversation as dissimulation, all delicacy and elevation of conduct as extravagant affectation. He cannot bear the thought that the favorite of the graces should enliven every social circle, that in business he should bend every mind to his will, that as an author he should mould, perhaps, the character of his age, whereas himself, the victim of industry, is unable, in spite of his knowledge, to command the least attention, or to effect the least change. Since he is unable to learn of the genial artist the secret of being agreeable, all that is left for him to do, is to lament the perverseness of human nature, which worships the appearance rather than the substance.

But there are respectable voices that declare against the effect of beauty, and present themselves in the arena with the terrible arms of experience. "It is undeniable," they say, "that the charms of beauty may effect praiseworthy results in good hands; but this does not show that, in bad hands, beauty may become injurious, and that its soul-fettering power may be made subservient to error and wrong. For the very rea-

son that taste attends principally to the form, not to the essence, it finally presses the mind into the dangerous direction of neglecting all reality, and of sacrificing morality and truth to a charming exterior. All substantial differences disappear, and the form of the manifestation alone determines the value of things. "How many men of talent," they continue, "are not diverted by the seductive power of the beautiful from every serious and laborious business, or are, at any rate, beguiled into treating it with superficial carelessness! How many feeble minds become dissatisfied with the organization of society for no better reason than because the fancy of poets was pleased to imagine a world where every thing is different, where no conventionalism fetters opinions, where nature is not suppressed by art. What a dangerous system of dialectics the passions have learned, ever since they have been displayed in the pictures of our poets in the most brilliant hues, and generally conquer when struggling against laws and duties! What has society gained, if beauty now dictates laws to social intercourse, which formerly depended upon truth, and if the external impression decides the respect which should only be confined to merit? It is true, we now behold every virtue flourishing that appears beautiful to the eye, and is valued by society, but in return we see every vice and every excess, which are compatible with a fair exterior, worshiped by the sensual crowd." It seems indeed strange and calculated to excite our reflection that during every period of history, when the arts flourish and taste rules, we find humanity sunk to a lower level, nor can a single example be shown, where a higher degree and the universal spread of æsthetic culture among a people have gone hand in hand with political freedom and civil virtue, or where beautiful manners have been allied to good morals, or a polished deportment to ingenuity and truth.

Whilst Athens and Sparta maintained their independence, and the form of government was based upon respect for the laws, taste was not yet matured, art was still in its infancy, and beauty was far from governing the minds. Poesy had indeed achieved a sublime flight, but only with the wings of genius, of which we know that it is most nearly allied to a wild state of nature, and that it is a light which loves to glimmer in darkness, and which bears testimony against, rather than in favor of the taste of the age. When the golden age of the fine arts was inaugurated under Pericles and Alexander, and the reign of taste became more universal, the power and liberty of Greece had vanished, eloquence adulterated truth, wisdom gave offense in the mouth of Socrates, and the virtue of Phocion became an object of envy and persecution. We know that the Romans had to exhaust their strength by civil wars and, debauched by oriental effeminacy, had first to bend beneath the yoke of a dynasty, before Grecian art was enabled to triumph over Roman sternness. Among the Arabs culture did not dawn until the energy of their warlike spirit had become relaxed under the sceptre of the Abbasidæ. In modern Italy the fine arts did not begin to flourish until the splendid alliance of the Lombards had been dissolved,

Florence had submitted to the Medici, and the spirit of independence which pervaded these courageous cities, had yielded to an inglorious submission. It seems superfluous to call up the example of modern nations whose refinement increased in the same proportion as their independence became less. Whithersoever we turn our eyes in past history, we find that taste and liberty flee from each other, and that beauty founds its sway upon the ruin of heroic virtues.

And yet this very energy of character at whose expense æsthetic culture is generally purchased, is the most efficient impulse to all that is great and excellent in man, the absence of which cannot be replaced by any other advantage, were it ever so striking. If we judge of the influence of beauty by what the past teaches us in this respect, we obtain very little encouragement to foster the development of sentiments which are so hostile to man's true culture; and we had rather do without the relaxing power of beauty, even at the risk of plunging into harshness and brutishness, than to see our manhood wrecked on the cliffs of refinement. But *experience* may not be the proper tribunal before which such a question as this can be discussed; and before we attach any importance to the testimony of this witness, we shall first have to inquire whether the beauty in favor of which we are arguing, is the same as that against which history seems to pronounce her verdict. This seems to imply an idea of beauty which does not originate in experience, inasmuch as this other idea of beauty is intended to ascertain whether that which experience has designated as beautiful, really deserves this appellation.

This pure *conception of beauty* could not be derived from actual facts; on the contrary, it would have to rectify our judgment concerning each single case; we should have to arrive at it by abstract reasoning, and would have to infer it as a possible thing from the constitution of our sensually-rational nature; *in one word*, we should have to show that beauty inheres in humanity as a necessary element of its nature. Henceforth we have to elevate ourselves to the pure idea of humanity, and, inasmuch as experience exhibits to our view only isolated conditions of single individuals, but never humanity, we have to infer the absolute and the permanent from these individual and changeable manifestations, and by removing all accidental limitations, have to obtain a knowledge of the necessary conditions of our existence. This transcendental method will lead us for a time away from the familiar sphere of phenomena, and from the living presence of things, and we shall have to dwell for a while in the sterile domain of ideas; but we should recollect that we are aiming at a solid basis of knowledge which nothing can shake, and that he who dares not ascend beyond the actual, will never conquer truth.

LETTER XI.

By soaring to the highest region of thought, the abstract understanding finally arrives at two ideas beyond which it cannot go and which bound its

power. It distinguishes in man that which remains unchanged, and that which is continually changing; the permanent it designates as his *personality*, the changing as his *state*.

Personality and state—self and its destiny—which we represent to ourselves as one and the same in the absolute, are ever two in the finite creature. In spite of all permanence on the part of the personality, the state keeps changing; in spite of all changes of state, the personality remains ever the same. From repose we pass to action, from emotions to indifference, from agreement to contradiction; but *we* remain the same, and that which immediately proceeds from us, likewise remains. In the absolute being alone, not only the personality but all its determinations remain, because they emanate *from* this personality. *Whatever* the Deity is, *he is because* he is: hence he is all things forever, because *he* is forever.

Inasmuch as personality and state differ in man as a finite being, the state can no more be founded upon the personality than the personality can be founded upon the state. If the latter could be, the personality would have to be changeable; if the former could be, the state would have to be permanent; in either case, either the personality or the state would have to cease. It is not because we think, will, feel, that we are; it is not because we are that we think, will, feel. We are, because we are; we feel, think, and will, because there is something outside of us.

The personality, therefore, has to be its own reason of existence, for the permanent cannot proceed from the changeable; here we have the idea of the absolute, self-founded state of being, namely, *freedom*. The condition of being must have a reason of existence; not being the offspring of personality, not being absolute, it must be a *consequence*; thus we have, secondly, the condition of all dependent states of being, *time*. Time is the condition of all existence, is an identical proposition, for it means no more than this: Consequence is the condition of result.

A personality which manifests itself in the perpetually-persevering *ego*, cannot exist or begin in time, since time, on the contrary, has to commence in the personality, change has to be founded upon a something permanent. If change is to be, something has to change, hence this something itself cannot be the change. When we say, the flower blossoms and fades away, we make the flower the permanent object in this change, endowing it, as it were, with personality, in which two conditions become manifest. We cannot object that man commences to be before he is; for man is not a personality in an absolute sense, but a personality existing in a definite condition. All existence originates in time, hence man, as a phenomenon, must have a beginning, although the pure intelligence in him is eternal. Without time he could never be a determinate being; his personality would exist as a germ or capacity, but not as an actual being. It is only through the resulting effects of its internal activities that the self-existing personality becomes a phenomenon unto itself.

The substance of activity, or the reality which the Supreme Intelligence finds in Himself, man

first has to *receive*; he receives it in space, where it seems to exist outside of him; and in time, where it manifests itself to him as a system of changes. This substance which is ever changing in him, is accompanied by his never-changing selfhood, upon which his rational nature has impressed the law of remaining the same in spite of change, of reducing all sensations to a unity of cognition, and making each of his phenomenal manifestations a law for all time. It is only by changing that man *exists*; it is only by remaining unchangeable that *he* exists. Man, as imagined in his completeness, would be the permanent unity remaining ever the same in the ocean of change.

Although an infinite being, a deity, cannot *commence to be*, yet we have to assign the appellation of divine to a tendency which is endlessly to realize the veriest sign of godhead, absolute manifestation of power (reality of the absolutely possible), and absolute unity of manifestation (necessity of the absolutely real). It is undeniable that the human personality is endowed with a capacity for the divine; the way to the divine—if the term way may be applied to a path which never leads to the end of the journey—is disclosed to him through the senses.

His personality, if considered in itself, and independently of all material substance, is simply the capacity for a possibility of infinite manifestation; as long as he has neither perceptions nor sensations, man is nothing else than form and empty capacity. His senses, considered in themselves and separately from all independent action of the mind, can simply make him who, without the mind, is a mere being of form, a thing of matter, but cannot unite matter with him. As long as he simply experiences sensations, desires, and merely acts from desire, he is nothing but world, cosmic force, the shapeless material of time. His senses indeed make his capacity an active agent, but it is only through his personality that his activity becomes his own. In order not to be a mere cosmic force, he has to impart form to matter: in order not to be mere form, he has to impart reality to the capacity with which he is endowed. He realizes the form if he creates time, opposes change to the permanent, and the variety of universal nature to the perpetual unity of his being; he shapes matter, if he again abrogates time, maintains perpetuity in change, and subjects the variety of universal nature to the unity of his personality.

Two opposite problems result from these positions: which it is man's duty to solve; they constitute the two fundamental laws of the sensually-rational nature. The first problem is absolute *reality*; he is to substantiate that which is mere form, he is to manifest all his capacities in the sphere of phenomena; the second problem is absolute *form*; he is to overcome the merely changing matter, and is to subject all his phenomenal manifestations to a principle of unity; in other words: he is to externalize his inner nature, and is to impart shape and order to the external phenomena. Either of these two problems, by its highest fulfillment, leads to the idea of godhead from which I have started.

LETTER XII.

Two opposite forces in us, which we may call impulses, because they impel us to realize their object, urge us onward to the fulfillment of the double problem of realizing the necessary *within us*, and of subjecting the reality *outside of us*, to the law of necessity. The first of these impulses, which I call sensual, emanates from man's physical nature, and seeks to make him a thing of time and matter, not to give matter to him, for this already presupposes freedom of action on the part of the personality that receives matter and distinguishes it from the permanent identity. By matter, in this sense, we understand change or reality fulfilled in time; hence this impulse renders it necessary that there should be changes, that time should depend upon substance. This condition of change in time is termed sensation, through which alone the physical existence manifests itself.

Whatever exists in time being *successive*, the fact of something existing excludes for the time being every thing else. If we produce a sound upon an instrument, this sound, among all possible sounds, is the only real one; whilst man is experiencing a present sensation, the whole endless possibility of his volitions is limited to this one condition of his existence. Where this impulse is exclusively active, the highest limitation must necessarily exist; man, in this condition, is nothing but a numerical unit, a moment of time realized in act; or rather, not *he* is, for his personality is abrogated as long as he is ruled by sensation, and time carries him along.*

As far as the boundaries of man's finiteness reach, the domain of this impulse extends, and inasmuch as all form adheres to matter, and the absolute is only seen through finiteness, it is indeed by the sensual impulse that the phenomenal manifestation of humanity is ultimately bounded. But although the sensual impulse alone awakens and unfolds the capacities of human nature, yet it is the sensual impulse alone that makes the fullness of development impossible. With indissoluble bonds it binds the aspiring spirit to the world of sense, and recalls within the limits of the actual the abstract understanding from its roving through the infinite. Thought may indeed escape for a time from the power of the senses, and a firm will may triumphantly oppose their demands; but soon a

* This state of absence of self, or self ruled by sensation is adequately expressed by the formula: *to be beside one's self*, which means, to be outside of one's self. Although this phrase is only employed, where the sensation becomes a passional state, and this state is more perceptible by its continuance, yet any one is beside himself who merely experiences a sensation. To return out of this state to a state of conscious calmness and self-possession, is expressed with equal correctness by the phrase: *to go into one's self*, that is to say, to return to one's personality, to restore it. Of a person who is in a state of syncope, we do not say: he is beside himself, but: he is *unconscious*; that is, his personality has lost him, whereas the former is lost to his personality. Hence he who is coming out of a state of syncope, is said to *have come to*, to have become conscious, which may coexist with the other condition of being beside one's self.

suppressed nature will reclaim her rights, and will urge upon us the reality of existence, the substantiality of knowledge, and the necessity of action for definite ends and purposes.

The second of these impulses, which may be termed the *impulse of form*, emanates from man's absolute existence, or from his rational nature; it tends to set him free, to harmonize his various phenomenal determinations, and to preserve his personal identity in spite of all changes. Inasmuch as the human personality, in its capacity of absolute and indivisible unity, can never be in contradiction with itself, *inasmuch as we are WE to all eternity*, the impulse which urges the maintenance of the personality, can never demand any thing except that which it is obliged to demand to all eternity; its present decisions are perpetual, its present commands are forever. Hence it encompasses the whole succession of time, in other words: it abrogates time and change; it demands that the real should be necessary and eternal, and that the necessary and eternal should be real; in other words: it insists upon truth and right.

If the former impulse only sets up *cases*, the latter enacts *laws*, laws for every judgment in the matter of cognitions, laws for every volition in the matter of actions. Whether we apperceive an object, whether we impart objective validity to a condition of our personality; or whether we act from the suggestions of knowledge, whether determination to action depends upon some objective motive—in either case we remove this condition from the jurisdiction of time, and make it a reality for all men and ages, we impart to it universality and necessity. The sensation can simply say,—*This is true for such and such a personality, and in this or that moment of time*, and another moment, another personality may come along, abrogating the statement emanating from the present sensation. But if the thought once says: this is, it decides forever, and the validity of this statement is guaranteed by the personality which bids defiance to all change. Inclination can simply say: this is good for thy individuality and for thy present want; but thy individuality and thy present want will be carried along by change, and that which is now an object of thy ardent desires, may some time or other become an object of thy aversion. But if the moral sense says: *this shall be*, it decides forever; if thou admittest truth, because it is truth, and if thou practicest justice, because it is justice, thou hast made a single case the law for all cases, thou hast impressed upon one moment of thy life the character of eternity.

Where the impulse of form rules, and absolute objectivity is the law of the mind, there our being reaches the highest expansion, there all barriers disappear; there man, from a numerical unit to which the scanty limits of the sensual had reduced him, becomes an *ideal unity*, encompassing the whole range of phenomena. During this operation we are no longer in time, but time is in us, with its endless succession of phenomena. We cease to be individuals, we become species; the judgment of all minds is spoken through our own; the choice of all hearts is represented by our act.

LETTER XIII.

At first sight nothing seems more opposed than the tendencies of these two impulses, one of them urging change, the other unchangeableness. Nevertheless it is these two impulses which exhaust the idea of humanity; a third *fundamental impulse* which might mediate between the two, is absolutely inconceivable. How then shall we restore the unity of human nature which seems to be completely annulled by this original and radical opposition?

It is true, their *tendencies* are contradictory, but not *in the same object*, and substances which do not hit each other, cannot strike against each other. The sensual impulse indeed demands changes, but it does not demand that these changes extend to the personality and its domain, it does not require a change of principles. The impulse of form urges unity and permanence, but it does not require the state to become fixed like the personality, the sensation to remain perpetually the same. Hence these two impulses are not opposed to each other naturally, and if they appear so, they have become so by a voluntary transgression of natural boundaries, in consequence of misapprehending each other's destiny and confounding their spheres of action.* It is the problem of culture to watch these two impulses and to secure the respective boundaries of each; hence culture owes to both equal justice, and should not only maintain the rational impulse against the sensual, but this latter against the

* If we maintain the doctrine of an original, necessary antagonism between the two impulses, the unity of human nature can only be preserved by an absolute *subjection* of the sensual to the rational. But this must result in uniformity, it cannot lead to harmony, and man will continue forever divided. There must indeed be subjection, but it should be mutual; for although limits can never found the absolute, although the freedom of will can never depend upon time, it is equally certain that the absolute of itself can never determine limits, that a condition in time can never depend upon the free personality. Both these principles are subordinate to, and co-ordinate with each other, in other words: they are reciprocally related, no form without matter, no matter without form. (This idea of reciprocal action and the whole importance of the subject is lucidly shown in Fichte's Principles of the Sciences. Leipsic, 1794.) We know nothing of the nature of an ideal personality, but we do know that it cannot manifest itself in time without matter; in the world of ideas matter will have to effect determinations *under* the form, and *outside of*, and independently of the form. As necessary as it is that the senses should not decide for reason, as necessary it is on the other hand, that reason should not arrogate to itself arbitrary determinations in the domain of sensations. By the very fact that a special domain is assigned to each of them, they are given to understand that they must not interfere with each other; a *transgression of their respective boundaries* could only result in mutual injury.

In a system of transcendental philosophy, where it is all important to separate the form from the substance and the necessary from the accidental, we are inclined to look upon matter as an obstacle, and to represent the senses that happen to be in the way in *this* peculiar business, as necessarily antagonistic to reason. Such a view is not by any means founded in the spirit of Kant's system, but might be supposed to exist by those who study it with a careless and literal superficiality.

former. The business of culture is therefore twofold, *first*, to guard the senses against the encroachments of the free personality, and *secondly*: to guard the personality against the power of sensation. The former result is reached by the cultivation of the sentiment, and the latter by the cultivation of the rational faculty.

Inasmuch as nature is an expanse in time and change, the perfection of the faculty which binds man to the world, must consist in the greatest possible changeableness and extensiveness. Inasmuch as personality is the permanent in change, the perfection of the power which is to be opposed to this change, will consist in the greatest possible independence and intensiveness. The more various and the quicker the susceptibility, the more numerous the points of contact between it and external nature: the more of this nature will be *grasped* by man, the more numerous the capacities which he will develop; the more power and depth are acquired by the personality, the more freedom by the reason: the larger a portion of nature will be *comprehended* by man, the more form he will create outside of himself. His culture will therefore consist, *first*: in procuring for the apperceptive faculties the largest number of points of contact with nature, and to render the sensations as passive as possible, and *secondly*: to make the will as independent as possible of the senses, and to secure the highest possible activity of reason. Where these two capacities are united, man will combine the highest independence and freedom with the highest fullness of existence; and, instead of being absorbed by the world, he will absorb it with all the fullness of its phenomena, and will subject it to the unity of his reason.

By subverting this relation, man may miss his destiny in a twofold manner. He may transfer to the passive sphere the intensity which belongs to the active, he may make the impulse of form subordinate to the impulse of sense, and may make the senses the rulers of the will. He may transfer the extensiveness which the senses should claim, to the active sphere, may cultivate the impulse of form at the expense of the impulse of sense, and may sacrifice the sphere of desires to that of the will. In the former case he will never be *himself*; in the second case he will never *change*; hence he will be neither, a mere cipher.*

* The evil influence of an overpowering sensuality upon our thoughts and acts strikes every body; but not every body is as readily struck by the equally frequent and injurious influence of an overpowering rationality upon our knowledge and conduct; I beg leave to pick out from among a large number of the cases that belong to this category, two only, which will expose to the light of day the injury done by the intellect and will, if they overpower sensation and instinctive perception.

One of the chief causes why our natural sciences make such slow progress, is evidently the very common and almost irresistible propensity to teleological propositions, by which, if they are uttered in the form of assertions, the will-power is substituted for the sentient-perceptive sphere. Nature may impress our organs ever so emphatically and variously; her variety is lost to us, because we seek nothing in these natural forms except our own *a priori* interpretations; because we do not permit the natural varieties to *come to us* in perfect freedom, but we *force* our thoughts and definitions upon them. If,

If the sensual impulse determines the will, if the senses legislate, if the personality is stifled by nature, the latter ceases to be the object of our attention, for she has become the ruling power. As soon as man becomes mere material substance, he is no longer, and he ceases to be a substantial personality. As his personality disappears, so his state likewise ceases, for both are reciprocal conditions, change implying the permanent identity of a personality, and the finite reality implying an infinite. If the impulse of form determines the senses, if the intellect rules the sensations, if

after this, one thinker makes his appearance in the course of centuries, approaching nature with calm, chaste, and open senses, and meeting a multitude of phenomena which our own prejudiced eyes had overlooked, we are astonished that nothing was seen in broad daylight by so many eyes. This premature striving after harmony, before even the single sounds of which it is to be composed, have been collected; this violent usurpation of the thinking faculty in a domain where it has no business to exercise absolute dominion, is the reason why the labors of so many thinking heads are fruitless for the good of science, so that it is hard to decide whether the enlargement of our sphere of knowledge has been damaged more by a sensuality that opposes all form, or by the reason that generalizes without a sufficient number of data.

It is equally difficult to determine whether our practical philanthropy is disturbed and cooled more by the vehemence of our desires, or by the rigidity of our maxims, more by the egotism of our senses or by the egotism of our reason. In order that we may become sympathetic, helping, and active men, feeling and character have to combine, in the same way as ingenuity and energy of the understanding have to combine in order to enable us to gather experience. How can we be equitable, kind, and humane toward others, even if our maxims are ever so praiseworthy, if we have not the capacity of identifying ourselves truly and fully with foreign natures, foreign situations and sentiments? By the education which we receive, as well as by that which we give to ourselves, this power is suppressed in the same measure as the power of our desires is sought to be broken, and the character is sought to be fortified by principles. Because it is difficult to remain true to one's principles without blunting one's sensibility, we seize the more convenient remedy of securing the character by blunting the sensations; for it is much easier to be left alone by a disarmed antagonist than to control a courageous and able enemy. This operation is equivalent to what is termed *forming a man*, if we understand this expression in its best sense, when it signifies cultivation of the internal, not simply the external man. A man thus formed will not lapse into a rude state of nature, nor will he appear rude; at the same time, however, he will be surrounded as with a cuirass against all the natural sensations by a whole series of maxims, and humanity will be unable to reach him either *from within* or *from without*.

It is abusing the ideal of perfection in a pernicious manner, if we set it up in all its rigidity as a standard by which we judge other persons, or in cases where we are called upon to act in their behalf. The former will lead to a fanatical enthusiasm, the latter to hardness and insensibility. The performance of social duties becomes indeed quite easy if we substitute for the *actual* man who is in need of our assistance, the *ideal* man who might possibly help himself. Severity toward one's self, associated with gentleness toward others, constitutes the truly excellent character. But in most cases the man who is yielding toward others, will prove yielding toward himself, and the man who is rigid toward himself, will be so toward others: to be yielding toward one's self, and severe toward others, constitutes the most contemptible character.

the personality becomes substituted for nature, the former ceases to become a self-existing power and subject the moment it takes the place of the object, since henceforth the personality would desire to manifest itself by change, and absolute reality would require limits to its manifestation. As soon as man becomes mere form, *he has* no form, and the state being suppressed, the personality is likewise stifled. In one word: only in so far as man is self-existing, there is a reality for him outside of him, and he is susceptible to its impressions; only in so far as he is susceptible to impressions, a reality is within him, he is a thinking power.

Both impulses require to be limited, and, in so far as they are powers, they require relaxation; the former, lest it should undertake to lay down the law; the latter, lest it should interfere with the province of the sensations. The relaxation of the sensual impulse should not result from physical inability or blunted sensations, for these deserve contempt; it should be an act of the free will, of the independent personality, moderating the sensual power by its moral intensity, and, by controlling the impressions, taking from their depth what it adds to their extension. Character should define the limits of temperament, for it is only *to the mind* that the senses should yield of their own. Nor should the relaxation of the impulse of form result from mental inability or from a want of elasticity of the intellectual or will-power, for this, again, would degrade humanity. Fullness of sensations should be the glory of man; with triumphant force the senses themselves should maintain their place, and resist the violence which the intrusive action of the mind would like to commit against them. In *one* word: the impulse of sense should be adequately restrained by the personality, and the impulse of form by the sensitive powers of man's nature.

LETTER XIV.

We have now reached the conception of a reciprocal action between the two impulses, where the agency of the one determines and limits the agency of the other, and where each reaches the highest degree of manifestation through the other's activity.

This reciprocal relation of both impulses is indeed a problem of the reason, of which man can only furnish a complete solution in the fullness of his development. It is really the *idea of his humanity*, hence something *infinite* which he may approximate more and more in the course of time without ever reaching it. "He is not to aspire at form at the expense of the substance, nor at substance at the expense of the form; on the contrary, he is to seek absolute being by his finite form, and the finite form by an infinite. He is to place opposite to himself a world, because he is a personality, and is to be a personality, because a world is opposite to him. He is to experience sensations, because he has consciousness, and he is to have consciousness, because he experiences sensations." As long as he only gratifies one of

these impulses exclusively, or only one after the other, he can never know that this idea inheres in his very being, and that he is a man in the fullest acceptation of the term; for as long as he only experiences sensations, his personality or absolute existence remains a mystery to him; and as long as he only thinks, his existence in time or his phenomenal condition remains closed to his consciousness. If he should make this twofold experience *at one and the same time*, should at the same time be conscious of his freedom, and experience the sensation of his existence, if he should feel himself as a substance, and learn to know himself as a spirit, he would enjoy in all such cases, and in no other, a full and intuitive perception of his humanity, and the object which would procure for him this enjoyment, would be to him a *symbol of the realization of his destiny*, and consequently (since this realization can only take place in the fullness of time) a representation of the infinite.

Suppose that such cases may really occur, they would excite in him a new impulse, which would be opposed to each of the other two isolatedly, for the reason that these two co-operate, and which might very justly be regarded as a new impulse. The sensual impulse desires that there should be changes, that time should depend upon substance; the impulse of form desires that there should not be any changes, that time should be abrogated. The impulse in which both these impulses act combinedly, and which I will designate as *the impulse of play*—an appellation that I shall endeavor to justify hereafter—would tend to neutralize time *in* time, and to unite existence with the absolute *esse*, change with identity.

The sensual impulse desires to *assume* determinate forms of manifestations, it is waiting for an object; the impulse of form wants to produce its object and to be itself a determining power; the impulse of play will therefore endeavor to receive as itself would have produced, and to produce as the senses strive to receive.

The sensual impulse excludes from its subject all self-activity and freedom, the impulse of form all dependence, all passiveness. Exclusion of freedom is a physical, exclusion of passiveness is a moral necessity. Both impulses constrain the mental sphere, the former by natural laws, the latter by the laws of reason. The impulse of play, as resulting from the combined action of the two former, will constrain the mental sphere both physically and morally; doing away with the accidental, it will likewise do away with the necessary, and will set man free both physically and morally. If we conceive a passion for a person worthy of our contempt, we feel painfully the *constraint of nature*. If we are hostile to a person whom we are compelled to esteem, we painfully experience the *constraint of reason*. But as soon as he interests our inclination, and has gained our respect, both the constraint of sentiment and that of reason vanish, and we commence to love him, in other words, we play both with our respect and our inclination.

Whilst the sensual impulse constrains us physically, and the impulse of form morally, the former leaves our form, and the latter our substance to the chances of accident; in other words, it is ac-

cidental whether our happiness will accord with our perfection, or our perfection with our happiness. The impulse of play, in which these two impulses act combinedly, will render both our formal and material condition, both our perfection and happiness accidental; hence, for the very reason that it renders both impulses accidental, and that the disappearance of the accidental accompanies that of necessity, it will do away with the accidental in the sphere of either impulse, hence it will give form to substance and reality or substance to the form. In proportion as the impulse of play deprives sensations and passional emotions of their dynamic influence, it will harmonize them with the ideas of reason, and in the same proportion as it removes the weight of moral necessity from the laws of reason, it will reconcile them with the interest of the senses.

LETTER XV.

I approach more and more closely the end toward which we are journeying upon a rather cheerless path. Follow me a few steps further; a freer horizon will disclose itself before us, and a bright prospect may reward us for our labor.

The object of the sensual impulse, expressed in one general idea, is *life* in the most general acceptance; an idea which comprehends the totality of material being, and the totality of phenomenal existence. The object of the impulse of form, expressed in a general idea, is *shape*, both literal and figurative; an idea which comprehends all the formal conditions of things and all their relations to the intellect. The object of the impulse of play, presented in a general expression, may be termed *living form*; an idea which designates all the æsthetic properties or conditions of phenomena, in *one* word, that which is called *beauty* in the vastest acceptance of the term.

By this explanation, if it can be so termed, beauty is neither extended over the whole domain of the living, nor exclusively confined to it. A block of marble, although it remains inanimate, may nevertheless have a living form imparted to it by the architect and sculptor; a man, although he is a living being and has a form, is not, by any means, a living form for all that. To be such a form it must be life, and life must be the form. As long as his form simply excites our intellect, it is inanimate, a mere abstraction; as long as we merely feel the life, the work is shapeless, a mere impression. It is only when the form lives in our imagination, and the life takes shape in our understanding that man is a living form, which will be the case whenever we adjudge beauty to him as an inherent attribute.

But by simply knowing how to indicate the elements which produce beauty by their union, the manner in which the idea of beauty originates is not yet accounted for; for in order to account for it, it would be necessary that we should comprehend *that union itself*, which remains incomprehensible to us like every other reciprocal action going on between the finite and the infinite. From transcendental motives reason sets up the postu-

late: there shall be a communion between the impulse of form and the impulse of matter, in other words, an impulse of play, because the idea of humanity is only realized by the union of substance and form, of the accidental with the necessary, of passiveness with freedom of will. Reason has to set up this postulate, because the essence of reason consists in insisting upon completeness; upon the removal of all barriers, and because any exclusive activity of either of these impulses leaves human nature incomplete, and sets up a barrier in it. As soon, therefore, as reason issues the mandate: there shall be a humanity—it sets up the law: there shall be beauty. Experience informs us *whether* beauty exists, and we shall know this as soon as we have found out that there is a humanity. But neither reason nor experience can tell us, *how* beauty can originate, and *how* a humanity is possible.

We know that man is neither exclusively matter, nor is he exclusively spirit. Hence beauty, being the fullness of humanity, can neither be exclusively life, as some ingenious observers, favored by the taste of the age, and who have adhered too closely to the testimony of experience, have maintained; nor can it be exclusively form, as has been asserted by speculative philosophers, who went too far astray from experience, and by philosophizing artists who were guided too strictly by the wants of art in their definitions of beauty:* it is the common object of both impulses, namely of the impulse of play. This name is perfectly justified by the usage of language which is in the habit of designating as play, whatever is neither subjectively nor objectively accidental, or externally or internally necessary. Inasmuch as the mental sphere when enjoying an intuition of the beautiful, is placed in a happy mean between law and sensual desire, it is removed from the constraint of either, because it is intermediate between the two, sharing the nature of each. Both the impulse of sense and the impulse of form are *earnest* in their demands, because in their apperceptions the former grounds its claims upon the reality, the latter upon the necessity of things; and in their acts the former tends to the preservation of life, the latter to that of dignity, consequently both aim at truth and perfection. But life becomes more indifferent as soon as dignity intervenes, and duty no longer imposes obligations as soon as inclination draws; so the sensitive sphere receives the reality of things, the substantial truth, with more freedom and calmness, as soon as this truth is met by the formal truth or the law of necessity; nor does that sphere feel strained by the process of abstraction, as soon as this is accompanied by immediate intuition. In *one* word: when brought in contact with ideas, the real loses

* Burke, in his *Philosophical Disquisitions concerning the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful*, makes beauty mere life. It is made mere form by every adherent of *dogmatic* systems, who has ever given his testimony on this subject; among the artists, Raphael Mengs in his *Thoughts on Taste in Painting*; not to speak of others. As in every thing else, so in this respect, philosophical criticism has opened the way to reduce empiricism to principles, and to lead speculation back to experience.

its earnestness, because it becomes *little*, and when coinciding with sensation, that which is necessary puts off its seriousness, because the necessary becomes *easy*.

But, you may object, will not the beautiful become degraded by being made a mere plaything, and will it not be placed upon a level with the frivolous things that have possessed this name from time immemorial? Is it not contrary to reason and to the dignity of beauty, which is regarded as an instrument of culture, to convert beauty into a result of *mere play*, and is it not contrary to the idea of play, which may exist to the exclusion of taste, to limit it to mere beauty?

But what is to be understood by *mere play*, after we once know that in all the circumstances in which man may be placed, it is play, and indeed *only* play, that completes his being, and unfolds his twofold nature at one and the same time? That which you, from your stand-point call *limitation*, that I call from my stand-point, *expansion*. I would, therefore, reverse the proposition, saying.—man treats the agreeable, the good, and the perfect earnestly, but he plays with beauty. In reasoning in this wise we must not have reference to the plays which are common in life, and which generally refer to material objects; but in real life we should in vain seek the kind of beauty of which I am talking. Genuine beauty is worthy of the impulse of play; but by the ideal beauty which reason sets before us, an ideal impulse of play is likewise given, which man should never lose sight of in any of his amusements.

We shall never err, if we seek the ideal beauty of man through the same channels that he gratifies his impulse of play. If the Greek nations find their delight in the games of Olympia, in the bloodless trials of strength, swiftness, docility, and in the more noble rivalries of talents; and if the Roman people gloat over the death-struggle of a slain gladiator or of a Lybian adversary, this single trait shows why the ideal forms of Venus, Juno, Apollo must not be looked for in Rome, but in Greece.* Now reason tells us, the beautiful should not be mere form, or mere beauty, but a living form, that is to say beauty, for man is under the double law of absolute form and absolute reality. Consequently reason enunciates the proposition: Man should only *play* with beauty, and *with beauty* he should *only* play.

For, in order to express my ideas at once and fully, man only plays where he is man in the full acceptation of the term, and *he is wholly man only where he plays*. This proposition which may seem paradoxical at this moment, will receive a great and deep significance, if we apply it to the double earnestness of duty and destiny: it will bear the whole edifice of æsthetic art and the still more difficult art—to live. But this pro-

* If we contrast the horse-races of London, the bull-fights of Madrid, the spectacles of Paris, the gondola-races of Venice, the hunts of Vienna, and the joyous life of the Corso in Rome, there can be no difficulty of determining the shades of taste which prevail among these different nations. However there is much less uniformity in the popular games of these countries, than we discover in the games of the more refined classes in these same countries: this is easily accounted for.

position is unexpected only in science. Ages ago it was a living maxim and impulse in the arts and sentiments of the Greeks in the works of their most illustrious masters, except that they transferred to the Olympus what was to be executed upon the earth. Guided by the truth of this proposition, they left out of the features of the blissful gods, the gloom and the labor which wrinkle the cheeks of mortals, as well as the unmeaning pleasure which smooths their vacant faces; they freed the ever-contented from the fetters of purpose, duty, care, and made *idleness* and *indifference* the envied fate of the gods: they were only more human names for the freest and sublimest state of existence. The physical constraint of natural laws as well as the spiritual constraint of moral laws were counterbalanced by their higher conceptions of necessity which locked both heaven and earth in one embrace, and it is from the union of these two necessary elements that they derived true freedom. Animated by this spirit, *inclination* as well as every *trace of the will* were extinguished in the features of their ideal, or rather, inclination and will were no longer perceptible to the eye because both were blended in the most intimate union. It is neither loveliness nor dignity that radiates from the face of Juno Ludovisi; it is neither, because it is both at once. Whilst the goddess commands our adoration, the godlike woman kindles our love; but whilst we abandon ourselves to her heavenly graces, her celestial self-sufficiency frightens us back. The whole form is a living and perfect unit, a closed creation, and as if beyond space, unyielding and yet unresisting! Here there is no force struggling with forces, no weakness where time might effect a breach. Irresistibly moved and attracted by the one, kept at a distance by the other, we find ourselves at the same time in a state of the highest repose and of the intensest interest, and there arises that wonderful emotion for which the understanding offers no conception, nor language a name.

LETTER XVI.

Having seen the beautiful arising from the reciprocal action of two opposite impulses and from the union of two opposite principles, its highest ideal must therefore be sought in the most perfect union and *equilibrium* of reality and form. This equilibrium however, will always remain an idea which can never be entirely realized. In the reality one element will always preponderate over the other, and the highest result will be a series of *oscillations* between the two principles, where now reality and now the form preponderates. Ideal beauty is, therefore, always one and indivisible, because equilibrium is only one; practical beauty, on the contrary, will always be twofold, for in oscillatory movements the equilibrium may be deficient in two directions, on this side or on the other.

I have stated in one of my previous letters—indeed it irresistibly follows from all my previous statements—that the beautiful may exercise both a relaxing or dissolving and an intensifying or

stimulating action; a dissolving action, which will keep within bounds the sensual impulse as well as the impulse of form; an intensifying action which will preserve their vigor. Ideally these two modes of action of the beautiful should constitute a unit. Beauty should exercise its dissolving effect by a uniform stimulation of both natures, and its stimulating effect by relaxing them equally. This follows from the idea of reciprocal action, which implies that both impulses are dependent upon each other, and that beauty is the most perfect product of this mutual dependence. But experience does not show us any instance of such a perfect reciprocity of action, but more or less we find excess counterbalanced by want, and want counterbalanced by the opposite excess. That which constitutes a purely ideal distinction in the sphere of ideal beauty, becomes an empirical reality in actual life. Ideal beauty, although simple and indivisible, may be endowed by reason with dissolving as well as stimulating properties; empirically, beauty either *is* dissolving or stimulating. This is and will be the case wherever the absolute is circumscribed within the limits of time, and the conceptions of reason are actualized in real life. Thus virtue, truth, and bliss are imagined by the reflecting reason; but the acting man simply practices *virtues*, conceives *truths*, enjoys happy *days*. It is the business of physical and moral culture to trace these isolated phenomena to the absolute ideal, to substitute wisdom for knowledge, and bliss for happy hours; and it is the business of æsthetic culture to unite single beauties in the concrete ideal.

Stimulating beauty is as unable to preserve man from a certain *brusquerie* and harshness of manner, as the dissolving beauty is able to guard him against a certain degree of effeminacy and enervation. For, inasmuch as the former tends to stimulate and augment the elasticity of man's physical as well as moral powers, it seems quite natural that the resisting temperament and character should blunt the sensitiveness to impressions, that the more tender feelings should be stifled, together with the ruder elements of nature, and that these should participate in an increase of energy, which should only be imparted to man's nobler portion; hence it is that in the age of vigor and fullness, true greatness of the imagination is coupled with gigantic and grotesque fancies, and sublimity of sentiment with the most horrid outbreaks of passion; hence, again, in ages where rule and form prevail, nature will be found suppressed as often as wisely controlled, violated as often as her beauties are surpassed. And, inasmuch as the action of the dissolving beauty consists in relaxing human energy both in the moral and the physical sphere, it will frequently happen that in subduing the violence of desire, we likewise undermine the intensity of feeling, and that the character suffers a loss which was only intended for the passions; hence we shall frequently find in the ages of a more refined civilization softness and gentleness of manner degenerate into effeminacy, extensiveness of culture into superficiality, correctness and precision into emptiness, liberality into arbitrary caprice, ease into frivolity, repose into apathy; the most contemptible caricature of human nature

will appear to be next door to the most exalted humanity. To the man who is living under the constraining despotism either of matter or form, the dissolving beauty is a necessity; for he is touched by grandeur and force long ere he becomes susceptible to harmony and the graces. To the man who is plunged into the enjoyments of taste, the stimulating beauty is a necessity; for he is too prone to dissipate amid the allurements of refinement an energy which he brought with him from a state of nature.

This, I think, will afford an explanation of the contradictory judgments which have been promulgated at various periods concerning the influence of beauty, and the value of æsthetic culture. These contradictions are accounted for as soon as we recollect that in life, beauty is twofold, and that the authors of these contradictions apply to beauty generally the definitions which can only be regarded as true, when applied to a particular kind of beauty. These contradictions no longer exist, if we distinguish the double order of necessities to which this twofold beauty corresponds. Both parties will probably be found right, if they first explain which kind of beauty and which form of humanity they meant.

In continuing my inquiries, I shall pursue the course which nature adopts toward man in his æsthetic culture, and from the varieties of beauty I shall ascend to the species. I shall examine the effects which the dissolving beauty has upon man in a state of over-stimulation, and the effects of stimulating beauty upon man in a state of relaxing depression, in order to finally absorb these opposite forms of beauty in the unity of its ideal, precisely as those two opposite forms of human nature disappear in the unity of the ideal man.

LETTER XVII.

As long as we had no other object in view than to derive the general idea of beauty from the constitution of human nature, we could not keep any other boundaries of the latter before our minds, except such as are inherent in its essence and inseparable from the conception of finiteness. Without troubling ourselves about the accidental limitations which the actual imposes upon beauty as a living reality, we have derived the conception thereof from reason as the source of the absolute, and the ideal of beauty was found to be inherent in the ideal of humanity.

But now we descend from the sphere of ideas to the scenes of the actual, where we find man existing in *determinate conditions*, and a system of limitations which do not originally spring from the abstract conception of human nature, but from external circumstances, and from the accidental mode in which he uses his freedom of will. But in whatever manner the idea of humanity may be found circumscribed in actual life, its very nature shows that upon the whole only two opposite deviations from this idea are possible. If man's perfection consists in the agreement and energy of his physical and spiritual powers, his failure of being perfect must arise from a want of agree-

ment or from a want of energy. Before even taking the deposition of experience as a witness in this cause, we know *a priori*, by a simple inference, that the actual man must either exist in a state of depression or tension, according as the harmony of his being is disturbed by the one-sided activity of single faculties, or the unity of his nature based upon the uniform depression of his physical and spiritual powers. We shall now proceed to show that both these opposite limitations are counteracted by beauty which restores harmony to a state of tension, and energy to a state of depression, and by this means, in accordance with its own nature, adapts the conditions of the finite to the idea of the absolute, and elevates man to the position of an inherently perfect unit.

The actual form of beauty does not repudiate the conception which speculative reason has given rise to in our minds; except that in real life, beauty is much more restricted than in the sphere of pure thought, where we have regarded her as an attribute of the ideal humanity. The actual man presents to beauty a corrupt and resisting material, which takes from her *ideal perfection* as much as its own *individual* quality mixes up with the former. In life, beauty will therefore always appear as a particular and limited species, never as an absolutely pure type; in tense or rigid natures she will lose a portion of her freedom and variety, in depressed natures a portion of her invigorating power; whilst we who have become familiarized with her real character, will not be deceived by this apparent contradiction. Far from deriving the conception of beauty, as most critics have done, from isolated phenomena, and holding her responsible for the defects which man renders himself guilty of in spite of her influence, we know on the contrary, that it is man who grafts upon her the imperfections of his own being, whose subjective limitations oppose the full realization of beauty, and lower her absolute ideal to two restricted modes of manifestation.

We have asserted that the dissolving beauty is adapted to tense or strained, and the intensifying beauty to depressed natures. I call a man strained not only if he is under the constraint of emotions, but likewise under that of ideas. Any exclusive dominion of one of his two fundamental impulses is for man a state of constraint and violence; freedom resides in the harmonious action of his two natures. A man who is exclusively ruled by emotions, or who is a prey to the intensified action of the senses, is dissolved and set free by the form; a man who is exclusively governed by laws or whose mental condition is strained by excessive tension, is dissolved and set free by matter. In order to accomplish this double task, the dissolving beauty will have to manifest herself in two different forms. In the *first place*, as a calm form she will quiet the rude wildness of human nature, and will pave the way from mere sensations to thoughts; and, *secondly*, as a living form, she will infuse the power of sense into a lifeless abstraction, will ingraft the pure conceptions of reason upon the sphere of sensual perceptions, and will vitalize law by the living sensation. She renders the former service to the man of nature,

and the latter to the man of art. But since in neither case she disposes of her material in perfect freedom, but has to work upon that which is offered to her either by formless nature or by a nature-opposing art, she will in either case show traces of her origin, and, in the former, will assume a more material, and in the latter, a more abstract appearance.

In order to comprehend the possibility, on the part of beauty, of counteracting this double state of tension, we shall have to investigate her origin in the human mind. Let us, therefore, continue for a little while longer in the domain of speculation, after which we shall leave it forever, to progress the more firmly upon the solid road of experience.

LETTER XVIII.

By beauty the sensual man is led to form and thought; by beauty the spiritual man is led back to the world of sense.

This statement would seem to imply that there must be a *middle state* between matter and form, between passivity and activity, and that beauty transfers us to this middle state. Most people indeed form this conception of beauty, as soon as they commence to reflect on her action; and all experience points to its legitimacy. On the other hand, however, nothing is more absurd and contradictory than such a conception, since the distance between matter and form, between activity and passivity, between sensation and thought is *infinite*, and there cannot be any intermediate connection between them. How do we remove this contradiction? Beauty unites the two opposite conditions of sensation and thought, and yet there is nothing intermediate between the two. Sensation is made evident by experience, thought by the immediate action of reason.

Round this point the whole question of beauty will finally revolve; if we succeed in satisfactorily solving this problem, we shall have discovered the thread that will lead us through the whole labyrinth of æsthetics.

Two very different operations are concerned in this investigation which necessarily have to support each other. We say that beauty allies two conditions *which are opposed to each other*, and never can become one. We have to start from this opposition; we have to conceive and recognize it in all its absolute purity, so that these two conditions are distinguished from each other in the most positive manner; otherwise we shall confound without uniting them. Again we assert: these two opposite conditions are *allied* by beauty, which therefore removes the opposition. Inasmuch as these two conditions will forever remain opposed to each other, they can only be united by absorption. Our second task consists in perfecting this union, in completing it so entirely that both conditions disappear in a third until no trace of separation remains, otherwise we individualize without uniting. All controversies about beauty, which have divided the philosophical world, and divide it even now, have no other foundation than the omission of not rigidly distinguishing, or else

not perfectly uniting, these opposite conditions. Philosophers who are guided in their reflections on beauty by the *feelings* exclusively, cannot arrive at a pure *conception* of beauty, because, misled by the senses, they see only the whole without its component parts. The other class of philosophers who are exclusively guided by the understanding, can never arrive at a conception of *beauty*, because they only see the parts of the whole, and spirit and matter, in spite of their most perfect union, always appear distinct to their mental vision. The former are apprehensive of annulling beauty *dynamically*, as an efficient agent, by separating principles which the intuitive feeling unites; the latter fear lest they should annul beauty *logically*, as a pure conception of the reason, by uniting conditions which the understanding distinguishes. The former aim at imagining beauty as she exists in real life; the latter at causing her to act as they imagine her in their own minds. Both parties necessarily miss the truth: the former because they undertake to imitate nature with their limited mental powers; the latter because they seek to circumscribe infinite nature within their own finite conception. The former are afraid lest beauty should lose a portion of her freedom by too rigid an analysis; the latter are afraid lest the conception of beauty should be obscured by too bold a union of her component parts. But the former forget that the freedom which they very justly suppose constitutes the very essence of beauty, is not lawlessness, but harmony of laws, not arbitrary caprice, but a supreme internal necessity; the latter do not consider that the precision with which they, with equal justice, define beauty, does not consist in *excluding certain realities, but in including them all*, hence that beauty is not limitation, but infinite expansion. We shall avoid the cliffs upon which both parties have been wrecked, by proceeding from the two elements into which beauty is distinguished by the understanding, and afterward elevating ourselves to the pure æsthetic unity by which she acts upon the sensations, and in which those two conditions are completely absorbed.*

* In noticing the contrast which we have set up between the two forms of beauty, the attentive reader must have observed that the *æstheticians of the sensualist school*, who pay more attention to the testimony of the sensations than to that of reason, are *actually* much nearer to the truth than their opponents, although these have a *clearer comprehension* of the subject; this relation exists everywhere where nature and science contend against each other. Nature (the senses) unites everywhere, the understanding disunites everywhere; but reason recombines; for this reason man, before he commences to philosophize, is nearer to the truth than the philosopher who has not yet ended his investigation. Hence, without any further examination, we may declare a philosophical theory erroneous which leads to *results* that are contrary to the common sentiment of the world; with equal justice we may suspect its correctness, if its *form and method* are in accord with the common sentiment. This may console every author who is unable, as many readers seem to expect, to present a philosophical deduction like a chit-chat by the fireside. The former conclusion may serve to silence innovators who undertake to found new systems at the expense of common sense

LETTER XIX.

Generally we distinguish in man two different conditions of a passive or active capacity for determination, and hence as many conditions of active and passive determination. The explanation of this proposition will lead us to our final conclusions by the shortest road.

The condition of the human mind *previous* to all determinations which are imparted to it by sensual impressions, is an unlimited capacity for determining itself. The infinite of space and time is abandoned to man's imagination for unlimited use, and inasmuch as, by our supposition, nothing is established, consequently nothing presupposed in this vast range of the possible, this indeterminate condition may be designated as a *vacant infinitude*, which must not be confounded with an infinite vacuity.

Now his senses are to be touched, and among the infinite number of possible determinations a single one is to be realized in action. A conception is to arise in his mind. What was a mere faculty in his previous condition of determinable capacity, now becomes an efficient power, a substantive something; at the same time, as an efficient power it becomes limited, whereas it was unlimited as a mere faculty. There is reality, but the infinite is no longer. In order to mould a form, we have to *limit* the boundless space; in order to imagine to ourselves changes within time, we have to *divide* the absolute of time into parts. Limits only lead us to reality, *negation* or exclusiveness to something *positive*, the cessation of our unlimited capacity for self-determination to determinate acts.

But a simple exclusion would never be changed to reality, mere sensations would never become intuitions, if there did not exist a something from which an object may be excluded; if by some absolute act of the mind the negation were not set up with reference to something positive; if the absolute of existence were not contrasted with the concrete finiteness; this act of the mind is what we term judging and thinking, and the result thereof is designated by the term *thought*.

Before we determine upon a spot in space, there is really no space; yet without absolute space we should not be able to effect such a determination. This likewise applies to time. Before we possess the moment, there is no time for us; but without absolute time we could never imagine to ourselves a moment. It is indeed true that the part leads us to the whole, and the finite to the infinite; but on the other hand, it is only the whole that leads to the part, and the infinite to the finite.

If now we assert that beauty opens a pathway for man from sensation to thought, we must not understand by this statement that beauty could fill up the gap which separates sensation from thought, a passive from an active condition; this gap is infinite, and without the intervention of a new and self-existing faculty the individual can never become the universal, the accidental can never become the essential. Thought is the immediate action of this absolute faculty which

must indeed be impelled by the senses to manifest itself, but in its manifestation is so little dependent upon the senses that it seems, on the contrary, to be opposed to them. The independence with which it acts excludes every foreign interference; it is not by *helping* thought (for this implies an evident contradiction), but by procuring to the mental powers the freedom of manifesting themselves in accordance with their own laws, that beauty may become the means of leading man from matter to form, from sensation to law, from a limited to an absolute existence.

But this implies that the freedom of the mental faculties may be arrested, which seems to conflict with the idea of independent power. A faculty which receives nothing from without but the material wherewith it may work, can only be prevented from performing its function by being deprived of the material; it would be misapprehending the nature of spirit, if we attributed to the sensual passions the power of positively suppressing the moral freedom. Experience indeed furnishes numerous instances of the rational powers appearing suppressed in proportion as the senses are more intensely active; but, instead of tracing this mental weakness to the intensity of the passions, we should, on the contrary, trace the latter to the former; for the senses can only act as a power over man in so far as the mind has freely ceased to exercise its own power.

But whilst seeking to meet an objection by this explanation, it appears that I have incurred another objection, and that I have saved the independence of the mind at the expense of its unity. For how could the mind draw *from its own nature*, at one and the same time, reasons for action and non-action, if it were not divided in itself, opposed to itself.

Here we have to recollect that it is with the finite, not with the infinite mind that we have to deal. Finite may be called the mind which manifests its activity only as a passive being, which attains to the infinite only through limited manifestations, which acts and moulds into form only in so far as it receives a material to work upon. Such a mind will unite with the impulse of form or with the absolute, an impulse toward material or limited manifestations, for without this last-mentioned impulse the former could not be gratified. The possibility of two such opposite tendencies coexisting in the same being may embarrass the metaphysician, but cannot surprise the transcendental philosopher. The latter does not profess to account for the possibility of things, but contents himself with determining the range and order of knowledge, by means of which the possibility of empirical facts may be comprehended. Inasmuch as experience is no more possible without the antagonism of those two tendencies of the mind than without its absolute unity, the transcendental philosopher sets up both these opposite states of antagonism and unity as necessary conditions of experience, without troubling himself about the possibility of uniting them. This inherent existence of two fundamental impulses is not contrary to the absolute unity of the mind, provided we distinguish *mind itself* from either condition of existence. Both these principles

exist and act *in the mind*, but the mind itself is neither matter nor form, neither senses nor reason, a circumstance which seems to have escaped the attention of those who teach that the human mind only acts, where its proceedings are in perfect accord with reason, and who declare the human mind passive, whenever its action is contrary to reason.

Each of these two fundamental impulses, by virtue of an inherent necessity, craves gratification from the moment that its actual development has commenced; but for the very reason that both are necessary, and both tend in opposite directions, this double necessity neutralizes itself and the will, occupying a central position between both, becomes absolutely free. It is the will, therefore, which acts as a *power* (as a cause of actualization) toward either impulse, but neither can claim to be a power over the other. The most positive impulse to justice, in which a despot may not by any means be deficient, will not prevent him from committing acts of injustice; nor will the strong-minded man be tempted by the most alluring charms to violate his principles. There is no other power in man than his will; his internal freedom can only be extinguished by causes which put an end to man himself,—death or the cessation of his consciousness.

A necessity *outside of us* determines our existence in time by means of sensations. They are involuntary; as we are acted upon, so we feel or suffer. In the same way, a necessity *within us* discloses our personality under the influence of, and by opposing these sensations; for self-consciousness cannot be dependent upon the will which presupposes its existence. This original manifestation or announcement of our personality is no merit of ours, nor is the absence thereof our fault. Reason, or in other words, absolute consistence and universality of consciousness can only be demanded of him who is possessed of self-consciousness; previous to this, he is not man, nor can an act of humanity be expected of him. As little as the *metaphysician* is able to comprehend the limits which are imposed upon the free and self-existing mind by the sensations, as little the *physicist* comprehends the infiniteness which the personality manifests in consequence of these limits. Neither abstraction nor experience leads us back to the source whence our conceptions of universality and necessity emanate; their early manifestation in time removes them from the observer, and their super-sensual origin from the metaphysical inquirer. But enough, self-consciousness exists, whose unalterable unity implies a law of unity for all things which exist *for man*, and for every thing that is to be originated *by him*, a law of unity for his cognitions and actions. Incomprehensible, incorruptible, and fixed, the conceptions of truth and justice defy the decay of the world of sense; without knowing or being able to say how and whence it came, we observe an eternity in time and a necessity in the succession of phenomena. Thus sensation and self-consciousness originate without the action of the subject; the origin of either is as much beyond our will, as it is beyond the sphere of our cognition.

But if both have become realities; if sensation

has led man to the experience of a positive existence, and if self-consciousness has led him to the experience of his absolute existence, the objects of these states of being will excite the two fundamental impulses of his nature. The sensual impulse is awakened when the individual first begins to exist, the rational impulse when the law of personality first dawns upon the mind; and it is only when both impulses have become active that the human idea is fully embodied in man. Until this has taken place, man acts by a law of necessity; but now the hand of *nature* leaves him, and it is now *his own business*, to preserve and foster the humanity which nature had begun and disclosed in him. As soon as two opposite fundamental impulses become active in him, they cease to be driven by a law of inevitable necessity; *freedom* originates in the antagonism of these two necessities.*

LETTER XX.

THE mere conception of freedom implies that this state cannot be acted upon; yet we may necessarily infer from our preceding statements that *freedom itself is an effect of nature* (taking this term in its vastest acceptation), and not the work of man, and that it may therefore be favored or embarrassed by natural agencies. It begins only when man is complete, when both his fundamental impulses are developed; hence it must be wanting as long as he is incomplete, and one of his two impulses is excluded; and it must be susceptible of restoration by every thing that will contribute to his completeness.

There is a moment not only in the life of the species, but in that of the individual, where man is not yet complete, and where one of his two impulses is exclusively active in him. We know that at first he simply lives, and that he ends as a form, that he is first an individual before he becomes a personality, and that he proceeds to the infinite from the finite. Hence the sensual impulse is active before the rational, because sensation precedes consciousness, and it is this *priority* of the sensual impulse which affords us an explanation of the whole history of human freedom.

There exists a period when the impulse of life, not being interfered with by that of form, acts as a natural and necessary principle, when the senses constitute a power, because man has not yet commenced to exist; for in man himself there cannot be any other power than the will. But in the state of rationality into which man now is to enter, reason is to become a power, and a logical

and moral necessity is to replace the necessity of the physical life. Hence the power of sensation has to be annihilated, before law can assume its sway. It is not sufficient that something which was not, should commence; something which was, has previously to cease. Man cannot immediately pass from sensations to thoughts; he has to *take a step backward*, for thus an opposite determination may take place, after a previous determination has been annulled. Hence, in order to exchange a passive for an active state, a passive for an active determination, he has to be *without any* for a time, and has to pass through a state of simple capacity for self-determination. Hence he has to return, so to say, to a simple condition of indeterminate existence, where he was before anything had yet acted upon his senses. This condition was without any substance, and the question now is to combine this indeterminate existence and an unlimited capacity for self-determination with the largest possible amount of substance, since something positive is to be the immediate result of this condition. The determination which is imparted to him by sensation, has to be retained, because he should not lose the reality; at the same time, inasmuch as it is limited, it cannot be permitted to last, for man's capacity for self-determination is intended to be endless. The problem is, to annihilate and at the same time to preserve an existing determination, which can only be done by *opposing to it* another determination. When empty, the scales are level; but they are likewise level when loaded with equal weights.

Thus then the immaterial man passes from sensation to thought through an intermediate condition, where the senses and reason being equally active, mutually neutralize their determining power, and by their antagonism effect a negation. This intermediate state, where man's mind is not subject either to physical or moral constraint, and yet is active in both directions, deserves to be more particularly designated as a state of freedom; and if the appellation of physical is applied to the state of sensual, and the appellation of logical or moral to the state of rational determination, a state of actual and active capacity for self-determination will have to receive the appellation of *æsthetic*.*

* To readers who have not a clear knowledge of the genuine meaning of this term, which is so often and so badly abused by ignorant individuals, the following remarks may serve to elucidate it. All things which are perceptible to the senses, may be imagined under four categories. A thing may have reference to our senses immediately (existence and well-being): this implies its *physical* nature. Or the object may have reference to the understanding, and may constitute a form of knowledge: this implies its *logical* nature. Or it may have reference to our will, and may be regarded as an object of choice for a rational being: this implies its *moral* nature. Or, finally, it may have reference to the whole of our various powers, without being exclusively designed for any one of them, as a sphere or object of manifestation: This implies its *æsthetic* nature. A man may be agreeable to us by his obliging disposition; his conversation may furnish material for thought; he may inspire us with respect for his character; finally he may please us by his simple appearance, without reference to any law or purpose. In this last-mentioned relation we

* In order to prevent all misapprehension, I will state that, whenever I here speak of freedom, I do not mean the freedom which is proper to man as an intelligent being, and which can neither be given to, nor taken from him; but the freedom which is based upon his mixed nature. By simply acting rationally, man evidences a freedom of the former kind; by acting rationally within the limits of sense, and by performing material acts in accordance with reason, he evidences a freedom of the second order. The latter might be accounted for as a natural possibility of the former.

LETTER XXI.

I stated at the outset of my previous letter that there is a double state of capacity for self-determination, and a double state of actualized determination. I am now in a position to explain this proposition.

The mind is determinable, only in so far as it is not under the influence of a special determination; but it is likewise determinable, in so far as it is not exclusively under the influence of any special determination. The former is a state of indeterminate existence (unlimited, because without reality); the latter is the æsthetic capacity for self-determination (unlimited, because comprehending all reality within itself).

The mind is bound by determinate forms in so far as its nature is limited; but it may also be bound by determinate forms from its own absolute power. The former condition occurs when man experiences sensations or emotions; the latter, when he thinks. What thinking is to self-determination, that the æsthetic constitution is to the capacity for such determination; the former implies limitation from an internal and infinite power, the latter a negation from an internal, infinite fullness. As sensation and thought have but the single point in common, that in both these states the mind is the determining power, that man is exclusively either an individual or a personality, whereas in all other respects these states differ without end; so the æsthetic capacity for self-determination and the state of indeterminate existence coincide in the single point, that both these conditions exclude every positive form of existence, since they differ infinitely in all other respects, as all differs from nothing. Whereas the latter, an indeterminate existence from want of substance, has been represented as an *empty infinitude* or an *infinite vacuum*, the æsthetic freedom of determination which constitutes the substantial opposite of the former, should be looked upon as a *completed infinitude*, a conception which harmonizes most perfectly with what has been taught in our previous inquiries.

In the æsthetic condition man is a mere cipher in so far as we consider isolated results, not the whole or collective faculty, and in so far as we consider the absence of any special determination. In this

judge him æsthetically. Thus we have an education whose object is health; one whose object is intelligence, another whose object is morality, and another whose object is taste and beauty. The last-mentioned system of education has for its object to develop all our physical and spiritual faculties in the highest possible harmony. But inasmuch as under the beguiling influence of a false taste, and fortified in this error by fallacious reasonings, the idea of voluntary action is very frequently included in the conception of æsthetic, I may observe (although it is almost the exclusive object of these letters to refute this error), that a mind, in a state of æsthetic culture, acts in perfect freedom, and without the remotest constraint, but not without laws, and that this æsthetic freedom is only distinguished from the logical necessity inherent in the process of thinking, and from the moral necessity inherent in the process of willing, by this, that the laws which determine the mind, during these processes, are not *consciously imagined*, and meeting with no resistance, do not seem obligatory.

respect those who declare that the beautiful and the state of mind which it develops in us, are without any importance or result as far as *cognition* and *sensitiment* are concerned, are right. They are perfectly right; for beauty does not effect a single isolated result either in the sphere of the understanding or in that of the will; she accomplishes no single purpose either in the sphere of intellect or in that of morality; she does not discover a single truth, does not aid us in fulfilling a single duty; in *one* word, she is equally unfit to serve as a foundation to character, or to enlighten the understanding. Æsthetic culture leaves a man's personal worth or dignity, in so far as they depend upon his own effort, undecided, and all that he accomplishes by a state of æsthetic culture is, to fit himself *by nature* to make of himself what he chooses; the liberty to be what he ought, is restored to him.

But this restoration implies the attainment of an infinite result. For if we recollect that he had been deprived of this very liberty by the one-sided necessity of nature in a state of mere sensation, and by the exclusive legislation of reason during the process of thinking, we have to regard the power which is restored to him by the æsthetic sense, as the highest gift that can be bestowed upon man, the gift of humanity itself. It is true, as a potential state he possesses this humanity prior to any determinate condition or form which it may be in his power to realize; but actually he divests himself of this human form whenever he realizes any determinate condition of existence, and that form has to be restored to him by the æsthetic sense whenever he wishes to substitute a new determinate condition for the former.*

It is therefore not only poetically proper, but philosophically correct, if we call beauty our second maker. For, although she simply fits us for a state of humanity, leaving it to our own discretion, whether and how far we desire to realize it in act; she does as much for us as nature, which gives us no more than a capacity for the human form, leaving the use and ulterior development of this capacity to our own will and judgment.

LETTER XXII.

If an æsthetic state of mind is a mere cipher so far as isolated and determinate results are concerned, it is on the other hand a state of the high-

* The rapidity with which certain characters pass from sensations to thoughts and resolutions, conceals from our view either partially or totally the æsthetic state of mind through which they must necessarily pass during this time. Such characters are unable to bear for any length of time a state of indeterminate existence; they are impatient for results which they do not meet with in the sphere of a purely æsthetic state of the mind. In others, on the contrary, who find more enjoyment in the *æsthetic state itself*, than in *single acts* emanating from it, the range of æsthetic perceptions and aspirations is far more extensive. As much as the former dread the absence of material acts, as much the latter dread the oppression of finiteness. The former are more adapted to details and subordinate positions, the latter, if they are otherwise possessed of practical tact and knowledge, are fitted for high stations, and for the performance of universal duties.

est reality so far as the absence of all limits is concerned, and the sum of powers which a state of æsthetic culture calls into play. Those, therefore, who consider such a state as the most fruitful for the development of positive intelligence and morality, are likewise right. Indeed they are perfectly right; for a state of mind which embraces the whole of humanity within its range, must necessarily include the capacity for every single manifestation of human power; a state of mind which views human nature as a boundless whole, must necessarily consider every special manifestation of this nature as capable of infinite expansion. For the very reason that such a state of mind does not patronize exclusively any special function of humanity, it favors indiscriminately any one of them as the common source from which all may derive the possibility and power of development. All other practices impart some special fitness to the mind, but circumscribe it at the same time within corresponding limits; the æsthetic practice alone leads to the infinite. Every other state into which we enter, may be traced to a previous one, and may require a subsequent state for its own solution; the æsthetic state alone is a whole within itself, since it unites within itself all the conditions of its origin and its perpetuation. In the æsthetic state alone we feel as if placed beyond the limits of time, and our humanity manifests itself with a purity and an *integrity* as though the action of external forces had not imposed any limits to its power of expansion.

That which is agreeable to our senses by the pleasurable effect it has upon them, discloses the susceptible and yielding mind to such impressions, but diminishes in a corresponding degree its fitness for exertions. That which strains our intellectual powers, and invites the mind to rove through the sphere of abstract ideas, strengthens it for every kind of resistance, but hardens it in the same proportion, diminishing our susceptibility as much as it increases our own independent activity. For this very reason either condition must necessarily soon lead to exhaustion, because matter cannot do long without the forming power, nor power without suitable material for its objective manifestation. But if we give ourselves up to the enjoyment of genuine beauty, we control to the same extent our active as well as our passive powers, and with equal facility we shall turn to earnest labor as well as to play, to repose as well as to exercise, to accommodations as well as to resistance, to abstract thoughts as well as to the sphere of sensual perceptions.

This exalted equanimity and freedom of mind, allied to a feeling of vigor and energy, is the mood which a genuine work of art should kindle in our souls; there is no better touch-stone of true æsthetic worth. If, after enjoying a work of art, we feel particularly disposed, or else indisposed, to entertain certain sentiments, or to perform certain acts, we may regard this as an infallible proof that the effect upon us has not been *purely æsthetic*, whether the fault rested with the work of art, or with our own mode of feeling, or, as is most frequently the case, with both.

Inasmuch as no pure æsthetic effect is possible

in real life (for man will never be able to make himself perfectly independent of the influence of surrounding forces), the value of a work of art will have to be judged by the extent to which its effect upon us approximates to the purity of the æsthetic ideal; no matter what a high degree of freedom we may have realized in the mind, we shall always return from the contemplation of a work of art with a certain bias, or involuntary impression. The more universal the impression, and the less circumscribed the direction which is imparted to the mind by a certain species of art, and by a certain work belonging to it, in the same ratio the species is exalted, and the work is distinguished by excellence. This experiment may be instituted with works of different arts, and with different works of the same art. We leave a beautiful music with lively emotions, a beautiful poem with an animated imagination, a beautiful piece of statuary, or a beautiful building, with an increased intensity of the understanding; but no one would meet with much success who should undertake to invite us to intellectual abstractions immediately after listening to the strains of inspiring music, to employ us for one of the technical uses of common life immediately after the enjoyment of some exalted poetical composition, or to inflame our imagination, and surprise our emotions immediately after we had been intensely interested in looking at some beautiful painting or statuary. The reason is, because even the most intellectual music *by the character of its material*, has more affinity for the senses than is consistent with genuine æsthetic freedom; because even the most successful and most appropriate poem is still colored by the spontaneous and accidental play of the imagination, *as the medium* of poetry, more than is consistent with the internal necessity of the beautiful; because, finally, the most excellent work of statuary, or architecture, and such a work of art more perhaps than any other, borders upon earnest science, *in consequence of the definiteness of the intellectual conception embodied in its form*. These peculiar affinities disappear more and more in proportion as a work belonging to any of these different classes of art, reaches a higher degree of perfection, a necessary consequence of which is, that, without mixing up or altering their objective boundaries, the various arts become more and more assimilated to each other *in their effects upon the human mind*. In its highest perfection of harmony, music should affect us like the beauty of form, with the quiet power of an antique; statuary and architecture, when most perfect, will act upon us like music, and will touch our senses by the immediate presence of their works; poesy in its most exalted purity, will move us powerfully like music, and, like the plastic arts, illumine our understandings with the light of its heavenly wisdom. By this it is, that the perfect style of every art is perceived: it removes her specific boundaries without effacing her specific attributes, and by wisely improving her peculiarities, imparts to her a more universal character.

Not only the limits inherent in the specific character of his art, but also those which are peculiar to the material upon which he works, should

be overcome by the artist. In a truly beautiful work of art, the subject should do nothing, the form every thing; for it is through the form alone that the whole of man is reached, the subject only affects exceptional powers or faculties. The subject, were it ever so sublime and comprehensive, has a circumscribing effect upon the mind, and it is only of the form that true æsthetic freedom can be expected. The great secret of art consists in this, that the master *wipes out the subject by the form*; the more imposing, the more assuming, the more seductive the subject, the more it claims our attention by its prominence, or the more the beholder feels disposed to permit his attention to be absorbed by the subject: the greater the triumph of an art which subdues the subject and maintains her supremacy over the spectator. The spectator's or listener's mind should remain perfectly free and unaffected; it should come out of the enchanting sphere of the artist as it left the hands of the Maker, pure and perfect. The most frivolous subject should be treated in a manner which will dispose us to pass from it at once to the most sober earnestness; on the other hand, the most serious subject should be treated so as not to incapacitate us from exchanging it without an effort for the lightest play. Arts like tragedy, calculated to arouse powerful passional emotions, are no objection to this doctrine; for, *in the first place*, they are not altogether free arts, since they are designed to attain a special end, the pathetic; and *in the second place*, no true critic will deny that works even of this class are the more perfect, the freer they leave the mind even in the highest tumult of passional excitement. There is a fine art of the passions; but a fine passionate art is a contradiction, for the inevitable effect of the beautiful is freedom from passions. No less contradictory is the conception of a fine didactic, or a fine moral art, for nothing conflicts more with the idea of beauty, than the effort of giving to the mind a definite tendency.

We must not infer, however, that a work is without any beauty of form, if the subject alone strikes the mind; this may likewise be owing to a deficiency of form on the part of the critic. If he should be too rigid, or too yielding; if he is in the habit of either receiving impressions only through the understanding, or through the senses, he will only adhere to the parts, even if the whole should be ever so perfect, or to the substance, if the form should be ever so beautiful. Without sensitiveness, except to rude elements, he has first to destroy the æsthetic organization of a work before he is able to enjoy it, and to rake up with anxious care the elementary details which the artist had sought to hide with infinite art in the harmony of the whole. The interest he takes in the work, is either moral or physical; what it should be, it is not,—it is not æsthetic. Such readers enjoy a serious and pathetic poem, as they do a sermon, and a poem of a naïve or playful character, as if it were an intoxicating beverage; and, if they had so little taste as to expect to be *edified* by a tragedy or epopee, were it even the Messiad, they will undoubtedly take exceptions to a song by Anacreon or Catullus

LETTER XXIII.

I resume the thread of my inquiry, which I have only abandoned for the purpose of applying the propositions which I have set up, to practical art, and to the criticism of her works.

The passage from a passive state of sensation to an active state of thought and volition, cannot be effected in any other way than through an intermediate state of æsthetic freedom, and although this state of itself decides nothing as regards our intelligence or sentiments, and therefore leaves our intellectual or moral worth altogether problematical, yet it is the necessary condition of our obtaining intelligence and forming sentiments. In *one word*: there is no other way of making the sensual man rational, than by first making him an æsthetic being.

Will you object that this intermediate state may not perhaps be indispensable? May it not be possible that truth and duty should commend themselves to the sensual man by their own inherent power? To this I reply that they not only can but ought to be indebted for their determining power exclusively to themselves, and that nothing would be more contrary to my previous statements than to suppose that they were intended to convey doctrines of an opposite import. We have shown that beauty does not develop any direct result either in the sphere of the understanding or of the will, that it does not interfere in the processes of thinking or willing, that it simply confers the faculty of willing or thinking, without, however, determining the actual use of this faculty. This use takes place without any foreign aid, and the pure or logical form, namely the abstract conception, has to address itself directly to the understanding, and the pure or moral form, namely the law, has to address itself directly to the will.

But I maintain that the æsthetic state of the mind enables the pure or ideal form to act upon the sensual man. Truth cannot be received by the senses like the actuality or the physical existence of things; truth is the offspring of the independent and self-existing action of the mind; it is this independent activity, this freedom which we do not find in the sensual man. The sensual man is already determined by his physical nature, consequently he is no longer able to determine himself freely; this lost power of self-determination has necessarily to be restored to him, before he can exchange a passive or merely potential state for a state of active self-determination. But this active capacity can only be restored to him either by his losing the passive state in which he existed, or else *the active state of determining power into which he is to enter, must already be present within him*. If he should simply lose the passive state of determinable fitness, he would at the same time lose the possibility of an active capacity for self-determination, since thought only needs a body, and form can only be realized by means of a subject. Hence he will have to contain the latter within himself, he will have to be determined both actively and passively, in other words, he will have to become æsthetic.

Through the æsthetic sense reason manifests

its presence even in the sensual range, the power of sensation is broken even within its own limits, and the physical man is ennobled so far, that all the spiritual man has to do, is to develop himself out of the former in accordance with the laws of freedom. The passage from the æsthetic condition to the logical and moral (from beauty to truth and duty) is, therefore, far easier than the transition from the physical to the æsthetic condition (from a mere state of unconscious vitality to a rational manifestation). As regards the former step, man may achieve it by his simple freedom, since he need only take from, not add to himself; individualize, not expand his nature; the æsthetically-feeling man will always judge and act correctly, as soon as he wills to do so. His passage from a purely sensual existence to the beauty of form, where an entirely new activity is to be disclosed in him, will have to be facilitated by nature; his will has no power over a state of mind to which the will itself is indebted for its existence. In order to lead the æsthetic man to intelligence and great sentiments, all that is necessary is to afford him important opportunities; in order to obtain this result over the sensual man, his nature has first to be changed. In the case of the former the impulse of an exalted circumstance, which affects the will-power more immediately than any other influence, is frequently sufficient in order to convert man into a hero or a sage; the latter has first to be transformed by different influences.

It is, therefore, one of the most important problems of culture, to subject even man's physical life to the form of beauty, and to transform him into an æsthetic being, as far as the boundaries of the empire of beauty extend, for it is only out of the æsthetic, not out of the physical condition, that a moral state can be developed. If man is to possess the power in every single case to impress upon his judgment and his will the character of a judgment and will of the species; if every finite state of existence is to lead him to the infinite, every dependent condition to a state of independence and freedom, we have to take care that at no one moment he should simply be an individual and obey the law of simple nature. If he is to be able and fit to raise himself from the narrow sphere of natural to the sphere of rational ends, he will have to have fitted himself for the latter *within the limits of the former*, and to have achieved his physical destiny with a certain freedom of mind, namely, in conformity with the laws of beauty.

This may be accomplished by man without his physical destiny being violated in the least degree. Nature has no demands against him except in respect to *what he is achieving*, or in respect to *the matter of his acts; the form of his acts, the manner in which he performs them*, is left undetermined by the natural ends. The demands of reason, on the contrary, have exclusive reference to the form of his actions. As necessary as it therefore is for the sake of his moral destiny, that he should be absolutely moral, that he should evince an absolute independence of action, as indifferent it is for his physical destiny, whether he is purely physical, whether he exists in an absolutely passive state. In respect to his physical

destiny, it is left optional with him either to realize it as a mere being of sense, as a natural power (by which we understand a force which merely acts according as it is acted upon); or as an absolute power, as a rational being; it can scarcely be questioned which would be more conformable to his dignity. On the contrary, as much as he degrades himself by doing from sensual motives what he should have done from a love of duty, as much he honors himself by aiming at law, harmony, and infinite perfection even where a common man gratifies his legitimate desires.* In *on* word, in the sphere of truth and morality, sensation should not exercise any determining power;

* This intellectual and æsthetically free mode of treating the common realities of life, is the sign of a *noble soul*, no matter when and where we may meet with it. We may call a mind noble that possesses the talent of imparting an appearance of infinite perfection to the most insignificant business, or to the smallest object, by the manner in which these things are managed. We call any form noble which impresses an appearance of independent action upon a thing which, by its nature, is simply a *means*, a *medium* of action. A noble spirit is not content with being free itself; it feels impelled to emancipate every thing around it, even inanimate objects. Beauty is the only possible expression of freedom in the sphere of phenomena. A predominant expression of intelligence in the countenance or in a work of art can therefore never be called noble, no more than it can ever appear beautiful, for the reason that such an expression renders still more prominent the dependence (which is inseparable from fitness), instead of concealing it.

The moral philosopher indeed teaches us that we can never do more than our duty. In this he is perfectly right, if he simply refers to the relation existing between acts and the moral law. But in the case of acts which simply have reference to a purpose, to *go beyond this purpose* into the region of the super-sensual (which here cannot mean any thing else than to perform sensual things in an æsthetic manner), would be tantamount to *going beyond one's duty*, since duty can only insist upon the *will* being holy, not upon *nature* having already acquired holiness. Thus, although duty cannot be exceeded in a moral, yet it can be surpassed in an æsthetic sense, and such a conduct is designated as noble. But for the very reason that a noble conduct is always characterized by an excess of good-will, inasmuch as a spirit of beauty is perceived where simple duty would be satisfied with the material act, or the internal beauty of the act is associated with a quantity of material result which duty did not prescribe as necessary; many authors have confounded an excess of æsthetic beauty with an excess of morality, and beguiled by the appearance of the noble act, have assigned to the domain of morality arbitrary and accidental determinations of the will, which would efface the boundaries and shake the foundations of ethics.

An elevated conduct should be distinguished from a noble conduct. A noble conduct goes beyond the limits of moral obligation: not so an elevated conduct which we esteem more highly than the former. But we do not esteem it, because it goes beyond the rational conception of its object (the moral law), but because it exceeds the empirical conception of its subject (our knowledge of the goodness and power of the human will); *vice versa*, we do not esteem a noble conduct, because it exceeds the nature of the subject, out of which it should, on the contrary, seem to flow as a perfectly free act, but because it reaches beyond the nature of its object (the physical purpose) into the sphere of spirit. It might be said that in the former case, we wonder at the victory which the object achieves over man; in the latter case we admire the character of exaltation which man impresses upon the object.

but the sphere of sensual happiness may be ruled by form and by the impulse of play.

Even in the indifferent sphere of his physical existence, man's moral nature should already receive its first impetus; while yet in a state of passive existence, he should already commence to develop his moral independence, his rational freedom should already begin within the limits of his sensual existence. Even his inclinations should undergo the law of his will; if I may be permitted to use this expression, man should transfer the war against matter to its own domain, in order not to be obliged to combat this terrible enemy upon the sacred soil of liberty; he has to learn to cherish *noble desires*, in order to be able to do without *elevated volitions*. This result is accomplished by the æsthetic culture, which subjects to laws of beauty every thing concerning which the human will is neither bound by the laws of nature nor by those of reason, and discloses the inner life in the form in which it clothes the outer.

LETTER XXIV.

We may, therefore, distinguish three degrees or stages of development which both the individual and the species have to pass through in a definite order, if they expect to accomplish the circle of their destiny. Through accidental causes, depending either upon the influence of external circumstances or upon man's own free determination, a single stage or period may indeed be lengthened or shortened, but can never be suppressed, nor can the order in which these periods naturally succeed each other, ever be inverted by a mere act of the will. In his *physical* stage of development, man simply obeys the laws of a natural state; in the *æsthetic* stage he frees himself from the tyranny of these laws, and in the *moral* stage he governs them.

What is man, before beauty beguiles him into abandoning his wild delights, and his savage life is calmed by the gentle influence of culture? Ever subject to the monotony of purpose, ever changing in his judgments, selfish without being a personality, unrestrained without being free, a slave without being bound by a rule. In this period the world affects him like fate, not as an object of contemplation; every thing exists for him only in so far as it contributes to, or preserves his existence: that which neither adds to, nor takes from his existence, does not exist at all in his eyes. Isolated as he is, every phenomenon affects him like an isolated fact. Whatever is, seems to him like the work of the moment; every change is to him like a new creation, because he has not as yet acquired a perception of the inevitable law which binds the changing forms into a universe, and overrules the evanescent manifestations of individual life. In vain nature exhibits to his senses the panorama of her rich beauties; her magnificent fullness appears to him a mere object of prey, her power and greatness affect him like inimical realities. Either he rushes upon things as if he would appropriate them to his own substance in his wild lust, or else the objects around him

threaten him with destruction, and he repels them in a fit of horror. In either case, the character of his relation to the world of sense is *contact*; ever disturbed by the phenomena which crowd upon him, ever tormented by the wants of an imperious necessity, he finds rest nowhere except in prostration, and limits nowhere except in glutting his desires.

The mighty breast, indeed, and e'en the Titans'
Most vigorous marrow is
His certain portion; but a chain of brass
The power of Fate has forged around his brows;
Sense, wisdom, calmness, patience have been hid
From his affrighted, sombre look.
Desire torments him with the fire of rage,
He plunges fiercely into endless chaos.

Iphigenia in Tauris.

Unacquainted with his own human dignity, he is unable to honor it in others; conscious of his own wild desires, he dreads them in every creature that looks like him. He never sees others in himself, only himself in others, and the presence of his fellow-creatures, instead of prompting the unfolding of social sympathies, narrows the sphere of his individuality more and more. In this gloomy night of egotism, he rushes through the chaos of existence, until a kind destiny removes the weight of matter from his darkened senses, reflection reveals to him a *distinction* between himself and the objects of nature, which dawn upon his consciousness and stimulate his powers of inquiry and contemplation.

As we have described this state of rude nature, it cannot, indeed, be shown as having existed among any people or anywhere in the history of the race; it is a mere idea which is partially confirmed, however, by experience. It may be said that man was never wholly confined to such an animal condition, but on the other hand, it may be asserted, that he has never fled from it entirely. Even in the most uncultivated individual we discover unmistakable traces of rationality, whereas the most cultivated man will occasionally exhibit traces of a low state of nature. It is peculiar to man to unite the highest and the lowest in his nature; if his *dignity* depends upon a strict distinction between these elements, his *happiness* depends upon their wise union. Culture, whose task it is to establish a perfect accord between his dignity and his happiness, will therefore have to see to it, that these two principles may be combined in their highest purity.

The first dawn of reason in man is, therefore, not as yet the beginning of his humanity. This is first determined by his freedom, and the first effect of reason is to make him conscious of his absolute physical dependence; considering the importance and universality of this phenomenon, it does not seem to me to have been dwelt upon with sufficient attention. We know that reason manifests itself in man by postulating the absolute (the inherently necessary); inasmuch as this inherent necessity of reason for a state of absolute truth and purity can never be entirely gratified at any one period of man's existence, he is impelled by reason to leave the world of sense and to elevate himself to the sphere of ideas. Although reason, by exciting idealizing aspirations in man's

soul, really designs to raise him above the level of the senses into the sphere of ideas, yet this tendency may be misapplied to the senses, especially in an age where sensual gratifications are so eagerly sought after, and so far from his independence being secured by the aims of rationality, he is, on the contrary, hurled into the most frightful bondage.

This is indeed the case. Upon the wings of imagination man abandons the narrow limits of the present, within which the mere animal existence is confined, in order to press forward toward a boundless future; but whilst the infinite is disclosed to his giddy *imagination*, his heart has not yet ceased to live in the details of the present, and to do homage to its interests. In the midst of his sensual pursuits he is seized by a desire for the absolute, and—since in this state of mental obtuseness, all his exertions tend to the material and the temporal, and to the interests of his own individual existence, he is impelled, by a demand for the absolute, instead of losing sight of his individuality, to strive after its endless development; instead of seeking a perfect form, to seek an imperishable fountain of sensual delights; instead of seeking the unchangeable, to crave a perpetual change, and the absolute certainty of his temporal existence. The same impulse which, when applied to his thoughts and acts, would lead him to truth and morality, when concentrated upon his sentient life, produces an unlimited desire and an absolute want. His first fruits in the empire of spirit are *care* and *fear*; both being the effects of reason, not of the senses, but of a reason that has missed its object, and applies its behests to the cultivation and multiplication of natural wants. The fruits of this tree are the various systems of happiness, whether intended for the present day, or for the whole life, or for eternity, which does not entitle them to any more respect. An unlimited duration of existence and well-being, for no other purpose than that of existence and well-being, is nothing but the ideal of desire, or a demand made by an animal nature craving absolute gratification. Without his humanity gaining any thing by this manifestation of his reason, he loses his happy finiteness as an animal, over which he henceforth possesses no other advantage than to deprive himself of the possession of present enjoyment by striving after distant joys, which nevertheless appear like a thing of the present, were they otherwise ever so remote.

But even if reason should not miss its object, and should work out a correct solution of the problem, yet the senses will for a long time to come adulterate her conclusions. As soon as man has commenced to use his understanding, and to combine the phenomena by which he is surrounded, into a series of coherent effects and causes, reason, by her nature, urges the determination of the absolute law or reason of this combination. The mere statement of such a problem implies that man must have exceeded the limits of morality; but reason employs this same demand for the purpose of reclaiming the fugitive. At this point it is where he had to forsake the world of sense, and had to soar to the sphere of pure ideas; for the understanding remains forever with-

in the limits of the finite, and continues to interrogate and to analyse without ever arriving at a first cause. But inasmuch as the man of whom we are speaking, is not yet capable of such an abstraction, he will have to seek within *the sphere of his feelings*, that which he does not yet find within *the sphere of his sensual cognitions*, and which he does not yet look for in *the sphere of reason*; there he will indeed find it as far as appearances indicate such a result. The senses reveal nothing that is its own cause and law; but they show that which is unconscious of reason, or has no regard for law. Since he is unable to quiet the interrogating understanding by the discovery of final and internal principles, he silences it by assuming the *absolute* or *unfathomable*, and stops within the blind necessities of matter, since he is as yet unable to comprehend the sublime necessity of reason. The senses not knowing of any other *purpose* than their advantage, and not feeling impelled by any other *cause* than blind chance, he makes the former the determining principle of his acts, and the latter the ruler of the world.

Even the sacred principle of man's nature, the moral law, is unable to escape this adulteration during its first manifestation in the world of sense. Inasmuch as its voice is that of a forbidding Mentor, it must necessarily appear to him as something hostile and external, as long as he has not yet succeeded in regarding his self-loving sensuality as something external to his better nature, and his rational principle as the best part of himself. Hence he only feels the fetters by which reason chains him, not the freedom which she brings to his soul. Without suspecting the dignity of the legislator within himself, he only experiences the compulsory condition and the impotent resistance of the subject. Inasmuch as the physical impulse *precedes* the moral, he assigns to the law of necessity a commencement in time, a *positive origin*, and by a most pernicious mistake he transforms the unchangeable and eternal into an accidental attribute of the perishable. He persuades himself into the notion that right and wrong are statutes enacted by the fiat of human volition, not eternal ordinances of absolute love and wisdom. As he transcends nature in explaining single natural phenomena, and seeks beyond her limits an explanation which can only be obtained by the study and perception of her inherent reasonableness, so he transcends *reason* in accounting for morality, and alienates his humanity by endeavoring to discover a godhead. No wonder if his religion which he purchased at the expense of his humanity, shows itself worthy of such an origin; if laws which were not binding from eternity, are not considered by him absolute and binding to all eternity. He does not deal with a holy, he only deals with a mighty being. The spirit of his worship is fear, which degrades him, not veneration which raises him in his own estimation.

Although these various deviations of man from the ideal of his destiny cannot all take place in the same epoch,—for he has to pass through various gradations from thoughtlessness to error, from mere absence to perversion of the will,—yet they all constitute results of the physical state, for in all of them the impulse of life

rules over the impulse of form. Suppose reason has not yet begun to act in man, and that the physical law still rules him with a blind violence; or that reason has not yet been sufficiently purged of all sensual admixture, and that the moral principle is still subservient to the physical wants: in either case, the ruling principle in man is of a material order, and man, by his ultimate acts, becomes a sensual being, with this difference, that by the first supposition he is an irrational, and by the second a rational animal. But he is to be neither; he is to be a man; nature is not to govern him exclusively, and reason is not to rule him conditionally. Both systems of law are to exist in perfect independence of each other, and yet are to be perfectly agreed.

LETTER XXV.

As long as man, in his first, physical condition, is only passively affected by the world of sense, he is still completely identified with it, and for this reason the external world has as yet no objective existence for him. It is only when he begins, in his æsthetic state of mind, to regard the world objectively, that his personality is severed from it, and that the world seems to him an objective reality for the simple reason that he has ceased to constitute an *identical portion* of it.*

Contemplative reflection is the first free relation which connects man with the surrounding universe. Whereas desire grasps its object immediately, reflection removes it to a distance, and appropriates it as its genuine and inalienable own, by saving it from the greed of passion. The necessity of sense, which ruled him with undivided power in the period of mere sensations, abates during the period of reflection; the senses are momentarily hushed; time even, which ever changes, stands still whilst the scattered rays of consciousness are gathering, and *form*, an image of the infinite, is reflected upon the perishable ground. As soon as light dawns in man, there is no longer any night outside of him; as soon as there is peace within him, the tumult among the surrounding elements is likewise hushed, and the contending forces of nature find rest within permanent boundaries. Hence we cannot wonder, if the ancient traditions allude to these great changes in the inner man as to a revolution in sur-

* I repeat that ideally these two periods are necessarily distinct, but that actually they are more or less mixed up. Nor should it be supposed that there ever was a time when man only existed in this physical state, or when he was entirely freed from the influence of matter. As soon as man sees an object, he ceases to be in a simply physical state, and as long as he continues to see, he will not be able to free himself from it, because he can only see in so far as he experiences a sensation. The three periods or degrees which I have named at the commencement of my twenty-fourth letter, constitute, in their totality, three distinct epochs in the development of humanity as well as in the development of the individual; but they may likewise be distinguished in the perception of every single object, and, in one word, constitute the necessary conditions of every cognition which comes to us through the senses.

rounding nature, and symbolize thought triumphing over the laws of time, by the figure of *Zeus*, which terminates the reign of *Saturnus*.

From being a slave of nature, as long as he merely derives sensations from a contact with her, man becomes her lawgiver as soon as he begins to reflect upon her objects and laws. Nature, which previously ruled him as a *power*, now expands before him as an *object*. What is objective to him, has no power over him, for in order to become objective, it has to experience his own power. As far and as long as he impresses a form upon matter, he cannot be injured by its effect; for a spirit can only be violated by that which deprives it of its freedom, whereas he proves his own freedom by giving a form to the formless. Where the mass rules heavily and without shape, and its dim outlines are wavering between uncertain boundaries, fear takes up its abode; but man becomes superior to any natural terror, as soon as he knows how to mould it and transform it into an object of his art. As soon as he commences to maintain his independence toward phenomenal nature, he maintains his dignity toward her as a thing of power, and with a noble freedom he rises against his gods. They throw down the masks with which they had frightened him during his infancy, and surprise him by his own image, which they reflect to his own mind. The divine monster of the Oriental, which goes about changing the world with the blind force of a beast of prey, dwindles in the Greek phantasy to the charming outlines of humanity, the empire of the Titans is crushed, and the boundless force is tamed by infinite form.

But whilst I was merely seeking an outlet from the material world, and a passage into the world of mind, the bold flight of my imagination has already transported me into the very midst of the latter world. The beauty which we are in search of, is already behind us, and we have stepped beyond it by passing from the mere life of sensations at once to the pure form and to the pure object. Such a leap is not inherent in the conditions of human nature; in order to keep even pace with the latter, we shall have to return to the world of sense.

Beauty is indeed the sphere of free contemplation and reflection; beauty leads us into the world of ideas, without, however, removing us from the world of sense, as happens when a truth is perceived and acknowledged. This is the pure product of a process of abstraction from every thing material and accidental, a pure object free from every subjective barrier, a pure state of self-activity without any admixture of passive sensations. There is indeed a return-road to sensation from the highest abstraction; for thought touches the inner sensation, and the idea of logical and moral unity passes into a sensation of sensual accord. But, if we revel in cognitions we distinguish very accurately our own conceptions from our sensations, we regard the latter as something accidental which might have been omitted without the cognition being impaired thereby, without truth being any the less true. But it would be in vain to undertake to abstract this relation to the sentient faculty from the concep-

tion of *beauty*; hence it is not enough that we should consider one as the effect of the other, but we have to consider both and mutually as cause and effect. While enjoying the delight of cognitions we distinguish without difficulty the *passage* from an active to a passive state, and we distinctly observe that the first is over as soon as the second commences. But no such succession from an active to a passive state is discernible in our delight in beauty, here reflection so completely coalesces with emotion that it seems to us as though the form excited the emotion immediately. Beauty is indeed *objective* to us, because it affects us by means of a process of reflection; but it is at the same time a *subjective condition*, because emotion is necessary to awaken the conception of beauty in our minds. Hence beauty is form in so far as we contemplate it; at the same time it is life, because it excites our emotion. In *one* word: it is at the same time a state and an act of our being.

And because it is both, it proves triumphantly that a passive state does not exclude a state of activity, matter does not exclude form, finiteness does not exclude infinity; it proves that man's moral freedom is not by any means annulled by his physical dependence. Beauty proves this, and I must add, beauty *alone* is able to do so. For inasmuch as in the enjoyment of truth or logical unity emotion does not necessarily co-exist with thought, but may accidentally follow it, this may show us that a rational state of mind may be followed by a sensual state, or *vice versa*, not that both natures may co-exist, not that they mutually act upon each other, not that they have to be united absolutely and necessarily. On the contrary this exclusion of the emotions as long as the mind thinks, and this exclusion of thought as long as the emotion is uppermost, would seem to show an *incompatibility* of both natures, in consequence of which analysts have no better proof for the existence of pure reason in man than their own *ipse dixit*. Inasmuch as the enjoyment of beauty or of *æsthetic unity* implies an actual *union*, an exchange of matter with form, of a passive with an active state, the *possibility of uniting both natures*, of realizing the infinite in the finite, and of expressing the most sublime human form, is demonstrated by such a circumstance.

We now need no longer feel embarrassed in endeavoring to find a passage from a state of physical dependence to a state of moral freedom, since beauty has shown that the former may coexist with the latter, and that man need not repudiate the senses in order to live as a spirit. If he has worked out his freedom during his physical life by realizing a state of beauty, and if freedom, as is implied by the very conception of it, is something absolute and super-sensual, the question can no longer be how he managed to elevate himself from the finite to the infinite, to oppose the senses by his thoughts and will, since these results are accomplished by the triumph of beauty. In *one* word, the question can no longer be how he passes from beauty to truth, the latter being potentially contained in the former, but how he clears a passage for himself from the common realities of the world of sense, to the realities of the

æsthetic sphere, from mere animal sensations to a state of living *beauty*.

LETTER XXVI.

Since the æsthetic sense, as I have shown in my previous letters, gives birth to freedom, it is readily seen that beauty does not originate in freedom and, for this reason, cannot have a moral origin. It must be the gift of nature; the favor of accidental circumstances alone can undo the fetters of the physical state, and lead the savage to a state of beauty.

The germ of beauty will unfold itself no more, where a barren climate deprives man of every comfort, than where a luxuriant vegetation supersedes the necessity of physical labor, where the blunted senses feel no want, or where the vehement desire remains forever unsatisfied. Not where man hides himself *troglydyte-fashion*, in caverns, where he is ever isolated and never sees a humanity outside of himself; nor where he roves about, *nomad-fashion*, in numerous swarms, where he is ever content with counting his numbers, and never becomes conscious of the humanity *within him*; it is only where he communes with himself when alone in his cabin, and where, on leaving it, he addresses himself to the whole race, that the sweet bud of beauty will perfect its full unfolding. Where a light, ethereal atmosphere stimulates the senses by its gentle influence, and where the luxuriant mass of animal and vegetative life seems animated by an inherent energy of expansion; where the rule of brute matter is overcome even by inanimate nature, and the lowest organisms seem ennobled by the impress of beauty; amid the joyous scenes and in the blissful climes where activity leads to enjoyment and enjoyment to activity, where holy order proceeds from and, in its turn, harmonizes the play of life; where imagination is never subjugated by the weight of reality, and yet never wanders away from nature's simple ways; it is only in circumstances like these that sense and mind, the passive and the active forces can develop themselves in those happy proportions which constitute the soul of beauty and the conditions of humanity.

By what phenomenon does the savage manifest his initiation into the sphere of humanity? History informs us everywhere that this phenomenon is the same among all the tribes which have escaped the bondage of the animal life: it is a delight in *appearances*, a taste for *ornaments* and *games*.

Extreme stupidity and the highest intelligence are related to each other in this, that both seek *realities* and are utterly insensible to mere appearances. It is only by the immediate presence of an object as a thing of sense, that stupidity is roused from its slumber; and it is by confirming its abstract conceptions by the facts of experience that intelligence is quieted and becomes satisfied with itself; in other words: stupidity cannot elevate itself above reality, nor can intelligence descend to a level beneath truth. What is effected in the former case by the want of imagi-

nation, is effected in the latter by the absolute control over this faculty. In so far as the need of realities and a taste for the actual are the consequences of want, so far the indifference toward realities, and a taste for appearances constitute a genuine expansion of human nature and a decided step toward culture. In the first place, this result testifies to a state of external freedom: for as long as want rules and stings man to action, imagination is bound with rigid fetters to actual realities; it is only after the present wants are gratified, that this faculty displays her unchecked power. In the second place, such a result testifies to the existence of an internal freedom, since a power is perceived, which moves independently of external matter and possesses a sufficient amount of energy to keep off its obtruding influences. The reality of things is their own work; the appearance of things is the work of man, and a mind which delights in appearances, ceases to be pleased with what it receives, but is pleased only with what it does.

Of course we speak of the æsthetic appearance which is distinguished from reality and truth; not of the logical appearance which is confounded with reality and truth, and which is cherished simply because it is appearance, not because it is supposed to be better than real truth. The former appearance is a play of the imagination, the latter mere deception. Attaching an importance or a value to the former, can never be prejudicial to truth, for which there is no danger of its ever being substituted—which is the only way in which truth can be injured;—despising it, is to despise the fine arts whose very essence consists in appearance. It happens sometimes that the understanding may push its zeal for reality to this degree of intolerance, and may condemn the art of beautiful appearances simply because they are appearances; but this happens to the understanding only in cases where it is reminded of the above-mentioned point of contact between extreme stupidity and the highest order of intelligence. Of the necessary limits of beautiful appearances, I shall take occasion to speak again hereafter.

Nature herself raises man from reality to appearances, by endowing him with two senses, which lead him through appearances to a knowledge of the truth. The eye and ear remove obtruding matter to a distance; the object with which the animal senses are in immediate contact, is perceived by the senses of vision and hearing beyond this point. That which we see with the eye, is distinguished from that which we feel; for the understanding passes beyond the limits of light to the objects themselves. The object of the sense of tact affects us like an act of violence; the object of the senses of vision and hearing affects them like a form created by themselves. As long as man lives in the savage state, he only enjoys with the sense of tact, to which the senses of appearance are merely subordinate during this period. Either he does not enjoy the delights of vision, or else he is not content with them. As soon as he commences to enjoy with his eye; as soon as vision has an independent value for him, he is æsthetically free, and the impulse of play has begun to become an active power in his soul.

The awakening of the impulse of play which delights in appearances, is immediately followed by the imitative impulse which treats appearances as something really existing. As soon as man has arrived at a point where he is able to distinguish appearances from realities, the form from the mass, he is likewise able to abstract the former from the latter; indeed he accomplishes this process by distinguishing the form. The faculty for imitative art is inherent in the faculty of distinguishing forms; the impulse of form is founded in another faculty or disposition of which no special mention need be made in the present instance. How soon, or how late, the æsthetic sense will manifest itself, will depend upon the degree of affection with which man adheres to mere appearances.

Since all real existence proceeds from nature as from a foreign power, but all appearance originates with man as with the imagining personality, he simply avails himself of his absolute right of property by separating the apparent form from the substance, and using it as seems most suitable to his judgment. With an unlimited freedom he may combine what nature has separated, provided the things can be thought of as one; on the other hand, he may separate that which nature had united, provided he can disintegrate the object in his thoughts. Nothing but his own law need be sacred to him in this process; only let him guard the line which separates his domain from that of nature.

He exercises this human right to rule in the *art of appearances*; the more rigidly he here draws his line of demarkation between mine and thine; the more carefully he separates the form from the substance, and the more independent it becomes in his hands: the more he enlarges the empire of beauty, the more carefully he preserves even the boundaries of truth, for he cannot purify appearances from the reality, without at the same time freeing the reality from mere appearances.

But this sovereign right is possessed by him in the *world of appearances*, in the shadowy empire of the imagination, only so long as he conscientiously abstains in theoretical things from predicating their actual existence, and in practical things from shaping them agreeably to his ideal. You see from this, that the poet steps beyond his limits, if he considers his ideal as actually existing, or, if he intends to put it up as a model to be realized in life. For he cannot accomplish either result without transgressing his right as a poet, without encroaching with his ideal upon the domain of experience, and arrogating to himself the privilege of shaping the actual in accordance with a possible existence, or without abandoning his right, without causing experience to encroach upon the domain of the ideal, and limiting ideal possibility to the conditions of the actual.

Appearances are æsthetical only in so far as they are *genuine* (without any claims to reality), and *self-existing* (without deriving any aid from reality). If they falsely feign reality, or require the aid of reality to produce impure effects, they become a vulgar tool for the accomplishment of

material ends, and prove nothing in favor of intellectual freedom. It is not necessary, however, that an object which is invested with beautiful appearances, should be without reality, provided our judgment concerning their beauty, is made up without reference to this reality; for in so far as it is influenced by considerations suggested by this reality, it is without æsthetic value. A living female beauty will please us as well and perhaps better than a painted one; but in so far as the former pleases us more than the latter, it no longer pleases as a self-existing appearance, it no longer satisfies the pure æsthetic sentiment; as far as this sentiment is concerned, it should only be pleased with living things in so far as they are phenomenal objects, and with actual things as far as they symbolize ideas; a higher degree of æsthetic culture is undoubtedly required to view living objects as mere phenomena than to be able to do without the living spirit in beholding phenomenal appearances.

Wheresoever, among individuals or nations, we meet with genuine and self-existing appearances, we may take the existence of intelligence and taste and every allied excellence for granted; we shall see the ideal type enjoy the precedence over the actual reality, honor will be valued more highly than possession, thought more highly than enjoyment, the dream of immortality more highly than the present existence. There, public opinion will seem the most terrible tribunal, and an olive-wreath will be valued more highly than a purple-robe. Only weakness and perversity resort to spurious and superficial appearances; individuals as well as nations, which "supply the deficiencies of reality by appearances, or the deficiencies of (æsthetic) appearances by reality"—both are apt to coexist,—prove at the same time their want of moral worth, and their incapacity for æsthetic culture.

The question: "*How far are appearances justifiable in the moral world?*" is briefly and categorically answered in this way: *In so far as they are æsthetic appearances*; by which we understand appearances, that neither are intended as a substitute for reality, nor need look to reality as a substitute for them. Æsthetic appearances can never endanger the truth of morality; where the opposite result takes place, it can be easily shown that the appearances were not æsthetic. Only a stranger to fine manners will receive simple polite assurances of a general character, as marks of personal affection, and complain of dissimulation in case he finds himself deceived. On the other hand, only a bungler in polite intercourse will avail himself of hypocrisy in order to be polite, and will flatter in order to appear obliging. The former is still deficient in self-existing appearances, hence he can only impart significance to them by substituting reality for the mere form; the latter is deficient in reality, which he would like to replace by appearances.

Nothing is more common than to hear certain ordinary critics raise the complaint, that all solidity has disappeared from the world; and that the essence is sacrificed to appearances. Although I do not desire to clear the present age of such an accusation, yet it is evident from the sweeping

generality of such a criticism, that its authors not only reject spurious, but likewise all genuine appearances; even the exceptions which they are willing to allow in favor of beauty, concern the former rather than the latter. They not only attack the false tinsel which hides truth, and arrogates to itself the privilege of acting as a substitute for reality; they likewise reject all pleasing appearances which cover up deficiencies, and fill up gaps; or ideal appearances which serve to enoble the common realities of life. A spurious morality justly offends their sense of truth; but they are wrong in including civility in this category of falsehood. They do not like to see true merit so frequently obscured by the frivolities of external pomp; but they likewise object to appearances being demanded of true merit, or pleasing forms of genuine internal merit. They miss the heartiness, the truthful solidity of former ages; but they would likewise wish to see the repulsive harshness, the awkward bluntness, and the Gothic profusion of former ages restored. A criticism of this kind shows that they entertain a respect *for the substantial*, which is unworthy of humanity; for the material should only be respected in so far as it is capable of being moulded into a form, and of spreading the empire of ideas. Such criticisms, the taste of this age need not listen to, if it is otherwise justified by the higher tribunal of true art. What a rigid critic can accuse us of is not that we value æsthetic appearances (we do not value them nearly enough), but that we have not yet realized the pure appearance, that we have not yet sufficiently separated the substantial from its phenomenal manifestation, and that, by this means, we have not yet perpetually secured the boundaries of each. We shall be liable to this reproach as long as we are unable to enjoy the beauties of living nature without desiring to possess them; or, as long as we are unable to admire the beauties of imitative art without inquiring for an end; as long as we do not concede to imagination her own inherent right to legislate for herself; as long as we do not acknowledge her dignity by the respect which we show for her works.

LETTER XXVII.

Have no fears for reality and truth, if the ideal of æsthetic appearances which I have drawn in my last letter, should become a universal reality. This will never happen as long as man's culture is still sufficiently low to permit him to prostitute appearances to vicious ends; the universality of æsthetic appearances would imply a degree of culture that would render such abuses impossible. The effort to realize genuine appearances requires greater powers of abstraction, a more certain freedom of the heart, a more determined energy of the will than is required to limit one's interest to the real things in life; we have to be far beyond the boundaries of the real before we can expect to realize the appearance of æsthetic forms. We should not gain much if we sought to strive after the ideal for no higher purpose than to save our-

selves the trouble of satisfying the demands of the actual. Of æsthetic appearances in the sense in which we have defined them here, not much need be apprehended for reality; so much more may be apprehended for appearances from the influence of reality. Chained to material wants, man for a long time avails himself of appearances for their gratification, before he assigns to the latter an independent position in the domain of art. To do this, he has previously to effect a complete revolution in his whole mode of being affected by things, for without it he could not even *begin* to reach an ideal life. Where we discover traces of a disinterested and liberal appreciation of freedom of form, there we may infer that such a revolution has taken place, and that the genuine humanity has commenced to bud in his soul. Traces of this character are seen in his first rude attempts to *embellish* his existence; although its physical value may be lessened thereby. As soon as he commences to prefer the form to the substance, and to sacrifice the mass for the sake of appearances (provided he knows and acknowledges them to be such) his animal nature is broken into, and he enters upon the endless path of beautiful development.

Not satisfied with what is sufficient for nature, and for the gratification of natural wants, he demands abundance; at first an abundance of *substance* for the double purpose of concealing from desire the boundaries by which nature has restrained it, and of securing the means of gratifying it far beyond the present wants; but soon he desires an abundance of a different sort, an improvement upon the mere bulk, an æsthetic addition to it, which will enable him to gratify the impulse of form, and to enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments far beyond every present want. By simply gathering provisions for future use, and anticipating their enjoyment in his imagination, he indeed passes beyond the present moment, without, however, leaving the boundaries of his age; he enjoys *more*, but not *differently*. But if he begins to take pleasure in observing the form of the objects which gratify his desires, he not only intensifies but ennobles the character of his enjoyments.

It is true, nature has provided the brute animal with means beyond the necessary, and has illumined the darkness of the animal life with a ray of freedom. If the lion is not tormented by hunger, nor challenged to combat by a beast of prey, he spends his idle strength in boldly roaring through the desert, and displaying his power in aimless freaks of motion. Joyously the insect swarms on the sunbeam; nor is it the cry of desire which we hear in the melodious warble of birds. It is undeniable that there is freedom in these motions, not freedom from want generally, but from some special, sensual want. The animal *works* if its activity is stimulated by want, and it *plays* if its activity is the result of an inherent excess of power. Even in inanimate nature such a luxuriant profusion of power, and such a vagueness of determination are observable which, if understood in this material sense, might very properly be termed play. The tree sends forth innumerable buds which perish without ever

being developed, and puts out more roots, twigs, and leaves for the purpose of gathering sustenance than are employed in preserving either the individual or the species. Thus it is that even in her material kingdom, nature furnishes a prelude of the infinite, and partially removes the fetters which she throws off entirely when entering the kingdom of æsthetic forms. From the constraint of want or from *physical earnestness* she passes through the constraint of abundance or *physical play* to the *æsthetic play*, and before elevating herself in the exalted and liberal sphere of the beautiful beyond the bondage of purpose, she remotely approximates this independence by the *freedom with which she institutes motions* which are their own aim and means.

Like the bodily organs, so imagination has her own freedom of motion and her material play, where she enjoys her inherent power and freedom without reference to form. In so far as these plays of the imagination are still without form; as long as their charm consists in the absence of all constraint in their spontaneous evolution, they belong to man's animal life although exclusively met with in the human sphere, and they simply show his freedom from external physical restraints without justifying the inference that he is endowed with an inherent, self-existing formative power.* From this *free succession of ideas* which is of a purely material kind and may be accounted for upon the basis of natural motion, the imagination, by making a first attempt at *freedom of form*, leaps forward to the æsthetic play. This should be called a leap, because a new force is here brought into action; here, for the first time, the law-making mind interferes with the actions of a blind instinct, subjects the arbitrary meanderings of the imagination to its immutable unity, impresses its own self-existent power upon the changeable, and its infiniteness upon the physical. But as long as uncultivated nature is still too powerful, which knows no other law than to restlessly rush from one change into another, she will oppose that necessity by her fitful and arbitrary changes, that steadiness by her restlessness, that self-existing power by her needy condition, that sublime simplicity by her insatiable craving. In its first attempts the æsthetic impulse of play will hardly be recognizable, since it is continually

* Most popular games either rest entirely upon this sentiment of a free succession of ideas, or at any rate borrow their greatest charm from this source. However little it may prove in favor of a higher nature, and however true it is that the least energetic souls abandon themselves to this unlicensed flood of images, on the other hand it is this independence of the imagination of external impressions that constitutes at least the negative condition of her creative power. It is only by detaching itself from the real that the creative power is enabled to idealize, and before the imagination is enabled to employ her productive power in accordance with her own laws, she has to free herself from all foreign bondage. Indeed a great step remains to be taken from a state of lawlessness to one of independent internal order; to effect this result, a new power, the power of ideas, has to be called into play; but henceforth this power can develop itself with more ease, since it is not opposed by the senses and that which is indeterminate, borders, at least negatively, upon the infinite.

disturbed by the caprices and wild desires of the senses. Hence it is that a rude taste first seizes upon the new and the startling, the checkered, the fanciful, and the queer, and that scenes of violence and barbarous wildness are preferred to simplicity and repose. A man with a rude taste fashions grotesque figures, loves sudden transitions, sensuous forms, harsh contrasts, glaring lights, pathetic songs. He calls beautiful what excites his feelings, what furnishes food for his sensations; but the excitement must rouse his resisting personality, and the awakening of the sentient faculty must lead to the perception and desire of *imitation*, otherwise he could not call beautiful what seems to him so now. A remarkable change has taken place in the determinations of his reasoning faculty; he no longer seeks objects for his passive enjoyment, but for purposes of active exercise; they no longer please him because they gratify a want, but because they respond to a law whose accents, although yet feeble, begin to be heard in his breast.

Soon he is no longer satisfied with objects pleasing to him; he wants to become a pleasing object himself, at first only by that which is *his*, and finally by what *he is himself*. What he possesses and produces, must no longer show the traces of servility, the anxious form of a purpose; besides the use for which the thing was created, it must at the same time reflect the intelligence which imagined it; the loving hand which executed the work, the free and buoyant spirit which selected and contrived it. Now the ancient Teuton looks for brighter hides, for more stately antlers, for more elegant drinking-horns, and the Caledonian selects the prettiest shells for his festivals. Even their arms must no longer be objects of terror, they must be ornamented: the artistically-platted sash claims as much attention as the sword's murderous edge. Not content with introducing an æsthetic abundance into the sphere of natural necessities, the emancipated impulse of play finally frees itself entirely from the fetters of physical need, and the beautiful becomes for its own sake an object of his endeavor. He *ornaments* his person. A free delight becomes part of his wants, and that which is not necessary to his physical life, becomes the best part of his enjoyments.

In proportion as he begins to study forms in his surroundings, in his dwelling, his furniture, clothing, the influence of form finally takes possession of himself, at first transforming the outer and afterwards the inner man. The lawless bound is changed to the harmonious dance, the wild gesticulation to pleasant and expressive gestures, the confused impressions of sensation assume a more definite and regular form, they become rhythmical and accommodate themselves to the laws of song. Whereas the Trojan host rushed to battle like a flock of cranes with wild yells, the Greek army approached silently and with a firm and manly tread. Yonder we behold the insolent exuberance of brute force, here the triumphant form and the simple majesty of law.

A more beautiful necessity now binds the races of men, and the sympathy of their hearts now aids them to preserve the alliance which the fitful

caprice of desire had concluded. Emancipated from her gloomy prison-house, the form is studied by the more quietly-observing eye, soul looks into soul, and the interested exchange of pleasure is transformed into a generous interchange of affections. In proportion as man learns to connect objects with his internal humanity, his desires expanding into nobler proportions, assume the form of a more unselfish love, and low sensual advantages are scorned in order to secure a nobler victory over the will. The desire to please, subjects the mighty to the delicate tribunal of taste, he may purchase pleasure, but love must be a free gift. This higher prize can only be conquered by form, not by brute power. To act upon the feelings, he must divest himself of force; and he must cease to be mere matter, if he wishes to commune with intelligence; he must permit liberty to exist, if he desires to be pleasing to liberty. As beauty solves the antagonism of natures in its simplest and purest form,—the perpetual contrast of the sexes,—so she solves it, or at least aims at solving it, in the complicated mechanism of society, and at reconciling the gentle and the vehement in the moral world by the same free union which she established between manly vigor and womanly gentleness. Now weakness becomes sacred, and untamed force is dishonored; nature's wrongs are repaired by the generosity of chivalric usages. He whom no physical power frightens, is disarmed by the sweet blush of shame, and tears stifle a revenge which blood could not have wiped out. Even hatred respects the delicate voice of honor, the conqueror's sword spares the disarmed enemy, and a hospitable hearth sends up its cheering smoke for the comfort of the shipwrecked mariner who had heretofore been received by murderous bands on the desolate coasts.

In the midst of the fearful kingdom of forces, and of the holy empire of laws, the æsthetic impulse of form is engaged in building up a third sphere of being,—the joyous empire of play and appearance, where man is freed from the fetters of conventionalism, and from every physical as well as moral constraint.

Whereas in the *dynamic empire* of rights, man meets man upon the basis of power, restraining his neighbor's actions; whereas in the *ethical empire* of duties, man opposes man with the majesty of law, fettering his will; in the *æsthetic empire* he moves about with all the freedom of a form of beauty. To give freedom through freedom is the fundamental law of this kingdom.

The dynamic state simply secures the possibility of society by subduing nature through nature; the ethical state renders society morally necessary by subjecting the individual to the public will; the æsthetic state alone realizes the perfect ideal of society by identifying the will of the whole with that of the individual. If want compels man to unite with man in social relations: if reason develops social maxims in his mind, beauty alone imparts to him a *social character*. Taste alone introduces harmony into society, because it develops harmony in the individual. All the other forms of mental action disintegrate man's nature, because they are exclusively founded either upon the physical or spiritual portion of his being; the

conception of a beautiful form combines these elements into one, because both the spiritual and the physical natures are necessary to effect this result. All other forms of intercourse have a tendency to disintegrate society, because they revolve either around private interest or private talent, and hence are based upon the distinctive differences between one man and another; it is the æsthetic intercourse which consolidates society, because it regards the common interest of all. The pleasures of the senses are only enjoyed by us in our individual capacity, not as parts of a collective whole; we cannot make our sensual pleasures those of the whole body, for the reason that we cannot impress our own individuality upon the rest of the species. The pleasures of wisdom are enjoyed by us in our collective capacity, by carefully removing from our minds all thoughts of our individual selfhood; hence we are debarred of the faculty of universalizing our rational enjoyments, for the reason that we cannot exclude the traces of individuality from the judgment of others as we can from our own. The beautiful alone is enjoyed by us in our individual as well as in our collective capacity, in other words in our capacity as *representatives of the species*. Sensual good can only make one person happy, since it is founded upon appropriation, which always implies exclusion; this one can only be made partially happy because his personal will has no part in this happiness. Absolute good can only secure happiness on terms which cannot be supposed to be acceptable to every body; for truth is the price of self-denial, and only a pure heart has faith in the pure will. The beautiful alone makes every body happy, and every being forgets its finiteness while charmed by the fascinating influence of beauty.

No privileges, no exclusive power is permitted, where taste rules and the empire of æsthetic forms is acknowledged. This empire extends upward to the sphere where reason rules with absolute necessity and all matter ceases; it extends downward to where the natural instinct rules with a blind force, and form has as yet no beginning; even at these extreme points, where taste has no law-making power, it still enjoys the power of executing the law. The dishumanizing desire has to renounce its egotism, and the attractiveness of form, which only charms the senses, has to spread the net of loveliness even over mind. The rigid voice of necessity—duty—has to alter its harsh imperiousness, which is only justified by resistance, and has to honor willing nature with a generous confidence. From the mysteries of science wisdom is led by taste beneath the open sky of public spirit, changing the property of schools to a common good of society. In the empire of taste even the most powerful genius has to part with his exalted character, and has to come down to the ways and spirit of childhood. Power has to suffer itself to be fettered by the Graces, and the defiant lion by the reins of Love. Taste spreads its vail over physical want, which in its naked form offends the dignity of free spirits, and under the attractive garb of generous and free illusions conceals all degrading connection with matter from our view. Winged by taste even mercenary

labor soars above the ground, and, touched by its magic wand, the fetters of bondage fall from the inanimate as well as from the living. In the æsthetic state every thing, even a common tool, enjoys the privilege of free citizenship as fully as the noblest element of this republic; here the understanding, which elsewhere subjects the submissive mass to its ends with a despotic force, has to interrogate the substance it intends to mould concerning its destiny. Here, in the empire of æsthetic forms, the ideal of equality is realized, which the enthusiastic worshiper would like to see ingrafted upon real life; and if it be true that taste matures soonest and most fully near the throne, this would again show that a kind destiny sometimes imposes limitations upon man in society in order to compel him to seek refuge in an ideal world.

Does such an æsthetic state exist, and where? As an aspiration it exists in every finely-attuned soul; as a reality, it only exists like the true church or the true republic in a few select circles, where the conduct of members is not determined by a stolid imitation of foreign manners, but by their own sense of beauty; where man passes through the most complicated situations with a bold simplicity and a calm innocence, and where he needs not infringe upon the rights of others in order to maintain his own, or divest himself of his dignity in order to appear graceful and lovely.

ON THE NECESSARY LIMITS IN THE USE OF BEAUTIFUL FORMS.*

THE abuse of the beautiful and the privilege which the imagination assumes to exercise legislative functions where it should only claim executive power, have done so much injury not only in life but also in science, that it may be of no small importance to correctly define the limits which should be observed in resorting to the use of beautiful forms. These limits are inherent in the nature of the beautiful, and we have simply to recollect how taste manifests its influence, in order to determine the limit *how far* this influence may be legitimately exercised.

In a general sense taste has the effect of harmonizing man's physical and spiritual powers in the bonds of an intimate union. Wherever such an intimate union between reason and the senses is fit and legitimate, there taste may exercise a legitimate influence. But in cases where the attainment of some end, or the fulfillment of a duty makes it incumbent upon us to act without any sensual bias, simply as rational beings, and where the bond which binds mind and matter has to be severed for a time, taste has limits which it cannot transgress without defeating a purpose or causing us to swerve from the path of duty. Such cases exist; they are provided for by the nature of our destiny.

We are destined to acquire knowledge, and to act from knowledge. Both processes imply the

* This Essay was first published in the Horen, 1795.

faculty of excluding the senses from acts performed by the mind, since cognition should exist independently of sensation, and moral volition independently of desire.

When forming a *cognition*, we are actively employed, our attention is directed to an *object*, to a relation between one series of perceptions and another. When experiencing *sensations*, we are in a state of *passive* existence, and our attention (provided this term can be applied to an action of the mind without consciousness), is simply directed to our *state*, in so far as it is modified by external impressions. Since the beautiful is simply an object of sensation, not of cognition, we enjoy it without troubling ourselves about its relation to other objects, or without connecting the perception thereof with any other perceptions, but simply with our sentient being. The beautiful object does not present itself to us as an object of cognition, but it develops a change of state within us, the sensation of which constitutes its expression. Hence our knowledge is not enlarged by the judgments of taste, and no cognition, not even that of beauty, is obtained by the sensation of beauty. Where cognition is the object, taste can be of very little use to us either directly or indirectly; on the contrary, the act of cognition is interrupted as long as the sensation of beauty preoccupies the mind.

The objection may be raised: of what use is a tasteful form of ideas, if the purpose of a discourse which can be nothing else than to convey cognitions to the hearers' minds, is impeded rather than promoted thereby?

It is indeed true that the beauty of form contributes as little to convincing the understanding as the tasteful arrangement of a repast to satiating the appetite, or a man's elegant appearance to judging his inner worth. But as the appetite is excited by a beautiful arrangement of the dishes, and as our attention to a man is awakened and concentrated by his polished exterior, so the charming form in which a truth is clothed, excites a willingness in the soul to receive it, and the obstacles are removed which might otherwise have opposed in our minds the difficult continuation of a long and rigid chain of thoughts. It is never the substance which gains by the beauty of form, nor is the understanding aided by taste in performing the process of cognition. The substance has to commend itself to the understanding by its inherent worth, whilst the beautiful form appeals to the imagination, and flatters it with an appearance of freedom.

But even this innocent yielding to the senses in regard to the *form*, without the *substance* being altered in the least, is subject to great restrictions, and may be altogether inappropriate according as the quality of the cognition, and the degree of conviction which we have in view in communicating our thoughts to others.

There is a *scientific* cognition depending upon clearness of ideas and recognized principles, and a *popular* cognition based upon more or less developed sensations. What is often useful to the latter, may prove injurious to the former.

Where a rigid conviction is to be effected upon the basis of principle, it is not sufficient to ex-

pound the truth *substantially*, but the *proof* of the truth must be contained in the form of its exposition; in other words; not only the substance must be inherently true, but the exposition of the substance must take place in accordance with the laws of evidence. Ideas should be presented in the same logical order as they are connected in the understanding. Now, it so happens, that every privilege which is granted to the imagination in the acquisition of cognitions, conflicts with the severe order in which the understanding combines judgment with judgment, and inference with inference. By its nature, the imagination continually strives after a determinate fullness of perceptions, and is making unceasing efforts to concentrate the universal in special cases, to circumscribe it in space and time, to individualize general ideas, to invest abstractions with concrete forms. Moreover, in its combinations the imagination loves *freedom*, and is guided by no other considerations than accidental associations of space and time; for these constitute the only points of union remaining between our perceptions, after all internal or purely intellectual union has been removed from them in our thoughts. On the contrary, the understanding is occupied with *partial perceptions*, and its efforts are directed toward distinguishing single marks or properties in the living unit of a rational intuition. Since the understanding combines things *in accordance with their internal relations*, which can only be traced through a process of abstraction, it can only *effect combinations* in so far as it had previously effected a *separation of the elementary constituents of a general idea*. In its combinations, the understanding observes a strictly logical order, and can only be satisfied with a continuous connection of ideas. This connection is disturbed whenever the imagination interpolates concrete cases in this chain of abstractions, and mixes up the rigid unity of ideas with accidental occurrences in space and time.* Hence, it is absolutely necessary, that wherever a rigid logical consistency is aimed at, the imagination should renounce its lawless freedom, and should learn to sacrifice its tendency to sensual perceptions and to an extravagant freedom of combination, to the requirements of the understanding. For this reason the discourse should be so arranged as to neutralize this tendency of the imagination by the exclusion of all individual and sensual characteristics, and to restrain by precision of language, the restless impulse of fiction which is peculiar to the imagination, as well as the unbounded freedom with which this faculty of the soul indulges the luxury of effecting combinations. It is true, it is not without resistance that this yoke will be accepted; but in such a case, it is reasonable to depend upon some self-denial on the part of the hearer or reader,

* Authors who aim at scientific precision, will therefore employ *illustrations* sparingly and reluctantly. What is perfectly true in a general sense, is liable to restrictions in particular cases; and, since circumstances occur in every particular case which are accidental with respect to the general principle which that case is intended to illustrate, there is danger lest these accidental relations should be lugged into the general definition, diminishing the universality and logical necessity of the latter.

and upon an earnest determination on their part to overlook, for the sake of the substance, the difficulties which are inseparable from the form.

But where such a determination does not exist, and where no hope can be reasonably entertained that the substance will prove of sufficient interest to induce such an effort in the hearer's or reader's mind, it will undoubtedly become necessary to renounce the feasibility of imparting rigorously scientific cognitions, though a little more freedom may be obtained in regard to the form. In such a case the scientific form which oppresses the imagination with too much violence, and can only be rendered acceptable in consequence of the importance of the subject, is abandoned, and the form of beauty which commends itself for its own sake, independently of all substance, is substituted in the place of the form of science. Since the substance does not protect the form, the form will have to be used as a representative of the substance.

Popular instruction accords with this freedom. Since the popular orator or popular author—by whom I mean any public teacher who does not exclusively address the learned professions—does not appeal to a public prepared to comprehend his teachings, and does not select his readers, but has to take them as he finds them, he can only expect to meet with a general capacity for exercising the thinking faculty, and with a general interest in the subject, but not with any *specially-acquired aptitude for thinking*, with any acquaintance with technical definitions, with any particular taste for definite objects of study. He cannot, therefore, be perfectly sure whether the imagination of those whom he desires to instruct, will attach a proper meaning to his abstractions, and will make suitable applications of the general ideas to which a strictly scientific system of teaching is confined. In order to guard against all misapprehensions, he prefers accompanying his general definitions by the concrete cases to which they refer, and depends upon his readers' intelligence for abstracting general ideas from his practical illustrations. In popular expositions of scientific subjects the imagination plays a very prominent part, but only *reproductively* (by renewing received impressions), not *productively* (by manifesting its own plastic power). These concrete cases or illustrations are calculated with too much precision for the present purpose and for the use which is to be made of them, to permit the imagination to forget that it is simply employed as an *agent or instrument by the understanding*. The style is somewhat more analogous to the ordinary conversational language, but not entirely identical with it. Hence the exposition of the facts is simply *didactic*; for to deserve the appellation of æsthetic, two principal attributes are wanting, *sensuousness of form*, and *freedom of movement*.

The exposition becomes *free*, if the understanding determines the connection of the ideas, but applies its laws of logical order in such a mysterious manner that the imagination seems to be left perfectly free and to be subject to no restraints except the accidental succession of events in time and space. The exposition becomes *sen-*

sual, if the universal is concealed in the particular, and if the *whole* image is presented to the imagination, whereas only a partial image is desired. In one sense the sensual exposition is *rich*, since a complete image, a collective unit of definitions, a full individuality is given in cases where only *one* definition is desired; in another sense it is *restricted* and *poor*, inasmuch as it only asserts of an individual and a single case what should be applied to a whole series. Consequently it circumscribes the understanding by as much as it adds in the way of excess to the imagination: for the more completely an idea is expressed the less extensive will be the material form.

The interest of the imagination consists in changing its objects according to its own good pleasure; the interest of the understanding, in combining its objects according to a principle of rigid necessity. However much these two interests seem to conflict with each other, yet there is a point of union between both; it is the true merit of a beautiful style to discover this point.

In order to satisfy the imagination, speech must have a material form or *body* which consists of the perceptions from which the understanding obtains the particular signs or ideas by a process of abstraction; for however abstractly we may think, all thoughts are finally based upon something physical. Only the imagination requires to leap without rule or restraint from one perception to another, nor will it be bound by any other bond than the chronological order of facts. Hence if the perceptions which constitute the body of speech, are not substantially connected; on the contrary, if they seem to exist as independent elements and unities; if they betray the disorder of a playful and self-impelling imagination, the form of speech reflects æsthetic freedom, and the wants of the imagination are satisfied. Such an exposition of ideas might be designated as an *organic* product, where not only the whole is living, but the single parts likewise enjoy their individual existence; a purely *scientific* exposition of facts is a *mechanical* work whose parts are lifeless in themselves, but whose perfect agreement imparts to the whole work an artificial life.

In order to satisfy the understanding and to produce cognition, speech must have a *spiritual* part, namely: *meaning*; this is obtained by means of general ideas which connect the perceptions with, and refer them to each other, combining them all into a unit. If these general ideas, constituting the spiritual portion of speech, are most intimately connected, whereas the corresponding perceptions, constituting the material portion of speech, seem to be placed side by side of each other by a mere accident, the problem is solved and the understanding is satisfied by a strict submission to law at the same time that the imagination is flattered by lawlessness.

If the magic power of beautiful diction is inquired into, we shall find that it consists in this happy relation between external liberty and internal necessity. To this freedom of the imagination the *individualization* of objects, and the *figurative expression* contribute most, the former

in order to heighten the intensity of the sensual impression, the latter in order to create it where it does not exist. By representing the species by an individual, and symbolizing a general idea by a single case, we free the imagination from the fetters with which the understanding had chained her, and we empower her to show her creative power. Aspiring at completeness, she now receives and employs the privilege of completing, animating, transforming, the image presented to her, at her pleasure, and of pursuing it in all its connections and affinities. For a time she may forget her subordinate part, and act as a sovereign ruler, because the rigid internal connection of ideas prevents her from breaking loose entirely from the reins of the understanding. The figurative form of speech pushes this freedom still further by combining images substantially differing from each other, but united with each other under a superior general idea. Since phantasy clings to the substance, but the understanding to that superior general idea, the former seems to leap where the latter perceives the most perfect steadiness. Ideas succeed each other by a *law of necessity*, but the imagination groups them in accordance with her own *freedom of choice*, the idea remains the same, the medium which expresses it, changes. Thus it is that an eloquent author brings forth the most exquisite order from apparent chaos, and builds up a solid structure upon the ever-flowing stream of the imagination.

On contrasting the scientific, the popular, and the beautiful style, it will be seen that the idea which is sought to be conveyed, is substantially rendered with equal fidelity by each of them, and that hence each of them operates as a means of acquiring knowledge, but that the quality and degree of this knowledge differ according as one or the other style is employed. The belles-lettres man represents to us the subject of which he treats as *possible* and *desirable* rather than attempting to convince us of its reality, much less of its necessity; for his thought is announced simply as a spontaneous creation of the imagination, which of itself is always unable to guarantee the reality of her conceptions. The popular author excites in us the belief that things *really* are as he represents them, but he does not go any further; for he conveys to us an impression that his proposition is true, but not an absolute certainty of the truth. Sentiment may teach us what *is*, but never what *ought to be*. The philosophical author raises that belief to the rank of a conviction; for he proves by undoubted arguments that things *necessarily* are as he represents them.

Starting from the principles which we have laid down, we shall have no difficulty in assigning a suitable place to each of these three forms of style. As a general rule it may be said that the scientific style should be preferred where both the result and the proofs are equally essential, and that the popular and the beautiful style deserves a preference where the result alone is of importance. Under what circumstances the popular style may be allowed to glide into the beautiful, will depend upon the more or less

intense degree of interest which we may suppose the subject excites, or which we desire to awaken.

The purely scientific style places us (in a greater or less degree, according as it is rather philosophical or rather popular) in *possession* of knowledge; the beautiful style lends us knowledge for momentary enjoyment and use. The former, if I may use the comparison, furnishes us the tree together with the root, but we have to be patient until it buds and bears fruit; the beautiful style simply plucks the blossoms and the fruit, but the tree which bore it, does not become our own, and when the buds and the fruit have perished or have been enjoyed, our wealth is gone. It would be as absurd to gather a mere bud or only the fruit for him who wants to have the whole tree transplanted into his garden, as it would be to offer the whole tree to him who simply desires to taste of its fruit. The application may be made without my aid; I will simply add, that the beautiful style is as little adapted to a professor's chair as the scientific style to social intercourse or to oratory.

A learner gathers knowledge for ulterior ends and uses; hence the teacher has to see to it, that the learner *should become the full owner of the knowledge* which he receives from the former. Nothing is our own except what is implanted in the understanding. The orator aims at immediate use, and wishes to gratify the present want of the public. Hence, it is his interest to present the knowledge which he scatters among the people, as *practically* as possible, a result which is obtained most speedily and certainly by presenting knowledge through the medium of the senses and of the sensations. A teacher who addresses his public conditionally, and is entitled to take the state of mind which the reception of truth requires, for granted, accommodates his style to the *subject* of his discourse, whereas the orator who has no agreement with the public, and has to win its favor by his style, has to accommodate himself to the individuals whom he addresses. The former whose public had met him before and will meet him again, need but furnish fragments which, with other fragments that had been offered on previous occasions, constitute a whole; the latter whose public changes unceasingly, and who comes unprepared, and perhaps never returns, has to *finish* his work at every meeting; each of his performances has to constitute a whole, and to contain completely its own solution and explanation.

Hence it is no wonder if a dogmatic discourse, were it ever so conclusive, meets with indifferent success in convention or in the pulpit, and if the most brilliant composition remains without fruit in the professional chair; if the fashionable world scorns publications which create a sensation in the republic of the learned, and if a savant ignores works which constitute a school for people of the world, and are greedily devoured by the lovers of belles-lettres. Each may deserve the admiration of those for whom it is designed; all may be distinguished by the same internal worth, but it would be impossible to afford entertainment for a bel-esprit in a work which is intended for the serious mind of a thinker.

For this reason I believe it to be injurious if young people are instructed from books where scientific subjects are clothed in beautiful forms. I do not mean writings where the substance is *sacrificed* to the form, but truly excellent works capable of standing the severest scrutiny as far as the substance is concerned; but where the form is not adequate to the severe character of the science. It is true, such works are read, and so far their object is accomplished, but at the expense of the far higher end which induced their author to write them. In reading such works, the understanding is always exercised in company with the imagination, and does not learn to distinguish between the form and the substance, and to act as a pure and independent power of the soul. Yet the mere exercise of the understanding is a subject of momentous interest in the instruction of youth, and in most cases the process of thinking is of more importance than the thought itself. If we desire a business to be well attended to, let us not present it as a mere play. On the contrary, the mind should be kept in a state of tension by the manner in which the subject is treated, and should be driven with a sort of force from its passive to an active state. The teacher should not hide from his pupil the rigid consistency of method, but should direct his attention to, and, if possible, excite his desire for it. The student should learn to pursue an end, and, for the sake of this end, should be willing to accommodate himself to the use of difficult means. At an early period he should learn to aspire at the noble delight which is the prize of effort. In scientific discourses the senses are left out of the question, in literary compositions they become interested partners. What will be the consequence? Such a writing, such a conversation is eagerly devoured; but if results are inquired into, they can hardly be pointed out. This is natural; here whole masses of ideas penetrate into the soul, whereas the understanding has to distinguish one from the other, in order to realize a state of lucid cognition; whilst reading, the soul was passive rather than active, and the mind possesses only that which it accomplishes in act.

These remarks, however, only apply to the beautiful of a common sort, and to a common mode of enjoying the beautiful. The truly beautiful is based upon the most rigid precision, upon the most exact discrimination, upon a supreme internal necessity, but such a precision should become spontaneously manifest instead of rudely obtruding upon our attention. There should be perfect order, but it should seem like that of nature. Such a production, when studied, will satisfy the understanding, but it is because it is truly beautiful, that it does not obtrude upon us its orderly composition, that it does not especially appeal to the understanding, but, that it addresses itself to man as an harmonious unit, as one offspring of nature speaking to another. A common critic may find such a work empty, devoid of substance, of precision; the very feature which constitutes the triumph of method—the perfect absorption of the parts in the pure form of the whole—offends him for the reason that he only knows how to analyze, and only appreciates the

results of analysis. In philosophical expositions, the understanding, as being the analytical faculty, should indeed be satisfied with the results of the analytical process; this end should not by any means be overlooked. But, if an author by a rigorous internal arrangement of his ideas, has provided for the finding of these results as soon as the understanding sets about making the discovery; and if, not satisfied with this arrangement, and urged on by his individuality—which always acts as an harmonious unit, and restores its unity whenever it is disintegrated by the process of abstraction—re-combines the severed parts, and, invited by the united sensual and spiritual powers of his being, addresses himself to every element in human nature, his style and method are certainly not to be considered inferior, because he has come nearer to the highest ideal. The common critic who has no taste for this harmony, who is continually urging forward single details, who would first think of looking in the Cathedral of St. Peter for the pillars that support her artificial firmament, will not thank him for the double labor which his genius inflicts upon the critic's brain; for such a one has first to *translate* him to render him intelligible, for the same reason that the naked understanding, destitute of all imaginative power, has first to transpose into its own language the beautiful harmonies of nature, as well as of art; or, that the scholar who wishes to read, has first to learn to spell. But the author who deals in the creations of the imagination, does not accept the law which the limits of his readers' minds might attempt to impose upon him. He wanders onward on his path to meet the ideal which he carries with him in his own breast, without caring who follows or who stays behind. Many will stay behind; rare as it is to meet with thinking readers, it is still more so to meet with thinking readers who are endowed with, and use their powers of imagination. Such an author will, in the nature of things, disappoint both those who simply enjoy intuitions and sensations, for he imposes upon them the fatiguing labor of thinking; as well as those who do nothing but think; for he expects them to do that which it is utterly impossible for them to accomplish, namely, to imagine living forms of thought. But both being poor representatives of the common, as well as of the nobler type of human nature, both of which should be found united in harmonious accord in the works of imagination, their criticisms amount to nothing; on the contrary, they satisfy him that he has attained the ideal which he sought to realize. The abstract thinker pronounces his production the offspring of thought, and the impressible reader finds his style animated; both approve what they are capable of comprehending; they only miss what exceeds their powers.

For this very reason, such an author is unfit to impart a knowledge of the subject which he treats, or to *teach* in the strictest acceptation of the term. Fortunately his services for such purposes are not required, since there will always be plenty of individuals to subserve the wants of the learning public. A teacher should conform very strictly to the wants of his class; he proceeds with the supposition that his hearers are ignorant

of the subject, whereas our author expects to find a certain preparatory fitness and education in those for whom he writes. This being the case, his efforts are not limited to the imparting of lifeless definitions; with a living energy he seizes upon living ideas, and at once takes possession of the whole man, of his intelligence, his emotions, and his will.

If we have deemed it prejudicial to a thorough acquisition of knowledge, to comply with the requirements of taste in arranging a technical course of studies for the young, we do not wish to be understood that we regard the cultivation of this faculty among learners as premature. On the contrary, the student should be encouraged to impart as living truth the knowledge which he had acquired in the class-room. If the acquisition of knowledge is properly attended to, the imparting it can only result in useful consequences. One must possess a tolerably comprehensive knowledge of a subject in order to impart it to others in a different form from that in which it had been received; a high order of intelligence is required to enjoy the full play of the imagination without losing sight of the subject. He who communicates his knowledge in the strict order of scholastic routine, may prove thereby that he has comprehended and knows how to maintain his positions; he who is at the same time able to impart the acquired knowledge in a beautiful form, not only shows that he possesses the faculty of enlarging the extent of his acquirements, but that he has made them part of his very nature, and is able to embody them in his acts. As a result of thought, there is no other way of reaching the will, and the sphere of actual life, than through the independent exercise of one's inherent creative power. Nothing but what is *living within us*, can be transformed into a *living fact in the outer sphere*; the same law applies to the creations of mind, which governs those of matter: all fruit emanates from blossoms.

If we consider how many truths have acted in us as living intuitions before philosophers ever thought of demonstrating their existence, and how powerless truths which have been demonstrated with the most conclusive evidence, remain in the sphere of emotion and volition, we cannot help perceiving how important it is to follow this hint which nature gives us, and to re-transform the cognitions of science into living intuitions. It is only by these means that even those may participate in the enjoyment of wisdom's treasures who are incapacitated by their natural deficiencies from pursuing the thorny road of science. Beauty here performs the same part in regard to knowledge that it performs in the moral sphere in regard to man's conduct; it unites men in actual life, who would never have been able to agree in argument.

The fair sex, by virtue of its nature and its beautiful destiny, can never become man's partner in the sphere of *science*, but by means of a suitable exposition of the subject, may be made to participate with him in the enjoyment of *truth*. A man excuses an offense against taste, provided his understanding is indemnified by the genuine merit of the subject. As a general rule, he is

pleased the more, the more rigidly the lines are drawn, and the more completely the substance is distinguished from the form. But a woman does not excuse the neglect of form, if the substance were ever so rich; the whole inner structure of her being entitles her to insisting upon the observance of beautiful forms. The fair sex, which even if it did not rule by beauty, should be called so, because it is ruled by beauty, summons every thing before the tribunal of emotion, and that which does not interest, or worse still, which is repudiated by this judge, is incongenial to a woman's mind. It is true, only the practical results of truth can be conveyed to her through this channel; truth itself, which is inseparable from demonstration, cannot be transmitted by the agency of beauty. Happily the fair sex only requires the substance of truth in order to reach its highest degree of perfection; the exceptions which have existed heretofore, cannot possibly excite a desire that they should become the rule.

For this reason man should assume with redoubled vigor the responsibility which nature not only spared, but positively refused to the other sex, provided he is desirous of meeting woman upon her own level in this important sphere of her existence. He will therefore endeavor, as much as he is able, to move out of the sphere of abstraction where he rules, into that of imagination and emotion where woman is at the same time model and judge. Inasmuch as plants of permanent growth do not thrive in the soil of female nature, he will seek to produce the greatest possible variety of blossoms and fruit in his own garden, in order to be able to renew the quickly-fading flowers in the female mind, and to secure an artificial crop where no natural harvest can be reaped. Taste corrects or conceals the natural differences in the minds of the two sexes; it feeds and adorns the female mind with the productions of the male, and enables the fair sex to experience emotions without the previous exercise of thought, and to enjoy life without the previous fatigue of labor.

In communicating knowledge we may allow taste to determine the form, but on the express condition that the substance is not to be injured thereby. It should never forget that it simply acts in the capacity of agent, not as the master of the concern. All it is to do is to secure a favorable mood for the reception of knowledge; but it is not to exercise the least authority over the essential subject.

If it assumes this last-mentioned privilege; if it raises its *own* law, which is to please the imagination and to afford delight to the inquiring mind, to the rank of a supreme arbiter; if it applies this law not only to the *form*, but to the *substance* itself, and not only arranges but selects the materials in accordance with its own requirements, taste not only exceeds its limits, but violates its duty, and adulterates the subject which should have been transmitted free from all extraneous admixtures. We no longer trouble ourselves about the *essence* of things, but how they may be presented to the senses in the most attractive form. The rigid consistency of the argument which simply should have been kept concealed, is set aside as a burdensome chain; perfection is sacrificed to

attractiveness, the truth of details to the beauty of the whole, the internal essence to the external impression. But where the internal substance is made subordinate to the form, there is no substance; the form is an empty thing, and instead of augmenting our knowledge, we are treated to an entertainment.

Authors who possess more wit than intelligence, more taste than science, incur too frequently the responsibility of this kind of deception, and readers who are more accustomed to emotions than to thoughts, are but too willing to excuse the trick. As a general rule it is a dubious business to cultivate taste to its fullest extent before the understanding has been exercised as a pure faculty of the mind, and the brain has been stocked with definitions. For inasmuch as a definition has reference to the form of a thing, not to the thing itself, all essential differences vanish where definitions are exclusively regarded. We become indifferent toward the reality, and value nothing but the form and the phenomenal manifestation.

Hence the spirit of superficiality and frivolity which so frequently prevails among classes and in social circles that are otherwise entitled to lay claim to the highest refinement. A young man can only be injured by being introduced into this circle of the *Graces* before the *Muses* have dismissed him as competent; that which imprints the seal of perfection upon the matured youth, transforms the inadequately prepared into an insipid fop.* Substance without form is only a partial possession; for the most exquisite knowledge remains hidden in a brain which does not know how to give it shape and utterance. Form without substance is only the shadow of possession, and all the readiness of speech is of no avail to him who has nothing to communicate.

If an æsthetic culture is not to mislead us into these ways of error, taste should only determine the external form, reason and experience the internal essence. If the sensual impression is constituted the supreme judge, and things are valued only in so far as they excite sensations, man will never be freed from the bondage of matter; light will never dawn in his mind, and he will lose in ra-

tional freedom as much as he allows to the imagination more freedom than it is entitled to.

The beautiful affects us by simply being looked at, truth requires to be studied. He who has cultivated nothing but his sense of the beautiful, will content himself with superficial glances where severe study is necessary, and will want to indulge intellectual amusement where sober exertions are indispensable. We never gain any thing by merely looking at a thing. He who wants to achieve great things, has to penetrate deeply, distinguish sharply, combine variously, and persevere firmly. Even the artist and the poet, whose mission it is to afford delight by the simple contemplation of their works, have to apply themselves to fatiguing and by no means attractive studies in order to acquire the means of affording us entertainment and delight.

This seems to me the infallible touchstone by which the mere amateur is distinguished from the true artistic genius. The seductive charm of greatness and beauty; the fire which it enkindles in the youthful imagination, and the appearance of ease by which it beguiles the senses, have persuaded more than one inexperienced young amateur to seize easel or lyre, and to embody in forms or sounds the living thoughts of his mind. His brain is agitated by dim ideas that make him think he is inspired. He mistakes dimness for depth, crudity for vigor, vagueness for infinity, absurdity for supra-sensualism—and how this offspring of his fancy tickles him! But this testimony of a heated self-love is not confirmed by the judgment of the connoisseur. With his unkind criticism, he destroys this phantom of delusion, and lights the uninitiated and self-deceived beginner into the mine of science, where beauty has her source away from the eye of profanation. If the vigor of true genius is slumbering in the youth's inquiring soul, he may be startled by the frank criticism of his friend, but the courage of true talent will stimulate him to new attempts. If nature had designed him to become a plastic artist, he will study anatomy, *will descend to the lowest depths in order to be true on the surface*, and he will investigate all the characteristics of the species in order to be just to the individual. If born to be a poet, he will listen to the accents of humanity in his own breast, in order to comprehend the endlessly changing scenes upon the vast stage of the world, he will subject his luxuriant fancy to the discipline of taste, and will cause the sober understanding to measure the banks between which the wild torrent of enthusiasm may roll its waves toward the infinite. He knows that greatness proceeds from the smallest beginnings, and he adds one grain of sand to the other until the magic structure which astounds us by its integral and marvelous impression, is achieved. If nature has designed him for a simple amateur, the difficulty of the task will cool his zeal; and, if he is a modest young man, he will either forsake a path to which his own delusion had led him, or if he is not modest, he will contract the proportions of his great ideal to suit the small diameter of his capacity, since he is unable to enlarge his capacity to suit the great measure of the ideal. The genuine artist is known by this, that with the most

* In contrasting the manners of the *common citizen* with those of a young *nobleman*, in the first part of his *Essays &c.*, (a work which I trust is in every body's hands,) Mr. Garve mentions among the prerogatives of the young nobleman his early fitness for intercourse with the higher classes, from which the common man is excluded by his inferior position. But Mr. Garve has not informed us whether this privilege, which is an undoubted advantage as far as the external or æsthetic culture of the young man is concerned, can be called an advantage with regard to his inner culture. However much may be gained by this means in æsthetic appearances, as much must be lost in genuine substance, and if we consider how much easier it is to adapt form to substance than to add the latter to the former, it is doubtful whether the common citizen has much cause to envy the young nobleman the enjoyment of this prerogative. If the custom is to continue hereafter as heretofore, that the common citizen shall *work*, and the nobleman *represent*, no more suitable means of perpetuating this social condition could be devised than the system of education which now prevails; but it is doubtful whether the noble classes will forever remain content with this distribution of our social duties.

ardent enthusiasm for the whole, he associates coolness and persevering patience in the execution of details, and rather sacrifices the enjoyment of completion than to injure the perfection of the work. The mere amateur becomes disgusted with the subject in consequence of the troublesome character of the means, and he would like to produce a work of art as easily as he contemplates its beauties.

So far we have discussed the disadvantages which an excessive sensitiveness causes to the beauty of form, and which extravagant æsthetic demands inflict upon the development of thought and the expansion of the intellect. Of far greater significance are these assumptions of taste if the *will* is their object; for it is not at all the same thing whether an excessive disposition for beautiful forms prevents the enlargement of knowledge, or whether it spoils our character and leads us to violate duty. Anarchy of thought in the republic of belles-lettres is undoubtedly a great evil, and must necessarily obscure the understanding; but this anarchy, if applied to maxims of the will, becomes something *evil*, and must necessarily corrupt the heart. To this dangerous extreme man is brought by æsthetic culture as soon as he confides himself *exclusively* to the sense of beauty, and sets up taste as the absolute arbiter of his will.

Man's moral destiny requires that the will should be independent of the influence of sensual impulses, whereas taste is unceasingly employed in uniting reason and the senses in ever closer bonds. By this means the desires become doubtlessly ennobled and more consonant with the demands of reason; but even this may result in great danger to the cause of morality.

Considering that in the æsthetically-refined man, the imagination conforms to laws, even *while reveling in the freedom of her play*, and that the senses consent not to enjoy any thing without the sanction of reason, these are very apt to demand of reason an exchange of favors, namely: to *modify the rigidity of her laws agreeably to the interests of the imagination*, and not to impose her commands upon the will without the assent of the sensual impulses. The moral obligation of the will, which should be unconditionally valid, gradually and imperceptibly comes to be regarded in the light of a contract, which binds one party as long as the other fulfills it. The *accidental* agreement of duty and inclination is finally set down as a *necessary* condition, and thus it is that the very sources of morality are poisoned.

This gradual perversion of the character may be accounted for in the following manner:

As long as man lives in the savage state, as long as his impulses are directed to no other than material objects, and his actions are guided by an egotism of the coarser kind, sensuality can endanger morality only by its *brutal power*, and can resist the precepts of reason only by possible means. The voice of justice, of moderation, of humanity is cried down by the loud claims of desire. He is terrible in his revenge, because he feels an insult most keenly. He robs and murders, because his lusts are still too powerful for the feeble reins of reason. He acts like a furious

beast toward others, because he himself is ruled like an animal by the natural instinct.

By exchanging this wild natural condition for a state of refinement; by ennobling his impulses; by assigning to them nobler objects in the moral world; by moderating their brutish manifestations agreeably to the rules of beauty, it may happen that the very same impulses which previously had become terrible *by their blind power*, become still more dangerous to morality by an appearance of *dignity* and by an *assumption of authority*, and exercise a much more pernicious tyranny over the will under the mask of innocence, nobleness, and purity.

A man of taste withdraws himself voluntarily from the rude yoke of instinct. He subjects his desire for pleasure to the determinations of reason, and consents to allow the thinking mind to choose suitable objects for the sensual impulses. The more frequently it happens that the moral and the æsthetic judgment, the moral and the æsthetic sense, meet in the same object and in the same decision, in the same ratio reason becomes more inclined to regard such a spiritualized impulse as one emanating from her own sphere, and finally to leave to it the government of the will with unlimited powers.

As long as there is a possibility of inclination and duty coinciding in the same object of desire, this representation of the moral by the æsthetic sense cannot do any positive harm, although, strictly speaking, nothing is gained thereby for the morality of single acts. But the case is different, if the interests of sensation and reason differ, if duty commands a conduct which is repulsive to taste, or if taste is attracted toward an object which reason in her capacity of moral judge, is compelled to reject.

Now a necessity arises of severing the claims of the moral and the æsthetic sense, which such a long-lasting agreement had almost blended in an indissoluble oneness, of determining their respective rights and bowing to the legitimate authority among the impelling principles of human nature. But this authority had been lost sight of during the uninterrupted state of representation, and the long-lasting submission to the direct suggestions of taste, coupled with the consciousness of well-being in this condition of the mind, must necessarily and imperceptibly have invested taste with an appearance of legitimacy. Considering the *blameless manner* with which taste exercised its control over the will, a certain respect for its decision must necessarily have resulted from such conduct, and it is this very respect which inclination now seeks to enforce against the duty of conscience, with the most captious sophistry of argument.

Respect is a sentiment which can only be felt for the law and its legitimate results. What is entitled to respect, claims unqualified homage. The ennobled inclination which has obtained respect by surreptitious means, is not satisfied with being made *subordinate* to reason; it claims to be a *co-ordinate* power. It declines being regarded as a faithless subject who rebels against his legitimate sovereign; it wants to be treated as a power invested with majesty, and to be regarded by reason as her equal, as a moral lawgiver. Hence

according to the decision of inclination, the scales are evenly balanced, and how easily, under such circumstances, may interest preponderate!

Among the inclinations which emanate from the æsthetic sphere, and are the property of refined souls, not one commends itself to the moral sense with more intensity than the pure affection of *love*; not one is more fruitful in sentiments which correspond with man's true dignity. To what heights is not human nature raised by her, and what divine sparks does she not elicit even from common souls! Every selfish inclination is consumed by her holy flame; not even principles can preserve more purely the chastity of the moral sense, than love watches over the heart's nobleness. Very often love achieves a triumph while principles are still struggling, and by her all-powerful energy, accelerates resolutions which the mere sentiment of duty would have been unable to extort from man's feeble will. Who would mistrust an affection which so powerfully protects the excellencies of human nature, and so triumphantly overcomes egotism, this hereditary enemy of all morality.

But let no one blindly trust this guide, who is not previously secured by a better one. Suppose the beloved one should be unhappy, unhappy on our account; and, that we have it in our power, by sacrificing a few moral scruples, to secure the beloved one's happiness. "Are we to let him suffer in order to keep a clear conscience? Is this consistent with a generous, disinterested, self-sacrificing affection? True, it is against our conscience to resort to the immoral means which might afford him relief; but can it be called *love*, if we still think of ourselves while the loved one is suffering on our account? Are we to be more anxious for ourselves than for the object of our love, for no better reason than because we would rather see him unhappy than be made so ourselves by the reproaches of conscience?" By this sort of specious reasoning love knows how to bring contempt upon the moral voice in us, if this is contrary to the selfish desire, by falsely *representing it as an instigation of self-love*; and how to picture our moral dignity *as an ingredient of our happiness*, which we possess the right to alienate at our pleasure. If our character is not firmly guarded by principles, we shall commit an act of villainy in spite of the most exalted flight of our imagination, and we shall fancy we are conquering a glorious victory over our self-love, whereas we are sacrificing to it ourselves and our self-respect. The French novel, entitled "*Liaisons Dangereuses*," contains a striking instance of this deception which love practices upon an otherwise pure and beautiful soul. The wife of President de Tourvel, has been beguiled into a sinful act by a sudden surprise, and now she seeks to quiet her tormented heart by the thought that she had sacrificed her virtue to her generosity.

It is the so-called imperfect duties which are protected by the æsthetic sense, and are very frequently placed above the perfect or absolute duties. Inasmuch as they allow a more extensive range to the spontaneous choice of the individual, and at the same time spread a halo of meritoriousness around themselves, they commend them-

selves to taste far more urgently than the perfect duties which urge their commands with an unqualified, uncompromising rigidity. How many men permit themselves to be unjust, in order to be generous! How many there are who violate their duty to society, in order to do a kind act to some individual! How many, who would rather be guilty of an untruth, than of an indelicacy; of an insult to humanity, than to the laws of honor; who ruin their bodies in order to accelerate the perfection of their minds; and who debase their character in order to adorn their understandings. How many there are, who do not even hesitate to commit a crime, if a laudable end is to be attained, who *pursue an ideal of political happiness through all the horrors of anarchy; who trample laws in the dust, in order to make room for better ones, and who are not afraid of delivering the present generation over to the pangs of misery, in order to fortify the happiness of the next by such a proceeding.* The apparent disinterestedness of certain virtues, imparts to such reformers an appearance of purity, that emboldens them to bid defiance to duty, and upon many among them fancy plays the strange trick of making them believe that their conduct exceeds the boundaries of the strictest morality, and, that their reason is far above the sublime heights of reason itself.

A man of refined taste is liable in this respect to moral perversity, against which the raw son of nature is guarded by his very rawness. In the case of the latter, the contrast between that which the senses crave and that which duty commands, is so marked, and his desires are so entirely devoid of the spiritual element that they cannot command his *respect*, though they should *rule* it over him ever so fiercely. If the overwhelming power of the senses impels him to commit a wrong act, he may indeed succumb to the temptation, but he will not hide his fault from his reason, and will do homage to her at the very moment when he acts contrary to her precept. On the contrary, the refined pupil of art does not want to admit his fall, and he had rather *lie* to his conscience than to admit his error. He would like to gratify his desires, but without losing in his own estimation. How does he effect this? He previously overthrows the authority which is opposed to his inclination, and before transgressing the law, he throws a doubt on the authority of the legislating agent. Does it seem credible that a perverse will can bias the understanding to this extent? All the dignity which an inclination can claim, is due to its agreement with reason; but now, although existing in opposition to reason, it has still the insolence to arrogate this dignity to itself, and even to avail itself of the same, contrary to the authority of reason.

So greatly is the morality of the character jeopardized, if there exists too intimate a communion between the sensual and the moral impulses of nature, which can only be perfectly harmonized in the ideal, but not in the reality of human existence. In this communion, the senses indeed risk nothing, since they do not possess any thing that they would not be obliged to give up, if duty should claim the sacrifice. But reason, as the moral law-maker, risks all the more, if she accepts

of inclination *as a gift*, what it would be her privilege to insist upon *as a right*, for under the appearance of *voluntary submission*, a feeling of reciprocal obligation is apt to hide itself, and a gift may be refused, if the senses should find it inconvenient to comply with it. The morality of the character is therefore more safely guarded, if the representation of the moral by the æsthetic sense is discontinued at times, if reason issues her commands directly more frequently than had been done heretofore, and, if she shows to the will who is its true master.

It is therefore remarked with a great show of correctness, that true morality is tried only in the school of adversity; and that a continued happiness is apt to become the cliff of virtue. I call happy him who need not do wrong in order to enjoy, and who need not deprive himself of any thing in order to do right. The uninterruptedly happy man never looks duty in the face, because his legitimate and well-regulated inclinations always *anticipate* the commands of reason, and no temptation to violate the law reminds him of its existence. Ruled solely by the æsthetic sense which acts as reason's vicar in the world of sense, he will descend into his grave without becoming conscious of the dignity of his destiny. An unhappy man, on the contrary, if he is at the same time virtuous, enjoys the sublime privilege, of holding *direct* communion with the majesty of the law, and, *his* virtue not being aided by any inclination, of revealing the divine origin of freedom even in his human acts.

ON NAIVE AND SENTIMENTAL POETRY.*

THERE are moments in life, when we experience a sort of love and touching esteem for nature in plants, minerals, animals, landscapes, likewise for human nature in children, in the manners of country-people and of the aborigines, not so much because our intelligence or taste is gratified by such exhibitions of nature—because the contrary may take place in regard to either—but simply because they happen to be *nature*. Any man of a somewhat refined organization, and who is not entirely devoid of sentiment experiences this emotion during a walk in the country, when contemplating the monuments of antiquity, or whenever in the artificial situations in which he may be placed, he is surprised by the sight of simple nature. It is this interest which very frequently assumes all the intensity of a natural want, that gives rise to many of our favorite tastes for flowers, animals, for simple gardens, for walks, for the country and country-people, for many products of remote antiquity, &c.; provided that such tastes do not depend upon affectation or some other accidental interest. This sort of interest in nature only takes place on two conditions: In the first place it is absolutely necessary that the object which inspires the interest, should

be, or should be supposed *to be*, a natural object; and in the second place, that this object should be (in the vastest acceptation of the term) *naively* natural, by which we mean that nature should form a contrast with, and confound art. Nature does not assume the characteristics of naivete until that contrast occurs.

Viewed in this light nature is to us nothing but the expression of existence in a state of spontaneous freedom, the existence of things as they are, the fact of existence in accordance with its own unalterable laws.

This view is absolutely necessary, if we are to feel interested in such manifestations. If an artificial flower could be made to resemble nature with the most perfect illusion of form; if naive manners could be imitated in the highest perfection of art, the discovery that these forms are imitations instead of being genuine, would annihilate the sensation of which we are talking.* This shows that this sort of delight in natural things is not an æsthetic but a moral sentiment; for it is superinduced by an idea, not produced by immediate contemplation; nor is it dependent upon the beauty of form. What is there pleasing to our senses in a diminutive flower, a spring, a mossy stone, in the twitter of birds, the humming of the bees, &c.? What is there in these phenomena that entitles them to our love? It is not these objects which we love, but an idea which is represented by them. We love in them the quietly-creating vital energy, the calm, self-acting endeavor, the fact of existence in accordance with its own inherent laws, the internal necessity, the eternal accord with itself.

They *are* what we *were*; they are what *we are* destined to *become again*. We were nature as they are, and reason and liberty are to lead us back again to a more exalted and more cultivated state of nature. They represent to us our lost childhood, which remains forever dear to us; hence they fill us with a certain sadness. At the same time they represent to us the highest realization of an ideal existence; hence they excite in us sublime emotions.

But their perfection is not their merit, since it is not the work of their own choice. Hence they afford us the singular pleasure of being our models without filling us with shame. They surround us with the light of a divine phenomenon, but they are rather refreshing than dazzling to our senses. That which constitutes their own character is the very thing which is wanting to the perfection of our own; that which distinguishes us from them is the very thing which they require in order to be made

* Kant, the first, as far as I know, who has reflected on this phenomenon, observes that if we should hear a man imitate the warbling of a nightingale with the most perfect illusion, and if we should abandon ourselves to the impression with all the emotion of our souls, all our pleasure would vanish as soon as the illusion is destroyed. See the chapter: *Of the Intellectual Interest in the Beautiful*, in Kant's Critique of the Æsthetic Judgment. He who has heretofore known this author only in the light of a great thinker, will rejoice at seeing his heart revealed in this doctrine; this discovery will convince him of the exalted philosophical calling of this man—who insists upon both these attributes being united in one person.

* This Essay was first published in the Horen, 1795 and 1796.

divine. We are free, whereas they obey the law of necessity; we change, whereas they remain the same. But it is from the union of these two elements—if the will obeys the law of necessity in perfect freedom, and if reason maintains her rule in spite of all changes of the imagination—that the divine ideal proceeds. *In them* we ever behold that in which we are deficient, at which we are called upon to aspire, and to which we shall endlessly approximate, although we shall never be able to reach this goal. *In us* we discover an advantage of which they are deprived, and which they must either forever do without, like irrational things generally, or in which they can only participate like children, by pursuing the path which *we* have trod. Hence they afford us the sweet enjoyment of our ideal humanity, although they necessarily excite in us feelings of shame when we contrast their perfect state with any actual condition of our own earth-life.

Since this interest in nature is founded upon an idea, it can only exist in minds that are susceptible to the power of ideas, namely in moral minds. In the case of most men their interest is simply feigned, and the universality of the sentimental taste which manifests itself at the present time in sentimental journeys, rural gardens, walks, and other fancies of the same sort, does not by any means prove the universality of the genuine emotion. Nevertheless even the most insensible individual will be more or less affected by nature, for this influence is secured to her by the moral *disposition* or *capacity* inherent in every human being; and all men, were they *really* ever so far removed from the truth and simplicity of nature, are *ideally* impelled to realize these attributes in their own conduct. This susceptibility to nature's influences is awakened in us with particular force at the sight of objects which are more closely united with us, and afford us an inducement to contrast their present state with our own past innocence and present *deviation from nature's ways*; such objects are, for instance, children and childlike nations. It is a mistake to suppose that if the society of children at times fills us with so much emotion, it is the thought of their helplessness which produces this result. This may be the case with those in whom the sight of weakness excites no other impression than the contrast afforded by their own physical superiority. The feeling to which I allude (and which only exists in peculiar states of moral sensibility and should not be confounded with the emotion which the joyous gambols of children are apt to excite in our souls), shames our self-love rather than flatters it; if advantages are seen at such times, they do not exist on our side. Our emotion is not excited because we look down upon the child from the height of our strength and perfection, but because from the limited sphere which we have actualized, we look up to the unlimited capacity for development, and to the innocence which characterizes the child; at such a time our emotion is so evidently mingled with a certain sadness, that the source from which it flows cannot well be misapprehended. In the child we behold the *capacity* and the *destiny*, in us the fulfillment which always remains far behind the former. Hence the child

symbolizes to us the ideal, not the ideal realized, but to be realized; hence it is not the thought of childish helplessness, but of the child's absolute and free power, of the child's integrity and infinity that excites emotions of sadness in our soul. For this reason, to the man of true moral sensibility the child becomes a *sacred* object, which wipes out every actual by its ideal greatness, and which richly recovers before the tribunal of reason what it may have lost before that of the understanding.

From this antagonism between the judgment of reason and that of the understanding results the mixed sensation which the *naïve* innocence of thought excites in our minds. In this state of the mind, a *childlike simplicity* coexists with *childishness*; the latter exposes the mind to that smile of pity by which we manifest our (*theoretical*) superiority. But as soon as we begin to suspect that the childishness is rather a childlike simplicity; that it is not deficiency of intellectual power, but a more exalted degree of (*practical*) strength; a heart full of innocence and truth, which gives rise to this state of mind, and, that the assistance of art was rejected in consequence of the living consciousness of internal greatness, the triumphant pity of the understanding is at an end, and the derision which the childish appearance excited in us, gives place to feelings of admiration of the simplicity of heart. We feel compelled to respect the object that had excited our smiles heretofore, and, casting a glance at our own inner nature, to pity ourselves for not being like the former. Thus it is that a sentiment arises in our hearts, which is a mixture of mirthful derision, respect, and sadness.* In order to realize a state of naïvete, it is necessary

* In a note to the Analysis of the Sublime (Critique of the *Æsthetic Judgment*, page 225, of the first edition.) Kant likewise distinguishes these three ingredients in the naïve state of mind, but he accounts for them differently. "A certain something which is composed of both these sensations (the animal feeling of delight, and the spiritual feeling of respect), is met with in naïvete which is an act of rebellion of the sincerity originally inherent in humanity against the art of dissimulation, which has become our second nature. We laugh at the simplicity which does not yet understand the art of dissimulation, and yet, we rejoice at the simplicity of nature which defeats the former art. We expected to meet the habitual affectation of manners which aims at beautiful appearances, and behold! it is unsophisticated nature which most unexpectedly greets our eye, and which he who treats us to such a spectacle, had not the remotest idea of displaying. The fact that the beautiful, but false appearance, which is generally regarded as exceedingly important, is suddenly reduced to nothing; and, that our roguery is exposed as it were to the light, induces opposite emotions in us which at the same time effect a salutary shock in the body. The purity of thought, or a capacity for it, which is still left in the human soul, and which is better than all acquired manners, mingles earnestness and esteem with this playfulness of our judgment. But inasmuch as this purity is seen only for a short time, and is very soon hidden again behind the veil of dissimulation, we experience a sort of regret, which is an emotion of tenderness, and, considering its playful character, agrees perfectly with such a good-natured smile with which it is, indeed, very generally combined; at the same time it counterbalances the embarrassment which he who furnishes the occasion for this exhibition of mixed emotions, experiences in consequence of not having as yet succeeded in having learned the art of dissimulation after

that nature should triumph over* art, whether without or with the knowledge or consent of the individual. In the former case, we have the naivete of *surprise*, which affords us amusement; in the latter, the naivete of *sentiment*, which excites our emotion.

The realization of the first species of a naive state depends upon a *moral* capacity of the individual for denying nature; this moral capacity does not exist in the second species, where the individual should not however be thought of as *physically* incapable of denying nature, if an impression of naivete is to be produced in our minds. Hence the actions and the language of children convey to us the pure impression of naivete, only as long as we do not think of their incapacity for dissimulation, and as long as we only keep in view the contrast between their own naturalness and our affectation. Naivete is a state of childlikeness, *where we no longer expect to meet it*, and, for this very reason, cannot rigorously be applied to actual childhood.

In either case, however, in the naivete of surprise, as well as the naivete of sentiment, nature must be right, art wrong. It is only by this last definition, that the whole circle of the naive is encompassed. Passion too, is nature, and the rule of social propriety is something artificial; nevertheless, the triumph of passion over propriety, is not by any means a state of naivete. But, if passion triumphs over affectation or dissimulation, we do not hesitate to designate such an exhibition of feeling as naive.† It is therefore required that nature should triumph over art, not

the fashion of the world." I confess that this mode of explaining the character of naivete does not satisfy me entirely, more particularly for the reason that what is here asserted of naivete, is at most true only of one of its species, the naivete which occasions surprise, and of which I shall speak hereafter. We smile indeed, if some one *exposes his weakness* by naivete; and, in many cases, this smile may be caused by the complete vanishing into nothing of an expectation which we had entertained. But even a naivete of the most noble character, the naivete of sentiment, always excites a *smile*. This cannot, however, be owing to the vanishing into nothing of an expectation, but results from the contrast of a certain conduct with the established and expected forms or manners. Moreover, I am doubtful whether the regret with which our emotion is mingled, when naivete of the latter sort occurs, instead of being intended for the naive individual, is not rather intended for ourselves, or for humanity generally, whose decay we are reminded of by such an occurrence. It is too evidently a moral mourning which must be called forth by a nobler object than the physical ills by which candor is threatened in the ordinary course of events; this object can be no other than the loss of truth and simplicity in humanity.

* Perhaps I ought to have simply said: *truth over dissimulation*; but the idea of naivete seems to imply something more; since simplicity generally when triumphing over affectation, and natural ease when triumphing over stiffness and constraint, produce in us a similar sensation.

† A child is ill-behaved, if it acts contrary to the precepts of good education from desire, levity, impetuous passion; but it is naive, if its free and healthy nature impels it to set aside the mannerism of an absurd education, the stiffness of the dancing-school, &c. This applies to figurative states of naivete in the sphere of irrational objects. Nobody will call it natural (naive), if a badly kept garden is covered all over with rankling weeds; but

through her blind power, *dynamically*, but through her form, as a moral force, in one word, that she should triumph by virtue of an *internal order and beauty*, not by the brute forces of external sense. Not the *insufficiency*, but the *unfitness* of art has to secure the triumph of nature; for insufficiency implies want, and nothing that originates in want can elicit our respect. In the naivete of surprise, it is the superiority of the passion and the *want* of a proper presence of mind which characterizes the manifestation of nature; but this want, and yonder superiority, do not constitute the essence of naivete, they simply furnish an opportunity enabling nature to act without opposition in accordance with *her moral attribute*, and with *the law of agreement*.

A naivete occasioning surprise can only be attributed to man, and to him only in so far as he ceases at that moment to be pure and innocent nature. It presupposes the existence of a will which no longer accords with what nature accomplishes on her own responsibility. Such an individual, when recovering his calm presence of mind, will seem frightened at himself; if he is naively disposed, he will on the contrary wonder at men and at their amazement. Since it is not the moral and personal character, but a natural character emancipated from the thralldom of passion, that here manifests itself in all truthfulness, we do not consider this sincerity as meritorious, and our smile assumes the form of a well-deserved derision which is not prevented by the personal esteem that we feel for the individual. But since here, too, it is the sincerity of nature that breaks through the veil of falsehood, a satisfaction of a higher grade accompanies our mischievous exultation at having surprised a man in his weakness; for nature as contrasted with affectation, and truth as contrasted with deception must necessarily excite respect. Hence a naivete which causes surprise, likewise affords us a moral satisfaction, although not, perhaps, induced by a *moral character*.*

When naivete surprises us, we indeed respect *nature*, because we cannot help respecting truth; but if naivete characterizes the sentiment, we respect the *person*, and hence not only enjoy a

it affects us as something natural (naive), if the *free* growth of unaccommodating branches annihilates in some French garden the laborious work of the shears. It is not natural (naive), if a trained horse performs badly in consequence of his natural awkwardness; but there is something natural (naive) in his forgetting the lesson from an exuberance of natural freedom.

* Since naivete depends upon the form how a thing is said or done, this property is lost sight of as soon as the thing itself, either on account of its causes or its consequences, makes an overwhelming or rather contrary impression upon us. A naivete of this sort may lead to the discovery of a crime; but in such a case we lack both the necessary repose and the leisure to direct our attention to the form of the discovery, and the abhorrence of the personal character absorbs our delight in the exhibition of natural movements. For the same reason that the revolted moral sense deprives us of all pleasure in the sincerity of natural manifestations as soon as the naivete of the perpetrator leads to the discovery of his guilt, the excited pity stifles every tendency to mischievous pleasure; as soon as we perceive the danger to which a person becomes exposed in consequence of his naivete.

moral pleasure, but the pleasure is caused by a moral object. In either case, nature is *right* in speaking the truth; but in the last-mentioned case, nature is not only right, but the person is at the same time *honored*. In the first case the sincerity of nature always redounds to the person's disgrace, because it is involuntary; in the second case, it redounds to the person's merit, even if that which is actually expressed should be calculated to excite our contempt.

We attribute naive sentiments to a man, if his judgment of things is based upon simple nature, not upon their artificial value and relations. Whatever can be said of them within the limits of genuine nature, we expect him to utter, and only excuse him for not saying any thing that implies an alienation from nature, be it in the sphere of thought or that of emotions.

When a father tells his son that a poor man is starving, and if the son tenders his father's purse to the poor man, this act is naive; for the act was prompted by the child's unsophisticated nature, and in a society where true nature rules, this act would have been perfectly right. The son thought of nothing but the man's want, and of the nearest means of relieving it; an extension of the right of property which may involve the ruin of a portion of mankind, is not founded in simple nature. The child's act shames the real world, and our hearts confirm this sentiment by the delight which they experience at the child's conduct.

If a man of good mind, but without any knowledge of the world, confesses his secrets to another man who deceives him, but who knows how to feign his part; and if this sincerity furnishes to this impostor the means of injuring his victim, we designate the latter's conduct as naive. We laugh at his simplicity, and yet we cannot help esteeming him on this account. For his confidence in the other party emanates from the loyalty of his own sentiments; at any rate his conduct can only be considered naive in so far as this is the case.

Naivete of thought can never be the property of corrupt men, but appertains exclusively to children and to childlike persons generally. These very frequently act with naivete in the midst of the artificial manners and complications of the fashionable world; the abundance of their own beautiful humanity makes them forget that they are living in a corrupt world; even at royal courts they act with the ingenuity and innocence which is said to have been peculiar to the pastoral age.

However it is not always easy to correctly discriminate between childish and childlike innocence, since there are actions which hover between these two states of the soul close to the confines of each, and where we are absolutely left in doubt whether we ought to laugh at the absurd childishness, or esteem the noble simplicity of their authors. A remarkable instance of this kind may be read of in the history of Pope Adrian VI. which has been written by Professor-Schroeckh, with the thoroughness and historic truth peculiar to this author. This pope, a native Netherlander, administered the papacy at one of the most critical periods of the Roman See, when the weaknesses of the Romish Church were laid bare by

an intensely hostile party without mercy, and the opposite party was most deeply interested to cover them up. The question here is not what a naive character—if such a character could by any possibility occupy the chair of Peter—should have done in such an emergency, but how far naivete of sentiment was compatible with the position of pope. This point never embarrassed either Adrian's predecessors or successors. But Adrian had preserved the loyal character of his nation, and the innocence of his former condition. From the narrow sphere of a savant he had been elevated to his exalted office, and had remained faithful to his simplicity even amid the splendors of his new dignity. He was deeply moved by the abuses of the church, and he was too honest to cover up in public by hypocritical appearances what he silently condemned. In conformity with these sentiments he was induced to admit facts in his instructions to the legate whom he sent to Germany, such as no pope had ever admitted before, and which were diametrically opposed to the established policy of the court of Rome. "We know," he said among other things, "that this See has been stained for years past by many abominations; it is no wonder that the disease has spread from the head to the members, from the pope to the prelates." In another passage he makes these statements: "We all have swerved from the path of duty, and, for a long time past, not one of us, no, not one, has done any thing good." And he instructs his legate to declare "that he, Adrian, should not be blamed for the sins which his predecessors had committed, and that such excesses had excited his displeasure even at a time when he was still living in his humble condition, &c." It may be supposed how this naivete was received by the Roman clergy; the least accusation preferred against him was, that he had betrayed the church into the hands of the heretics. This popish indiscretion would, however, be worthy of our undivided esteem and admiration, if we could but feel satisfied that it was really prompted by naivete or a natural truthfulness of sentiment, without any regard for the possible consequences, and that the pope would have taken this step even if he had comprehended the impropriety thereof in its full extent. But we have reason to believe that he did not regard this step as impolitic, and that in his innocence he went so far as to hope that his forbearance toward his opponents would gain important advantages for the benefit of the church. He not only fancied that as an honest man he was bound to take this step, but that as pope he might assume the responsibility, and forgetting that the most artificial of all structures could only be preserved by a continued denial of the truth, he committed the unpardonable blunder of pursuing a conduct which might have proved satisfactory under ordinary circumstances, but was ill adapted to an opposite state of things. These facts greatly alter our judgment; and although we cannot deny our esteem to the honest heart from which such conduct flowed, yet this esteem is necessarily impaired by the consideration that in Adrian's case nature was too feebly opposed by art, and the heart too feebly by the head.

True genius must be characterized by naivete, or

else it is not genius. Naivete makes it genius; it cannot repudiate in the moral sphere what it is in the sphere of intelligence and æsthetic culture. Unacquainted with rules, these crutches of weakness and these disciplining overseers of perversity; guided only by nature or instinct as its guardian-angels, it passes quietly and safely through the mazes of false taste, in which those who are deficient in genius, are invariably caught, unless they have sense enough to avoid the danger before it is too late. It is only given to genius to feel at home even among strangers and strange scenes, and to *enlarge* the boundaries of nature without *transgressing* them. Into this last error even the greatest geniuses may fall at times, but only because they too have their fancies, where protecting nature forsakes them, be it because they are carried away by the power of example or misguided by the depraved taste of their age.

The most complicated problems are solved by genius with unostentatious simplicity and ease; the egg of Columbus is applicable to every manifestation of ingenuity. What stamps it as genius is the simplicity by which it triumphs over the entangled complications of art. Its actions are not guided by recognized principles, but by intuitions and impressions; but these intuitions are the inspirations of a god (whatever is done by unsophisticated nature, bears the impress of divinity), they become the laws of ages and of successive generations.

The childlike character which the works of a man of genius reflect, is likewise seen in his private life and manners. He *loves propriety*, because nature always does; but he is no *fashionable formulist*, because only perverse natures can assume such a part. He is *intelligent*, because nature can never be otherwise, but he is not artful, for only art can be so. He is *true* to his character and inclinations, but not so much because he acts from principle, as because nature, in spite of all changes and oscillations, always resumes her genuine character, and recalls the original necessities. He is *modest*, even timid, because genius always remains a mystery to itself; but he is not anxious, for he knows not the dangers of the road upon which he is journeying. We know but little of the private life of the greatest geniuses, but our statement is confirmed even by the little which has been preserved of the life of Sophocles, Archimedes, Hippocrates, and more recently of Ariosto, Dante, Tasso, Rafaële, Albrecht Dürer, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Fielding, Sterne, and others.

Yea, what seems still more difficult of explanation, even great statesmen and generals, whom genius exalts, will show naivete of character. Among the ancients this fact is illustrated by Epaminondas and Julius Cesar, among the moderns by Henry IV. of France, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and the Czar Peter the Great. This character is likewise displayed by the Dukes of Marlborough, Turenne, Vendome. In the other sex nature shows us the naivete of character in its most perfect beauty. A woman's desire to please aspires at nothing more than at *appearing naive* or natural; this would show, even if

every other proof were wanting, that the influence of the sex is mainly owing to this quality. But inasmuch as the ruling maxims in female education are everlastingly conflicting with naivete of character, woman has as much difficulty in moral things as man has in intellectual, to preserve this exquisite boon of nature intact, together with the advantages of education; and the *woman* who combines with the manners of society this naivete of character, is as estimable as the savant who unites with the most rigid dogmatism of the school the most boundless freedom of imaginative thought.

Naivete of thought naturally leads to naivete of expression in speech as well as motion; it constitutes the most important element of gracefulness. This natural gracefulness or naivete of style characterizes the most sublime and most profound thoughts of genius; they are divine oracles issuing from the lips of childhood. Whereas the dogmatic understanding, always afraid of mistakes, tortures its words and its conceptions by the requirements of grammar and logic; becomes hard and rigid in order not to be vague; indulges in a profusion of words to say but little, and diminishes the vigor and directness of thought lest its sharp edge should prove too cutting for the indiscreet reader: genius, by a single stroke of the pencil, imparts to its own thoughts a permanent, fixed, and yet perfectly free, form of expression. Whereas in the former case, the sign and that which it was intended to convey, remain forever estranged: here, on the contrary, where genius wields the language, it seems as though some internal necessity caused it to start forth from thought, with which it is so completely identified that the pure spirit may be seen as if divested of its material envelope. It is such a form of expression where the sign and the represented idea are completely one, and where the language still allows us to perceive the naked thought as it were, whereas the dogmatic form conceals thought rather than expresses it: that the appellation of genial and intellectually-brilliant is more especially applied to.

Freely and naturally, like genius in the productions of mind, the heart's innocence reveals itself in social intercourse. It is well known that in social life we have receded from the simplicity and rigid truth of expression in the same ratio as we have abandoned the simplicity of sentiment; and the consciousness of guilt which is so easily hurt, as well as the readily-seduced imagination have rendered an anxious propriety necessary. Without being false we frequently talk differently from what we think; we have to resort to circuitous forms of expression in order to say things which only hurt a morbid self-love and only endanger a perverse fancy. Ignorance of these conventional laws, accompanied with natural sincerity, which despises crooked ways and false appearances (not rudeness, which treats the forms of social intercourse slightly because they are troublesome to all rude persons), engenders a certain naivete of expression which consists in designating by their true name things that should only be alluded to indirectly or not at all. To this class belong the ordinary appellations used by children.

The contrast between such names and the customary forms of speech excites our laughter; nevertheless we have to admit in our hearts that the child is right.

Naivete of sentiment can, it is true, only be attributed to man as a being which is not under the absolute control of nature, although it can be done only in so far as genuine nature is still active in him; but a poetizing imagination frequently transfers naivete from rational to irrational beings. We frequently attribute to animals, landscapes, edifices, even to nature herself, a character of naivete in opposition to man's arbitrary dispositions and fanciful notions. This renders it necessary that we should suppose volition inherent in that which in our thoughts is without will, and that we should rigidly cause it to conform to the law of necessity. The dissatisfaction which we experience at our own abuse of our moral liberty, and at the want of moral harmony in our actions, is apt to induce a state of mind where we address an irrational object like a personality, envying its calm appearance and praising its perpetual uniformity as though it had actually been tempted to realize a contrary state. At such times it is befitting that we should look upon the prerogative of reason as a curse and an evil, and that the intense consciousness of the imperfection of our actual performances should make us forget our moral faculties and our destiny.

In such a case we regard irrational nature as a fortunate sister who remained behind in her mother's home, out of which the exuberant enjoyment of freedom had driven us into foreign lands. With painful longings we desire to return to our old home, as soon as we begin to feel the oppressive weight of culture, and in the foreign abode of art hear the mother's touching voice. As long as we lived as the simple children of nature, we were happy and perfect; now we have become emancipated, losing both happiness and perfection as a consequence of our freedom. This begets a double and exceedingly unequal longing for nature, a longing for her *bliss*, and a longing for her *perfection*. The loss of the former is only complained of by the sensual man; only the moral man mourns the loss of the latter.

Ask thyself, sensitive friend of nature, whether thy indolence is languishing after her repose, whether thy offended morality is languishing after her accord. Ask thyself very carefully, when art disgusts thee, and the abuses of society drive thee to the solitude of inanimate nature, whether it is the privations, the burdens, the fatigues of social life from which thou wishest to escape, or whether it is the moral anarchy, the despotic regulations and disorders of society which thou loathest. Into the former thou shouldst rush with courageous boldness, and the liberty from which these evils flow, should be thy indemnification. Thou mayest indeed set up the quiet happiness of nature as thy distant aim, but the happiness should be the reward of thy own worthiness. Away with all complaints about the hardships of life, about the inequality of conditions, about the oppression of circumstances, the precariousness of possession, about ingratitude, oppression, persecution; thou shouldst freely and resignedly

submit to all the *evils* of culture; thou shouldst respect them as the natural conditions of true goodness; it is only the *depravity* of culture which thou shouldst lament, but not with idle tears. On the contrary, see to it that thou remainest pure in the midst of those profanations, free in the midst of bondage, constant in spite of these capricious changes, and that thou actest according to law in the midst of that anarchy. Fear not the confusion outside of thee, but the confusion within; aspire at unity, but do not expect to find it in uniformity; aspire at repose, but only through equilibrium, not by arresting thy activity. Yonder nature which thou enviest in irrational things, is unworthy of thy respect, or of thy aspirations. She is behind thee, and will ever be behind thee. Abandoned by the ladder which carried thee upward, thou hast no choice left except to accept the law with a free conscience and will, or else to sink hopelessly into a bottomless abyss.

But after consoling thyself for the loss of nature's happiness, let her *perfection* serve as a model to thy heart. On stepping out of thy circle of artificial life; when beholding her in her great tranquillity, in her simple beauty, in her child-like innocence, dwell upon this image, nurse this sentiment which is worthy of thy most exalted humanity. Never dream of exchanging thy lot for hers, but receive her into thy being, strive to ally her infinite advantages with thy own infinite prerogative, and to bring forth divine fruit by means of this union. Let her surround thee like a sweet idyl where thou mayest ever find thyself back again amid the aberrations of art, where thou mayest find courage and new confidence for the race, and where thou mayest anew kindle in thy heart the flame of the *ideal* which is so easily extinguished by the storms of life.

If we recollect the beautiful nature which surrounded the ancient Greeks; if we reflect in what intimacy this people lived under its happy sky with free nature, how much nearer to simple nature were its conceptions, sensations, and customs, and how faithfully she is pictured in its poems, it must seem strange that so few traces of *sentimental* interest, with which we moderns cling to natural scenes and natural characters, are found among the Greeks. The Greek is eminently correct, true and circumstantial in his descriptions of nature, but no more so, nor with any more cordial interest than he manifests in the description of a costume, a shield, a cuirass, a piece of furniture, or some other mechanical product. In his affection for the object he does not seem to discriminate between that which is self-created, and that which owes its origin to art and the human will. Nature seems to interest his understanding and his desire of knowledge more than his moral sentiment; he is not like the modern, attached to nature with an intense sensitiveness and a sweet emotion. Nay, by personifying and deifying her isolated phenomena, and by representing her effects as the actions of free beings, he neutralizes the calm necessity in her interior mechanism, through which she becomes so attractive to us. His impatient phantasy carries him far beyond her to the drama of

human life. It is only the living and the free, only characters, actions, adventures, and customs that satisfy him, and whereas *we* may be induced, in certain moral states of the mind, to desire to give up the privilege of our free will, which exposes us to so many struggles against ourselves, to so many anxieties and errors, for the inevitable but calm necessity of irrational creatures: the phantasy of the Greeks, on the contrary, is intent upon commencing the play of human nature even in the empire of inanimate matter, and to accord to the will an influence in spheres where a blind necessity rules.

Whence these mental differences? How happens it that we who are so greatly surpassed by the ancients in every thing concerning nature, do homage to nature with a more exalted spirit, are attached to her with the intensity of love, and even embrace inanimate creation with the warmth of emotion? It is because with us nature has disappeared among men, and we meet her in her truth only outside of us, in the inanimate kingdoms of matter. Not a greater *agreement with nature*, on the contrary, the *unnaturalness* of our social relations, conditions and customs, impels us to seek for the awakening impulses of truth and simplicity, which, like the moral capacity from which they emanate, remain incorruptible and inextinguishable in all human hearts, a gratification in the physical world which they are no longer able to obtain in the moral. For this reason it is that the feeling with which we cling to nature, is so nearly akin to the feeling with which we mourn over the past age of childhood and childlike innocence. Our childhood is the only unmutated nature which we still meet with among cultivated mankind; hence it is no wonder that every trace of nature outside of us should lead us back to our childish days.

It was very different among the ancient Greeks.* Among them culture did not degenerate to an extent which caused them to forget nature. The whole structure of their social life was built upon natural emotions, not upon the artificial foundations of art; their mythology itself was the inspiration of a naive sentiment, the outbirth of a buoyant imagination, not of scrutinizing reason like the dogmatic faith of modern nations. Hence the Greek, not having lost nature in humanity, could not be surprised by her outside of himself, nor could he feel such a pressing desire for objects in which he found his own nature represented. In

* Only among the Greeks: for the intensity of movement, and the fullness of life which surrounded the Greeks, were required, in order to infuse life into inanimate nature, and to pursue the image of humanity with so much zeal. Ossian's human world was scanty and monotonous, but inanimate nature around him was vast, colossal, mighty, imposing and maintaining her rights over man. In the songs of this poet, inanimate nature (as contrasted with man) is much more prominent as an object of our emotions. However, even Ossian complains of a decay of humanity, and how restricted soever the extent of culture and depravity was among his people, yet the reality was felt with sufficient intensity and penetrating force, to frighten the sensitive moral poet back to inanimate nature, and to spread over his songs the elegiac mantle which makes them so touching and so attractive to the present age.

accord with himself, and happy in the consciousness of his humanity, he necessarily regarded it as the acme of perfection, and endeavored to approximate every thing else to it, whereas *we*, in disharmony with ourselves, and unfortunate in our experience of mankind, know of nothing more urgent than to flee from human society, and to remove such an imperfect form from our sight.

The feeling to which I allude, is not the same which the ancients had, but is rather akin to that which we have *for the ancients*. Their feelings were natural; we have a feeling for the natural. The feeling which moved Homer's soul when he caused his divine sowerd to treat Ulysses, differed undoubtedly from that which moved the soul of young Werther when reading this song after the breaking up of a fatiguing party. Our feeling for nature resembles the feeling which a sick person experiences for health.

In proportion as nature disappeared from human life as an *actuality*, and, as the active and sentient *subject*, we see her rise in the world of poetry, as an *idea* and an *object*. The nation which had receded furthest from the path of nature, and had reflected on this deviation more than any other, had to be the first that was most powerfully moved by the phenomenon of naivete, and had to confer upon it its present appellation. This nation was the French, as far as I know. But the sentiment of naivete, and the interest which it inspires, is much more remote, and dates from the beginning of moral and æsthetic culture. This change in the emotions is already strikingly perceptible in Euripides, if we contrast this author with his predecessors, Æschylus, for instance; and yet the former was the favorite of his age. A similar revolution took place among the old historians. Horace, the poet of a cultivated and depraved age, praises the calm bliss of his Tibur; he might be called the true founder of this style of poetry, where he still is an unsurpassed model. In Propertius, Virgil, and others, we likewise discover traces of this style of feeling, less in Ovid, who was too deficient in fullness of heart, and who laments in his exile at Tomi, the loss of a bliss, which Horace was so willing to do without in his Tibur.

Poets are by their calling the *preservers* of nature. Where they are no longer able to preserve nature, and where they have experienced in their own persons the destructive influence of conventional forms, or have had to contend against it, they will rise up as the *witnesses* and *avengers* of nature. Either they will therefore *be* nature, or *seek* nature after it had been lost. Hence arise two entirely different forms of poetry, which encompass and exhaust the whole domain of this art. All poets, if they are naturally called to be poets, will either belong to the *naive*, or to the *sentimental* class, according as is the character of the age in which they flourish, or according as accidental circumstances have an influence upon their general culture and upon their passing mood.

The poet of a naive and intellectually-brilliant epoch in the youth of humanity, as well as he who is nearest to him in the age of artificial culture, is severe and rigid like the virginal Diana in her forests; without any familiarity he flees from the

heart that seeks him, or from the desire that wants to encompass him. The dry truth with which he treats the subject, does not infrequently seem an insensibility. The object has entire possession of him; his heart is not, like a base metal, situated directly under the surface, but, like the gold, it is deeply hidden from the light. Like God behind the universe, *he* stands behind his work; *he* is the work, and the work is *he*; one must be unworthy, or incapable, or no longer in want of the work, in order even to inquire after its author.

This is the character of Homer among the ancients, and of Shakespeare among the moderns; two very different natures separated by the immeasurable distance of ages, but completely identified by this single feature of their characters. When I first became acquainted with the last-named poet at a very early period of my life, I felt indignant at his coldness and insensibility which permitted him to jest in the midst of the sublimest pathos, to disturb the heart-rending scenes in *Macbeth*, in *Hamlet*, in *King Lear*, &c., by a fool; which at times kept him chained where my own emotions were rushing onward, and at times carried him unmoved from a scene upon which my heart would have desired to dwell. Beguiled by my acquaintance with modern poets into looking for the poet in his work, meeting *his* heart, reflecting *with him* in common upon his subject, in one word, into looking for the subject in the poet's personality, it seemed intolerable that I could not grasp the author anywhere, and that I was debarred of the pleasure of interrogating him. For several years I had worshiped and studied him, before I was able to conceive any love for his individuality. I was not yet capable of reading the book of nature in the original language. I was only able to bear her image as reflected by the understanding and contrived by rule, and to this purpose the sentimental poets of the French and Germans, of the years 1750 to 1780, were admirably adapted. For the matter of that, I am not ashamed of my puerile judgment since a similar judgment was enunciated by experienced critics, whom their naivete beguiled into proclaiming it to the world.

The same thing happened to me in regard to Homer, whom I learned to comprehend at a later period. I remember the celebrated passage in the sixth book of the *Iliad*, where Glaucus and Diomedes meet during the battle, and, having recognized each other as hosts, offer presents to each other. This touching instance of the piety with which the laws of *hospitality* were observed even in war, may be accompanied by a picture of *chivalric generosity* in Ariosto, where two knights and rivals, Ferrau and Rinaldo, the latter a Christian and the former a Saracen, concluded a peace after a violent combat, in which they were both dreadfully wounded, and mounting the same steed, hasten after the fugitive Argelica. Both instances, however much they may differ from each other, have almost the same effect upon our hearts, since both picture the beautiful victory of morality over passion, and touch us by the naivete of the sentiment displayed by all parties. But how differently is the subject treated by the two

poets! Ariosto, living in a world whose morals had lost a great deal of their primitive simplicity, cannot refrain from expressing his amazement and his emotion on relating this event. He is overpowered by the contrast between the ancient loyalty and the depravity which characterizes his own age. Suddenly, interrupting the description of the scene, he expresses his personal feelings in the beautiful stanza which has been so universally admired, and where he describes the rivals who were enemies in faith, and were still suffering acute pain from the wounds with which their bodies had been covered in the bitter strife, as free from all suspicion, and riding along the dark and sinuous path; the horse, pricked by their four spurs, hastening onward to a point where the road became divided.*

Now read old Homer! No sooner Diomedes is apprised by his antagonist Glaucus that his ancestors have ever been united with the family of the former in the bonds of hospitality, when he plants his spear in the ground, addresses Glaucus with kind words, and agrees with him that hereafter they will avoid each other in combat. But hear Homer's own words:

"I am thy host now in Argos, thou in Lycia
My host, if ever I visit that country.
Let us therefore avoid the shock of our lances in battle.
There are plenty of Trojans, and plenty of valiant
helpers,
I may kill in this war, if the gods and my coursers
permit.
And many Achaïans whom thou, too, mayst kill if
thou choolest;
But let us exchange our armors, that others may see,
How proudly we cherish old hospitality's rights.
Thus they spoke, and flung themselves down from their
chariots,
Grasping each other's hands, and vowing eternal
friendship."

No *modern* poet (one who is a poet in the moral acceptation of the term) would probably have waited thus far, to express his delight at this act. We would excuse him the rather since our heart likewise feels disposed while reading this scene, to lose sight of the object, and to look into its own interior. There is no trace of all this in Homer; as though he were relating an everyday occurrence, or even as though no heart were beating in his bosom, he continues in his imperturbable truthfulness:

"Glaucus was moved by Zeus, and he exchanged with
his friend,
Without thought, his armor of gold for one made of
common brass,
One worth a hundred, the other nine talents, no
more."†

Poets of this naive character are hardly any longer in their places in an affected age like our own. Nor are they any longer possible, certainly not in any other manner than by absolving themselves from all the shackles of conventionalism and by remaining intact under the fostering care of destiny from the mutilating influences of

* Rolando Furioso. First canto, verse 52.

† Homer's *Iliad*.

their age. Such poets can never emanate from the midst of society. They sometimes make their appearance outside of the social body, but rather as strangers who are stared at, and as degenerate sons of nature who vex the rulers of taste. As beneficent as their appearance is for the artist who studies them, and for the true connoisseur who knows how to appreciate them, as little success they will meet with in society and in their age. A monarchical seal is impressed upon their brow; we on the contrary wish to be rocked by, and carried in the arms of, the Muses. The critics, these fence-watchers of taste, hate them as *border-disturbers* whom they would like to see suppressed; even Homer is probably indebted to the imprescriptible legitimacy of his ancient power for the respect with which these self-appointed critics still treat him; they find it hard work to maintain their rules against his example, and his example against their rules.

SENTIMENTAL POETS.

I have said that a poet either *is* nature or else will *seek* her. The former makes him a naive, the latter a sentimental poet.

The poetical spirit is immortal and will never be lost in humanity; it could only be lost, if humanity itself or the capacity for human feelings, should be lost. For although man, in consequence of the freedom inherent in his imagination and understanding, recedes from the simplicity, truth, and uniform regularity of nature, yet the road to nature not only remains open to him, but a powerful and inextinguishable impulse, which is the moral impulse, stimulates him unceasingly to return to nature; it is with this impulse that the poetic faculty is in the closest relation. Hence this faculty does not become extinct at the same time that the original simplicity is lost, it only becomes active in another direction.

Even now nature is the sole flame that kindles and warms the poetic spirit; from her alone it derives all its power, to her alone it speaks in man journeying onward on the path of civilization. Any other mode of manifesting its activity, is foreign to the poetic spirit; hence it may be observed *en passant* that it is wrong to apply the appellation of poetic to any of the so-called productions of wit, although the authority which French literature enjoys, has induced us for a long time past to range them in this category. I repeat that even now, in the present condition of human civilization, it is still nature which powerfully rouses the poetic spirit, except that its relation to her is of a different order.

As long as man continues to be pure nature with which we should not confound raw or savage nature, he acts as an undivided sensual unit and harmonious whole. The senses and reason, the recipient and self-acting powers of his nature, have not yet become at variance in the performance of their functions, much less are they antagonistic to each other. His sensations are not the shapeless play of chance, his thoughts are not the meaningless play of the imaginative faculty; the former are the *necessary results of impres-*

sions, the latter emanate from the *actuality* of things. If man enters upon the path of civilization, if art begins to mould him, the harmony of the senses ceases, and he can only aspire at *moral* unity, and manifest himself as such. The agreement between his sensations and thoughts which was a reality during his sensual state, now only exists *in idea*; it exists no longer in him, but outside of him, as a thought which first has to be realized, not as a reality of his existence.

Applying the idea of poetry, which is nothing else than *giving to humanity its most complete expression*, to those two states, we find that in the former state of natural simplicity, where man acts as an harmonious unity with all his powers, where his whole nature is consequently expressed in the outer life, poetry consists in the completest possible *imitation of the actual*; and that in the state of culture, where the harmonious activity of his nature is a mere idea, poetry consists in the elevation of the real to the ideal, or, which means the same thing, in the *representation or exhibition of the ideal*. These are the only two possible modes in which the poetic genius may manifest itself. They evidently differ greatly from each other; but there is a higher idea in which both are comprehended, and it cannot appear strange that this idea should coincide with the idea of humanity.

This is not the place where this idea—which can only be fully elucidated in a special treatise—can be developed. Any one, however, who knows how to contrast ancient and modern poets* according to their spirit, not merely according to accidental forms, will soon become convinced of the truth of my statement. Poets of the first class touch us by nature, by sensual truth, by the living presence; poets of the second class move us by ideas.

The road upon which modern poets are traveling, is the same upon which man should travel both individually and collectively. Nature makes him a unit, art divides and disunites him, the ideal restores his unity. But inasmuch as the ideal is something infinite, which man never reaches, the cultivated man can never become perfect in his culture, whereas the sensual man may become a perfect work of nature. Hence the former would be infinitely less perfect than the latter, if we only consider the relation which both of them occupy to their respective classes and to their maximum of development. On the contrary, if we compare the two classes, we shall find that the ideal end which man *strives to realize by nature*, is infinitely higher than that which he actually *does realize by the senses*. One derives his worth from the actual attainment of a finite, the other from the endless approximation to an infinite greatness. Inasmuch

* It may not be superfluous to remark that if modern poets are to be contrasted with those of antiquity, we should not only keep in view the difference of time, but also that of style. Even in recent times, and in the most recent period we have had naive poetry of every variety, although not perfectly pure; and among the Latin, and even among the Greek poets, sentimental poetry is not wanting. Not only in the same poet, but also in the same work both species are frequently found combined, as in Werther's Sorrows; and it is productions of this character that will always create the greatest sensation.

as the latter alone has *degrees* and admits of *progress*, it follows that the relative worth of a man who is pursuing the path of culture, can never be positively determined, although certain stages of culture, if isolatedly considered, may seem inferior to a state of development where nature acts in all her perfection. In so far as the final aim of humanity can only be reached through progress, and the sensual man cannot progress except by entering upon the path of culture, it becomes evident that the latter, so far as the final destiny is concerned, is infinitely superior to a state of nature.

What is said here of the two different forms of humanity, may likewise be applied to the two corresponding classes of poets.

On this account, ancient and modern—naive and sentimental—poets should either not have been contrasted at all, or only under a general idea of a higher order. Indeed after having first abstracted a one-sided definition of poetry from the ancient poets, nothing becomes easier, but at the same time nothing more trivial than to contrast them with modern poets to the disadvantage of the latter. If we call poetry only that which has reference to simple nature, we shall necessarily have to refuse that appellation to the works of our modern poets in their sublimest and special province, since they address more particularly the pupil of art and have but little to say to simple nature.* To him whose mind is not prepared to pass from the world of actualities into the sphere of ideas, the richest substance will appear like hollow appearance, and the highest poetical flight mere extravagance. No reasonable man will think of ranging a modern poet side by side with Homer, in a sphere where this poet is truly great, and it is absurd to designate Milton or Klopstock as modern Homers, which has actually been attempted. On the other hand, no ancient poet, not even Homer, will stand a comparison with modern poets in the sphere where these excel. I should say that the power of the former is founded upon finite, and that of the latter upon infinite art.

The fact that the vigor of the ancient artist—for what has been said of poetry applies with equal force to the other fine arts, making due allowance, of course, for the characteristic peculiarities of each, and the modifications suggested thereby in our general statements,—depends upon the finiteness of his art, accounts for the eminent superiority which the plastic arts of antiquity still maintain over those of our age, and in general for

* In his capacity as naive poet, Molière may have been privileged to allow his servant-maid to decide what might remain and what should be omitted in his comedies; it would have been well, if the masters of the French stage, had occasionally instituted a similar experiment with their tragedies. But I would not advise to subject Klopstock's Odes, or the most beautiful passages in the Messiad, in Paradise Lost, in Nathan the Sage, and in many other works, to similar trials. But what do I say? The trial has indeed been made, and Molière's servant-maid in our Magazines, in philosophical and literary Annals and Travels, indulges in random criticisms of poetry, art, and the like, except that these criticisms become much more absurd when transferred from French to German soil, or from the parlor of Molière's maid to the lackey-room of German critics.

the relation of inferiority which modern poetry and modern plastic art occupy toward corresponding species of art among the ancients. A work which is only intended for the eye, finds its perfection in the definiteness of its forms; a work intended for the imagination may acquire perfection by its infiniteness. In plastic works the modern artist is not much favored by the superiority of his ideas; here he is compelled to assign *definite limits in space* to the work of his imagination, and to measure his strength with the ancient artist in the very sphere where the latter enjoys undoubted advantages. In poetical works the case is different; and if even here the ancient poets triumph by the simplicity of their forms and in those subjects which are represented *to the senses*, the modern poet surpasses them, in his turn, by the abundance of substance, by that which is beyond the boundaries of plastic art and sensual representation, in short, by that which in works of art is designated as the *expression of intelligence*. Since the naive poet has no other model beside simple nature and sensation, and confines himself to the imitation of the actual, he can only occupy a single relation to his subject, and, in this respect, he has no choice in its treatment. The different degrees of impression which poems of the naive sort make upon us (provided we remove from our thoughts every thing purely and simply appertaining to the subject, and regard the impression as the simple result of the poetic treatment) depend upon the different degrees of one and the same quality of sensation; even the differences in the external form cannot effect any modifications in the quality of that æsthetic impression. Let the form be lyrical or epic, dramatic or descriptive; we may be moved more or less powerfully, but, (provided we remove our thoughts from the subject) never differently. Our emotion is throughout, the same, *homogeneous*, so that no differences among the constituent elements can be observed. Even the differences of language and age, are without any influence in this respect, for this absolute unity of origin and effect is the characteristic of naive poetry.

The case is quite different in regard to the sentimental poet. This poet *reflects* upon the impression which objects make upon him, and it is upon this reflection that the emotion which is kindled in his soul, and which he kindles in our own, is based. The object is viewed with reference to an idea, and it is upon this relation to an idea that the power of its poetic impression depends. The sentimental poet always deals with two contending sensations and orders of ideas, with the actual as the finite, and with his idea as the infinite, and the mixed emotion which he gives rise to, will always bear the impress of this double source.* Inasmuch as more than one principle

* Any one who heeds the impression which naive poetry makes upon him, and is capable of separating the interest which falls to the subject, will find this impression, even in pathetic subjects, cheerful, pure, calm; in sentimental poetry, the impression will always be somewhat sober and accompanied with mental tension. The reason is because in the naive form of poetry, be its subject what it will, we derive delight from the truth, from the living presence of the object in our imagination,

is here involved, the question is which will prevail in the poet's emotion and in his exhibition of the subject, whence the possibility of a difference in the treatment may result. For now the question occurs whether he will dwell more upon the real or the ideal, whether he expects to treat the former as an object of dislike, or the latter as an object of his affection. His composition will therefore either be *satirical* or (in a more extended application of the term, which we shall define hereafter) *elegiac*; every sentimental poet will attach himself to one of these two orders of poetry.

SATIRICAL POETRY.

We call a poet satirical, if he makes the deviation from nature, and the antagonism between the actual and the ideal (so far as the effect upon the mind is concerned, either may be chosen), the subject of his composition. He may accomplish this in a serious and feeling, as well as in a joking and pleasant manner, according as his inspirations are derived from the sphere of the will or from that of the understanding. The former kind of satire we designate as punishing or *pathetic*, the latter as *playful*.

Strictly speaking the purpose of poetry is incompatible either with the tone of punishment or that of amusement. The former is too serious for play, which should always be the character of poesy; the latter is too frivolous for earnestness which should constitute the basis of all poetic play. Moral contradictions necessarily interest our heart, and consequently deprive the mind of its freedom; yet all personal interest, all reference to a personal necessity should be banished from poetic emotions. Mental contradictions, on the contrary, leave the heart indifferent, yet the poet deals with the heart's highest interests—nature and the ideal. Hence it is no trifling problem for him, in the pathetic satire not to violate the poetic form which consists in the freedom of movement, or in playful satire to miss the poetic essence which should be the infinite. This problem can only be solved in one way. The pathetic satire acquires poetic freedom by assuming the character of the sublime and the playful satire acquires poetic substance by investing its subject with beauty.

In satire the actual as a state of want is opposed to the ideal as a state of the highest reality. For all that, it is not necessary that the ideal should be specially enunciated, provided the poet knows how to awaken the perception thereof in the reader's mind; this he should know how to accomplish, or else he will not produce any poetic effect. Here, therefore, the actual is a necessary object of aversion; but it is of paramount importance that this aversion should arise from the opposite ideal. It might arise from a purely sensual source and be founded in a want whose gratification is opposed by the reality of circumstances; it frequently happens that we experience

a moral indignation at the world, whereas it is the opposition of society to our inclination which embitters our feelings. It is this material interest which a common satirist brings into play, and since he is sure to move our hearts by this means, he fancies that he controls our emotions and is a master of pathos. But pathos emanating from this source is unworthy of poesy which should move us only through ideas and should reach our hearts only through reason. This impure and material pathos will always manifest itself by an excess of suffering and by a painful embarrassment of the mind, whereas the truly poetic pathos is recognizable by an excess of independent activity and by a mental freedom which is not even interrupted by the movements of passion. If the emotion arises from the opposition of the ideal to the real, the exalted character of the former removes every contracting feeling, and the greatness of the idea which fills our minds, elevates us above the limits of experience. In exhibiting the repulsive form of the actual, success depends upon physical necessity being the basis upon which the poet or narrator builds his structure, and upon his knowledge and capacity of enlisting our minds for ideas. Provided we occupy a high position as critics, it matters not whether the object remains below us. When the historian Tacitus describes to us the degradation of the Romans of the first century, it is an exalted spirit that looks down upon this baseness, and a truly poetic mood is excited in us because it is only the height from which he was looking down, and to which we have to elevate ourselves, that imparted to his subject this appearance of baseness.

Pathetic satire has therefore at all times to emanate from a mind which is vividly penetrated by the ideal. Only a ruling impulse toward harmony can and ought to engender that profound sense of moral antagonism, and that burning indignation against moral perverseness, which assumed all the intensity of enthusiasm in Juvenal, Swift, Rousseau, Haller, and others. The same poets would have been equally successful in the tender and touching forms of poetry, if accidental circumstances had not at an early age pressed their minds into other channels; indeed some of them have successfully attempted these forms of poetry. The poets whom I have here named, either lived in a degenerate age, and had a horrid illustration of moral perversity before them, or else personal misfortunes had filled their souls with bitterness. The philosophical mind likewise, when separating with inexorable severity mere appearances from the substance of things, and penetrating into their depths, inclines to the rigid austerity with which Rousseau, Haller, and others, paint the actual. But these external and accidental influences which always act restrainingly, should at most only determine the direction of the enthusiasm, but should not furnish the material for it. The substance should ever be the same, free from every external incentive, and should emanate from a burning impulse for the ideal, which constitutes the only true claim to satirical poetry, and to sentimental poetry generally.

Whereas pathetic satire is only befitting for

nor do we look for any thing more than truth; whereas in sentimental poetry we have to combine the ideas conceived by the imagination with a rational conception, and are hovering between two totally different states of the mind.

elevated souls, playful satire can only be successfully accomplished by a *beautiful* heart. The former is protected from frivolity by the gravity of the subject; but the latter form of satire which should only treat of subjects of a morally-insignificant character, would inevitably assume a frivolous form, and would lose all poetic dignity, if the form did not ennoble the substance, if the poet's personal worth did not make up for the inferiority of the subject. It is only given to the beautiful heart, independently of any external object of its activity, to express a perfect image of its own nature in all its manifestations. An elevated character can only show itself in isolated triumphs over the resistance of the senses, in momentary paroxysms of exalted feeling and action; in a beautiful soul, on the contrary, the ideal acts as nature, uniformly, and may therefore manifest itself in a state of repose. The deep ocean looks most sublime when agitated by storms, the limpid brook appears most beautiful when quietly rippling onward on its course.

Several times the question has arisen which of the two, comedy or tragedy, deserves a preference. If this question is simply asked with reference to their respective subjects, the latter undoubtedly has the advantage; but, if we desire to determine which claims the more important personality, the decision will most probably be in favor of comedy. In tragedy, a good deal is accomplished by the subject of the play; in comedy, the subject is of trifling importance, the poet has almost all the work to do. Inasmuch as an æsthetic judgment is not enunciated with reference to the subject, the æsthetic value of these two kinds of artistic productions must be in an inverse ratio to their material importance. The tragic poet is sustained by the subject, the comic poet, on the contrary, has to maintain the æsthetic character of his subject by his own personal power. The former may take a flight which is no very difficult matter; the latter has to remain the same, has to *be* in the high regions of art, where he has to be at home, but whether the tragic poet has to be carried with a bound. And it is precisely this which distinguishes the beautiful character from the elevated. In the former, every form of greatness is already contained, it flows freely and easily from the depths of his nature; potentially he is like an infinite power at every point of his course; the elevated character may elevate himself by a powerful tension of his faculties to any height, by the force of his will he may elevate himself beyond the limits of any state. The latter is free only by fits and starts and with an effort; the former is always free and without an effort.

It is the beautiful task of comedy to produce and to foster this feeling of mental ease in us; whereas tragedy is destined to aid by æsthetic means in the restoration of mental freedom and ease, after it had been interrupted by some violent paroxysm of passion. In tragedy the freedom of mind has to be interrupted by artificial means and experimentally, because it is in the restoration of moral freedom that tragedy displays its greatest power; in comedy, on the contrary, care must be had to preserve the moral liberty undisturbed. Hence it is, that the tragic poet

always treats his subject practically, the comic poet theoretically, even if the former (like Lessing in his *Nathan*) should have the curious idea of selecting a theoretical, and the latter, of selecting a practical subject for his composition. Not the sphere from which the subject is drawn, but the forum, before which it is treated, makes a piece either tragedy or comedy. A tragic poet should never indulge in calm reasonings, and should always interest the heart; a comic poet should guard against pathos, and should always entertain the understanding. The former shows his art by continually exciting, the latter, by continually subduing passion; and naturally enough, this art is the greater on either side, the more the subject of the one poet is of an abstract, and that of the other of a pathetic character.* If, therefore, tragedy starts from a more important point, we must on the other hand, confess that comedy aims at a more important purpose; and, that it would render all tragedy superfluous and impossible, if this purpose could be attained. The object of comedy is identical with man's highest destiny, which is to free himself from violent passions, to cast ever clear and calm looks around him and into his own being, to see everywhere accident rather than fate, and to laugh at absurdities rather than to weep or become wrathful at man's wickedness.

As in life, so in poetical exhibitions, ease of imagination, pleasantness of talent, good-natured mirthfulness are very frequently confounded with beauty of soul, and since the public taste scarcely ever rises above the agreeable, such elegant authors find it easy to usurp a glory which it is so difficult to earn. But there is an infallible touchstone, by means of which a natural ease of manner may be distinguished from ideal gentleness, and mere natural virtue from genuine morality of character; let both be tried by a difficult and great opportunity. In such a case the neat genius infallibly descends to platitudes, and the virtue of temperament to the material plane; a truly beautiful soul, on the contrary, is elevated to the higher regions of feeling.

As long as Lucian simply chastises absurdity, as in his *Wishes*, in the *Lapithæ*, in *Jupiter Tragædus*, &c., he remains a jester, and delights us by his mirthful humor; but he is a far different man in many passages of his *Nigrinus*, his *Timon*, his *Alexander*, where his satire hits the moral depravity. "Wretch," with these words he commences in his *Nigrinus* the revolting picture of the Roman morals of that period, "why didst thou leave Greece, the light of the sun, and that happy life of freedom? Why camest thou hither into

* This is not the case in *Nathan the Sage*, where the chilling nature of the subject spreads a coolness over the whole production. But Lessing knew that he was not writing a tragedy, he only forgot in his ease his own dramaturgical precept: that no poet is authorized to employ the tragic form for any other than tragic purposes. Without making essential alterations, it would not have been possible to transform this dramatic poem into a good tragedy; but by means of a few accidental changes a good comedy might have been made out of it. To the latter end, the pathetic, and to the former, the argumentative portions would have to have been sacrificed; but it is hardly necessary to say that the beauty of the poem depends upon these very features.

this tumult of magnificent servility, of attendance and feasts, of sycophants, flatterers, poisoners, orphan-spoilers, false friends?" On such and similar occasions, the exalted earnestness of feeling should manifest itself which has to be the foundation of all playful art, if a poetical character is to be claimed for it. Even beneath the malicious pleasantry with which both Lucian and Aristophanes pursue Socrates, a sober reason may be seen hidden, which avenges truth against sophistry, and battles for an ideal which is not always expressly indicated. The former has justified this character in his Diogenes and Demonax beyond the shadow of a doubt; among the moderns, what a great and beautiful character Cervantes delineates on every occasion, in his Don Quixote! What a magnificent ideal had to fill the soul of a poet who created a Tom Jones and a Sophia! How grandly and powerfully does the jester Yorick move our hearts whenever he pleases! In our own Wieland, I likewise realize this earnestness of feeling; even the wanton playfulness of his humor is ennobled and inspired by the graciousness of his heart; it stamps even the rhythm of his song, and he is never wanting in elastic power whenever he wishes to carry us upward to the highest regions of beauty and thought.

No such opinion can be expressed of Voltaire's satire. In his case it is likewise the truth and simplicity of nature by which he sometimes excites in us poetical emotions, be it because he really attains the ideal in one of his naive characters, as occasionally happens in his Ingénu, or because he seeks and avenges nature, as in his Candide. Where neither happens, he may indeed amuse us by his wit, but he does not move us by his poetry. But his jesting has no serious foundation, and his vocation as a poet is therefore suspected of illegitimacy. Everywhere we meet his understanding, not his feelings. We see no ideal beneath this airy exterior, there is hardly any thing fixed in his movements. His marvellous variety in external forms, so far from proving any thing in favor of the internal fullness of his mind, on the contrary testifies against it with considerable force; for in spite of all these forms he has not discovered *one* in which he could have left the imprint of his heart. There seems reason to apprehend that it is the poverty of the heart which constitutes the highest claim of this rich genius to satire. If it were not so, he ought to have stepped out of his narrow course at some point of his career. But in spite of ever so great a variety of material, and of external forms, we behold the inner form ever returning with the same sombre and scanty monotony, so that notwithstanding the many volumes he has published, he has not fulfilled in his own person the circle of humanity which the above-mentioned satirists have so brilliantly completed to our great joy.

ELEGIAC POETRY.

If a poet opposes nature to art and the ideal to the real in such a manner that the former is pictured in the more striking colors and that the delight which it causes becomes the ruling emotion,

I call him an *elegist*. As there are two classes of satire, so there are two kinds of elegy. Either nature and the ideal constitute objects of regret, in case the former is lost and the latter is represented as unattainable. Or both are objects of joy, when they are represented as real. The former is *elegy* in a more particular acceptance of the term, the latter constitutes the idyl in a more general sense.*

As indignation in the pathetic and ridicule in the playful satire, so should sadness in elegy emanate from an enthusiasm which the ideal has roused. By this alone the elegy acquires poetic value, and any other source of this species of poetical composition is completely beneath the dignity of poetry. An elegist seeks nature, but in her beauty, not merely in her pleasantness; in her accord with ideas, not merely in her accommodating disposition toward sensual wants. Sadness at the loss of joys, lamentations over the disappearance of the golden age from the world, over the past happiness of youth and love, &c., can only become the subject of elegiac poetry, if these states of sensual peace can at the same time be

* Among readers who penetrate more deeply into this matter, I shall hardly be obliged to apologize for employing the terms satire, elegy, and idyl in a more general sense than is generally the case. In doing this, my intention is not to change the boundaries which past usage has fixed for satire, elegy, and idyl; I simply regard the *quality of the emotions* which is characteristic of these kinds of poetry; and it is a well-known fact that these cannot be circumscribed within those narrow limits. Elegiac emotions are not only excited by poems which are exclusively termed elegies; the dramatic and the epic poets may likewise produce this effect in us. In the *Messiah*, in Thomson's *Seasons*, in the *Paradise Lost*, in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, we meet with several descriptions which are generally peculiar only to the idyl, the elegy, or the satire. This occurs likewise more or less in every pathetic poem. With a better show of justice I may be called upon for an explanation of the motives which have prompted me to range the idyl itself in the category of elegiac poetry. Be it remembered that I here refer to the kind of idyl which constitutes a species of sentimental poetry, the essence of which consists in nature *being opposed* to art and the ideal to the real. Even if this opposition is not expressly enunciated by the poet; if he places the picture of uncorrupted nature or of the completed ideal before our eyes, the opposition must have been felt in his heart, and will be betrayed by every stroke of his pen. Even if this were not so, the language of which he has to avail himself, and upon which the spirit of his age has to impress the seal of art, would remind us of the reality and its limits, of culture and its affectation; nay, our own hearts would contrast the existing perverseness with that image of pure nature, and this contrast would excite elegiac emotions in us, even if the poet had not designed it. This last-mentioned result is so unavoidable that even the highest enjoyment which the most beautiful ancient as well as modern works of the naive kind afford to a cultivated mind, does not long remain unmixed, but will sooner or later be accompanied by an elegiac emotion. In conclusion I would observe that the classification which I have adopted, and which I have based upon differences in the quality of the emotions, is not intended to serve as a determining principle in the arrangement of the poems themselves and in the derivation of poetic forms; for inasmuch as the poet is not bound, even in the same poem, to be guided by the same order of emotions, the division of poetry into different classes cannot be determined by such an accidental circumstance, but has to be derived from the form of the work.

represented as subjects of moral harmony. For this reason I cannot regard as a poetic work the plaintive songs of Ovid, which he sent across from his place of banishment on the Black Sea, were they otherwise ever so touching and did they contain ever so many poetical passages. There is too little energy, too little spirit and nobility in his emotions. These lamentations show a want of strength, not enthusiasm; if they do not reflect the traces of a vulgar soul, they reflect the low sensibility of a noble spirit that has been crushed into the dust by his fate. Indeed if we recollect that it is Rome, the Augustinian Rome, for which he is moaning, we pardon the mistake which this son of pleasure is committing; but even magnificent Rome, unless exalted by the imagination, is only a finite greatness, hence an unworthy subject for poetry which, elevated above every feature of the actual, should only mourn over the infinite.

The subject of poetic complaint cannot, therefore, ever be taken from the outer world, but has to belong to the internal ideal world; even if a loss which occurred in the actual world, is lamented over, it has first to be transformed into an ideal occurrence. It is in this transformation of the finite into something infinite that the poetic treatment of a subject really consists. Hence the external subject of itself is of not much importance, since poesy can never use it in its natural form, but has to impart poetic dignity to it in the manner in which it is managed. An elegist seeks nature, but as an ideal, and endowed with a perfection which she has never been known to possess, although he deplores this perfection as something that has existed, but has been lost. When Ossian sings to us of the days that are no more, or of the heroes who have disappeared, his poetic virtue has already transformed those pictures of the past into ideal states, and those heroes into gods. The sensations of a definite loss have expanded into the idea of the universal perishableness of things, and the tenderly-moved bard, pursued by the image of the universal ruin, soars heavenward and beholds in the course of the sun a symbol of the eternal.*

Let me at once address myself to our modern elegists. Rousseau, as poet or philosopher, has no other object in view than either to seek nature, or to avenge her against art. According as his feelings dwell upon the one or the other, we now find him filled with elegiac emotions, now inspired by the genius of Juvenalian satire, and then again, as in his *Julia*, carried into the enchanting regions of the idyl. His poetry is full of poetic worth, for it treats of an ideal; only he does not know how to manage his subject in a poetic fashion. His earnest character always prevents him from lowering himself to a frivolous style, but on the other hand does not permit him to soar to the spheres of poetic playfulness. Excited by passion, or else in a state of abstract mental tension, he rarely or never reaches the æsthetic freedom which the poet should always maintain over his subject, and should impart to his reader. He is either controlled by a morbid sensitiveness, and his feelings are painfully roused; or else his imagination is

fettered by his thinking intellect, and the loveliness of the picture is destroyed by the metaphysical rigidity of his ideas. The two attributes whose reciprocal action and intimate union constitute the true poet, are met with in this author in an extraordinary degree, and nothing is wanting, except that they should be manifested as an harmonious unity, that his moral freedom should be more active in his emotions, and that his emotional powers should manifest a larger share of activity in his thoughts. Hence it is that in the ideal which he presents to us of humanity, he lays too much stress upon the inherent limits of human nature, whose powers he values too little, and that the want of physical *rest* is more distinctly seen in his pictures of humanity than the longing for *moral accord*. Owing to his passionate sensitiveness he would rather have man, in order to see the conflict which is now raging in his heart settled as speedily as possible, led back to the dull monotony of his primitive state, than to terminate the struggle by the harmony of a thoroughly-completed culture; he had rather suppress art than to have to wait for her fulfillment; he shortens the distance to the goal and lowers the ideal in order to reach it so much more speedily and safely.

Among the German poets of this class, I mention Haller, Kleist, and Klopstock. The character of their poems is sentimental; they move us by ideas, not by sensual truth; not so much because they themselves are nature, but because they wish to excite our enthusiasm for nature. However, what is generally true of the character of these as well as of that of all sentimental poets, does not prevent their power of moving the soul by the natural simplicity of their sentiments in *particular things*; else they would be no poets. But it is not their particular and ruling character, to receive impressions in a calm, simple, and easy mood, and to convey them to others in a similar manner. Involuntarily the imagination overpowers the perceptions, and the intellect the emotions, and we close our eyes and ears in order to bury ourselves in our own meditations. No impression can be made upon the mind without causing it to contemplate its own movement, and to behold its own internal states as objective realities. By this means we never obtain possession of the subject, we only know what the poet's own reflections have made of the subject; even if the poet is his own subject, if he wishes to describe his own emotions to us, we are not made acquainted with his state by direct revelation but through the reflections which the state excites in the poet's own mind. When Haller mourns over the loss of his wife (every body is acquainted with this beautiful song), and commences with the following strain:

“Am I to sing of Mariana's death,
Oh Mariana, what a mournful song!
My words are vanishing my sighs beneath,
And grief dissolves the mind's ideal throng,” etc.

We find this description strictly correct; but we likewise feel that the poet does not communicate to us his emotions, but rather the reflections with which these emotions inspired him. For this reason, he moves us much more feebly, for his own emotions must necessarily have cooled down

* Read, for instance, the excellent poem entitled: *Carthou*.

considerably to permit him to be a spectator thereof.

Haller's, and, in part, Klopstock's poems lose their character as naive productions of art in consequence of the metaphysical nature of their contents; hence considering that the subject of their poems could not assume a corporeal nature and could not become an object of sensual perception—if it was to be treated poetically, it had to be grafted upon the infinite, and had to be made an object of intellectual contemplation. It is only in this sense that didactic poetry can be conceived without contradicting itself. For let me repeat: poetry has only two spheres, the world of sense and the ideal world; the sphere of the understanding or analysis is no home for poetry. As yet, I admit, I know of no poem of this class, either in ancient or modern literature which has succeeded in purely and simply individualizing or else idealizing the subject of which it treats. Generally, provided the poet is tolerably successful, there is an alternate change from one to the other whilst the subject is treated abstractly; and the imagination which ought to rule in poetry, is simply allowed to wait upon the understanding. A didactic poem in which thought itself has a poetical character and preserves it throughout, has not yet made its appearance.

What is said here of didactic poems generally, applies to Haller's poems in particular. The subject itself is not poetical, but the execution may assume a poetical form, either through the use of figures, or at other times through ideal flights. It is only the soaring nature of the ideas that assigns to his poems a place in the class of elegiac compositions. Vigor and depth, and a pathetic earnestness characterize this poet. His soul is inflamed by an ideal, and his ardent love of truth seeks in the quiet valleys of the Alps the innocence which has disappeared from the world. His plaintive verses deeply move the heart; with an energetic and almost bitter satire he delineates the aberrations of the understanding and of the heart, and with an enthusiastic love he describes the beautiful simplicity of nature. But the conceptions of reflective reason predominate in his pictures, and the intellect overpowers his soul's own emotions. This is the reason why he *teaches* rather than *paints* and *describes*, and describes throughout with vigorous rather than with gentle and lovely traits. He is great, bold, ardent, and sublime; but he has never or but rarely risen to the spheres of beauty.

As regards richness of ideas and depth of mind, Kleist is far below this poet; he may be said to surpass the latter in loveliness and sweetness of form, provided this statement is not to be understood, as is too often the case, as though a deficiency on the one hand were to be imputed to the other as a claim to vigor and intensity. Kleist's sensitive soul loves to revel in the aspect of rural scenes and manners. He is anxious to flee from the hollow tumult of society, and finds in the bosom of inanimate nature the harmony and peace which he misses in the moral world. How touching his longing for rest! how true and full of feeling this strain:

"O world! thou art the grave of all true life;
To virtue's holy shrine I oft retire,
And tears roll down my cheeks in this hard strife;
Example triumphs, and youth's raging fire;
These tears dry up and leave no trace behind;
To be a man one has to leave mankind."

But after his poetic impulse has led him out of the narrow circle of the actual into the spirit-quickenning solitude of nature, he is still anxiously pursued by the image of his age, and is still chained by its fetters. What he flees from, is within him; what he is seeking, is ever without him; he can never dissipate the bad influence of his century. Though his heart is sufficiently ardent, and his phantasy sufficiently vigorous to vitalize the inanimate creations of the understanding by a brilliant delineation of the form, yet the chilling thought as frequently extinguishes the living warmth of poetic genius, and reflection disturbs the secret play of the emotions. His poetry is checkered and brilliant like the spring-season which he sang; his imagination is active and stirring; yet it is rather changeable than rich, rather playful than creative, restlessly-progressing rather than collecting and combining. Swiftly and luxuriantly trait follows trait, but without being united into a distinct individuality, without becoming a living and rounded form. As long as he adheres to lyrical poetry, and paints rural scenery, we overlook his deficiency, partly because of the greater freedom of the lyrical form, partly because of the greater variety and choice of matter; moreover, we expect the poet to paint his own feelings rather than to describe the object which he has chosen as the subject of his verse. But the deficiency becomes quite glaring if he undertakes, as in his *Cissides* and *Paches*, and in his *Seneca*, to delineate men and their actions, for here the imagination is confined within fixed and necessary boundaries, and the poetic effect has to emanate from the *subject* of the work. Here he becomes indigent, tedious, unsubstantial and chilling; a warning example to all who, without being called by the internal voice of the spirit, pass from the field of musical poesy into the domain of plastic verse. Thomson, a kindred genius, is afflicted with the same human weakness.

Among the sentimental poets, and more especially among those who have cultivated the elegiac form of verse, few among the modern, and still fewer among the ancient poets can be compared to our own Klopstock. Whatever can be achieved in the ideal range outside of the limits of the living form, and outside of the domain of individuality, has been achieved by this musical poet.* We should indeed wrong him greatly, if

* I use the term *musical* in order to allude to the double affinity of poesy to music and the plastic arts. According as poesy imitates some definite *object*, as is done by the plastic arts; or as long as, like music, it simply produces an *emotional state*, without requiring a definite object for such a purpose, it may be designated as *plastic* or as *musical*. Hence this last expression not only refers to that element which, in poetry, is really and substantially music, but in general to all such effects as poetry is capable of producing without confining the

we would deny him every individual truth and living intensity with which the naive poet describes the subject of his verses. In many of his odes, in several passages of his dramatic writings, and in his *Messiad*, the object is delineated with striking truth and with beautiful outlines; especially if the object of his subjective efforts happens to be his own heart, he has often displayed a great nature and a charming naivete. But this feature does not constitute *his* strength, this quality is not visible throughout his poetic sphere. However magnificent a creation the *Messiad* may be as a *musical* poem, yet it leaves much to be desired as a *plastic* work, where we expect to see *determinate forms*. The persons in this poem are perhaps sufficiently defined, but not for the intuitively-percipient sense; the abstract intellect has created them, and it is only the abstract intellect that is capable of distinguishing them. They furnish excellent illustrations of abstract conceptions, but they are no individualities, no living forms. Imagination, to which the poet should address himself, and which he should direct throughout his work by the positiveness of his forms, is allowed too much liberty in determining in what manner these men and these angels, these gods and these satans, this heaven and this hell are to become objects of sense. Outlines are given, within which the understanding has to think of them, but no boundaries are fixed within which the imagination should present them as definite and living forms. What I have here said of the persons, applies to every thing which in this poem is, or is intended to be, life and action, and not only in this epopee, but likewise in the dramatic poems of our author. The understanding is always furnished with well-defined and satisfactorily precise indications, (I quote his Judas, his Pilate, his Philo, his Salomo in the tragedy bearing this name;) but the imagination is not checked by any determinate boundaries of form, and I confess that in this respect this poet seems to me out of his sphere.

His sphere is the ideal world; whatever subject he selects for his poems, he manages to graft upon the infinite. He may be said to remove the body from every thing he treats of, in order to transform it into pure spirit, whereas other poets clothe every thing spiritual with a body. Almost every enjoyment which we derive from his poems, has to be obtained by an effort of the intellect; all the emotions which he excites in us with so much power and intensity, emanate from super-sensual sources. Hence this earnestness, this vigor, these soaring flights, this depth, which characterize all his productions; hence this unceasing tension of the mind which the reading of his works requires and sustains in us. No poet (except perhaps Young, who in this respect, expects more of us than Klopstock, without compensating us for the effort as the latter does), is perhaps less fit to become a favorite and a companion through life than Klopstock, who removes us from the sphere of life and calls the mind to

imagination to some determinate object; it is in this sense that I call Klopstock, above all others, a musical poet.

arms without refreshing the senses by the calm presence of an external object. His poetic muse is chaste, super-sensual, immaterial and holy as his religion, and we must admiringly admit that he has never fallen from these ethereal heights, although he occasionally loses his way during his ascension. I confess with perfect frankness that I feel somewhat concerned for the head of a reader who undertakes without affectation to make the works of this poet his favorite entertainment; who can accommodate himself to the spirit of these works in every situation of life, and return to them from any situation; I feel assured that the dangerous consequences of this poet's supreme power have been sufficiently evident in Germany. It is only in certain states of mental exaltation that he can be enjoyed and felt; for this reason he is the idol, though not the most fortunate selection of youth. Youth which always seeks to go beyond the limits of the actual, which avoids form and repudiates all restrictions, revels in the endless space which this poet has disclosed to our view. After the young man is fully matured and returns from his ideal abode to the common reality of things, a very great deal of this enthusiastic love disappears, but there is no diminution of the esteem which is due to such an uncommon phenomenon, to such an extraordinary genius, to such an ennobling influence, and which the German especially owes to such an exalted merit.

I have called this poet great as an elegist, and it will hardly be necessary to justify such an opinion. Capable of every energy of determination, and master of the whole domain of sentimental poetry, he now moves our souls by the most exalted pathos, now he softens the heart by sweetly-enchancing emotions; but he overwhelmingly inclines to a high order of spiritual sadness; however sublime the sounds of his lyre may be, the melting tones of his lute always sound more truthfully, more penetratingly, more touchingly. I appeal to every pure-minded reader whether he would not rather sacrifice all the boldness and strength, all the fictions, all the splendid descriptions, all the oratorical eloquence of the *Messiad*, all the fascinating figures of language in which our poet excels, than to give up the tender emotions which breathe in the "Elegy to Ebert," in the magnificent poem, "Bardale," in the "Early Tombs," the "Summer-Night," the "Lake of Zurich," and in several other compositions of this class. Thus I cherish the *Messiad* as a treasure of elegiac emotions and ideal descriptions, howsoever little its epic merit and its character as a descriptive poem may satisfy my judgment.

Before leaving this subject I ought perhaps to recall the merit of Uz, Denis, Gessner (in his "Death of Abel"), Jacobi, Gerstenberg, Hoelty, Goeckingk, and several others of the same class, all of whom move us by the power of ideas, and have produced sentimental poetry according to our definition of the term. But it is not my object to write a history of German poetry, but merely to illustrate my general statements by a few examples taken from our literature. My intention has been to indicate the different roads by which ancient and modern, naive and sentimental poets reach the same goal, and to show

that whereas the former excite our emotions through the medium of nature, individuality, and the living *objects of sense*, the latter exercise an equally great, although less extensive power, over our minds through the medium of ideas and a high order of intellectuality.

We have seen by the preceding examples how the sentimental poet treats a natural subject; now we may feel interested to know how the naive poet treats a subject of the sentimental order. This problem seems to be quite novel and peculiarly difficult, since in the ancient world of naive poetry, the *subject* was wanting, whereas among the moderns, the *poet* might be found wanting. Nevertheless, genius has proposed this problem to itself, and has solved it in a remarkably happy manner. A character which embraces an ideal with ardent feelings, and flees from the real in order to strive after an unsubstantial infinite; which unceasingly seeks outside of itself what it is ever endeavoring to destroy in its own nature; to which its own dreams constitute the only thing real, and its own experiences nothing but barriers; which looks upon its own existence as a barrier which it likewise seems justified in pulling down in order to penetrate to absolute reality—this dangerous extreme of a sentimental character has become the subject of a poet in whom nature acts more faithfully and purely than in any other, and who deviates perhaps less from the sensual truthfulness of things than any other modern poet.

It is interesting to observe with what happy instinct every thing that sustains the sentimental character, is crowded together in Werther: an enthusiastic but unfortunate love, sensitiveness for the beauties of nature, religious sentiment, philosophical spirit of contemplation, and finally, in order to mention every thing, the gloomy, shapeless, melancholy world of Ossian. If we add to this how little attractive, yea, how hostile the outer world seems to the sufferer, how all things around him conspire to crowd him back again into his ideal world, we cannot see any possibility how such a character can save himself from such a circle of influences. In Goethe's Tasso the same opposition occurs, although the characters are different; even in his latest *romance* we observe the same opposition as in the former between the poetizing spirit and the sober cunning of the world, between the ideal and the real, between subjectivity and objectivity, but with what a difference! even in Faust the same opposition strikes our view, of course, agreeably to the exigencies of the subject, much more palpably and in a more material form; it was well worth the trouble to attempt a psychological development of this character which presents itself in four special forms so perfectly distinct one from the other.

It has been stated above, that an easy and jovial temper, where an internal fullness of ideas is not the groundwork of the mind, does not constitute a claim to playful satire, howsoever liberally this view may prevail in ordinary society; nor does a mere tenderness of feeling or a certain disposition to melancholy constitute a claim to elegiac poetry. Both require for a fullness of poetic talent, the energetic virtue which has to

vitalize the subject in order to bring forth true beauty. Productions of this tender character can only melt us without refreshing the heart or occupying the mind, they only flatter the senses. A continued disposition to this class of emotions must result in enervation of character, and must plunge a person into a state of passivity from which no real good can spring either for the outer or inner life. It was therefore perfectly just to persecute with inexorable derision the *sentimentalism* and whining manner* which threatened to flood Germany some eighteen years ago in consequence of the misapprehension and silly imitation of a few excellent works, although the forbearance which is manifested toward the no less reprehensible caricature of elegiac verse and sentiment, toward the jesting tone, the heartless satire, and the meaningless humor† of a crowd of petty scribblers, would seem to show that the persecution did not originate in the purest motives. In the balance of true taste neither the one nor the other can have any value, since both classes of works are deficient in the æsthetic value which is solely determined by the intimate union of the mind with the subject, and by the relation of the work to the emotional sense as well as to the intellectual faculties.

"*Siegwart* and his Cloister-story" have been sneered at, whereas the "*Travels to the South of France*" are admired; both these productions have equal claims to a certain degree of appreciation, and as little claim to absolute praise. Genuine although extravagant sentiment renders the first of these two romances estimable; light humor and a fine and sparkling intelligence the second; but whereas the one is deficient in the sober earnestness of the understanding, the other is deficient in æsthetic dignity. The former becomes somewhat ridiculous when contrasted with experience, the latter rather contemptible when contrasted with an ideal. Inasmuch as the truly beautiful should accord with nature on the one, and with the ideal on the other hand, neither of these works can claim the character of an æsthetic production. However it is natural and just that Thummel's novel should be read with delight. Since it only disappoints expectations which are suggested by the ideal mind, and which the greater portion of readers either does not entertain at all, or, even in the case of the better class of readers, does not entertain at the moment when novels are read; and since this work fulfills in a very high degree all the ordinary demands of mind and body, it must and will re-

* "A disposition," according to Adelung's definition, "to touching and gentle emotions *without any rational purpose*, and beyond proper bounds."—Adelung is very fortunate, if his emotions emanate from a purpose, or only from a rational purpose.

† It is true, we should not grudge the scanty pleasure which a certain class of readers experiences, and after all, what matters it to us, if there are people who are edified and amused by the dirty jokes of Mr. Blumauer. But critics should refrain from mentioning with a sort of respect productions whose very existence should be ignored by good taste. They evince talent and humor, but the more is the pity that these qualities are not purified from the dross of vulgarity. I say nothing of our German comedies; poets paint the age in which they live.

main a favorite production as long as æsthetic works are written in order to please, and read only for the purpose of affording amusement.

But does not classical literature exhibit works which offend in a similar manner the exalted purity of the ideal and which by the material character of their contents, seem to recede from the spirituality which is demanded of every true work of art? What is permitted to the poet, to this chaste disciple of the muse, should this not be a privilege of a mere writer of romances who is his half-brother, and who is still so near to the earth? I must ask this question here all the more since we have master-pieces of the elegiac, as well as the satirical class that seem to seek and commend a different nature from that of which this essay treats, and to defend it not so much against bad, as against good manners. Either these poetical works have to be rejected, or else my definition of elegiac poetry is much too arbitrary.

I ask: should not a mere writer in prose be allowed the privileges which the poet claims for himself? The answer is contained in the question. That which the poet is allowed to do, proves nothing in favor of him who is not a poet. The freedom which a poet indulges in, originates in the very conception of poet, a freedom that becomes a contemptible license, unless it can be traced to the high and noble ideal which constitutes the groundwork of a poet's soul.

The laws of conventional life are foreign to an innocent nature; they have originated in the perverseness of the actual. But if this perverseness has become an empirical fact, and natural innocence has disappeared from the emotional and sensational movements of human nature, conventional rules become sacred laws which no moral being should violate. In an artificial world they are just as authoritative as the laws of nature are in a world of innocence. What constitutes the poet is his endeavor to extinguish in his being, every movement that reminds him of an artificial state of existence, and to restore nature in her original simplicity. If he accomplishes this result, he is absolved from all artificial rules by which a misguided heart guards itself against its own aberrations. He is pure, he is innocent, and that which it is lawful for innocent nature to indulge in, is lawful for himself; if thou who readest or hearest him, art no longer guiltless, or canst not even become so for a few moments by his purifying presence, it is *thy* misfortune, but not his fault; thou forsakest him, he has not sung for thee.

Hence, with regard to this class of liberties, the following points may be stipulated:

First, they can only be justified by *nature*. They must not be the work of choice and of intentional imitation; for the will which is always judged in accordance with moral laws, can never be excused for favoring sensual lust. Hence they must not only be natural, but genuinely or *naively*-natural. That they are so, we shall be convinced of, if all the other movements of the being bear the impress of a pure nature, which is always characterized by the rigid consistency, unity and uniformity of her results. It is only a

heart that is opposed to affectation generally, and hence detests it, even where it may be useful, which we excuse if it absolves itself from conventional rules whenever they become oppressive and interfere with personal freedom; it is only a heart that acknowledges the full sway of nature, which we permit to indulge in all the freedom of her movements. All the emotions of such a man's soul must necessarily be stamped with an air of naturalness; he must be true, simple, free, candid, full of feeling, straight-forward; dissimulation, cunning, arbitrary caprice, petty selfishness must have vanished from his nature, all traces of these vices must have disappeared from his works.

Second, such liberties can only be justified by a *beautiful* nature. Hence they must not be the exceptional and violent manifestations of desire; for whatever comes from this source, is contemptible. It is from the totality and fullness of human nature that these signs of sensual energy should flow. They must constitute a circle of *humanity*. But in order to determine whether they are the offspring of integral nature, not of some ordinary and one-sided sensual want, we should look at the whole oneness of which they constitute single features. Of themselves, sensual emotions are innocent and indifferent. We dislike them in man, because their character is animal and betrays a want of true and perfect humanity; they offend us in a poetical production, because such a work claims to please us, and hence must deem *us* capable of such a defect. But if the man who indulges in such liberties, exhibits the spirit of a free and full humanity in all his acts; if the genuineness of human nature is fully expressed in the work where such liberties occur, all cause of displeasure is removed, and we can enjoy with an unmixed delight the expression of a true and beautiful humanity. The same poet who invites us to a participation in the ordinary feelings of man, must, on the other hand, be able to carry us upward to every thing that is great, beautiful, and sublime.

Here we have a test to which every poet who makes free with propriety and carries his freedom in the exhibition of nature to this extreme, may be safely submitted. His work is vulgar, low, and unqualifiedly condemnable the moment it is *cold* and *empty*, for then it must have originated in some design, in some common movement of sensuality, in a flagitious attempt to excite our lust. On the contrary it is beautiful, noble, and deserving of approbation, irrespective of any objections that may be raised by a chilling conventionalism, the moment we find it pervaded by a spirit of naivete which unites mind and heart.*

If I should be told that, if submitted to this standard, very few French novels, and very few of the best German imitations of this class of literary works, would remain uncondemned, and

* And *heart*; for the purely sensual glow of the picture, and the exuberance of imagination are not sufficient. For this reason Ardinghella, in spite of all sensual energy, and the fire of coloring, remains a sensual caricature without truth, without æsthetic worth. However, this strange production will always remain remarkable as an illustration of the almost poetical flight of which the merely sensual desire is capable.

that this condemnation would even have to be pronounced against many productions of our loveliest and most spiritual poet, even against some of his master-pieces, I have no reply to offer. This verdict is not of recent date: I am simply indicating the reasons upon which the opinions that persons of a refined sensibility have expressed upon this subject long ago, are based. These principles which may seem too rigorous when applied to that class of works, may seem too liberal when applied to another; for I do not deny that the same reasons on which account I deem the seductive pictures of the Roman as well as of the German Ovid, of Crebillon, Voltaire, Marmontel (who calls himself an author of moral tales), Laclos and many others, inexcusable, reconcile me to the Roman and to the German Propertius, and even to many of the decried productions of Diderot; for the former are simply witty, prosy and lust-exciting, the latter are poetic, humane and naive.*

IDYL.

A few words have to be said on the subject of this third class of sentimental poetry; only a few words, for a more detailed development of this subject will be reserved for a future period.†

* If I name the immortal author of Agathon, Oberon, &c., in this company, I must expressly declare that I do not wish to see him confounded with it. His pictures, even the most equivocal in this respect, have no material tendency (as a somewhat indiscreet critic has recently permitted himself to state); the author of "*Love for Love*" and so many other works full of genuine nature and genius, all of which reflect the unmistakable traits of a beautiful and noble soul, cannot have such a tendency. But it seems to me that he is pursued by the peculiar misfortune of having adopted a poetical programme which renders such pictures necessary. The cold understanding which arranged the design of his poems, demanded these pictures of him; his feeling seems so averse to favoring them that it seems to me the abstract understanding may still be recognized in their execution. The coldness which pervades them, hurts them in a critical point of view, because such pictures can only be justified æsthetically as well as morally by the naivete of sentiment. Whether a poet can be permitted, in contriving his design, to expose himself to so much danger in executing it; and whether a design can at all be called poetical which cannot be executed (I may admit this for the present) without revolting the chaste feelings of the reader as well as of the poet, and without compelling the two to dwell upon subjects from which a refined sensibility is disposed to shrink—is a point about which I am in doubt, and concerning which I should like to hear an intelligent critic's opinion.

† I again state that satire, elegy, and idyl, which I have named as the three only possible species of sentimental poetry, have nothing in common with the three forms of verse which are distinguished by these names respectively, except the *form of the emotions* which is peculiar to all. It is easy from the conception of sentimental poetry, to deduce the proof that outside of the limits of the class of naive poems, there are but three classes of emotions and poetical forms, and that the field of sentimental poetry is completely encompassed by this classification.

Sentimental poetry, is distinguished from poems of the naive class, by idealizing the reality which constitutes the subject of the latter, and by applying the ideal to the real. Hence as has been observed before, sentimental poetry deals with two conflicting objects; with the

The poetical description of an innocent and happy humanity is the general idea of this species of poetry. Because this innocence and this happiness seemed incompatible with the artificial relations of fashionable society, poets have transferred the scene of the idyl from the crowds of civil life to the simple hut of the shepherd, and have assigned to it a place in the *childhood of humanity*, previous to the beginning of culture. It is readily seen that these arrangements are accidental, that they do not constitute the object of the idyl, but are simply to be considered as the most natural means to the attainment of this object. The object everywhere is, to exhibit man in a state of innocence; that is, in a state of harmony and peace with himself and the outer world.

Such a condition not only takes place before the commencement of culture, but it is a state which culture, if it needs must have a definite aim, regards as its ultimate purpose. The idea of this state, and the belief that the realization of this idea is possible, may reconcile man to all the evils to which he becomes subject on the road to culture; if this realization were purely chimerical, the complaints of those who decry society and the cultivation of the understanding as an evil, and who regard a state of nature as man's true destiny, would be perfectly founded. Man who is engaged in accomplishing the great task of culture, is

ideal and the real or empirical, between which the following three relations may exist. Either it is the *antagonism* of the real, or it is its *accord* with the ideal that principally occupies the mind, or else this is divided between both. In the first case the mind is preoccupied with the force of the internal struggle, or the *energetic movement*; in the second case, by the harmony of the internal life, or the *energetic repose*; in the third case, struggle *alternates* with harmony, repose with movement. These three orders of emotion give rise to three classes of poems, to which the received appellations of *satire*, *elegy*, and *idyl* correspond, provided we have in view only the emotions which the poems respectively so named, excite in the mind, and provided we remove our thoughts from the means by which these emotions are elicited.

If any one should ask me after this, among which of these three classes I number the epopee, the romance, the tragedy &c., he would not have apprehended my meaning. For the definition of these respective classes of poems as *special forms of poetical productions*, is not determined by the *form of the emotions* which they excite, certainly not by that alone; it is well known that these different poems may respectively excite more than one form of emotional state, and that they may therefore belong respectively to several classes at one and the same time.

In conclusion I have to observe that, if there should be a disposition to regard sentimental poetry, as is but proper, as a genuine species (not merely as a variety) and as an expansion of true poetry, it will have to be included in determining the forms and re-organizing the laws of poetry, which are still based upon the old classification of poets into ancient and naive. The sentimental poet deviates in too many essential respects from the naive, to adopt without constraint and in every instance the forms which the latter has introduced. It is indeed difficult to distinguish correctly in every instance, the exceptions which the difference of the species renders necessary, from the expedients which incapacity indulges in; but experience teaches, that in the hands of sentimental poets (not even of the most distinguished) not a single species of poetry has remained what it was among the ancients, and that entirely new species have very frequently been created under cover of the old names.

deeply interested in obtaining a sensual confirmation of the possibility of realizing this state, and, inasmuch as actual experience, so far from sustaining this belief, refutes it on the contrary at all times, it is here, as in so many other cases, that poetical genius hastens to assist reason, in order to afford an intuitive perception of this idea, and to realize it in a single instance.

It is true this innocence of the pastoral state is likewise a poetic conception, where the imagination had to manifest her creative power; but not to mention the fact, that the problem admitted of a much easier and simpler solution in that state of the world, the actual itself presented singly the features which the imagination had to select and to combine into a one. Under a blissful sky, in the simplicity of a primitive state of society, when knowledge is still limited, nature is easily satisfied, and man does not plunge into a savage life until want begins to sting him. Every nation that has preserved historical records, has a paradise, a state of innocence, a golden age; yea, every single man has his paradise, his golden age, which he recollects with more or less enthusiasm, according as he has more or less poetry in his composition. Experience itself, therefore, offers sufficient traits for the picture which forms the subject of the pastoral idyl. For all that, it is a beautiful and elevating fiction, and poetical genius works for the ideal in describing the pastoral life. For it is of great importance that a man who has deviated from the simplicity of nature, and who has been given over to the dangerous guidance of his reason, should again behold the laws of natural life in all their purity, and should be taught by this faithful mirror to purify himself from the perverting influences of art. But there is one circumstance connected with these idyllic compositions which very much impairs their usefulness. The scenes being transferred to an age *where no culture had begun*, the exclusion of its disadvantages implies likewise the exclusion of its advantages; hence idyllic fictions are essentially opposed to culture. *Theoretically* they lead us backward, whereas *practically* they refine and ennoble us. Unfortunately they place the goal *toward* which they profess to conduct us, *behind* us; hence they can only afford us the saddening feeling of a loss, not the joyful feeling of hope. Since they only attain their object by repudiating art and simplifying human nature, they are of the highest value to the *heart*, but of little value to the *mind*, and their monotonous circle is very speedily accomplished. Hence we can only love and seek them, when we are in need of repose, not when our powers crave activity and exercise. They may afford a *remedy* to a diseased mind, but no *food* to a sound one; they cannot animate, only soften. This inherent defect of idyllic poems has never been remedied by the art of poets. It is true this species of poetry has likewise its enthusiastic admirers, and there are readers who prefer Amyntas or a Daphnis to the greatest epic or dramatic master-pieces; but among such readers it is not taste but individual want which sits in judgment upon works of art; whose opinion, therefore, cannot be regarded as of any import-

ance in a matter of this kind. An intelligent and feeling reader indeed does not underrate the worth of such fictions, but he feels less frequently attracted by them, and is more speedily wearied by this kind of literature. At the moment when a want for them is truly felt, idyllic poems have a great effect; but the truly beautiful in art should never have to wait for such a moment, which should, on the contrary, be produced by it.

This censure of the pastoral idyl only applies to the sentimental order; for the naive compositions of this class can never be deficient in worth, since *the form itself* constitutes their claim to it. Poetry should represent the infinite; this it is that makes it poetry; but this character may be realized in two different ways. Poetry may represent the infinite of form by exhibiting all the boundaries of its subject, by individualizing it; or it may represent the infinite of the absolute idea, by *removing all boundaries* from its subject, by idealizing it. The former method is pursued by the naive, the latter by the sentimental poet. The former cannot miss his road provided he adheres faithfully to nature whose boundaries are absolute, or in other words, whose form is infinite. The latter, on the contrary, is embarrassed by the boundaries of nature, for his object is to treat his subject with reference to the absolute, in other words, to present his ideas as a form or conception of the absolute. Hence the sentimental poet would miss his advantage, if he were to *borrow subjects* for his verse from his naive brother, for these subjects are indifferent in themselves, and only become poetical by the manner in which they are managed. In doing so he confines himself within the limits of naive poetry without being able to adhere to them perfectly, and to emulate his rival in regard to the absolute definiteness of his subject; hence it is precisely the subject which should distinguish sentimental poetry from the naive, since the advantages of form enjoyed by the latter, can only be compensated to the former by the superiority of the subject.

Applying these remarks to the pastoral idyl of sentimental poets, we have an explanation why these poems are so little satisfactory to the heart in spite of the expenditure of genius and art made by their authors. In presenting an ideal, they confine themselves to the narrow bounds of pastoral indigence, whereas they should either select another world for their ideal, or else another form for the exhibition of pastoral life. They idealize just enough to weaken the individual truth of the picture, and they individualize enough to impair its ideal value. A Gessnerian shepherd, for instance, does not charm us as a natural thing, by his truthful imitation, for he is too ideal a being for any such purpose; he satisfies us no more as an ideal being by the infinite of thought, for his mental condition is too limited for that. Hence he may please *all classes* of readers up to a certain point, inasmuch as he endeavors to combine the naive and the sentimental, and by this means fulfills to a certain extent the two opposite demands which can be made of a poem; but since this very course prevents the poet from doing *full justice* to the character of either class, his productions being

neither fully one thing nor another: he does not come up to the requirements of a severe taste which cannot be satisfied with partial success. It is strange that this half-way method should extend even to the language of this poet which vibrates indefinitely between poetry and prose, as if the poet feared lest his verse should lead him too far from nature, or lest his prose should be deficient in poetic flights. A much higher satisfaction is afforded by Milton's splendid description of the first human pair, and of their state of innocence in paradise; the most beautiful idyl of the sentimental class that I know of. Here nature is noble, full of intellectuality, full of simplicity, and yet full of depth; the most exalted dignity of human nature, clothed in the most lovely and graceful forms.

In the idyl, as in all other poetical compositions, we shall therefore have to choose between individuality and ideality; for as long as we have not arrived at the goal of perfection, the surest way of missing both, is to attempt to comply with the laws of each. If a modern poet, who is not deterred by the incongeniality of his subject, feels sufficiently inspired with Greek genius to struggle with these ancient masters in their own domain, in the domain of naive poetry, let him enter the list wholly, without regarding the claims of the ruling taste of the age. He may find it difficult to reach his models, the most fortunate imitator will still leave a sensible distance between himself and his original; but by pursuing this course he may at least be certain of producing a truly poetical work.* On the contrary, should the impulse of sentimental poetry drive him into the regions of the ideal, let him seek it wholly, in all its purity, without inquiring whether the actual will follow him. Let him repudiate the unworthy expedient of deteriorating the character of the ideal for the purpose of adapting it to the narrowness of the existing perceptions of the age; let him not exclude the highest order of intellectuality for the purpose of impressing the more easily his reader's heart. Let him not lead us backward to our childhood in order to induce us to sacrifice the most precious acquisitions of the understanding, for the purpose of purchasing a repose which cannot last longer than the slumber of our mental faculties; but let him lead us onward to a fullness of selfhood, where we may taste the higher harmony which rewards the champion and affords happiness to the conqueror. Let him endeavor to execute an idyl which shows pastoral innocence as an attribute of a state of culture, of all the stages of an active and ardent social life, of the most comprehensive intellectuality, the most refined art; as

* A short time ago, Voss not only enriched, but expanded the boundaries of German literature with such a work. This idyl, although not entirely free from sentimental influences, belongs altogether to the naive class, and on account of its individual truthfulness and purity of nature may be regarded as an exquisitely successful imitation of the best Greek models. What constitutes the glory of this poem is, that no modern productions of this kind can be compared with it, but that it has to be contrasted with Greek models, with which it shares the rare privilege of affording us a pure, well-defined and never-flagging enjoyment.

inherent in the highest cultivation of manners and taste; in one word, which conducts man, against whom the return road to *Arcadia* is closed henceforth and forever, to the spheres of *Elysium*.

The conception of this idyl implies the total cessation of struggle in the individual man, as well as in society, a free union of inclination and law, the elevation of human nature to the highest moral dignity; such an idyl, in its essence, is the ideal of beauty applied to real life. The character of an idyl consists in the neutralization of the *antagonism between the actual and the ideal*, which constitutes the subject of satiric and elegiac poetry, after which all passion conflicts in human nature cease. *Repose* must therefore be the prevailing impression which this class of poems produces in us, but it is the repose of completeness, not that of indolence; a repose emanating from the equilibrium, not from the stagnation of our powers; resulting from fullness, not from vacuity, and accompanied by a feeling of endless energy. But, for the very reason that all resistance ceases, it is much more difficult in the idyl than it is in satire or elegy, to produce and sustain *movement*, without which no poetical effect is possible anywhere. There should be perfect unity, without, however, interfering with the variety of form; the mind should be gratified, without its energetic expansiveness being impaired. It is the solution of this problem which constitutes the peculiar province of the idyl.

Concerning the relation of both species of poetry to each other and to the poetic ideal, the following points have been established.

The naive poet has been favored by nature with the faculty of always acting with a spirit of undivided unity, of constituting at all times a self-existing and complete whole, and of representing humanity as it exists, in all the fullness of a living reality. To the sentimental poet, nature has accorded the power, or rather she has inspired him with an intense and impelling desire, of restoring out of his own depths, the unity which had been dissolved in him by abstraction, of completing humanity within himself, and of passing from a finite into an infinite state.* Both, however, have to achieve the task of realizing the complete expression of human nature, otherwise they would not be called poets; but the naive poet has the advantage over the sentimental poet of dealing in sensual realities, and of executing as a real fact, what the other simply aspires at. This impres-

* For the benefit of those who examine things scientifically, I may remark that both these forms of emotion, if conceived in their highest beauty, are related to each other as the first class is to the third, since the last class always arises from the first class being combined with its direct opposite. The opposite of naive sentiment is the reflecting understanding, and the sentimental mood is the result of an endeavor to restore the naivete of sentiment, as a substantial state, *through the medium of reflection*. This is to be accomplished by the realization of the ideal, where art and nature again meet. In reviewing these three conceptions in their categorical order, *nature* and the corresponding naivete of sentiment will always be found in the first category; *art*, as a substitution for nature, through the free-acting understanding in the second; and the *ideal*, where perfect art returns to nature, in the third.

sion is experienced by every one who abandons himself to the enjoyment of naive poetry. At such a time he feels that all his human powers are active, he is not in need of any thing, he is a whole within himself; without perceiving differences in his emotional state, he enjoys at one and the same time his mental activity and his sensual life. The mood into which the sentimental poet transports him, is quite different. Here he is stimulated by a living *impulse* to bring forth the harmony which he actually felt while communing with the naive poet; he desires to transform himself into a perfect unit, to realize the fullest expression of humanity in his person. Hence, when reading sentimental poetry, the mind is set in motion, it is in a state of tension, it is oscillating between contending emotions, whereas naive poetry induces tranquillity of mind, a feeling of relaxation and repose, accord of sentiment, and perfect satisfaction.

Whereas the naive poet deals in more living realities than the sentimental, and actualizes as things of real life, the feelings and desires which only exist as potential aspirations in the mind of the latter poet; on the other hand, the sentimental poet enjoys the great advantage over the former of being able to present a higher object to the *idealizing impulse*, than the naive poet is able to do. We know that the real always remains behind the ideal; every existing thing is bounded, but thought is boundless. From these restrictions to which all sensual things are liable, the naive poet necessarily suffers, whereas the sentimental poet is favored by an absolute freedom of ideas. The former fulfills his task, but it is limited; the latter does not fulfill his task entirely, but it is infinite. Concerning this subject, every reader may likewise be taught by his own experience. From the naive poet we turn with a lively and cheerful spirit to the actual; the sentimental poet indisposes us against real life, at least for a few moments. The reason is, because the infinite ideal has expanded the mind beyond its natural proportions, so that the actual cannot penetrate it. We prefer indulging in the luxury of being absorbed by our own thoughts which have been stimulated by our ideal aspirations, whereas the naive poet causes us to grasp at sensual objects outside of ourselves. Sentimental poetry is the offspring of abstraction and retirement, to which it invites in its turn; naive poetry is the child of life, and leads us back to life.

I have called naive poetry a favor of nature, by which I desire to imply that reflection has no part in it. It is like a fortunate cast of the dice, not requiring the least improvement if successful, but on the other hand incapable of improvement if the work should fail. The whole of this work revolves within the sphere of sentiment; here it is, where the genius of naivete may show its strength and its limits. If the sentiment is not poetical from the start, if it does not flow from the inmost depths of human nature, the deficiency cannot be remedied by art. Criticism may reveal the defect, but cannot substitute beauty in its place. The naive poet has to accomplish every thing by the truthfulness of his genius, he cannot effect much by his personal energy; nor will he fail in the conception of naive poetry, provided nature acts in him in ac-

cordance with an internal necessity. Every thing, indeed, is necessary, that occurs through the operation of natural causes; so is every unfortunate production of the genius of naive poetry which is opposed to nothing more than to the voluntary determinations of the idealizing mind; but it is one thing to be subject to the necessity of the moment, and it is quite another thing, to be bound by the internal necessity of the whole. Regarded as a whole, nature is self-existing and infinite; but as regards any of her single effects, she is circumscribed and deficient. This likewise applies to the poet's nature. Even the most favorable moment in which the poet may be placed, is dependent upon the moment that precedes it; hence, only a conditional necessity can be imputed to it. Now it happens to be the poet's task, to treat a single state, or feature of human nature, as he would the totality of its mechanism, and to make it appear as though the part constituted an absolute and self-existing unit. Every trace of physical necessity must remain excluded from the sacred hour of inspiration, and the subject, be it ever so limited, should not restrain the genius of the poet. Evidently this is possible only so far as the poet is possessed of moral independence and intellectual power, and of the most exalted sympathies and aspirations of the soul for universal nature and humanity. This nobleness of sentiment can only be developed in him by the world in which he lives, and with which he is placed in immediate relations. Hence we see that naive genius is overshadowed by a dependence upon experience which is unknown to genius of the sentimental order. We know that the sphere of the latter commences where that of the former terminates; the power of the former consists in supplying, *out of its own resources*, the deficiencies of a subject, and to transport itself by its own power from a limited sphere into the infinite of thought. The naive poet requires assistance from without, whereas a poet of the sentimental order sustains and perfects himself by his own inherent power; the former has to behold around him a nature full of forms, a poetic world, a humanity whose nature is untainted, for the world of sense bounds the aspirations of his genius. If this external aid is wanting, if he is surrounded by uninspiring material, one of two things must happen. If the genius of poetry generally prevails in him, he will step beyond the boundaries of his speciality, and will become sentimental in order to be a poet; or else, if the tendency to his speciality is all-powerful, he will lower himself beneath the level of his art, and will assume the forms of a vulgar nature, in order to preserve a natural appearance. The former conclusion applies to the principal sentimental poets of Roman antiquity, and of our own age. Born in another age, transplanted beneath a different sky, poets who now interest us by their ideal flights would then have charmed us by their individual truthfulness and natural beauty. The second conclusion will probably apply to any poet who, when surrounded by common objects, is not possessed of sufficient power to elevate himself above the actual.

This is meant of *practical* nature as actualized in life, from which *true* nature, which constitutes

the subject of naive poetry, cannot be distinguished with sufficient care. Practical or actualized nature is everywhere; true nature is seen so much less frequently, for it is dependent upon the internal necessities of the constitution. Every vehement eruption of passion is an instance of actual nature, and may even be true nature, but it is not truly *human*; for to be human, the personal will must participate in every manifestation of natural power, and such a manifestation always bears the impress of dignity. Every act of moral depravity constitutes an actualization of human nature, but it is not true human nature, for this can only be noble. There is no overlooking the absurdities to which the confounding of actual with true human nature has led critics as well as practical artists. What trivialities are permitted and even praised in poetry, because, alas, they are real nature! what joy is experienced at seeing caricatures which frighten one out of the real world, carefully preserved in the world of poesy as faithful imitations of real life! It is true, a poet may imitate depraved nature, this sort of imitation constitutes the object of satire; but in such a case his own beautiful nature should remain above the subject, and should handle and carry it from scene to scene as something foreign to his own mind. Provided he is a true man, at any rate whilst he is drawing his picture, it matters not what the subject of his picture is; it is undoubtedly true that a faithful picture of the reality proves acceptable only when executed by such an artist. Woe unto the reader if a caricature reflects the personal grievances of its author; if the lash of satire is applied by hands which were destined by nature to brandish a more real and a coarser whip; if men who are utterly devoid of all genuine poetic spirit, only possess the spurious talent of vulgar imitation, and practice it in a frightful and horrid manner at the expense of our taste!

But even to the truly naive poet vulgar instincts and habits may prove a source of danger; for after all, the beautiful accord between sensation and thought which constitutes the character of such a poet, is only an idea that is never wholly realized in the actual; even among the purest geniuses of this order the susceptibilities of sensual nature will be found to preponderate to some extent over their moral independence. These susceptibilities being more or less dependent upon the external impression, it is only a continued activity of the productive powers of the mind, such as cannot be expected of human nature, that could prevent at all times the exercise of a blind influence on the part of the material subject over the susceptibilities of sentient nature. Whenever this takes place, the poetic sentiment is degraded to the level of an ordinary sensation.*

* To what an extent the naive poet is dependent upon his subject, and how much, or rather, how every thing depends upon his own sensations, is best elucidated by ancient poetry. As far as their own nature and their surroundings are beautiful, their poetry is stamped with beauty; on the contrary, if nature becomes vulgar, the spirit of beauty departs from their works. In their portrayal of female nature, for instance, of the relation of

No genius of the naive order, from Homer down to Bodmer, has avoided this cliff entirely; of course it is most dangerous to those who have to struggle against external vulgarity, or who have lost their internal refinement in consequence of a want of discipline. The first-mentioned difficulty is the cause why even cultivated authors do not always remain free from platitudes—a circumstance which has prevented many a splendid talent from taking possession of the place to which nature had called it. A comic poet whose genius is mostly sustained by the scenes of real life, is on this account more exposed to the danger of contracting vulgar habits of style and expression, as is shown by the example of Aristophanes, Plautus, and of all the subsequent poets who have followed in their wake. How deeply does not even the exalted Shakespeare allow us to fall now and then! With what trivialities do not Lopez de Vega, Molière, Regnard, Goldoni, torment us! How Holberg drags us through the mire! Schlegel, one of the most ingenious poets of Germany, whose genius was sufficiently ample to elevate him to the highest place among the poets of this order; Gellert, this truly naive poet; Rabener, even Lessing, if I may be permitted to mention his name in this category, this cultivated pupil of Criticism, this watchful judge of his own genius—how they all suffer more or less by the platitudes and uninspired movements of the natures which they selected as the subjects of their satire! As regards the most recent authors of this class, I do not mention any, since I cannot except any of them.

Not only is the genius of naive poetry exposed to the danger of approximating too closely the common realities of life; the facility with which it manifests itself, and this closer approximation to

the sexes, and particularly of love, every reader of delicate sensibility must experience a sensation of emptiness and loathing which no truthfulness of delineation can banish. Without advocating an enthusiastic affectation which does not ennoble, but forsakes nature, we may certainly admit that the relation of the sexes, and more especially the nature of love may be represented in much nobler forms than has been done by ancient authors; we are well acquainted with the *accidental* circumstances which prevented the development of nobler sentiments among the ancients. That it was an accidental limitation, not a necessity of the inner being which kept the ancients, in this respect, in a low state of culture, is shown by the example of modern poets who have gone much further than their predecessors, without transgressing nature. The question is not, how this subject has been managed by sentimental poets, for they step beyond the actual into the domain of the ideal, and their example cannot be adduced as testimony against the ancients; the question is how the same subject has been treated by truly naive poets, for instance, in the *Sakontala*, in the *Minnesängers*, in the various *romances* and *epopees of chivalry*, by Shakespeare, Fielding, and many other, even German poets. Here it became the duty of the ancients to etherealize an object of a naturally coarse exterior, by their own subjective aspirations of beauty and loveliness, to supply by their own reflection the poetic worth in which their sensations were deficient, to complete the real by the ideal, in one word to convert a limited object into a subject of infinite contemplation by the genius of sentimental poetry. But the ancient poets belonged to the naive, not to the sentimental order; hence their works were bounded by emotions emanating from the world of sense.

the actual, encourages the common imitator to attempt poetry. Sentimental poetry, which too, has its dangers as I shall show in the course of this dissertation, has at least the advantage of keeping off this crowd, for it is not every body's business to elevate himself to the sphere of ideas; whereas naive poetry induces them to believe that a mere sensation, mere humor, the mere imitation of real nature constitute all the attributes of a poet. Yet nothing is more repulsive than the attempts which a vulgar nature makes at amiability and natural simplicity, whereas it should avail itself of all the resources of art in order to conceal its ugliness. Hence the innumerable vulgarities which the Germans permit to be sung into their ears under the title of naive and playful songs, and which afford them infinite amusement while they are regaling themselves with the luxuries of a well-garnished table. These miserable productions are tolerated under the false pretense of humor, of sentiment; yet it is a humor that cannot be banished with sufficient severity. The Muses that rule on the banks of the *Pleisse*, form more particularly a lamentable chorus, and are responded to in equally unfortunate strains, by the Muses of the *Leine* and *Elbe*.* These jokes are as insipid as the exhibitions of passion upon our tragic stage are pitiable, which, so far from imitating genuine nature, only copy the barren and ignoble nature of real life, so that at the conclusion of such a feast of tears, we feel very nearly as we do after a visit to the hospital or after reading Salzman's "Human Misery." These condemnatory remarks apply with much more force to satirical poetry and comic novels, which, by their very nature, are in close contact with real life, and, on this account should be intrusted like every other out-post, to the very best hands. He who is the *creature* and the *caricature* of his age, is certainly not called to become its painter; but inasmuch as it is such an easy business to hunt up among one's acquaintances some comic object, were it only a *big man*, and to sketch the coarse outlines of the mask upon paper, even the sworn enemies of all poetic taste will sometimes experience an itching for bungling in this business, and entertaining a circle of worthy companions with their admirable caricatures. A pure mind will of course run no risk of ever confounding the productions of vulgar natures with the soul-quicken- ing offspring of true genius; but it is this purity of sentiment which is wanting, and all that is expected in most cases is to have a mere want

gratified without the mind being interested in the matter. The falsely apprehended notion although true in itself, that works of the class of belles-lettres should afford *recreation*, has undoubtedly contributed its share to this indulgence, if it be otherwise proper to call indulgence the absence of all higher inspirations, which is equally convenient to both author and reader. A vulgar nature, after making an exertion, can only find recreation in *emptiness*, and even a high degree of intelligence, which is not supported by an equal degree of culture in the sensational sphere, only finds recreation from its labors in a brainless enjoyment of the senses.

Although the poetic genius, in order to reach the absolute energies of human nature, should be able to elevate itself by the free use of its powers beyond all *accidental* barriers which are inseparable from every *determinate* condition, yet it should not, on the other hand, transgress the necessary limits which the idea of human nature implies; for the absolute within the limits of humanity is the poet's task and sphere. We have seen that naive genius is in no danger of transgressing this sphere, but *may not altogether fill it*, if the essential character of the work is sacrificed to an external necessity or to the accidental requirements of the moment. Sentimental genius, on the contrary, in its endeavor to remove all barriers, is exposed to the danger of annulling human nature; and not only, in accordance with its right and duty, elevating itself beyond every determinate and limited reality to the sphere of the absolutely possible—or of *idealizing*—but of transgressing even the boundaries of the possible—or *roving in the world of fancies*. *Extravagant fancy* is founded in the peculiarity of its method as much as *laxness* is founded in the peculiar method of naive genius. The latter allows itself to be swayed by *nature*, and inasmuch as her isolated manifestations in the world of sense show dependence and poverty, naive genius will not always remain sufficiently elevated to resist the accidental determinations of the present. Sentimental genius, on the contrary, leaves the world of reality in order to elevate itself to the sphere of ideas, and rule its subject with a free exercise of intellectual power; but inasmuch as reason is possessed of an inherent tendency to seek the absolute, sentimental genius will not always remain sufficiently *practical* to move uninterruptedly and uniformly within the limits of human nature, which reason should never transgress even in the freest exercise of her powers. This inconvenience can only be prevented by the counterbalancing influence of a certain amount of sensual susceptibility which, however, is kept down in sentimental geniuses by the free activity of the intellect as much as in geniuses of the naive order it preponderates over the independence of the mental powers. Hence, whereas we sometimes discover a want of *intelligence* in the works of naive geniuses, geniuses of the sentimental order sometimes seem to lose sight of their *subject*. Both therefore incur the reproach of *emptiness*; for a subject treated without intelligence, and mere intellectuality without a subject are equally *not any thing* in an æsthetic sense.

* These excellent friends have been very much displeased with what a critic in the *Alleg. Lit. Zeit.* censured some years ago in Bürger's poems; the wrath with which they are chafing under the strokes of this lash, induces the belief that in taking up the cudgels for this poet, they seek to defend their own cause. That criticism could only have been provoked by a true poetical genius, who has been abundantly endowed by nature, but has neglected to perfect his rare gifts by self-culture. Such a poet has to be measured by the highest standard of art, since he is possessed of sufficient power to fulfill her most rigid requirements, if he desires to do so; but it would be both absurd and cruel, to apply a similar proceeding to persons whom nature never thought of, and who exhibit a *testimonium paupertatis* in every work which they offer for sale in the public mart.

All poets who take their subject from the world of thought and who are impelled to poetic fictions by an internal fullness of ideas rather than by the impulse of their internal sensibilities, are more or less in danger of falling into this error. In her creations reason is too prone to lose sight of the boundaries of the world of sense, and thought is carried further than experience is able to follow it. But if thought is carried so far that any known experience is not only any longer adequate to it, (for ideal beauty should and may ascend to this height), but that it is altogether contrary to the conditions of all possible experience and that in order to realize it, human nature would have to be abandoned, in such a case it is no longer a poetic but an extravagant thought, provided the poet has uttered it as a poetic conception and in a tangible and definite form; if this should not be the case, we need not trouble ourselves about his thought, provided it does not contradict itself. If it contradicts itself, it ceases to be extravagance, but becomes an *absurdity*. If the thought does not present itself to the imagination as an objective reality, it cannot be called extravagant; for mere thought is unlimited, and that which has no limits, cannot transgress any. The term extravagance can, therefore, apply only to that which does not violate logical but sensual truth, to which it nevertheless lays claim. If, therefore, a poet should conceive the unhappy idea of selecting natures which are *superhuman* and *should be* represented as such, as the subject of his delineations, he can only avoid extravagance by abandoning the poetical form and by giving up all attempts to execute his subject as a work of the imagination. In the opposite case the imagination would either apply its own limits to the subject, and would transform the absolute into something *human* and *finite* (which is the case with all the Greek deities, and should be so), or else the subject would transgress the boundaries of the imagination, in other words, would nullify it, in which extravagance consists.

Extravagance of sentiment should be distinguished from extravagance of delineation; we speak of the former. The object of the sentiment may be unnatural, but the sentiment itself is natural, and should therefore be expressed in the language of nature. Whereas extravagant sentiments may flow from a warm heart, and a truly poetic disposition, extravagance of delineation always shows coldness of heart, and very frequently a want of poetic capacity. This is no defect of which a poetic genius need be warned; it only threatens the uncalled imitator, who does not scorn the use of barren platitudes and even vulgarities. Extravagant sentiment is not without truth, for all sentiment must have an object in the real world. Being a thing of nature it admits of simplicity of language, and coming from the heart it will go to the heart. But the object of the sentiment not having been taken from nature, but being a one-sided and artificial product of the understanding, it only exists as a logical reality, and the sentiment is not purely human. It is no illusion which Heloise feels for Abelard, Petrarch for his Laura, St. Preux for Julia,

Werther for his Charlotte, Agathon, Phantias, Peregrinus Proteus (Wieland's, I mean) for their ideals; the sentiment is true, only the object is artificial, beyond the boundaries of human nature. If the sentiment had strictly adhered to the sensual reality of the object, it could not have taken this flight; on the other hand an arbitrary play of the imagination, without any internal worth, would have been unable to move the heart, for the heart is only moved by reason. This species of extravagance may be reprov'd and corrected, but should not be despised; and he who sneers at it, had better inquire of himself whether his discretion does not emanate from heartlessness, or his sense from a deficient rationality. The extravagant delicacy in matters of gallantry and honor which characterizes the romances of chivalry, especially those of Spanish authors; the scrupulous nicety of the best French and English romances, which is often carried to extravagant prudery, is not only subjectively true, but not without objective value; they are genuine sentiments flowing from a moral source, and objectionable only because they transgress the boundaries of human truth. How could they be communicated with so much intensity and genuine force, as we know they are, if the sentiments which they describe, were not possessed of a character of reality. The same remark applies to moral and religious enthusiasm, and to an exalted love of liberty and country. The objects of these sentiments being ideas, and not being objectively perceptible (for the political enthusiast, for instance, is not moved by that which he sees but by that which he thinks), the self-active imagination enjoys a dangerous freedom, and cannot, as may be done in other cases, be reduced to its proper bounds by the physical presence of the object. But neither man generally, nor the poet in particular should withdraw himself from the government of nature except for the purpose of placing himself under the dominion of reason; it is only for the sake of the ideal that he should forsake the actual, for liberty must be fastened to one of these two anchors. But the road from the real to the ideal is very long, and leads through the dominions of fancy with her unbridled and lawless roving. It is therefore unavoidable that man in general and the poet in particular, if the free understanding leads them to withdraw from the control of sentiment without being moved to this step by the laws of reason, in other words, if they leave nature from no other motive than the blind impulse of liberty, should remain for the time being *without any law*, and should therefore become a prey to the wild imaginings of the fancy.

Experience shows that whole nations, as well as single individuals, who have left the safe guidance of nature, are really in this case, and, that poets have fallen into similar aberrations. Inasmuch as the true genius of sentimental poetry, if it wants to elevate itself to the sphere of the ideal, has to pass beyond the boundaries of actual nature, spurious genius transgresses all boundaries indiscriminately, persuading itself that the wild play of the imagination is poetic enthusiasm. This can never happen to a true poetical genius who abandons the real only for the sake of the ideal, or, it can

only happen in a moment when he had lost or forgotten himself; whereas his essential tendencies may mislead him to extravagances in the sensational sphere. But his example may plunge others into the vortex of wild fancies, because readers of an active imagination and feeble intelligence only notice the liberties which he takes with actual nature, without being able to imitate the exalted necessities of his internal being. The sentimental genius in this respect labors under the same inconveniences that beset a genius of the naive order. Because one of this class performs every work in obedience to the free and spontaneous movements of his nature, his common imitator is unwilling to regard his own nature as a worse guide. Hence it is that master-pieces of naive poetry are generally succeeded by a host of flat and dirty impressions, and master-pieces of the sentimental order by fanciful productions, as may be readily shown by looking at the literature of a people.

In regard to poetry, two maxims are in vogue which are perfectly correct in themselves, but neutralize each other in the sense in which they are generally understood. Of the first maxim, "that poetry serves as a means of amusement and recreation," we have already mentioned previously that it is not a little favorable to emptiness and platitudes in poetical fictions; the other maxim, "that poetry serves as a means of the moral advancement of man," takes extravagant ideas under its patronizing wing. It may not be superfluous to examine more closely these two principles which are so frequently talked about, and often so incorrectly interpreted and so improperly applied.

By the term recreation, we designate the transition from a state of violence to one which is natural to us. The main question now is to find out what we call a natural state, and what we understand by a state of violence. If we understand by a natural state every unimpeded exercise of our physical powers, and the delivery from every species of constraint, then every state of rationality, inasmuch as it exercises a power of resistance against the senses, is a state of violence which is inflicted upon us, and mental repose accompanied by sensual enjoyment, is the very ideal of recreation. On the contrary, if we understand by a state of nature an unlimited capacity for every manifestation of human power, and the faculty of disposing of all our capacities with equal freedom, then every separation and isolation of these capacities becomes a state of violence, and the ideal of recreation consists in the restoration of our natural integrity after a state of one-sided developments of power. The first ideal is set up exclusively by the wants of man's *sensual* nature, the second by the self-activity of the whole of *human* nature. Theoretically, there can be no question which of these two kinds of recreation is and should be sanctioned by poetry; for nobody would like to appear as though he preferred the ideal of animality to that of humanity. For all that, the claims which the practical man entertains of poetical works, are principally based upon the sensual ideal, and it is this which in most cases, if it does not determine the degree of *respect* which we entertain for this class of works, at least gives a *direction* to the inclination which becomes the

most cherished taste of the heart. The mental condition of most men on the one hand is fatiguing and exhausting *labor*, on the other hand a relaxing *enjoyment*. We know that the former renders the sensual want of mental repose infinitely more urgent than the moral want of harmony and of an absolute release from work, since above all things *nature* has to be gratified before the *mind* can raise a *demand*; the mind checks and paralyses the moral impulses which had to raise this demand. Hence, nothing is more prejudicial to the susceptibility for true beauty, than these two exceedingly common emotional states, and this affords us an explanation why so few individuals, even among the better class, are able to express a correct æsthetic judgment. Beauty results from the accord existing between the mind and the senses; she appeals to all human faculties collectively, and can only be properly appreciated and felt on condition that all the powers of man enjoy a full and free play. Open and susceptible senses, a large heart and mental clearness, and unenfeebled powers are required for this purpose; the totality of human power has to be concentrated in one focus, which is not the case with those who are absorbed by abstract thoughts, narrowed down by the petty formulas of routine, or exhausted by mental labor. These crave a sensual subject, not however for the purpose of continuing the exercise of the mental powers, but for the purpose of arresting it. They desire to be free, but only from a burden that has proved too fatiguing to their indolence, not from a barrier which had arrested their activity.

If this be so, can we wonder at the success of mediocrity and vacuity in æsthetic things, and at the vengeance which little minds seek to take on true and living beauty? They expected beauty to afford them recreation, but a recreation in accordance with their own wants and notions, and they now discover to their sorrow, that a manifestation of power is expected of them for which the capacity is wanting even in their best moments. The common scribbler bids them welcome as they are; for however trifling the amount of energy they have left, they require still less to drain the author's mind. They are at once absolved from the burden of thought, and relaxed nature may nurse herself upon the soft pillow of *superficiality* in the blissful enjoyment of hollow nothings. In *Thalia's* and *Melpomene's* temple, as it now exists among us, the cherished Goddess sits upon her throne, receiving in her broad lap the blunted savant and the exhausted man of business, and lulling the mind into a magnetic sleep by warming the rigid senses, and rocking the imagination in the soft cradle of repose.

Why should we not allow an ordinary brain to indulge in that which sometimes proves a necessity for the better class of minds? The relaxation which nature claims after every continuous tension, and which she appropriates without being invited (it is for such moments that the perusal of literary works is generally reserved) is so little favorable to the æsthetic judgment that there are but very few among the business-classes who are capable in matters of taste of judging safely and, which is a point of great importance, with uniformity. Nothing is less unusual than to see

learned men, in opposition to cultivated men of the world, exhibit the most absurd weaknesses of judgment in matters of beauty, when professional critics are very apt to become the butt of all true connoisseurs. Their neglected, sometimes extravagant and at other times rude, sense misguides them in most cases, and although they defend their positions by a few fragments of theory, yet these enable them only to form *technical* judgments (concerning the fitness of the plan and its arrangements), not *æsthetical*, which concern the totality of the work, and where sentiment has to decide. If they would renounce the latter and simply adhere to the former, they might still do a good deal of good, since the poet in the moment of enthusiasm, and the interested reader in the moment of enjoyment are prone to neglect details. But it is all the more absurd to see rude natures which, in spite of the most laborious efforts, hardly succeed in acquiring a single accomplishment, set up their scanty individuality as the representative of the general sentiment and utter æsthetic judgments by the sweat of their brow.

We have seen that the idea of *recreation*, such as poetry should afford, is generally conceived in too limited a sense, for the reason that it is too exclusively applied to the wants of the sensual principle. On the other hand the idea of *culture* which the poet should aim to realize, is generally conceived in too comprehensive a spirit, and is too exclusively determined by reference to an ideal type.

Ideally, culture is endless, because reason does not confine herself in her demands to the necessary barriers of the world of sense, and does not stop in her flight until she has reached the absolute of perfection. Nothing will satisfy her, beyond which something higher may be conceived; no want of finite nature is an excuse before her rigid tribunal; she recognizes no limits except the limits of thought, which soars beyond the limits of space and time. Such an exalted ideal of culture, which is set up by reason in her pure system of laws, should no more be chosen by the poet as the object of his endeavors, than the low ideal of recreation which the senses point out, since it is indeed his task to free humanity from all accidental barriers, but without annulling the idea of human nature and altering its necessary boundaries. What he considers himself privileged to do beyond these boundaries, becomes extravagance, to which he is but too readily led by a falsely-conceived notion of culture. The trouble is that he is unable to elevate himself to the true ideal of human culture without going a few steps beyond it. In order to arrive at it, he has to leave the reality, for like every other ideal, the human ideal has likewise to be taken from internal and moral sources. He does not find this ideal in the surrounding world, or in the tumult of life, but in his own heart, and this is only found in the stillness of solitude and contemplation. But this abstract separation from life will sometimes remove from his sight not only the accidental barriers of humanity, but also those which are necessary and unconquerable, and whilst seeking the pure form he will be in danger of losing the substance. Reason will perform her functions independently of

practical experience, and what the contemplative mind has discovered by the quiet instrumentality of thought, the practical man may not be able to realize in action among the living throngs of society. Thus it is that the enthusiast is produced by the very cause which alone was able to form the sage, whose advantage seems to consist less in not having become an enthusiast than in not having remained one.

Since neither the working portion of humanity can be permitted to define recreation in accordance with their wants, nor the contemplative portion in accordance with their speculations,—lest the definition of the former should become too physical and unworthy of poetry, or that of the latter too hyperphysical and too extravagant for the uses of poetry,—and since we know from experience that these two definitions control the universal judgment concerning poetry and poetical works, we shall be compelled, in order to secure a suitable interpretation of these definitions, to look for a class of men who are active without working, who know how to idealize without being carried away by wild and roving fancies, who combine within themselves all the realities of life with the least possible barriers, and who are drifting upon the current of events without becoming their prey. It is only such a class that can preserve the beautiful oneness of human nature, which is momentarily disturbed by any kind of labor, and permanently ruined by a laboring life, and that can by its *feelings* impose laws upon the universal judgment in all matters of a purely human concern. Whether such a class exists, or whether the class that now does exist in similar external relations, responds to this ideal conception interiorly as its essentially true embodiment, is a question with which I have nothing to do. If this class should not respond to the ideal, it should blame itself for its want of success, since the opposite working class enjoys at least the satisfaction of looking upon itself as the victim of its vocation. Among such a class (which I here allude to merely as an ideal, without designating it as a fact), the naive character would unite with the sentimental in such a manner that each would guard the other against extremes, and whilst the former would protect the mind against extravagance, the latter would secure it against laxness. For, after all, we cannot help admitting that neither the naive nor the sentimental character, considered by itself, exhausts the idea of a beautiful humanity, which can only arise from the intimate union of both.

It is true, as long as both these characters are raised to a state of poetic *exaltation*, from which point of view we have considered them so far, a good portion of the barriers which adhere to them vanishes, and they seem much less opposed to each other in proportion as they possess a higher grade of poetic value; for the poetic character is a self-existing whole where all differences and defects disappear. For the very reason that these two forms of sentient existence can only coincide in the poetical ideal, their respective differences and scantiness of means become more perceptible in proportion as they divest themselves of their poetic character. This is what takes place in common life. The more lowly they descend to

this sphere, the more they lose of their general characteristics which brought them near to each other, until finally nothing is left in their caricatured forms but their specific characters respectively which oppose them to each other.

This leads me to note a very strange antagonism prevailing among men in a century that lays claim to culture: an antagonism which, being radical and founded in man's inner mind, causes a worse separation among men than the antagonism of interests is capable of doing; which deprives the artist and poet of all hope ever to be pleasing and interesting to all men, though this is their task; which renders it impossible for the philosopher, in spite of every effort, to convince all minds; which will never allow man to enjoy the universal approval of all in regard to his conduct—an antagonism which is the reason why no production of the mind, no action of the heart can meet with decided success among one class of men without being condemned by another class. This antagonism is as old as the beginning of culture, and will probably never be settled except in single individuals of whom there always have been a few, and, it is to be hoped, always will be; but although one of the effects of this antagonism is to defeat every attempt at harmony, for the reason that neither party can be induced to admit a deficiency on their own side, or a reality on the other, it is at any rate of use to trace such an important separation to its source, and by this means to reduce the real subject of the dispute to a more simple expression.

The idea of this antagonism is best obtained by abstracting from both the naive and the sentimental characters all that is poetical in them. In that case nothing remains of the former except, in theoretical things, a sober spirit of observation and a firm adherence to the uniform testimony of the senses; and, in practical things, a resigned submission to the necessity (not to the blind and compulsory despotism) of nature; hence a voluntary submission to that which is and must be. Of the sentimental character nothing remains except, in theoretical things, a restless spirit of speculation which presses forward toward the absolute of knowledge; and, in practical things, a moral rigorism which insists upon the absolute in acts of the will. One who belongs to the first class may be termed a *realist*, one who belongs to the second class an *idealist*; provided that, in using these names, they are not understood either in the good or bad sense which metaphysics attaches to them.*

Inasmuch as the realist accepts the necessities

* In order to prevent every possible misapprehension, I remark that, in making this division, a discrimination in favor of one or the other of these terms was not intended. On the contrary, I am opposed to all exclusiveness such as we see in practice, and the result of my present line of argument will show that the human ideal includes both definitions. Besides I take both in their noblest sense and fullest meaning, which is always pure and preserves the specific differences of each. We shall, moreover, find that a high degree of truth is perfectly compatible with either, and that their respective differences only lead to modifications in the details, but not in the whole, affecting the form, but not the essence.

of nature as his guide, and the idealist is governed by the laws of reason, the same relation must exist between these two classes of philosophers, which is found to exist between the effects of natural laws and the acts of reason. We know that nature, although infinite as a whole, is dependent and in need of support in all her single manifestations of life; it is only the totality of her phenomena that bears the impress of a self-existing and great whole. Every manifestation of individual life in nature constitutes an individuality, simply because something else differs from it; nothing arises from itself, every thing emanates from a previous form to be followed by another form of existence. But this reciprocal dependence of the phenomena, guarantees to each the preservation of its own individual existence through the existence of the rest, and from the mutual dependence of their effects the permanent, necessary, and orderly recurrence of the phenomena is inseparable. Nothing in nature is free, but on the other hand, nothing is arbitrary.

The same conduct is observed by the realist both in his *knowledge* and in his *actions*. The circle of his knowledge and operations encompasses every thing which exists conditionally; but he never advances beyond the limits of phenomena, and the rules which he deduces from single phenomena, are, rigidly speaking, valid only *once*; if he undertakes to invest the rule of the moment with the character of a general law, he will inevitably fall into an error. Hence if the realist desires to attain to the absolute of knowledge, he has to accomplish his attempt in the same way in which nature becomes an infinite whole, he has to explore the whole empire of knowledge, and become acquainted with every phenomenon. Inasmuch as the sum of experience is never complete, a comparative universality of knowledge is all that the realist can aim at and achieve. He builds his intelligence upon the recurrence of similar cases, and he may judge correctly in all things which occur in their order; but in every thing that occurs for the first time, his wisdom has to start afresh from the beginning.

What has been said of the realist's knowledge, that, too, applies to his (moral) acts. His character is possessed of morality, but his morality applies to the sum of his actions rather than to any single act. In every single case his conduct is determined by external causes and by external ends; except that these causes are not accidental, these ends are not momentary, but are subjectively inspired by the totality of natural laws, and are objectively brought to bear upon or measured by them. Rigorously speaking, the incentives of his will are neither sufficiently free, nor sufficiently pure, because they are suggested by other causes than his will, and have other objects than the mere law; nor are they blind and materialistic incentives, since these other causes and objects are the absolute whole of nature, consequently something self-existing and necessary. In this manner it is that common-sense, the realist's principal talent, manifests itself throughout in his thoughts and conduct. Single cases yield to him the rules by which he shapes his judgment, an internal feeling shapes his actions, but with a happy instinct he

separates from both every thing that is purely accidental and momentary. On the whole, he gets along well enough with this method, nor will he have to reproach himself with any great mistakes: but he will hardly ever claim for himself greatness and dignity in any special case. These are the price of moral independence, of which his acts show few traces.

The case is different with the idealist who draws his motives and obtains his cognitions from the fountain of pure reason. Whereas nature in her single manifestations always seems dependent and limited, reason imparts to every single act an appearance of independent existence and completeness. She finds in her own innermost depths the motives to act, and all such acts reflect the rays of her own truths. What takes place by her instrumentality, takes place on her account; every one of her definitions and determinations bears the character of an absolute principle. These characteristics likewise distinguish the knowledge and actions of the idealist, as far as he has a right to claim this name. Not satisfied with cognitions which are valid only under certain circumstances, he seeks to penetrate to the very essence of truths which are no longer dependent upon any prior principles, but are prior to every thing else. He is only satisfied with the philosophical comprehension which grafts phenomenal knowledge upon absolute principles and upon the inmost determinations of the human mind; he subjects to his own contemplative reason the objects which control the thoughts of the realist. And in doing so, he exercises nothing but his right; for if the laws of the human mind were not at the same time the laws of the universe; if reason herself, in her very essence, were an empirical fact, no experience would be possible.

But he may have attained to the possession of absolute truth, without having gained much in point of knowledge. For although all things are finally subject to necessary and universal laws, yet the single phenomena are governed by accidental and special rules. He may therefore rule the whole with his philosophical knowledge, without having gained any thing in the sphere of practical details; nay by searching the *supreme* causes which make all things possible, he may neglect the *nearest* causes which make every thing real; by directing his attention to universal principles which place the most diverse cases upon the same level, he may easily neglect the peculiar features by which they are distinguished from each other. He will therefore be able to *encompass* a good deal within the circle of his knowledge, and, for this reason, may *comprehend* but little, so that he loses in genuine intelligence what he gains in material knowledge. Hence it happens that, whereas the speculative understanding despises the practical mind on account of its *limited development* of power, the practical understanding sneers at the *speculative* mind on account of its emptiness; for knowledge always loses in internal quality what it gains in extent.

In the moral range, the idealist will show a purer morality in details, but less uniformity of moral principles generally. Being called an idealist only so far as his motives are in perfect accord with

reason, and the determinations of the pure reason being absolute in every instance: even single acts, provided they are moral, have all the characteristics of moral independence and freedom; if there exist one truly moral act in life, the morality of which will stand the scrutiny of rigid criticism, such an act must have been executed by an idealist. But the purer the morality of his single acts, the more accidental it is; for continuousness and necessity are the characteristics of nature, but not those of freedom; not because idealism and morality will ever come in conflict, but because human nature is incapable of consistent idealism. Whereas the realist, even in his moral conduct, submits with a quiet and undisturbed determination to a physical necessity, the idealist has to take a flight, has to exalt his nature, and he is incapable of doing any thing except so far as he is in a state of enthusiastic inspiration. At such a time he is indeed able to accomplish so much more, and his conduct will show a character of elevation and greatness which is sought in vain in the character of a realist. But practical life is not adequate to exciting, much less to feeding this high enthusiasm in him. The absolutely great, which is his starting-point, contrasts too glaringly with the absolutely little of the special cases to which the former is to be applied. His will always looking to general principles, he is not willing that it should be governed by fragmentary conditions in isolated cases, and yet it is mostly small matters which afford him an opportunity of showing his moral sentiment. Thus it frequently happens, that the unlimited ideal causes him to overlook the practical case, and, in his enthusiasm for the highest, to neglect small things from which, however, all greatness in the world emanates.

Hence, if we wish to be just toward the realist, we have to judge him by the whole character of his life; to be just toward the idealist, we have to adhere to single manifestations of his powers; but these have to be selected from among the whole number. Public opinion which is so prone to decide in accordance with single facts, will, therefore, observe an indifferent silence concerning the realist, because his single acts furnish an equally small amount of matter either for praise or censure; the idealist, on the contrary, will always find admirers or accusers, because his single acts manifest either his power or his weakness.

Considering this great difference in their maxims, it is unavoidable that both parties should frequently be opposed to each other in their judgments, and should frequently be actuated by different motives, even if their purposes should be the same, and they should obtain the same results. The realist will want to know *of what use things are*, and will estimate them according to their actual value; the idealist will inquire *whether a thing is good*, and will base his estimate upon the absolute worth of things. The realist cares very little about that which has no other value than its own internal goodness and use (always excepting the totality of human interests); in matters of taste, he advocates pleasure; in matters of morality, happiness; although he does not make happiness the condition of moral conduct, nor does he forget his interest in religious matters,

except that he seeks to ennoble and sanctify it by the ideal of a *supreme good*. What he loves, he wants to *make happy*; the idealist seeks to *ennoble* it. Hence, whereas the realist aims at prosperity in national concerns, although the moral independence of the nation may be somewhat damaged by his measures; the idealist aims at *liberty*, although the public prosperity should suffer some by his theories. The former aims principally at *material*, the latter at *moral independence*, and these characteristic differences may be traced throughout their thoughts and acts. Hence, the realist always shows his affection by *giving*, the idealist by *receiving*; every body shows what he values most, by the sacrifices he makes from a generous impulse. The idealist pays for the defects of his system with his individual happiness and temporal welfare, but he does not mind this sacrifice; to the defects of his own system, the realist sacrifices his personal dignity, but he is not conscious of this sacrifice. His system shows its traces in the character of the knowledge he possesses, and in the nature of his wants; what does he care about goods of which he has no intuitive knowledge, and in whose existence he has no faith? Enough that he should possess this earth's goods, that his understanding should be enlightened, that contentment should dwell in his breast. The idealist is not thus favored by destiny. Not enough that he should often be forsaken by fortune, because he did not improve the present moment; he is frequently in conflict with himself; he is not satisfied either with his knowledge, or his acts. It is an infinite task that he imposes upon himself, yet all his results are finite. The severity which he shows toward himself, is likewise seen in his conduct toward others. He is indeed generous, because, in the presence of others, he is less reminded of his own self; but he is just as frequently unjust, because he overlooks the individual selfhood in other persons. The realist, on the contrary, is not so much generous as equitable and just, for the reason that he judges things with reference to their *finite nature*. He pardons vulgarity and even baseness in thoughts and acts, but not the extravagance and despotism of ideas; the idealist is a sworn enemy of littleness and vulgar conduct, and becomes reconciled even to the most monstrous theories, provided they indicate mental strength. The former acts as a philanthropist, without having a very high idea of men or human nature; the latter forms to himself such a high ideal of human nature, that he runs the risk of overlooking the practical interests of the race.

The realist, if left to himself, would never have enlarged the sphere of humanity beyond the boundaries of the world of sense, would never have made the human mind acquainted with its moral greatness and freedom; the absolute ideal of humanity is to him a beautiful chimera, faith in this ideal is mere enthusiasm, because he never looks upon man as a being endowed with absolute powers, but as a finite being controlled by empirical necessities. But the idealist by his own unaided efforts, would not have cultivated the sensual faculties, whose development is, however, part of man's destiny, and the condition of his culture. The aims of the idealist are too far beyond the

sensual life and the present moment; his object is to sow for the whole, for eternity, forgetting that the whole is simply made up of all the individualities, and that eternity is a sum of moments. The world, as the realist would wish to arrange it, and actually does arrange it, is like a well-cultivated garden, where every thing has its use, every thing is entitled to its place, and where nothing is allowed to grow that does not bear fruit; the world which the idealist seeks to contrive, is less for use, but bears the marks of intellectual and moral greatness. The former never dreams of any higher purposes in life than contentment and pleasure; he seems to forget that man should strike roots for the purpose of growing up toward heaven. The latter, on the contrary, forgets that he should first live well and rightly, in order to be able to think with uniform nobleness and purity, and, that the trunk must decay if the roots become diseased or impoverished.

If any thing is omitted in a system, which constitutes an urgent want in nature, and the gratification of which is unavoidable, nature can only be quieted at the expense of consistency toward the system. Both parties have incurred this charge of inconsistency, and thereby have proved, if there should have been any doubt of it heretofore, that their respective systems are too one-sided to satisfy the richness of human nature. As for the idealist, I need not attempt to show that he is compelled to forsake his abstract generalities whenever he wishes to obtain some definite result; for all finite existence is subject to the conditions of the actual and develops results in accordance with empirical laws. In the case of the realist, doubts may be entertained whether he can comply with all the legitimate demands of humanity within the limits of his system. If the realist is asked: Why dost thou that which is right, and permittest thou that which is necessary? he will answer in the spirit of his system: Because nature thus wills it, because this must be so. But this is no answer to the question; for we are not to inquire what it is that nature demands, but what it is that man wills; for he may *not* will what ought to be. The realist may therefore be asked: Why wilt thou what ought to be? Why does thy free will submit to this natural necessity, since it might oppose the same with equal readiness, (although without success, which, however, is not the question here), and really does oppose it in millions of thy brethren? Thou canst not reply, because all other natural beings submit to this necessity, for thou alone hast a will; truly thou feelest that thy submission should be voluntary. Hence, provided thy submission is voluntary, thou dost not submit to the natural necessity itself, but to the idea thereof; for the former compels thee blindly as it does the worm; but it cannot affect thy will, since even if crushed by it, thou mayst have another will. But whence this idea of a natural necessity? It does not spring from experience which only shows single natural effects, but no nature as a whole; only single actualities, but not a state of necessity. Hence thou passest beyond the limits of nature, and art ruled *by an idea* as often as thou undertakest to *act morally*, or makest up thy mind *not to suffer blindly*. It is therefore evident that the

realist acts more worthily than his theory implies, and, that the idealist thinks more elevatedly than his acts would lead us to suppose; without admitting it to himself, the former demonstrates by his whole deportment through life the moral independence of human nature, the latter her scantiness of power by his single acts.

To an attentive and impartial reader I need not undertake to show, after the statements which I have here made (the truth of which may be admitted even by him who does not accept my conclusions), that the ideal of human nature is distributed between these two classes of philosophers without being fully reached by either. Both experience and reason have their prerogatives, neither can encroach upon the other's domain without damaging man's internal or external condition. Experience alone can teach us what state of things develops itself under certain circumstances, what results will occur in certain contingencies, what has to be done if certain purposes are to be attained. Reason, on the contrary, may teach us what is true and just in an absolute sense, and what are absolute necessities. If we should undertake to arrive at definite conclusions concerning the external existence of things by the mere use of our reason, we should amuse ourselves with unsubstantial shadows, the results of which would be equally unsubstantial, for all existence is conditional, whereas the determinations of reason are unconditional. But if we allow an accidental event to decide concerning that which is founded in the very idea of our being, we make ourselves the play-ball of chance, and our personality will amount to nothing. In the first case the *worth* (or temporal value) of our existence is lost, in the second case its *dignity* (or moral value).

In this picture we have conceded a moral worth to the realist, and a practical worth to the idealist; but this is true only in so far as neither is quite consistent in his proceedings, and nature acts more powerfully in their minds than their systems. Although neither attains to a perfect realization of the ideal, there exists the important difference between the two that the realist never fully satisfies the pure conception of the human type, but on the other hand always acts in conformity with the demands of the practical understanding; whereas the idealist in isolated cases approximates more closely to the highest conception of the human ideal, but on the other hand very frequently leaves the lowest claims of humanity unsatisfied. Now it is much more important in practical life that man's character generally should be *uniformly* good, than that isolated acts should be *accidentally* divine; therefore, whereas the idealist is more fitted to convey a great idea of what it is possible for humanity to accomplish, and to inspire respect for its destiny, it takes a realist to secure the steady fulfillment of this destiny in practical life, and to preserve the character of the species within its perpetual boundaries. The former is a more noble, but a much less perfect being; the latter seems generally less noble, but he is really much more perfect; for a claim to nobleness is founded in the mere evidence of great powers, but perfection depends upon man's general deportment and practical acts.

What is true of both characters in their best light, becomes still more perceptible when they are contrasted in their perverted conditions. True realism is beneficent in its effects, though less noble in its source; spurious realism is contemptible in its source, and only a little less deleterious in its effects. The genuine realist submits to nature and to natural necessities, but only to nature as a whole, and to her absolute and eternal necessities, not to her blind and momentary *constraints*. He encompasses and obeys her laws in perfect freedom, and will always range individual under universal interests; hence it cannot be otherwise than that he should coincide with the true idealist as far as final results are concerned, how different soever may be the roads which they had respectively chosen. The common empiric, on the contrary, submits to nature as a power, with a blind and slavish resignation. His opinions and his efforts are confined to isolated interests; he only believes and comprehends that which he handles; he only appreciates sensual comforts and advancement. For this reason he is no more than what external impressions choose to make of him; his selfhood is suppressed, as a human being he has lost all worth and dignity; but as a mere thing he is still something, and may still be good for something. The very nature to which he abandons himself blindly, does not permit him to sink entirely; her eternal boundaries protect him, her inexhaustible resources save him provided he renounces his moral liberty without reserve. Although, while in this condition, he knows of no laws, yet they rule him unconsciously, and however much his isolated efforts may conflict with the whole, yet the whole knows how to maintain its integrity against his assaults. There are plenty of men, and even whole nations that live in this contemptible condition, that exist simply by the mercy of the natural law, without any personal dignity, and hence are useful only as instruments *for certain purposes*; but the very fact of their existence shows that they are not entirely valueless.

If even true idealism is unsafe and frequently dangerous in its effects, the effects of spurious idealism are frightful. The true idealist forsakes nature and experience because they do not exhibit to him the immutable and absolutely necessary at which his reason aspires; the fancy-hunter, on the contrary, forsakes nature from mere caprice, in order to abandon himself the more unreservedly to the obstinacy of his desires and to the caprices of his imagination. His liberty does not consist in the absence of all dependence upon physical constraints, but upon moral obligations. The fancy-hunter does not merely deny the human character, he denies all character; he is without law, he is not any thing, nor is he good for any thing. This fancy-hunting not being an extravagant aberration of nature, but an extravagant abuse of freedom, and, therefore, originating in a capacity which in itself is estimable and may be perfected to infinity: it may, for this reason, lead to an endless fall into a bottomless abyss, and must end in complete destruction.

ON THE MORAL USE OF ÆSTHETIC MANNERS.

THE author of the Essay entitled, "*On the Danger of Æsthetic Manners*," in the eleventh number of the *Horen* published in 1795,* has very justly expressed doubts concerning a morality which is exclusively founded upon æsthetic sentiments and proclaims taste as her highest authority. But an active and pure sense of the beautiful has the happiest influence upon man's moral conduct, and it is of this influence that I purpose to speak.

If I attribute to taste the merit of promoting morality, my opinion is certainly not that the part which taste has in a good action, imparts to it a moral character. Morality should never have any other foundation than its own righteousness. Taste may *favor* the morality of human conduct, as I trust I shall show in the present essay, but the influence of taste alone can never *bring forth* morality.

The same reasoning applies to man's internal and *moral* liberty, which may be applied to his external *physical* freedom; in the latter sense I act freely if I follow my own will without being dependent upon any foreign influence. But as to the possibility of following my own will without any restrictions. I may at last become indebted for it to some cause outside of myself, provided this same cause might have restrained my will. In the same way I may finally be indebted for the possibility of acting morally to some cause outside of my reason, provided we represent to us this cause as a power which might have restrained my moral freedom. In the same sense as it is perfectly proper to say that one man *receives* freedom from another, although freedom itself consists in being able to dispense with the necessity of complying with the rules and regulations of other people: in that sense we may likewise say that taste is a means to virtue, although the essence of virtue consists in being able to do without any body's help.

An action does not forfeit its claim to being called free, because he who might have restrained it, happens to remain quiet; provided we know that the acting agent obeyed his own will without regard to any person's will outside of his own. Nor does an act of the will cease to be a moral act because the temptations are wanting which might have interfered with, or prevented it; provided we feel satisfied that the acting agent followed the direction of his own reason, to the exclusion of foreign motives. The freedom of an external act depends *upon its immediate origin in a person's will*; the morality of an internal act *upon the direct determination of the will by the laws of reason*.

We may find it more or less difficult to act as free beings according as we meet influences that are contrary to our freedom, and have to be controlled. So far we have degrees of freedom. Our

freedom is greater, at any rate more visible, if we maintain it in spite of the fiercest resistance of hostile forces; but it does not cease, even if our will should not meet with any resistance, or if some foreign power should interfere, annihilating this resistance without our aid.

The same is true of morality. We may have to struggle more or less to obey reason directly, according as we have to contend against impulses that are contrary to her precepts, and against which it behooves us to battle. So far there are degrees of morality. Our morality is greater, or at any rate more prominent, if we grant a direct obedience to reason in spite of the most violent impulses to the contrary; but it does not cease to be morality, if there is no great inducement to violate its rules, or if this inducement should be weakened by other influences than our own will-power. We act morally provided our act is a moral act, and without first inquiring whether it is pleasant; even supposing it probable we might have acted differently in case the act should cause us pain or deprive us of a pleasure.

For the honor of human nature, we may suppose that no man can fall so deeply as to do evil because it is evil, but that every man indiscriminately would prefer the good because it is good, provided it did not exclude the agreeable, or resulted in disagreeable consequences. All immorality in practical life seems to arise from a collision of the good and the agreeable, or, which is the same thing, of desire and reason, and seems to originate on the one hand in the power of the sensual impulses, and on the other hand, in the *weakness* of the moral will-power.

Hence morality may be promoted in two ways, as it may be prevented in two ways. Either reason and the will have to be increased so that no temptation can conquer them, or else the power of temptation has to be broken, so that even a weaker reason and a feeble will, may still remain superior to it.

It may appear as though morality gained nothing by the last-mentioned operation, since the will, the quality of which alone determines the moral character of an act, remains unchanged. But in the case we have supposed, no change of will is necessary, for the will was not bad, only weak. And this feeble will is made to act, which probably would not have been the case, if more powerful impulses had acted against it. But where a good will becomes the basis of an act, there morality truly exists. Hence I have no hesitation in setting up the general rule that morality is truly promoted by any thing which annihilates the resistance of inclination to good acts.

The natural internal enemy of morality is the sensual impulse which craves gratification as soon as an object is presented to it, and opposes the precepts of reason as soon as her commands become disagreeable to the senses. This sensual impulse is unceasingly endeavoring to identify the will with its own interests, whereas the will should be bound by moral laws, and should never be found in opposition to the laws of reason.

The sensual impulse recognizes no moral law and wants to see its purpose carried out, no matter what reason may decide in regard to it. This

* The Essay here alluded to, is a portion of the Essay which the author has incorporated in the collection of his Prose Writings under the title: "*On the Necessary Limits in the Use of Beautiful Forms*," (see page 504, of this volume.)

tendency of our sensual nature to rule the will directly without reference to higher laws, conflicts with our moral destiny, and is the greatest obstacle that man has to contend against in his moral acts. Brutal natures, deficient both in moral and æsthetic culture, are under the immediate control of their desires, they act as their senses crave. Moral natures, but deficient in æsthetic culture, are under the immediate control of reason, and it is the thought of duty which enables them to triumph over temptation. In æsthetically-cultivated souls another tribunal exists which sometimes replaces virtue where this is wanting, and eases her burden where she exists. This tribunal is taste.

Taste demands moderation and propriety; it rejects every thing angular, harsh, violent, and favors every easy and harmonious combination. Good-breeding demands of us that, even amid the tumult of passion we should listen to the voice of reason, for the tone of good society is an æsthetical law for every educated person. This constraint which the civilized man imposes upon himself in the manifestation of his feelings, gives him a sort of control over them, develops at any rate a certain readiness to interrupt the passive condition of his soul by an act of moral independence, and to arrest by a process of reflection the sudden transition from feelings to acts. But all that breaks the blind violence of passion, although insufficient to realize virtue (for this has to be the offspring of her own unaided efforts) yet prepares for the will a channel through which it may come into possession of virtue. This victory of taste over the crude instinct is no moral act, nor is the liberty which the will here obtains by taste, a moral liberty. Taste frees the mind from the yoke of instinct so far as the latter holds the mind chained in bondage, and after disarming the first and evident enemy of moral freedom, taste frequently remains as a second enemy that may become so much more dangerous under the mask of friendship. Taste rules the mind by the simple incentive of pleasure—undoubtedly a more noble pleasure since it originates in reason—but where the will is determined by pleasure, no morality can as yet be said to exist.

Nevertheless great results flow from this intervention of taste in the operations of the will. All those material and rude desires which so obstinately and so tumultuously oppose the practice of good, are banished by the influence of taste, and nobler and gentler inclinations are substituted in their stead aiming at order, harmony and perfection, which, although no virtues themselves, yet have *one* object with virtue. If now a desire manifests itself, it has to pass a rigid muster before the æsthetic sense; and, if reason should now raise her voice, and should command acts of order, harmony and perfection, she not only meets with no resistance, but with the most cheerful assent on the part of inclination. Upon reviewing the various modes in which morality may manifest itself we shall be able to reduce all to these two: Either the senses desire that something should be done or omitted, and the will disposes of this desire in accordance with the laws of reason; or else reason gives the impulse, and

the will obeys without first interrogating the senses.

The Greek Princess Anna Komnena speaks of a captive rebel whom her father Alexius, when still a mere general under his predecessors, had received orders to escort to Constantinople. On the way, while both were riding alone, Alexius became desirous of resting in the shade of a tree and refreshing himself from the heat of the sun. He soon sank into a deep sleep. The rebel tormented by the thought of his near death, remained awake. Whilst Alexius was sleeping, his captive perceived his keeper's sword suspended from a branch of the tree, and was tempted to make himself free by murdering the sleeper. Anna informs us that she knows not what might have happened, if her father had not awaked at that moment. Here we have a moral struggle of the first class, where the senses gave the first impulse which was afterward critically examined by reason. If the temptation to murder had been conquered by a disinterested respect for justice, the criminal would undoubtedly have achieved a moral act.

When the late Duke Leopold of Brunswick was deliberating with himself on the shores of the Oder whether he had better throw himself into the raging flood at the risk of his own life, in order that a few unfortunates might be saved who would have perished without his help, and when impelled by the consciousness of duty (we will suppose this to have been the case), he jumped into the boat in which nobody else dared to risk himself, nobody certainly will deny that this was a moral act. Here a case occurred which is the opposite of the former. The idea of duty here preceded, after which the impulse of self-preservation sought to excite a struggle against reason. In both cases the will occupied precisely the same relation: it came immediately after the reason, hence both are moral.

But do both cases remain moral, if we accord too much influence to taste?

Suppose the first person who, being tempted to commit a bad act, but omits the same from a sense of justice, has such a refined taste, that all scenes of violence excite feelings of horror which nothing can subdue: at the very moment when the instinct of self-preservation insists upon something infamous, the æsthetic sense alone will repudiate it—hence the matter will not even appear before the forum of conscience, but will be condemned even by an inferior tribunal. The æsthetic sense only governs the will by feelings, not by laws.

Suppose the other, whom his reason commanded to do something against which his natural instinct rebelled, possessed an equally sensitive sense of beauty: which is enchanted by every thing great and perfect, the senses will go over to reason at the very moment when she pronounces her decision, and he will do *with* inclination that which without this tender susceptibility for the beautiful he would have been obliged to do *against* his inclination. Shall we consider him so much less perfect on this account? certainly not: for originally he was actuated in his conduct by a pure respect for the precepts of reason; if he follows these precepts cheerfully, the moral purity of his

action is not lessened thereby. *Morally* he is therefore equally perfect, *physically* he is *much more* so; for he is in a much better condition for the practice of virtue.

Hence taste develops in the mind a fitness for virtue, because it suppresses the inclinations which impede, and rouses those which are favorable to virtue. Taste cannot be injurious to virtue, although in cases where the natural instinct is the first incentive to desire, taste disposes before its own tribunal of questions which otherwise would have had to be adjudged by conscience, and hence produces the result that among the actions of those who are controlled by taste, more are of an indifferent than of a moral character. For human excellence does not depend upon the greater sum of *single rigorously moral acts*, but upon the greater accord between the natural disposition generally, and the moral law; hence it is no great praise for one's age, if we hear so much of morality and moral actions; on the contrary we may expect that when the highest point of culture is ever reached, very little will be *said* of such matters. In all cases where reason gives the first impulse, and where there is danger lest the violence of the natural desires should stifle her voice, taste may be of *positive* use to virtue. In such cases taste inclines our senses to the side of duty, and enables a small quantity of moral will-power to comply with the precepts of virtue.

Now, if taste, as such, does not injure morality in any case, but is useful in many cases, the circumstance of its being extremely advantageous to the *lawfulness* of our conduct, must acquire great importance. Suppose the cultivation of good taste were utterly unable to contribute any thing to our moral advancement, it fits us, at any rate, to act, even without any genuine moral sense, as the moral sense would have induced us to act. Before a moral tribunal our actions are of importance only in so far as they express our sentiments; but it is the reverse as regards our physical life and nature's design, for here our sentiments are of no consequence except in so far as they lead to actions by which nature's ends are promoted. Both spheres, the physical sphere where forces rule, and the moral sphere where laws govern, are so exactly adapted to each other, and so intimately blended, that actions which are characterized by moral fitness in principle, likewise embody a physical fitness in their ultimate developments; and whereas the whole mechanism of nature seems to have been intended to secure the fulfillment of the highest end, namely goodness, this, in its turn, may be used as a means to preserve the edifice of nature. This shows that the order of nature is dependent upon the morality of our sentiments, and we cannot transgress the laws of the moral world, without causing at the same time a confusion in the physical world.

Now, if we can never expect of human nature as long as it remains human, that it should uninterruptedly and without any drawback act in accordance with the principles of absolute rationality, and that it should never violate the moral law; if, in spite of our conviction of the necessity as well as of the possibility of pure virtue, we have

to admit to ourselves that the practice of virtue is exceedingly accidental, and, that we can depend but imperfectly upon the invincibility of our better principles; if, in the presence of this consciousness of our fallibility, we remain aware that the structure of nature suffers by every one of our moral trespasses; if we think of all this, we should render ourselves guilty of the most criminal recklessness, if we would stake the highest good of the world upon these improbable chances of our virtue. On the contrary, these circumstances impose upon us the obligation of satisfying at least the physical law by the material truth of our actions, even if the motive which prompted the act, should not entirely be satisfactory to the moral law; or, as perfect instruments, of contributing our share to nature's ends even if we do not comply with all the requirements of reason, and thus avoiding the danger of being repudiated by both tribunals. If we were to neglect the enactment of laws upon the ground that they have no moral value, the world might become disintegrated and the ties of society might be torn before we should have completed the fabric of our principles. Obedience to the moral law being so uncertain, it becomes the more necessary to arrange a system of conventional rules, the neglect of which might be imputed to us as immorality. As the maniac, when suspecting the approach of his paroxysm, removes all cutting instruments and voluntarily submits to being tied in order not to be held responsible in his sane state for the crimes of his disturbed brain: so it is our duty to bind ourselves by *religion* and *æsthetic laws* in order to prevent the physical order from being violated by our passions during a moment of insane excitement.

It is not without design that I have here placed religion and taste in one category, because both, as far as the effect is concerned, though not by their internal essence, may serve as a substitute for true virtue, and may secure the government of law where no moral influence can be depended upon. Although he who neither requires the charms of beauty, nor the prospect of immortality in order to act always in conformity with the precepts of reason, no matter what may happen, would occupy a higher place in the hierarchy of spirits; yet the well-known limits of humanity oblige even the most rigorous ethical philosopher to abate a little from the rigidity of his system in its practical application, although he ought not to omit any thing in his theory; and, for more safety, to attach the welfare of humanity, which might fare badly considering our precarious virtue, to the strong anchors of religion and taste.

ON THE SUBLIME.*

"No man is obliged to aught," said the Jew Nathan, to the dervish, and these words are more comprehensively true than one might be willing

* This Essay was first published in the third part of the Collection of Prose Essays (Leipsic, 1801). See the note to the Essay: "On the Pathetic," page 478 of this volume.

to admit at a first reading. The will-power is the characteristic distinction of the human race, and reason itself is nothing but the eternal rule of that power. All nature acts in accordance with reason; man's prerogative consists in acting reasonably with consciousness and self-determination. Every thing else is subject to a law of necessity; man is ruled by his own will.

For this very reason, nothing is more unworthy of man than to suffer violence, for violence annihilates the human idea. He who does violence to us, disputes our claim to humanity; he who is so cowardly as to endure violence, throws his humanity away. But this absolute freedom from every thing like violence seems to presuppose a being that possesses a sufficient amount of power to repel every other force. If this claim should exist in a being which does not occupy the supreme rank in the empire of forces, we shall have an unfortunate contradiction between instinct and power.

Man occupies this very position. Surrounded by numberless forces all of which are superior to him, and exercise a commanding control over him, his nature is such that he considers himself entitled to freedom from all violence. It is true, through his understanding he increases his natural powers by artificial means, and to a certain extent he succeeds in ruling all physical things by physical power. There are remedies for every thing, says the proverb, except for death. But this single exception, if it really be one, extinguishes the vital essence of the idea of humanity. He cannot possibly be a being endowed with an absolute will-power, if there is even *one* case where he is absolutely obliged to do that which is contrary to his will. This one terrible thing *to be obliged to do without willing*, will accompany him like a ghost, and, as is really the case with most men, will abandon him a prey to the blind terrors of the fancy; his boasted liberty is absolutely nothing if he is bound only in a single point. Culture is to set man free, and assist him in realizing the fullness of his being. Hence it is to enable him to maintain his will, for man is the being that wills.

This can be accomplished in two ways: either *materially* by opposing force by force, and governing nature by material means; or *ideally* by stepping outside of the boundaries of nature, and annulling the idea of violence toward himself. The means by which he accomplishes the first, are comprehended under the general appellation of physical culture. Man cultivates his understanding and his physical energies either for the purpose of transforming nature's forces, agreeably to their own essence, into instruments of his will, or of protecting himself against their effects which he is unable to direct. But the forces of nature can only be governed or guarded against up to a certain point; beyond this limit they are beyond man's power, and subject him to their own.

His liberty would be gone, if he were only capable of physical culture. But he is to be a man in the full sense of this term, without having to submit to any thing *against* his will. Hence if he is no longer able to cope with the physical

forces, nothing is left for him to do, in order to protect himself, except to *terminate a relation* which is so prejudicial to him, and to *annihilate by a mental effort* the violence which he has to endure in reality. *Annihilating* the exercise of violence means nothing else than to submit to it voluntarily. A system of culture which fits him for such an undertaking, is termed moral culture.

Only the morally-cultivated man is entirely free. Either his power is above that of nature, or else agrees with her laws. Nothing of what nature does to man, can be called violence, for before man is reached, the operation of nature *has become like his own act*, and the forces of nature never reach him, because he separates himself by his own free will from every thing that may be affected by these forces. The mode of thinking which morality teaches by inculcating resignation to necessity, and religion by inculcating resignation to the divine will; if it is to be the work of free choice and reflection, requires much greater clearness of thought, and a higher energy of the will than is usually proper to man in practical life. Fortunately his rational nature is endowed with a moral disposition for it, which can be developed by the understanding, and his human nature with an *æsthetic* tendency which may be awakened by certain sensual objects, and by purifying his feelings, can be cultivated until this exalted flight of the mental and moral natures is reached. Of this disposition—which both its conception and essence assign to the category of idealism, but which even the realist manifests very plainly in his life, although he does not admit it in his system,*—I shall now proceed to speak.

Even the cultivated sense of beauty is sufficient to render us independent of the power of nature up to a certain degree. A mind which has become ennobled so far as to be affected by the forms of things rather than by their substance, and, without regard to possession, to derive a free delight from the simple reflection concerning the mode of their phenomenal manifestations, such a mind has within itself an internal, indestructible fullness of life, and, since it is not compelled to appropriate to itself the objects by which it is surrounded, it is not exposed to the danger of being deprived of them. But even appearance must have a body from which it proceeds; as long as even a mere want of beautiful appearances is felt, a desire for the *substantial existence* of things still remains, and our contentment is still dependent upon nature as a system of powers which control all existence. It is something quite different whether we experience a desire for beautiful and good objects, or whether we simply desire that objects should appear good and beautiful. The latter may coexist with the highest freedom of the mind, but not the former, we may demand that existing things should be fair and good, but we can only desire that the beautiful and the good should exist. A disposi-

* Nothing can be truly called ideal, except that which the perfect realist actually practices, though unconsciously to himself, and to deny which he has to perpetrate an inconsistency.

tion of the mind which is indifferent to the actual existence of the beautiful, the good, and the perfect, but which demands with the most rigorous consistency, that existing things should be good, beautiful, and perfect, deserves above all the epithets of great and elevated, since it contains all the realities of a beautiful character, without partaking of its limitations.

It is a sign of beautiful and good, but undoubtedly feeble souls, who are impatiently insisting upon the realization of their moral ideals, and who are painfully affected by the obstacles opposing such a result. Such individuals render themselves sadly dependent upon chance, and we may safely lay it down as a fact that they concede too much to matter in moral and æsthetical things, and will be unable to make good any claims to the highest character and most cultivated taste. That which is morally deficient, should not cause us *suffering* and pain, for such a feeling implies the non-gratification of a want rather than the non-fulfillment of a demand. A demand is accompanied by a more intense energy of feeling, and strengthens and fortifies the mind rather than induces despondency and unhappiness.

There are two genii whom nature gave us as companions through life. The one, sociable and gracious, shortens our laborious journey by his cheerful play, eases the fetters of necessity, and amid joys and playful scenes, leads us to the dangerous region where we have to divest ourselves of bodily things in order that we may act as pure spirits,—to the recognition of truth and the fulfillment of duty. Here this genius leaves us, for the world of sense is his domain; beyond these limits, his terrestrial wings are unable to carry him. But now the other genius comes to us, silent and serious, and with a strong arm, he carries us across the yawning abyss.

The first of these two genii is the sense of the beautiful; the second, that of the sublime. The beautiful is indeed an expression of freedom, but not of the freedom which elevates us above the power of nature, and frees us from all bodily influences; but of the freedom which we enjoy within the boundaries of nature in our capacity as men. Beauty conveys a sensation of freedom, because the sensual instincts harmonize with the law of reason; the sublime likewise conveys to us the sensation of freedom, because the sensual impulse has no influence over the laws of reason; because the mind here acts as though it were only subject to its own, not to strange laws.

The sense of the sublime is a mixed sensation. It is composed of a *feeling of sadness or pain*, which, in its highest degree of intensity, manifests itself as awe, and of a *feeling of joyfulness*, which may increase to a feeling of ecstasy, and which, although it is not properly speaking delight, yet is preferred to delight by all refined souls. This combination of two contradictory sensations in the same sentiment shows our moral independence in an incontrovertible manner. For, since it is absolutely impossible that the same object should hold two opposite relations to us, the inference is, that we *ourselves* are in two different relations to the object, hence, that two opposite natures must be united in us, which the idea of

the object interests in two opposite directions. The sense of the sublime makes it evident to us, that the state of the mind is not necessarily dependent upon the state of the senses, that the laws of nature are not necessarily our laws, and, that we are interiorly possessed of a self-existing principle which is independent of all sensual emotions.

The sublime object is of a compound nature. Either we refer it to our *powers of comprehension*, and fail in the attempt to form to ourselves a conception, or image of the object; or else we refer it to our *vital forces*, and consider it as a power compared with which our own vital power is like nothing. But, although in the one case, as well as in the other, we experience a painful feeling of our finiteness, we do not flee from the object, on the contrary, we are attracted by it with an irresistible force. Would this be possible if the limits of our imagination were at the same time the limits of our power of comprehension? Would we like to be reminded of the supreme powers of nature, if we were not possessed of something else than that which is destined to become their prey? We are delighted with the infinity of sensual objects because we can realize in our thoughts what the senses are no longer able to encompass, or the understanding is no longer able to comprehend. We are inspired by the terrible, because we can will what the instinct detests, and we can reject what it desires. We are perfectly willing that the imagination should find its limits in the world of phenomena, for, after all, it is only a sensual power triumphing over other sensual powers, but the absolutely great within us is not reached by nature in spite of her boundless infiniteness. Willingly we submit our well-being and our existence to a physical necessity; but this reminds us that our principles are above physical constraint. Man is nature's, but his will is his own.

Thus it is that nature has resorted even to sensual means in order to teach us that we are more than sensual; she knew even how to avail herself of sensations, in order to lead us to the discovery that we are not by any means the slaves of sensation. This effect is quite different from what can be accomplished by the beautiful, I mean by the sensually-beautiful, for ideal beauty absorbs even the sublime. In beauty, reason and the senses agree, and it is on account of this agreement, that the beautiful charms us. Beauty alone would ever be insufficient to convey to us a knowledge of our capacity and our destiny, that we are to live as pure forms of intelligence. In the sublime, on the contrary, reason and the senses do *not* agree, and it is in this disagreement, that the rapturous delight with which the sublime fascinates the mind, is founded. Here the sensual and the moral man are rigidly parted; for it is in the presence of objects which remind the former of his limits that the latter feels his *power*, and is infinitely elevated by that which depresses the sensual man into the dust.

I will suppose that a man possesses all the virtues the union of which constitutes a *beautiful character*. Let him find pleasure in the practice of justice, benevolence, moderation, firmness, and fidelity; let every duty which circumstances im-

pose upon him, be fulfilled by him with a cheerful willingness; let fortune render it easy for him to do every kind act to which his humane heart may impel him. Who will not be delighted by this beautiful accord between the natural instincts and the precepts of reason? Who will be able to refrain from loving such a man? But in spite of our affection for him, can we be sure that he is truly virtuous, or even that there is virtue? Even if such a man had designed nothing else than pleasant emotions, he could not well have acted otherwise without committing an act of folly, he would have to hate his own interest if he were to indulge in vice. The source of his actions may be pure, but he has to settle that with his own heart; we see nothing of it. We do not see him do any more than the merely discreet man would have to do, who makes pleasure his god. The world of sense accounts for the phenomenon of his virtue, nor is it necessary that we should look for an explanation beyond the boundaries of nature.

Now let this same man suddenly meet with great misfortune. Let him lose his property, his good name; let sickness prostrate him; let death snatch all his loved ones from him, let those in whom he has placed his trust, forsake him in his need. Go to the unfortunate man in this condition and demand of him the practice of the same virtues for which he had shown such an excellent disposition in his prosperity. If he is still the same; if his benevolence has not been diminished by his poverty; if ingratitude has not impaired his willingness to oblige, if his equanimity has not suffered by his pain, if his sympathy for the happiness of others has not suffered by his own misfortunes; if the change in his circumstances affects his appearance, but not his conduct, the material amount of the good he does, but not the spirit with which he performs his good works; in such a case the natural law no longer affords an adequate explanation of his consistency, for by this law the actual should be traced to something prior as effects are to causes, whereas nothing can be more contradictory than that the effect should remain the same when the cause has changed to its opposite. Hence every explanation of the laws of nature has to be abandoned, his present conduct cannot be accounted for by the change in his material circumstances, and has to be traced to laws which may be conceived by the reason but must remain incomprehensible to the natural understanding. It is this discovery of the absolute moral power which is perfectly independent of natural laws, that invests the feeling of sadness which we experience at the sight of such a man, with the peculiarly indescribable charm which no delight of the senses, were they ever so refined, can deny to the character of the sublime.

The sublime opens for us an outlet from the world of sense in which the beautiful would want to hold us captive. Not gradually (for there is no transition from a state of dependence to a state of freedom), but suddenly, and as with a shock, the sublime tears away the independent mind from the net in which sensual refinement had entangled it, and held it the more firmly the more transparent the tissue was found to be. If

the senses had acquired ever so great a power over man through the imperceptible influence of an effeminate taste; if they had succeeded, under the seductive forms of spiritual beauty, in penetrating to the innermost seat of the moral law and poisoning the sacredness of principles at their very sources, a single sublime emotion frequently suffices to tear this web of deception, to restore its elastic power at once to the fettered mind, to impart to it a revelation concerning its true destiny, and to force upon it a sense of its own dignity at least for the present moment. Under the form of Calypso, beauty had enchanted the brave son of Ulysses, and by her charms held him spell-bound on her island. For a long time he imagined he was doing homage to a mortal goddess, whereas he was only reposing in the arms of voluptuous lust; but suddenly he is seized by a sublime influence at the sight of Mentor's form; he recollects his better destiny, plunges into the waves and regains his liberty.

The sublime as well as the beautiful are profusely scattered throughout nature; but the germs of either are unequally developed, and have to be assisted by art. Nature designs that we should hasten after beauty, at a period when we still avoid the sublime; for beauty nurses us in our childhood, and is to lead us from a crude state of nature to a state of refinement. But although beauty is our first love, and our susceptibility for beauty is first unfolded, yet nature has taken care that the sense of the beautiful should mature slowly, and that its full development should require a cultivated mind and heart. If taste reached its maturity before truth and morality have been implanted in our hearts by more reliable channels than its own, the world of sense would forever remain the limit of our efforts. Neither in our ideas nor in our sentiments we would go beyond the boundaries of sense, and we would repudiate as unreal whatever the imagination is unable to comprehend. But it is a provision of nature that taste, although it is one of our first blossoms, should reach its maturity at a later period than any of the other faculties of the mind. During this interval time is obtained for enriching the brain with ideas and implanting a rich harvest of principles in the heart, after which the capacity for great and sublime sentiments may be developed out of the very depths of reason.

As long as man was a mere slave of physical necessity, as long as he had not yet found an outlet from the narrow circle of his wants, and did not yet suspect the godlike freedom in his breast, *immaterial nature* could only remind him of the limits of his imaginative faculty, and *perishable nature* of his physical weakness. Hence he had to pass by the former with a discouraged soul, and turn away from the latter with feelings of horror. Hardly has he succeeded in keeping off the blind pressure of the forces of nature by the energetic awakening of his moral freedom; hardly has he begun in the midst of this flood of phenomena to discover symptoms of permanency in his own being, when the wild masses around him commence to speak a different language to his heart; the relatively great outside of him is the mirror

which reflects the absolutely great within him. Fearlessly and with a thrill of delight he now approaches these terrors of his imagination, and strains this faculty of the soul to the uttermost in order to obtain a conception of the boundlessness of the world of sense, failing in which he will feel so much more vividly the superiority of his ideas over the highest efforts which the senses are able to achieve. The sight of endless distances, and unmeasured heights, the ocean at his feet, and the still vaster ocean above him, carry his mind beyond the narrow sphere of the actual and of the oppressive bondage of physical life. Nature's simple majesty now presents to him a higher standard of measurement; surrounded by her great forms he is no longer capable of contenting himself with the littleness of his mode of thinking. Who knows how many luminous thoughts or heroic resolutions, which no closet of the learned, and no fashionable parlor could have given birth to, may have originated during a walk, in this bold struggle of the mind against the great spirit of nature? Who knows whether it is not owing to their less frequent intercourse with this great genius, that the inhabitants of cities incline to small things, that their character becomes crippled and contracted, whereas the mind of the nomad remains free and open as the sky beneath which he is encamped?

Not only that which no imagination can encompass, or the sublime of quantity, but also that which is incomprehensible to the understanding, or *confusion*, when assuming great proportions and announcing itself as the work of nature (otherwise it would be contemptible), may serve as a symbol of the super-sensual, and may give an impetus to the mind. Who would not rather dwell upon the expressive disorder of a natural landscape, than upon the unmeaning regularity of a French garden? Who would not rather wonder at the marvelous struggle between fertility and destruction in the plains of Sicily; who would not rather feed his eye upon Scotland's wild cataracts and nebulous mountains, upon Ossian's great nature than to admire in Holland's straight lines the hard-won triumph of patience over the most obstinate element? Nobody will deny that in the prairies of Batavia, the physical man is better cared for than at the foot of the treacherous Vesuvius, and, that the understanding, if it wants to calculate and arrange, feels much more at home in a regular domestic garden than in the midst of a wild landscape of nature. But man has higher wants beside that of living and enjoying himself; he has a higher destiny than to apprehend the meaning of the phenomenal forms by which he is surrounded.

What renders the wild strangeness of creation so attractive to a sensitive traveler, that opens the fountain of a peculiar pleasure to a mind capable of enthusiasm even amid the dubious anarchy which prevails in the moral world. He who illumines the great economy of nature with nothing but the dim torch of the *understanding*, and only aims at resolving her bold disorder into harmony, cannot be pleased in a world where mad chance seems to rule much more than a wise plan, and where merit and fortune are antagonistic to each

other in most cases. He wants every thing in the great series of nature to be arranged as carefully as in a well-regulated household; and, if he misses this rule of law, as he necessarily must, he has nothing left except the hope that a future existence and another nature will yield the satisfaction which the present and the past should have afforded him. On the contrary, by voluntarily renouncing the idea of reducing this lawless chaos of phenomena under a unity of system, he gains on one side what he loses on the other. It is this apparently total absence of a relation of effects to causes in this throng of phenomena, and which renders them overwhelming and comparatively useless for the understanding, confined as it is to this appearance of things, that transforms the chaotic series into so much more striking a symbol of the pure reason which finds its own independence of all natural conditions represented in this wild lawlessness of nature. By withdrawing from a whole series of things all connection of one with another, we obtain the idea of independence which coincides most surprisingly with the rational conception of freedom. Under this idea of freedom, which reason draws from her own inmost depths, she encompasses in one thought what the understanding is unable to grasp as a unitary system of cognitions, subjects to her sway, by this idea, the endless play of phenomena, and at the same time maintains her authority over the understanding as a sensually-finite power. If we recollect how important it is for a rational being to become conscious of its independence of natural laws, it becomes clear why men of an elevated disposition of mind may consider themselves indemnified by this idea of freedom for all failures in the sphere of cognitions. Liberty with all her moral contradictions and physical evils, is infinitely more interesting to noble minds than prosperity and order without liberty, where the sheep patiently follow their shepherd, and where the self-ruling will lowers itself to perform the functions of a mere wheel in the whole mechanism. The last-mentioned office makes man a brilliantly-intelligent product and a happier citizen of nature; liberty makes him the citizen and co-ruler of a higher system where greater honor is derived from occupying the lowest place, than from leading the van in physical nature.

Considered from this point of view, and *only* from this, universal history is to me an elevated subject. The world, as an object of history, is really nothing but the conflict of natural forces among each other, and with man's freedom; history relates to us the result of this struggle. So far, history has much greater deeds to record of nature (under which category all human passions have to be ranged), than of self-existing reason, which has maintained her power only in Cato, Aristides, Phocion, and other men of a similar character. If we only approach history with great expectations of light and knowledge, how disappointed we shall be! All the well-meant attempts of philosophy to harmonize that which the moral law *demand*s of us, with that which the real world *is*, are refuted by the testimony of experience, and, however readily nature complies in her *organic kingdoms* with law and order, as

wildly she tears in the moral kingdom the reins by which the spirit of speculation would wish to rule her.

How different if we give up the task of *explaining* her, if we make this *incomprehensibility* itself the starting-point of our critical investigation! The very circumstance that nature, viewed as a whole, scorns all rules which we impose upon her by our understanding; that in her own, free course of proceedings, she tramples in the dust with the same disregard the works of wisdom, as well as those of chance; that she carries away in one common ruin the noble as well as the low; that here she sustains a heap of ants, and yonder crushes in her gigantic embrace her own masterpiece, man; that she frequently wastes in one frivolous hour her most laborious efforts, and consumes centuries in building up a work of folly; in *one* word, this wholesale opposition of nature to the rules which the human intellect has fixed for her, and by which her phenomena are governed singly, shows the absolute impossibility of explaining *nature herself* by *natural laws*, so that the mind is irresistibly driven from the world of phenomena to the world of ideas, from the finite to the spheres of the absolute and the infinite.

By the terrible and destructive powers of nature, as long as we remain free observers of the same, we are led much further than by nature's boundlessness as a world of sense. The sensual man indeed, and the sensual principle in rational beings dread nothing more than to be at variance with a power which controls life and prosperity.

The highest ideal after which we are striving, is to remain on good terms with physical nature as the preserver of our happiness, without being obliged, for all that, to violate any of the moral laws upon which our dignity depends. But it is well known that it is not always possible to serve two masters; even if duty should never come in conflict with desire (which is almost impossible), yet natural necessities refuse to make any compact with man, who cannot be protected by his power or skill against the insidious cunning of fate. Happy he who learns to bear what he cannot change, and to renounce with dignity what he cannot preserve! Circumstances may arise where fate breaks down all the bastions upon which he had founded his safety, and where *nothing* remains for him except to seek refuge in the sacred freedom of the mind; where no other means are left us to quiet the vital instinct except the moral will, and no other means to resist the power of nature except to anticipate her and by voluntarily renouncing all sensual interests to commit moral suicide before a physical power compels us to perform this duty.

Man is strengthened in this resolve by sublime emotions, and by frequent converse with the destructive powers of nature, both where they are only witnessed from afar as well as where his fellow-men become their prey. The pathetic is an artificial misfortune, and like real misfortune it brings us in *immediate contact* with the law of spirit, which rules in our breasts. But real misfortune does not always select its man or its hour to our satisfaction, it frequently surprises us in a

defenseless condition, and what is still worse, it frequently renders us *defenseless*. The artificial misfortune of the pathetic, on the contrary, finds us fully equipped, and being only imaginary, the independent principle in our mind is afforded time to maintain its absolute independence. The more frequently the mind renews this act of independence, the more it becomes accustomed to such triumphs: the more it gains over the sensual instinct, so that at last, if a natural misfortune should take the place of the artificial, the mind is enabled to treat it as if it were an artificial misfortune, and to realize the highest flight of human nature by developing a state of mind where real suffering is absorbed by a pathetic emotion. It may therefore be said that the pathetic is an inoculation of inevitable fate, by which it is deprived of its malignity and its assault is directed to the strong side of human nature.

Away therefore with the falsely-apprehended delicacy and the lax and effeminate taste which draws a veil over the serious face of necessity, and, in order to curry favor with the senses, *feigns* a harmony between well-being and well-doing of which there exists no trace in real life! Let us look at evil fate face to face! Our safety lies not in ignoring the dangers that surround us, for the time will be when we have to become acquainted with them; but in *knowing* them. This knowledge is facilitated by the fearfully terrible spectacle of an all-destroying, re-creating and re-destroying change; by the ruin now slowly undermining and now suddenly surprising its victims; by the pathetic pictures of humanity as it enters the lists with fate, of the inevitable flight of fortune, of our deceived security, of the triumph of injustice and the oppression of innocence, pictures with which history abounds and which tragic art exhibits to our vision. How could any one whose moral sensibility has not been entirely blunted, dwell upon the obstinate and fruitless struggle of Mithridates, upon the ruin of Syracuse and Carthage, without doing homage to the earnest law of necessity with a sense of shuddering, without at once bidding his lusts be silent and, struck by this utter faithlessness of all sensual support, look to what is permanent in his bosom? The sense of the sublime is therefore one of the most exquisite faculties of human nature not only deserving of our highest *esteem* on account of its originating in the independent will-power and the power of thought, but likewise of the completest development on account of the influence it exercises over man's moral nature. The beautiful deserves well of *man*, the sublime appeals to the *godhead* in him; and since it is our destiny to conform to the laws of pure spirits in spite of all sensual limits, the sublime has to ally itself to the beautiful in order that man's *æsthetic education* should be completed, and the sensitive powers of the human heart should expand in accordance with the whole extent of our destiny, consequently beyond the world of sense.

Without the beautiful there would be an everlasting struggle between our senses and reason. While endeavoring to comply with our *destiny as spirits*, we should forget our *humanity*, and, prepared at all times to forsake the world of sense, we should forever remain strangers in a sphere

which has been assigned to us as our sphere of action. Without the sublime, beauty would lead us to forget our dignity. The laxness induced by an uninterrupted enjoyment would undermine the firmness of our character, and, *indissolubly chained to this precarious form of existence*, we should lose sight of our unalterable destiny as well as of our true fatherland. It is only when the sublime is allied to the beautiful, and both these sentiments are equally cultivated, that we are accomplished citizens of nature without being her slaves and without losing our rights of citizenship in the world of intelligence.

Nature exhibits a multitude of objects which may serve to develop the sentiment of the sublime and the beautiful; but as in other cases so also here, man is better served by the second than the first hand, and would rather accept a finished and select work of art than obtain scanty supplies by dint of hard labor from the impure springs of nature. The plastic impulse which cannot receive an *impression* without at once aiming at a living *expression*, and sees in every beautiful and great form of nature an invitation to cope with it, enjoys the great advantage over nature of being permitted to treat as a main object and as an independent whole that which nature—provided she did not drop the object without any design as it were—made subordinate to the pursuit of a nearer end. Whereas nature suffers violence in her beautiful organic formations either by the defective individuality of the material or by the influence of heterogeneous forces, or whereas in her great and pathetic scenes she *exercises violence* and acts upon man as a power instead of being transformed into an object of æsthetic delight by the free action of his contemplative intellect: plastic art, on the contrary, is perfectly free, since she abstracts from her subject all accidental limits, and leaves the mind of the beholder unrestrained, because she only imitates the appearance, not the *reality*. But inasmuch as the charm of the sublime and the beautiful only resides in appearances, not in the substance, art enjoys all the advantages of nature without sharing her fetters.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE USE OF THE COMMON AND LOW IN ART.*

COMMON is every thing that does not appeal to the *spirit*, and excites no other than a sensual interest. There are thousands of things which are common, because they are made of a common material, or treat of a common subject; but since a common material can be cultivated or ennobled, the term *common* in an artistic sense, only refers to form. A common brain will disgrace the noblest subject by common treatment; a large brain and an elevated will, know how to ennoble even a common subject, by attaching it to something intellectual, and discovering some higher feature

in it. An ordinary historian relates the most insignificant actions of a hero with the same care as his most exalted deeds, and dwells upon his pedigree, his costume, his domestic interests as attentively as upon his plans and undertakings. He relates the greatest deeds of the hero in such a manner as to render it impossible to distinguish them from the most common acts. *Vice versa*, a historian of mind and nobleness of soul imparts to the private life, and to the most unimportant actions of his hero an interest and a character that will render them important. In plastic art, the painters of the Flemish school have shown a common taste, the Italian, and still more the Greek artists, a noble and great taste. They always aimed at the ideal, rejected every common trait, and never selected a common subject.

A portrait-painter may treat his subject in a *common*, and likewise in a *great* manner. *Common*, if he represents the *accidental* with the same care as the necessary, if he neglects the great and executes the little with attention; *great*, if he knows how to discern the most *interesting*, if he separates the accidental from the necessary, contents himself with indicating the little, and executes the great. Nothing is *great* but the expression of the soul in acts, gestures, and postures.

A poet treats his subject in a common manner by describing unimportant actions, and carelessly slurring important actions. He treats it grandly by uniting it with great things. Homer treated the shield of Achilles with brilliant wit, although the making of a shield is something common, as far as the substance is concerned.

One degree below the common is the *low*, which differs from the former in this, that it not merely indicates a want of fine intellectuality and nobleness, but positive brutishness of feeling, bad manners, and contemptible sentiments. The common simply implies the absence of a desirable advantage, the low implies the absence of a quality which is demanded of every body. For instance, vengeance of itself, *wherever* and *howsoever* it may be exercised, is sometimes common, because it shows a want of magnanimity. But we designate vengeance as *low*, if he who exercises it, employs contemptible means to gratify this passion. The low always points to coarseness and brutality; but a man of family and refined manners, may think and act commonly, if he possesses mediocre talent. A man acts *commonly* who only thinks of his interest; so far, he is opposed to the *noble* man who forgets himself in order to procure an enjoyment for somebody else. But the same individual would act commonly if he sacrificed his honor to his interest, and, in doing so, were not even willing to respect the laws of propriety. The common is therefore opposed to the noble, the low is opposed to both that which is noble and proper. Yielding to every passion without any resistance, gratifying every instinct without suffering one's self to be restrained by the rules of propriety, much less by those of morality, is low, and betrays a low soul.

In works of art, we may likewise sink to a low level, not only by choosing subjects of a low order which are repudiated by the sentiment of propriety

* This Essay was first published in the fourth part of the collection of the author's Prose Essays. (Leipsic, 1802).

but also by *treating a subject in a low style*. A subject is treated in a low style, if such of its features as good taste bids us conceal, are prominently exposed to view, or, if an expression is imparted to the subject which is calculated to excite low fancies not properly appertaining to the subject. Functions of a low order occur in the life of the greatest man, but only a low taste would seek to present them in striking colors.

In some scenes of the life of Christ, the apostles, the holy virgin, and Christ himself, have an expression as though they had been picked up among the lowest rabble. All such pictures evince a vulgar taste which justifies the belief that the artist's disposition was of a low order.

There are indeed cases where the low may even be permitted in art; these are the cases where laughter is to be excited. Even a man of fine manners may sometimes be amused, without betraying a perverse taste, by the crude but true delineation of nature, and by the contrast between the manners of the fashionable world and the vulgar crowd. The intoxication of a man belonging to the higher walks of life, would undoubtedly excite dissatisfaction every where; but an intoxicated driver, sailor, or carman, would excite our risibility. Jokes that seem intolerable in the mouth of a man of education, amuse us when coming from the mob. Of this kind are many scenes of Aristophanes, which sometimes transgress however even this limit, and are absolutely condemnable. For this reason, we are entertained by parodies, where sentiments, phrases, and functions of the mob, are attributed to the same high personages whom the poet had treated with dignity and respect. As long as the poet does not intend any thing beside our amusement, we may excuse him for indulging in a low style, provided he never excites our dissatisfaction or loathing.

He excites dissatisfaction if he attributes a low deportment to men of whom we are entitled to expect finer manners. If he acts contrary to this expectation, he either offends *truth*, since we prefer imputing to him a falsehood to believing that men of education can really act so; or his men offend our moral sense, and, which is still worse, excite our indignation. It is quite different in *farce*, where the poet and spectator seem to have tacitly agreed that no truth need be expected. In *farce*, we permit the poet to dispense with *truthfulness of delineation*, and we accord to him as it were the privilege of *lying to us*. For here the comical is based upon its contrast with truth; but it cannot possibly be true, and at the same time contrast with truth.

In serious and tragic things a few cases occur, where a low style may be employed. But in such a case, the exhibition of lowness should give way to *terror*, and the momentary violation of good taste should be neutralized by a powerful emotion, and should be devoured as it were by a tragic effect of a higher order. *To steal*, is something *absolutely low*; whatever our heart may suggest in exculpation of a thief, however much he may have been impelled by the pressure of circumstances, he is marked with an ineffaceable stigma, and, in an æsthetic point of view, he will always remain a

low object. Taste, in the case of theft, palliates the act much less than morality is willing to do: its tribunal is more rigorous, because an æsthetic object is responsible for all accessory ideas which it excites in our minds, whereas the moral judgment is independent of accidental features. A thief would, therefore, be highly objectionable for a poetic picture of a serious character. If the thief should at the same time become a *murderer*, he would be much more condemnable in a *moral* point of view, but *æsthetically* he would be much more valuable. He who debases himself by an *infamous act*, (I am alluding to the æsthetic judgment), can be raised somewhat by a crime, and reconquer our *æsthetic* esteem. This deviation of the moral judgment from the æsthetic is remarkable, and deserves our attention. Several causes may be assigned for such a difference. I have already stated that, because the æsthetic judgment depends upon the imagination, this judgment is influenced by all the accessory ideas which an object excites in our minds, and which are naturally connected with it. If these accessory ideas are of a low order, they will inevitably debase the main subject.

In judging a thing æsthetically, we have regard to force, but in judging a thing morally we have regard to its lawful character. Want of force is contemptible, and any action which seems to imply a want of force, is likewise contemptible. Every cowardly and sneaking act is repulsive to us in consequence of the want of force which it betrays; on the contrary, even a diabolical act may interest us *æsthetically*, provided it betrays force. Theft shows a cowardly and sneaking disposition; murder is at least invested with an appearance of force; at any rate the degree of æsthetic interest which the deed excites in us, is proportionate to the amount of force which was exhibited during the perpetration of the crime.

In hearing of a frightful crime our attention is thirdly, diverted from the character of the crime, and is directed to its fearful consequences. In such a case the weaker emotion is suppressed by the stronger. We do not look backward into the soul of the malefactor, but we look forward reflecting upon his fate, upon the consequences of his deed. As soon as we commence to *tremble*, every finer feeling which taste develops in the soul, is silent. Our soul is entirely filled by the main impression, and the accessory ideas which determine the low character of the act, vanish. Hence it is that the theft of young *Ruhberg* in "*Crime from Ambition*," is not repulsive, but truly tragical upon the stage. With much skill the poet has arranged the details of the plot in such a manner that we are carried away, without being allowed time to breathe. The terrible misery of his family, and especially the grief of his father, are scenes which divert our attention from the perpetrator of the crime to its horrible consequences. The emotion which fills our souls, is too intense to permit us to dwell upon the infamy which brands the thievish act. In short, the low is concealed by the *terrible*. It is strange that this real theft of *Ruhberg* should be less repulsive

than the mere unfounded suspicion of a theft in another play. Here a young officer is unjustly accused of having pilfered a silver spoon, which is afterward found. Here the low is simply imagined, it is a mere suspicion, yet it inflicts irreparable injury upon the innocent hero of the piece in our æsthetic appreciation. The cause of this is, that a man who is supposed capable of acting basely, does not inspire us with confidence in his morality, since it is a rule to consider a man honorable until he *proves* the contrary *by his conduct*. Hence if he is suspected capable of a mean act, it would seem as though something had occurred in former times which justified the present suspicion, although the baseness attaching to such an unmerited suspicion should really fall upon the unjust accuser. The hero of this piece is still more injured by the fact that he is an *officer* and *loves* a noble lady of education. The charge of theft contrasts most frightfully with these two attributes, and we cannot help thinking, when seeing him with his lady, that he may have the stolen spoon in his pocket. The greatest trouble is, that the officer has no apprehension of the suspicion that rests upon him; if this were the case he, being an officer, would demand a bloody satisfaction; in that case the consequences would become terrible and the character of baseness would disappear.

It remains to distinguish low sentiments from low actions and conditions. Low sentiments are *beneath* all æsthetic dignity, with which low actions and conditions may well harmonize. *Slavery* is a low condition, but slavish sentiments in free persons are contemptible; a slavish occupation without such sentiments is not; on the contrary a low condition, accompanied with elevation of sentiment, may seem invested with a sublime character. The master of Epictetus, who was struck by the former, committed a base act, whereas the beaten slave evinced elevation of soul. True greatness seems so much more exalted when it wreathes individuals in the humblest spheres of life; the artist need not fear to exhibit his hero with a mean exterior, provided the expression of an internal worth is not wanting.

But what may be admissible in poetry, is not always proper in paintings. The poet presents his subject to the imagination, the painter to the eyes. Hence a painting not only makes a more vivid impression than a poem, but the painter is unable to reveal the interior by means of his natural signs as clearly as the poet does by means of his voluntary symbols, yet it is only the internal that can reconcile us to the external. When Homer shows us his Ulysses in rags, it depends upon us how far we mean to trace this picture, and how long we intend to dwell upon it. But in any case it lacks the vividness of expression which could render it disagreeable or disgusting to us. But if a painter, or, which would be still worse, an actor were to faithfully imitate Ulysses after Homer, we should turn away from such a picture in disgust. Here the force of the impression would not be in our power: we are *obliged* to see what the painter shows us, and cannot readily suppress the repulsive fancies which such an object of misery excites in our minds.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PROPYLÆA.

I HAVE just returned from an examination of the pictures that your two last prize-subjects have given rise to, and still vividly impressed by what I have seen, I shall now try to arrange and give utterance to the thoughts which these interesting exhibitions have called up in my mind. Works of the imagination have the peculiarity of not allowing any idle enjoyments, but inviting the mind of the beholder to active exercise. The work leads us back to the art, yea, it produces the art in us.

In offering these prizes, you only thought of the artist; but for the mere beholder you have likewise disclosed a rich fountain of delight and instruction. These nineteen, and now again these nine executions of the same subject, afford a peculiar intellectual entertainment of which he who thoughtlessly abandons himself to the impressions of artistic works, can have no idea. An equally great number of real master-pieces, where the subjects are varied, would undoubtedly have afforded us a higher *enjoyment*, but perhaps a less comprehensive *idea* of art than these different executions of the same subject afford, and have most certainly afforded to me.

First, let me say a few words concerning the subjects of your prizes. In matters pertaining to the fine arts, the possibility can only be demonstrated by the reality; conceptions can at most show us only that a given theme does not conflict with an artistic execution. The success has justified the choice of both subjects, for in skillful hands both have given rise to the production of animated, characteristic, and graceful pictures.

Although art is indivisible and one, and imagination and emotion are both necessary to the production of works of art, yet we have works of the imagination and works of the emotions, according as they come nearer to one or the other of these æsthetic poles; every artistic work has to be ranged in one of these categories, else it would be without any artistic value. In offering these two prizes, you have endeavored to afford employment to every artist in his sphere, and to give to him whom nature has richly endowed, a chance of shining in both spheres of art.

"Hector's Farewell" afforded a fine subject for a naive and soulful picture of the sentimental range; the "Robbery of the Horses of Rhesus," was appropriate as a bold, vigorous piece of the imagination. As far as their internal artistic value is concerned, both subjects may be considered equal, and their execution upon the whole may have involved an equal amount of difficulties. The choice was therefore left to the natural genius and inclination of the artist, and it was not difficult to decide beforehand which side would preponderate. The first subject appeals to the heart, and the German has not denied his estimable character on the present occasion.

Although the subjects were indicated in a general manner, yet the particular scenes of the action and the circumstances connected with its execution, were left undetermined; here then it was where the genius of invention was allowed a wide range. Two heroes, for it is in this light

that we regard Diomedes and Ulysses, enter the Trojan camp on a dark night, where Thracian soldiers and their king are sleeping. Whilst Diomedes is slaughtering the sleepers, Ulysses seizes the king's beautiful white steeds. They have to hurry in order not to be surprised, and Diomedes is unwilling to leave the scene of action.

The selection of the proper moment was of the highest importance. The artist was allowed to choose between the moment when the slaughter took place, the moment immediately after the deed, and the moment immediately preceding their departure. If he selected the first moment, the picture not only lost in expressive meaning, but it might likewise have made an unpleasant impression upon our feelings; slaughtering sleeping men seems to be an act of infamy when perpetrated by a hero. The king who is murdered with the rest, being the principal personage, our pity became roused, and a pathetic character was given to the picture, which was contrary to the original design. By selecting the moment when both heroes were intent upon retreating, a different spirit is infused into the painting. The heart-revolting scenes are removed into the shade, the slaughtered victims only remain as a dead mass, not a single one of them appealing to our sympathy; we do not see the execution of the deed, we only infer that they were murdered, and, what is the main point, Ulysses and Diomedes become the true heroes of the painting; their boldness excites our interest, their fortunate escape our attention.

But even by selecting this moment, the painting will lose much of its suggestive significance and dignity. Ulysses and Diomedes will necessarily seem to us two midnight-robbers and murderers: the action, even if divested of its revolting character, will at least seem base, and leave us indifferent. Something has to be done in order to elevate our heroes, and raise the character of their deed; this is accomplished by the presence and the interest of a *goddess*. The artist had not far to go; even Homer introduces Pallas, who urges both heroes to make haste. By introducing the goddess, the intellectual character of the picture is heightened by the fact that the deed is witnessed by another party by whose gesticulations the necessity of the flight is made evident to the senses, and the execution of the work gains the great advantage that the nocturnal scene can be illumined by a celestial light.

An artist who was unable to introduce a deep meaning into his picture, might have been induced by the mere effect of the masses and contrasts to select the second moment, and might have had reason to be satisfied with his performance. The skillful painter of No. 5, where two cream-colored horses are prominent objects in the centre of the painting, and the background exhibits Diomedes still engaged in the act of slaughtering, and the figures of both heroes are made subordinate to the animals, seems to have contented himself with an agreeable effect of shadow and light. The picture is soft and pleasing to the eye, but the conception is common, and the artist seems to have chosen the most immediate prosaic features of his subject. For why call up the figures of two he-

roes, and excite our expectation by the announcement of an important deed, if nothing else is to be accomplished than what might have been achieved by a pleasing arrangement of the ordinary scenes of life? It is no wonder that this picture carried off the palm in the minds of many spectators. The effect of what is pleasing, is certain: it does not presuppose any culture, and may be enjoyed without a mental effort.

Two other pictures of larger size (Nos. 3 and 4), likewise exhibit the moment of the slaughter. The king is still sleeping, the sword is brandished over him, Ulysses has seized the horses. The execution is more vigorous, the action is more expressive than in the former work, the heroes are not sacrificed to the horses. But the conception remains within the sphere of the common, the picture only interests the eye without rousing the imagination, and the skillful and highly-finished execution is insufficient to supply the deficiency of intellectual character.

Two other pictures (Nos. 6 and 7), show us the goddess, but her presence does not elevate the character of the work, although this arrangement betrays a higher design on the part of the artist. The moment is more significant, the murder has taken place; in one of these pictures, where the figures are simply sketched, Ulysses has mounted one of the horses, the moment of the flight is indicated; in the other they seem to be consulting, but the scene is too calm, there is a lack of animation and meaning.

In a higher spirit two other pictures have been similarly conceived and executed.

In No. 2, the goddess is hovering over the slaughtered victims, and the light which is streaming from her, illumines the dark scene. Diomedes is resting with his foot upon a corpse, thoughtful and hesitating whether or no he shall replace the sword into the scabbard. Ominously the goddess raises the index-finger of her right hand in order to warn him, and with her extended left hand, she points out to him the road. Ulysses with his bow holds the rearing horses by the reins, and is already hastening away, with his eyes turned back toward the delaying companion. Both heroes are naked, with the exception of a mantle which is fluttering around the speeding Ulysses, and a lion's hide which is suspended from the shoulders of Diomedes. The former, whose vigorously drawn figure is most prominent, imparts to the whole picture an animated expression, which contrasts perhaps too strongly with the thoughtful repose of Diomedes.

This picture introduces us into the spirit-world of art. The common reality is removed from our sight, only significant scenes and features have been embodied in the work. No. 1 leads us still one step further in the sphere of imagination, and worthily closes this gallery of Rhesus-pictures.

The former artist showed us the Trojan camp, and, by surrounding the scene with the walls of Troy, confined us to a narrow space. The last artist conceived the happy thought of removing the Greek tents and ships to the background, from which this arrangement drives us as it were. By a bold stroke he opens the scene of action

which, together with the goal of the flight, becomes exposed to our view.

Three points in the picture attract our attention in different ways. The eye which is always first attracted by the most intense light, alights upon a picturesque and pyramidal group of four cream-colored horses which Ulysses is on the point of driving off. He turns his back upon the spectator; only his head is somewhat turned toward the scene. His mantle and the coverings and manes of the horses are fluttering in the breeze; with this luminous and animated group the quiet and dark mass of dead bodies in the foreground, and the calm distance of the background form a beautiful contrast.

As soon as the first violent excitement of the senses is gratified, the mind becomes concentrated upon the deeper meaning of the picture. This is ingeniously expressed in the centre of the picture. Diomedes, wrapt in a lion's skin, with his shield in his left hand, is standing near the chariot of Rhesus, upon which he places his right hand as though he intended to appropriate it to himself. Close to the wheel of the chariot lies the slaughtered king, who is recognized by the coronet lying by his side, and extended upon the ground in appropriately diminished proportions. Whilst Ulysses is galloping off with the horses, Diomedes remains standing still, only his countenance expresses dissatisfaction whilst looking at the appearance on his left.

Here Minerva, slender and beautiful, descends in a cloud, signifying to the delaying hero with her outstretched right arm that he must hasten away. The cloud in which she makes her appearance, floats in a picturesque manner and like a floating mist around the chariot of Rhesus, thus encompassing the murderous scene as with a mysterious curtain, which is opened on the right side only, in order to permit a free view toward the Greek camp. The different scenes of the picture resolve themselves into an agreeable harmony of light and shade, and of reflected light.

In looking at this picture we experience the cheerful influence of an imaginative art, where every thing is selected and arranged in accordance with an artistic idea, no single feature is borrowed from a common reality; every thing in this picture represents and only exists for and through the conception of the whole.

Both these points were exposed to danger in a double aspect.

The robbery of Rhesus' horses, as a mere fact, leaves the heart indifferent; here imagination had to show her power, and the intellectual conception had to come to the relief of the material object. If this picture had been a faithful representation of physical nature, it would have been without any characteristic expression. This *natural truthfulness* is the ghost of this age, and the German especially finds it difficult to elevate himself with a free and poetic spirit above the commonness of the actual. An artist of the ordinary routine could not have elicited much meaning from a subject which did not interest his feelings, and it is this circumstance that seems to have frightened most of them away from the undertaking.

Hector's Farewell is a touching subject, even

without borrowing any additions from art, and with a moderate expenditure of imagination, might have produced an expressive picture simply by embodying a character of naive truthfulness. But here the *sentimental* disposition of the nation and age was to be apprehended, which to the great injury of plastic art, has transgressed all limits in painting as well as in poetry. A whining Hector and a melting Andromache were to be expected, and have indeed been produced. I do not particularize since these productions speak for themselves.

In this subject, which seems so very simple, a double character had to be expressed; Hector was to be presented as a loving husband and a tender father. It was not an easy task to do full justice to each of these relations without offending the unity of the picture. One of them had necessarily to be made the most prominent because two equally important and characteristic actions were inadmissible; art had to decide which was the most suggestive.

Some of the competing artists have contented themselves with representing Hector's farewell from his spouse, and have consequently fallen short of the subject. The child in the arms of the nurse or mother is no more than a witness of the scene. Hector is represented with so much youth and soft tenderness that we fancy we witness the parting-scene of two lovers. This is undeniably the most unfortunate conception of the subject, which is furthest removed from the idea embodied in the scene; for the warrior and the hero who is to be the protector of his country, is here utterly lost sight of. An emotion is here designed which is altogether foreign to the genuine meaning of the subject.

Others have selected an opposite mode of conceiving and representing the subject. By showing the father as exclusively occupied with his child, they assign a subordinate part to the wife. These artists come nearer to the spirit of the subject because a paternal character is perfectly compatible with the manly earnestness of a hero. And inasmuch as the mother by virtue of her position acts a part in the scene, some significance must necessarily attach to her.

In one of the principal pieces in the collection (No. 24), an oil-painting, the artist seems to have designed to comprehend mother and child in *one* embrace. Hector extends his arms toward the child, which is carried by a nurse, and seems to shrink from him, whilst Andromache hugs him closely between these extended arms; he does not seem to take any notice of her, the child absorbs his whole attention; Andromache seems superfluous and an obstacle rather than otherwise.

The second question now was to hit upon an expression that would be the truest, and at the same time the worthiest as regards the pathetic character of the situation; for it was to be the farewell of a hero who leaves wife and child for the purpose of devoting himself to the danger of death; a last and eternal farewell was to be apprehended. On the other hand the hero was to show himself superior to the pain; even in this dreadful scene Andromache was to show herself

worthy of him; our hearts were not to be torn, but fortified and elevated by the emotion.

One of our artists (No. 13), upon whom nature seems to have bestowed a cheerful disposition and a beautiful and generous sensibility, but who seems to be deficient in strength and depth of emotion, has got rid of the perplexity of the situation in the most simple manner by transforming the whole subject into a tender family-picture, where little or nothing is seen of the tragic character of the situation. Hector plays with the child, which is carried by the nurse on her left arm, and seems to be afraid of the father. The nurse, with an expressive motion, points to the father, as though she wanted to make the child acquainted with him. Andromache clings to Hector's right side; lovingly he holds out one arm to her, whilst he extends the other, cajolingly, toward the child. Each of the three figures is animated by a naive and felicitously-chosen expression, a pleasant smile plays around the father's mouth, and Andromache's soulful look vibrates between cheerfulness and tears. All things are harmoniously combined into a beautiful group which excites a spontaneous and earnest interest in the mind. We at once relax our severe expectations of art, because we meet a beautiful nature, and we feel indignant at an otherwise just critic who finds fault with the drawing, the coloring, and the whole style of the painting which he denounces moreover as being surcharged with improprieties. For the artist who did not know how to embody a character of heroism in the scene itself, seemed to have been anxious to make up for this defect by ranging upon the walls and in the towers of the city a million of spear-bearing Trojans who are looking down upon the scene.

Whereas, in this painting the pathetic is entirely missed, too much stress has been laid upon it in two other works, which are otherwise ably done, and Hector's heroic character is weakened too much. They cause a certain painfulness of feeling, and we dislike to examine them long. In one of these two pictures, we object, moreover, to Hector having turned himself away, and to the expression of helpless pain in his countenance. The other picture (No. 19), seems to be injured by a certain morbid paleness resulting from the partial coloring of the drawing, where a certain effect of hues is designed, but where the lifeless crayon has been resorted to in passages that should have been distinguished by strong coloring.

Several artists, even some of the most skillful masters, represent Hector as addressing the gods, and confiding the child to their protection. This action is proper, expressive, and noble. Trust in the gods permits a courageous, cheerful expression, which is not even disturbed by his emotion; this imparts a solemn character to the scene. The child, in the father's arms, especially when lifted up high, forms a prominent feature in this group, especially in Nos. 25 and 26. At the same time the child serves as a symbol of the helpless city; both are confided by Hector to the gods.

There are two pictures executed in the style of

the basso-relievos, where the artist, agreeably to the spirit of the works of ancient sculptors, was not in need of the pathetic, in order to produce a significant expression; these are Nos. 20 and 21. Earnest and calm, Hector in arms descends the steps of his house; his body is already turned toward the warriors who are waiting for him, holding the battle-horse. Only his face is turned to Andromache, who clings to him with a suffering expression of the countenance, and is unwilling to let him go. By her side is the nurse with the child on her arms, accompanied by other young women. Imitating the wise suggestions of the ancients, the artist has expressed the situation by symbolic signs rather than by imitating the reality. Every thing represents more than it seems; every thing is interesting of itself, yet it points to much more; it is the expressive letter concealing the spirit. The line of females with the child represents the interior of the household, which is now left by the father of the family. The warriors opposite this group, bearing arms, and the steed waiting for his rider, announce to us the inevitable necessity of leave-taking. The earnest, yet not mournful descent of the hero is exceedingly befitting; he is not in need of the gods, he depends upon himself; the apprehensive sadness of the wife is in keeping with the whole scene. She alone is too small and stunted in comparison with the colossal figure of the hero, and disturbs the antique character of the work by the modern feebleness of her person.

Even in the treatment of the *nurse*, as the third figure, the genius of the different artists has manifested its characteristic tendency. Some who were unable to reach the height of the subject, have yet been able to reach the character of the nurse who thus became the most perfect figure of the group. Here the artist had a chance to indulge in the presently ruling passion for nature with the least disadvantage, although good taste even required in this particular a more elevated management of the subject. Every sort of character, from stupid indifference to coquettish levity, has been attributed to the nurse in these pictures. This last-mentioned character is given to her in a drawing where the gate is barred by two improperly-placed columns. The picture is treated in a most pleasing manner, in the style of an English engraving, Andromache's figure is full of lovely gracefulness, the conception of the nurse is peculiarly adequate to the idea. But the character of Hector was beyond the artist's range, who has generally fallen short of his subject.

In the previously-mentioned two pictures, however, where Hector raises his son to heaven, the nurse becomes an important and integral element in the scene, and assumes a character in keeping with the whole work. In one (No. 23), she is turned sideways, in an attitude full of meaning, and the artist has succeeded in touching our hearts so much more deeply by the very thing which he conceals from us. In the other picture (No. 26), which I shall mention more fully in my last paragraph, the artist has infused into her a still greater, perhaps too great, a meaning.

The locality where this farewell scene was enacted, was by no means unimportant, and the ac

tion could not be fully understood without it. If the artist did not avail himself of symbolic signs, the scene had to be enacted under or near the gate of the city, and the more expressive he made the surroundings, the more expressive the action itself became. It was therefore improper to locate the scene, as has been done in some pictures, in some desert spot near the walls of the city. By this arrangement the action is deprived of its significant back-ground and its public character, which is so conformable to those ancient times, although the other extreme where the artist presents his hero in the midst of an operatic court, is much more reprehensible.

We have every reason to rejoice at the industry, at the artistic talent, at the sentiment, at the spirit and taste which these two pictures have brought out, more or less unitedly. From the intensity of feeling where art commences, to the cheerful imagination which secures the independent character of art, and to the fullness of intellectual gracefulness by which she is led back to nature at the end of a long journey, evidences have been displayed before us. Several of these pictures are beautifully conceived in their totality; others commend themselves by some brilliant capacity, or accomplished skill, others again by a perfect talent regarding certain parts of the technical execution. After having looked at every picture, we shall finally return with increased satisfaction to No. 26, or the *brown drawing* as the public designated it before the name of the artist, Nahls, was known; it is this drawing which first excites our attention.

Hector raises Astyanax to the gods with a serene look of confidence. Andromache, a beautiful figure drawn in the spirit of the antiques, leans against the right side of the hero; she seems to confide in him as her god, no expression of pain disfigures her pure features. On the left of Hector, and separated from him by the helmet which is lying on the floor, the nurse is kneeling, accompanying the hero's serene prayer with a supplication emanating from her anguished breast. Upon her, as being of a more common nature, the wise artist has poured out the whole cup of passion which he held in reserve for this scene; but there is nothing unworthy in her emotion which is characterized only by intensity. The scene takes place under the gate, the noble architecture of which is in worthy keeping with the whole. Back of the nurse, the gate opens in a beautiful and free arcade; Hector's chariot is seen, the charioteer holds the horses, a warrior has stepped up, by which means a union is effected between the main scene and the action in the back-ground.

This is the poetical conception of the picture; but the noble style, the unity, the easy execution, the neatness and gracefulness in the management of the whole subject cannot be expressed by words, they have to be felt. The scene inspires one with a spirit of action, with decision and clearness; the most beautiful effect which plastic art can produce. The eye is charmed and refreshed, the imagination is enlivened, the mind is stimulated, the heart is warmed by a purer fire, the understanding is employed and satisfied.

BÜRGER'S POEMS.

THE indifference with which our philosophizing age is beginning to look down upon the plays of the Muses, is no more sensibly felt by any species of poetry than by the lyrical. Dramatic poetry is protected in some degree by the arrangements of social life, and the greater freedom of form which characterizes poetical narratives, enables authors to conform to the fashionable tone, and to imitate the spirit of the age. But the annuals, the social songs, the musical fashions of our ladies are only a feeble dam against the decay of lyrical poetry. Yet it would be a desponding thought to the friend of the beautiful, if these youthful blossoms of the spirit were to die in the bud, and, if a more matured culture had to be purchased by the sacrifice of a single æsthetic enjoyment. On the contrary, our unpoetic age shows that a noble destiny is reserved for poesy generally as well as for lyrical poetry; it shows, that whereas poetry has to yield the palm to higher labors of the mind, it has become so much more indispensable in other respects. In view of the isolation and separate action of our mental faculties rendered necessary by our more enlarged sphere of knowledge, and the separation of our various branches of business, it is poetry almost alone which reunites the separate powers of the soul; which occupies in harmonious alliance both head and heart, the penetrating understanding, and the brilliant wit, reason, and the imagination; which restores as it were the human unity in us. She alone is able to avert the saddest fate that can happen to the philosophizing understanding, namely, to lose the prize of its investigations whilst bent upon its labors, and to become lost to the joys of the actual by busying itself amid the abstractions of the world of reason. Poetry would bring the mind back again from such diverging paths, and by her rejuvenating rays would save man from the frost of premature age. Poetry would be like youth-wreathed Hebe waiting upon the gods in Jupiter's hall.

In order to attain this end, poetry would have to progress with the age to which she is to render this important service, and to appropriate to herself all its advantages and accomplishments. The treasures which experience and reason have accumulated for mankind, would have to be vitalized and fecundated by her creative hand. She would have to concentrate the manners, character, and wisdom of the age within the range of her focal rays, and, with her idealizing power, create a model for the age out of the very treasures of the actual. But this could only be accomplished by matured and cultivated minds. As long as this is not the case; as long as there exists between the unprejudiced and morally-cultivated thinker and the poet any other difference than that the latter possesses the gift of poetry in addition to the advantages of the former: so long poetry will miss her ennobling influence over the age, and every new scientific improvement will only result in diminishing the number of her worshipers. A man of refined education cannot possibly seek entertainment for his heart and mind in the society of an unripe youth; he cannot possibly wish to see

the prejudices, the vulgarities, the mental inanity which drive him *away* from society, embodied in verse. Very justly he demands of the poet who, like *Horace* among the Romans, is to be his faithful companion through life, that both should occupy the *same* level in intellectual and moral things, lest the man of science should descend beneath himself in the hours of recreation. It is not sufficient to describe emotions in more exalted language, they should exist of a more exalted nature in the poet's heart. Mere enthusiasm is insufficient; we require the enthusiasm of a cultivated mind. All that the poet can give us is his individuality. This it is that should deserve to be exposed to the world and to posterity. Before undertaking to move the most excellent among mankind, he should make it his most serious and most important business to cultivate this individuality until it has become a form of the purest and most exalted humanity. The highest merit of his poems cannot consist in any thing else than in their being the pure and perfect image of an interesting disposition, of an interesting and accomplished intellect. It is only this perfect spirit that works of art should embody; it is reflected even by the most trifling composition; he who is not endowed with it, will vainly try to conceal this want by art. The same rules apply to æsthetical as to ethical things; as the moral excellence of a man impresses upon his single actions the stamp of moral goodness, so the perfect and the mature proceed from the perfect and the matured mind. No talent, were it ever so great, can impart to a single work of art what its author is deficient in; defects emanating from this source, cannot even be removed by the most careful revisions of the form.

If we were required, by the aid of this standard, to review the present circle of the German Muses, we should feel considerable embarrassment. But it seems as though experience ought to show what effect the greater portion of such of our lyrical poets as enjoy a certain degree of appreciation, has upon the better portion of the public; it sometimes happens that one or the other whose poems might have left us in the dark concerning his character, surprises us with his confessions, or furnishes us proofs of his morals. For the present we shall confine ourselves to applying these remarks to Bürger.

Is it proper to judge by this standard a poet who announces himself in express terms as a "poet of the people" (see the preface to Part I., p. 15, &c.) and who makes popularity his highest law? We are very far from wishing to taunt Bürger with the uncertain term "people;" a few words may be sufficient to come to an understanding with him on this head. It might be in vain in our age to find a popular poet as Homer was to his people, or the Troubadours to their own. Our world is no longer Homer's world, where all the members of society occupied pretty nearly the same level in thoughts and emotions, and where they had consequently no difficulty to meet in ideas as well as in feelings. Now a great distance is observable between the élite of the nation and the common people, which is in a measure owing to the fact that enlightenment and moral

culture cohere as one whole whose fragments do not avail. Beside this difference of culture, the conventional usages of society establish different modes of conceiving and expressing emotions, which lead to new lines of demarkation between the different members of society. It would therefore be in vain to range in an arbitrary manner in one general category what has ceased for a long time past to be a unit. Hence a popular poet of the present age has to choose between the most easy and the most difficult in poetry: either to accommodate himself exclusively to the powers of comprehension of the crowd, and to renounce the approbation of the cultivated classes, or else to fill up the gap which separates these two divisions of the nation, by the greatness of his art, and to pursue both ends as one. We are not wanting in successful poets of the first class who have become public favorites; but a poet of Bürger's genius cannot possibly have degraded art and his talent so low as to have aspired at such an ordinary object. So far from facilitating the poet's task or from hiding mediocre talent, popularity is an additional difficulty for him; indeed it imposes a task the execution of which may be looked upon as the highest triumph of genius. What an undertaking to satisfy the fastidious taste of the connoisseur, without becoming unpalatable to the crowd, and to accommodate one's self to the childish understanding of the people, without violating the sacred dignity of art. This difficulty is great, though not unconquerable; the secret of success, in this case, depends upon the happy selection of the subject and the greatest simplicity in its management. The subject should be exclusively chosen among situations and emotions which are peculiar to man as man. The poet should carefully abstain from every thing that would require experiences, elucidations, accomplishments which are only acquired in certain positive and artificial relations, and by means of this perfect separation of that which is purely human in man, he should endeavor to call back, as it were, the lost condition of nature. In silent agreement with the most excellent of his age, he would reach the hearts of the people by their softest and most impressible side, he would assist the moral impulse by the refined sentiment of the beautiful, and he would avail himself of the passional tendencies of the human heart, which the routine-poet so frequently gratifies in an uninteresting and even injurious manner, for the purpose of purifying the passions. In his capacity of enlightened and refined spokesman of the popular sentiment, he would seek to elevate the character, and beautify and refine the object and language of love, joy, devotion, sadness, hope, &c.; by clothing these passional states in the forms of his own language, he would control them as it were, and would ennoble their crude, formless, and even animal manifestations upon the very lips of the people. Even the sublimest philosophy of life would be presented by such a poet as identical with the simple feelings of nature, the results of the most laborious investigations would be made available by the imagination, and the mysteries of the thinker would be presented to the childlike mind in the attractive garb of symbolic truths. As the forerunner of a brighter light

he would spread the boldest rational truths in the charming language of simple innocence among the people long before the philosopher and legislator would think of exhibiting them in their full splendor. Before being appropriated by the reason, they would, thanks to the poet's efforts, have manifested their silent power over the heart, whose unanimous and impatient desire would finally claim them as rational truths.

Regarded in this light, the popular poet whether judged by his capacities, or by the influence he exercises, seems to us to deserve a very high rank. It is only given to a great talent to play with the results of deep thought, to detach it from the form in which it was originally presented to the world, from which it had sprung perhaps; to transmit it to others in their own language, and cast it into the moulds of their own intellects; to conceal so much art in such plain forms, so much wealth under such a simple exterior. B. does not, therefore, exaggerate, if he declares that the popularity of a poem is the "seal of perfection." But in making this assertion, he tacitly supposes what many of his readers, while reading this expression, were perhaps disposed to overlook: that one of the first and most indispensable conditions upon which, the perfection of a poem depends, is that it should possess an internal worth absolutely independent of the different degrees of powers of comprehension belonging to the reading class. He seems to have intended to say: "If a poem stands the scrutiny of genuine taste, and its meaning is moreover so clear and so easily comprehended, that it can claim a place among the popular songs of the nation, the seal of perfection is imprinted upon it." This proposition is identical with the following: what pleases the best, is good; what pleases all, indiscriminately, is still better.

So far from relaxing the highest claims of art in poems designed for the masses, it is, on the contrary, essential to a proper appreciation of their excellence (which depends upon the happy union of so many qualities), that the question should first be asked: Has not the higher beauty been sacrificed to popularity? Have the poems not lost in the eyes of the connoisseur what they have gained in the eyes of the people?

We confess that in this respect Bürger's poems seem to leave a good deal to be desired; that we miss in most of them the mild, ever equal, ever clear and manly spirit, which descends to the people as a loving teacher from the mysterious regions of the beautiful, the noble, and the true, but which never abjures its heavenly origin even in the midst of the crowd. B. very frequently identifies himself with the masses whom he should only visit, and instead of drawing them upward by the playful beauties of his music, he frequently takes pleasure in making himself one of them. The class for whom he composes his poems, alas! does not always comprehend such minds and characters as he imagines. His "*Nachtfeier der Venus*," (Nocturnal Festival of Venus), his "*Leonore*," his "*Lied an die Hoffnung*," (Song to Hope), his "*Elements*," his "*Göttingische Jubelfeier*," (Jubilee of Göttingen), his "*Männer-*

keuschheit," (Chastity of Men), his "*Vorgefühl der Gesundheit*," (Presentiment of Health) and others, were certainly not written for the same class of readers as his "*Frau Schnips*," (Mrs. Schnips), his "*Fortunens Pranger*," (Fortune at the Pillory), his "*Menagerie der Götter*," (Menagerie of the gods), his "*an die Menschengesichter*," (to Human Faces), and the like. If we have a correct idea of a popular poet, his merit does not consist in providing every class of readers with songs adapted to their taste, but in satisfying all classes in each single poem.

However, let us not dwell upon faults which may have originated in an unfortunate hour, and which can easily be remedied by a more careful selection of his poems. But, that these inequalities of taste should be met with in the same poem, is no less difficult to excuse than to correct. We confess that even among the most carefully executed and most richly endowed of Bürger's poems, there is hardly one which has afforded us an unalloyed enjoyment. Whether it was a want of harmony between the figure employed and the thought which the poet designed to embody; whether it was the offended dignity of the subject, or a want of intellectual richness in its management; or whether the beauty of the conception was disfigured by a vulgar flight of the fancy, a common expression, a useless expenditure of words, or, which happens very rarely, a spurious rhyme or a harsh verse: this derangement of the general harmony of the composition, and of the fullness of our enjoyment, was so much more painful as it compelled us to infer that the mind which had embodied itself in these poems, was not matured, and that they were not more finished, because their author himself was not yet complete.

A poet necessarily idealizes his subject, otherwise he would cease to be a poet. It is his province to free the excellencies of his subject (be it a personality, a sentiment, or an action, be it within or without the poet) from all coarser, or at least from all heterogeneous admixtures; to gather up in one single ray, the rays of perfection scattered here and there; to subject single disturbing features to the harmony of the whole, to elevate the individual and the local to the sphere of universal ideas. Whatever single ideal he thus forms, emanates as it were from the perfect ideal which fills the poet's own soul. The purer and fuller this internal ideal, the more every single ideal embodied in his works will approximate perfection. We miss this idealizing faculty in Bürger's poems. Not to mention the fact that his muse seems to be characterized by sensuality, sometimes even of a common order; that to him love seems scarcely ever any thing more than sensual enjoyment or delight of the eyes; that beauty is very frequently nothing but youth and health; happiness nothing but delightful living; we would call the pictures which he exhibits to us, a crowding together of figures, a compilation of features, a sort of mosaic, rather than ideal conceptions. For instance, if he wants to describe to us female beauty, he associates every single charm of his beloved with a corresponding image in nature, and by this arrangement evokes a goddess. See part

I, p. 124, "*Das Mädel das ich meine*," (The girl I fancy), "*Das Hohe Lied*," (The Song of Songs), and others. If he wishes to represent her as a model of perfections, her qualities are borrowed from a whole legion of goddesses. See page 86, "*Die beiden Liebenden*," (The Two Lovers).

"Im Denken ist sie Pallas ganz,
Und Juno ganz an edelm Gange,
Terpsichore beim Freudentanz,
Euterpe neidet sie im Sange,
Ihr weicht Aglaja wenn sie lacht,
Melpomene bei sanfter Klage,
Die Wollust ist sie in der Nacht,
Die holde Sittsamkeit bei Tage."*

We do not quote this stanza, as though we fancied that the song where it occurs is disfigured by it, but because it seems to afford us an appropriate example of Mr. Bürger's incoherent mode of idealizing. There is no doubt that this exuberance of hues may transport the imagination on a first reading, more particularly the imagination of readers who are fond of sensual things, and, like children, admire a variety of colors. But how little do pictures of this kind satisfy the refined sentiment of art, which craves a wise and judicious management rather than abundance, beauty of form rather than substance, a delicate mingling of the elements rather than the material ingredients! We do not intend to inquire how much or how little art is required to invent in this style: but we are reminded on this occasion of our own experience that such youthful *tours de force* cannot stand the criticism of matured manhood. We therefore could not help feeling disappointed on seeing in this collection, which is the work of riper years, whole poems, as well as single passages and expressions, (such as Klingling-ling, Hopp, Hopp, Hopp, Huhu, Sasa, Trallyrum lalum, and the like), that can only be excused by the poetical childhood of their author, and which owe their continuance to the equivocal approbation of the crowd. If a poet like Bürger patronizes such childishness by the magic power of his pencil and the weight of his example, how are we ever to get rid of the unmanly and childish tone which a host of bunglers has introduced into our lyrical poetry? For similar reasons, we can only accord conditional praise to the otherwise delicious poem, "*Blümchen Wunderhold*," (Magic Flower); however much B. may have prided himself upon this invention, a little magic flower on one's breast is neither a very dignified nor a very intellectual symbol of modesty; frankly told, it is a trifling bauble. If he applies to this symbol praise like the following:

* The following is the literal meaning of these verses:
In thoughts she is Pallas entirely,
And Juno in her noble gait,
Terpsichore during a joyful dance,
Euterpe envies her in song,
Aglaja yields to her in smiles,
Melpomene in the utterances of subdued grief,
At night she is all voluptuous delight,
And lovely chastity in the daytime

"Du theilst der Flöte weichen Klang
Des Schreiers Kehle mit,
Uud wandelst in Zephyrengang
Des Stürmer's Poltertritt,"*

too much honor is done to modesty. The improper expression: "*Die Nase schnaubt nach Äther*," (The nose is gasping for ether), and a spurious rhyme "*blähen* and *schöen*," disfigure the easy and beautiful rhythm of this song.

It is especially when B. attempts to picture emotions, that the art of idealizing is missed in his works; to this criticism his recent poems to Molly, are particularly liable. However inimitable they are in point of diction and versification; however poetical they are in point of form and expressions, yet they seem to us conceived in an unpoetic vein. The rule which Lessing has laid down for the tragic poet, not to introduce strange features, or rigidly marked individualities of character or situation, is still much more applicable to the lyrical poet. The latter is so much the less at liberty to depart from a certain general manner of expressing emotions, the less room is afforded him to expatiate upon the peculiarities of the circumstances by which they have been excited. Bürger's recent poems are for the most part the offspring of such a very peculiar situation which, it is true, is neither as rigidly individual nor as exceptional as the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terentius, but sufficiently individual to prevent their whole purport from being comprehended by the reader, with sufficient clearness; at any rate, to cause the absence of ideality which is inseparable from such productions, to mar the enjoyment which their perusal might otherwise afford. However, this defect would only deprive the poems in which it occurs, of a perfection; but there is another feature which injures them very essentially. They not only picture, but they originate in this peculiar and very unpoetic state of the soul.

The poet's sensitiveness, his indignation and melancholy, are not only the object of his verse, they are the source of his inspiration. But the goddesses of charm and beauty are very obstinate. They only reward the passion which they inspire; upon their altar they do not like to see any other flame than that of a pure and disinterested enthusiasm. An angry actor can scarcely be expected to represent indignation in a noble manner; let a poet be very cautious how he sings pain in the midst of sorrow. As soon as the poet becomes an interested sufferer, his sentiments must necessarily descend from their ideal universality to the sphere of an imperfect individuality. Let him draw upon the gentle memories of his past sufferings; the more of sorrow he has experienced in his own life, the more vividly he will be able to delineate the ideal grief; but let him never attempt, whilst the storm of emotion is raging in his breast, to portray

* Literally:
Thou transformest into the soft sound of the flute
The shrill voice of a screamer,
And changest to Zephyr's steps
The boisterous gait of a blusterer.

a passion whose wild tumults we expect him to present to our imagination in a robe of beauty. Even in poems of which we are in the habit of saying that love, friendship, &c., have dictated the poet's inspirations, he is obliged first to estrange himself from his own personal feelings, to separate the object of his enthusiasm from his own individuality, to look upon his passion from a moderating distance. Ideal beauty can only be realized by a mental freedom and independent activity which neutralizes the preponderance of passion.

Bürger's recent poems are characterized by a certain bitterness, an almost morbid melancholy. On this account the most prominent composition in this collection: "Das Hohe Lied von der Einzigen," (the Song of Songs of the Only One), loses much of its otherwise incomparable excellence. Other critics have already expressed their opinion concerning this beautiful production of Bürger's muse, and with pleasure we subscribe to much of the praise that has been awarded to it. But we wonder how it was possible, while doing justice to the poet's soaring imagination, to the fire of his emotions, to his rich imagery, to the vigor of his style, and to the harmony of his versification, to excuse his numerous errors against good taste; how it was possible to overlook the fact, that the enthusiasm of the poet sometimes borders upon delirium, that his fire often burns like the fury of demons, and that this is the reason why we do not rise from the perusal of such a poem with the feeling of calm harmony which we expect a poet to conjure up in our souls. We comprehend how Mr. B., carried away by the intense emotion which dictated this song; beguiled by the intimate relation of the song to his own situation, which he has embodied in this composition as within the walls of a sanctuary, might have exclaimed at the end, that this song was stamped with all the perfection he was able to impart;—for this very reason we feel disposed, in spite of its brilliant beauties, to consider it as an excellent poem made for the occasion, a poem whose origin and design induce us to excuse the want of ideal purity and completeness which alone satisfies good taste.

The overpowering part which the poet's personality has taken in this song and in some other compositions of this collection, explains to us why we are so frequently and so strongly reminded of the author's own self in these poems. Among modern poets not one is known to us who rehearses the "*sublimi feriam sidera vertice*" with as much self-complacency as Bürger. We do not mean to insinuate that on such occasions his little flower Wunderhold had dropped from his breast; it is evident that pain alone could induce one to lavish so much praise upon one's self. But suppose that only the tenth part of such expressions is true, if this tenth part recurs ten times, it amounts to sober earnest. Self-praise can scarcely be excused, even in the mouth of Horace, and an enthusiastic reader finds it very difficult to pardon the poet whom he would gladly—admire.

These general remarks concerning the spirit of the poet seem to us all that can be said in a mere gazette about a collection of upward of one hundred poems, among which there are many deserv-

ing of a more detailed analysis. The unanimous judgment which the public has long since uttered, spares us the task of speaking of his ballads where it might be difficult for any German poet to surpass Mr. Bürger. As regards his sonnets which are models of their kind, and are transformed into living song upon the lips of declamation, we share his wish that they may find no imitator who is not able like him and his friend Schlegel, to play upon the lyre of the Pythian god. We should have been pleased if the mere pieces of wit, especially the epigrams, had been omitted in this collection; in general we would suggest to Mr. Bürger to abandon the light and jesting style which does not accord with his vigorous manner. To be convinced of this, compare the *Zechlied* (Drinking-song), Part I., page 142, with a similar song by Anacreon or Horace. If now we should be asked, upon our conscience, to which of Bürger's poems, the serious or the satirical, the lyrical or the lyrically-narrating, the earlier or the more recent poems, we would award the preference, we should decide in favor of the serious, the narrating and earlier poems. It is undeniable that Mr. B. has gained in power of language and beauty of verse; but his manner has not become more elevated, nor his taste more refined.

If in speaking of poems, of which so much that is beautiful may be said, we have only pointed out their defects, we plead guilty to an injustice which can only be committed toward a poet of Bürger's talent and glory. It is only toward a poet for whom so many imitating quills are lying in wait, that it is worth one's while to take the part of art; only a great poetical genius is capable of reminding the friend of the beautiful of the highest claims of art which he voluntarily suppresses or forgets in the case of a mediocre talent. We are perfectly willing to admit that we see the whole legion of living poets who are coping with Mr. B. for the lyrical laurel-wreath, as far beneath him as we believe him to have remained below the highest ideal of beauty. We feel moreover that much of what we have censured in his works, is chargeable to external circumstances, which circumscribed his powerful genius in its most beautiful manifestations, and of which his poems furnish such touching signs. Only the serene and calm soul produces the perfect. The struggle against external circumstances, and hypochondria, which paralyzes any mental power, should less than any other burden weigh down the poet's mind, which should detach itself from the actual, and boldly and freely soar up into the region of the ideal. If his breast should be ever so much agitated by storms, let a sunny brightness radiate from his brow.

If any one of our poets is worthy of perfecting himself, it is Mr. Bürger. This exuberance of poetic pictures; this glowing and energetic language of the heart; this poetic flood now rushing onward with magnificent waves, now sweetly murmuring with a gentle ripple, giving such characteristic prominence to all his works; and lastly this honest heart which seems to speak to us from every line—all these are well worthy of being allied with an æsthetic and moral gracefulness that never changes, with manly dignity,

with richness of thought, with exalted and quiet greatness, and of thus conquering the most glorious crown of classic poetry.

The public is offered a beautiful opportunity of rendering a signal service to German art. Mr. Bürger is now arranging a handsome edition of his poems; the measure of support which will be allotted to him by the friends of his muse, will determine whether the edition is to be an improved and perfect one.

This was the writer's opinion of Bürger's merit as a poet eleven years ago; he does not feel able to alter it, but he is prepared to support it with more convincing proofs, for at that period his feelings were more correct than his arguments. The passion of parties has become mixed up with this discussion; but after all personal interests shall have been laid aside, justice will probably be done to the reviewer's intention.*

* NOTE:— This concluding paragraph was added when the author, in 1802, inserted the above review into the collection of his *Prose Essays*.

GARDEN ALMANAC FOR THE YEAR 1795.

SINCE Hirschfeld's writings on Horticulture, the taste for beautiful gardens has spread in Germany, but has not yet developed desirable results for the reason that firm principles were still wanting, and that every thing was left to arbitrary arrangements. This almanac contains excellent hints regarding the amelioration of this taste, which deserve to be more closely examined by the friend of art, and followed by the lover of horticulture.

It is not uncommon for people to commence a thing, and afterward to ask the question: whether it can be done. This seems to be the case in regard to the æsthetic gardens that have become such universal favorites. These children of the north have such an equivocal origin, and have shown until now such an unsteady character, that the true friend of art may well be pardoned, if he scarcely deemed them worthy of his passing attention, and abandoned them entirely to the fancy of mere amateurs. Uncertain to what class of the fine arts horticulture properly speaking belonged, she finally attached herself to architecture, bending a living vegetation beneath the yoke of mathematical forms, by which the architect governs the inanimate and heavy mass. The tree had to hide its higher, organic life in order that art might exhibit her power on its inferior material nature. It had to give up its beautiful, independent vitality in exchange for an unmeaning symmetry, and its easy and free growth in exchange for an appearance of rigidity, like the unyielding firmness of a stone-wall. Recently the art of gardening has left this stray path, but only to plunge into the opposite extreme. From the severe discipline of the architect, she has sought refuge in the freedom of the poet, has suddenly exchanged the hardest servitude for the most lawless freedom, and now is unwilling to accept any other laws except the capricious arrangements of the imagination. Ac-

cording as an unruly fancy produces arbitrary, fantastic, and checkered figures, the eye is condemned to leap from one decoration to the other, and nature is made to exhibit her whole variety of forms in a larger or smaller compass like a card of samples in a mercantile establishment. Having been deprived of her liberty in the so-called French gardens, where she received a certain architectonic agreement and greatness in exchange for her loss, she now sinks in her so-called English gardens to the level of a childish littleness, and by dint of an exaggerated effort to appear varied and free, she has withdrawn from all beautiful simplicity and rule. In this condition she has in a great measure remained even to the present moment, thanks to the unmanly character of the age, which avoids all definiteness of form, and finds it much more convenient to arrange objects in accordance with the suggestions of a capricious fancy, than to be guided in such arrangements by the inspirations of nature.

Since it is so difficult to assign to the art of gardening a place among the fine arts, we might be disposed to entertain the suspicion that this art does not legitimately belong to their number. But it would be wrong to consider the failures in this respect as evidence against the possibility of elevating æsthetic gardening to the rank of an art. The two forms under which it has been cultivated in Germany, contain a principle of truth, and both have emanated from an actual want. Regarding the architectonic character of the art of gardening there is no doubt that it belongs to the *same* category as architecture, although it is wrong to apply the rules and forms of the latter to the former. Both arts owe their origin to a physical want which first determined their forms, until these were emancipated by the matured sentiment of beauty, which an enlightened intelligence impelled to raise its claims against the ruling abuses. Viewed in this light, neither art is perfectly free, and the beauty of their forms is necessarily restrained by an unavoidable physical necessity. Both arts have this feature in common, that they imitate nature through nature, not through an artificial medium, or else that they do not imitate her, but bring forth new objects. This may have been the reason why the forms of the actual were not rigidly adhered to, and why nature was even made to play a subordinate part, and the peculiarity of her forms was rudely interfered with, provided the understanding was satisfied by the presence of order and agreement, and the eye by the majesty and loveliness of the æsthetic combinations. This freedom may have seemed so much more justifiable since in horticulture, as well as in architecture the physical end is very frequently promoted by sacrificing the freedom of nature. To some extent, the founders of the architectonic style of gardening may therefore be excused for allowing themselves to be beguiled by the affinity which exists between these two arts in several particulars, into confounding their totally different characters, and for favoring order at the expense of freedom.

On the other hand, the poetic taste in horticulture is founded in a perfectly correct sentiment. An attentive observer could not fail to perceive

that the pleasure with which the sight of rural scenes fills our hearts, is inseparable from the thought that they are the work of free nature, not of the artist. Hence, if this sort of enjoyment was designed by the art of gardening, it became a matter of importance that he should remove every trace of artistic arrangement from the grounds. As regularity had been the supreme law of his architectonic predecessor, so freedom became the rule in his own kingdom. Under him nature had to conquer, as the hand of man had conquered under the reign of the former. But the object after which he strove, was much too great for the means to which his art was confined; and he failed, because he stepped beyond his boundaries, and carried the art of gardening into the domain of painting. He forgot that the lines and measures of the painter cannot be applied to an art which represents nature through herself, and only excites our sympathy in so far as the work of the artist is her absolute counterpart. It is no wonder that his efforts to produce variety led him to a trifling style and to arbitrary combinations, because he lacked the space and the power to indulge in the transitions, by means of which nature prepares and justifies her changes. The ideal at which he aspired has nothing contradictory within itself; but it was deficient in fitness and fanciful, since not even the greatest success compensated for the extraordinary sacrifices.

If the art of gardening is to be brought back from its extravagances, and, like her other sisters, is to rest within definite and permanent boundaries, we shall above all things have to determine what is wanting; in Germany, at any rate, this question does not seem to have as yet occurred to people's minds. In such an event, a middle style will probably be adopted half way between the stiffness of the French, and the lawless freedom of the English; it will then be seen that, although the art of gardening cannot ascend to such high spheres as those who are forgetful of the means of carrying out their plans, would fain have us believe; although it is absurd to attempt to inclose a world within the walls of a garden: yet it is feasible and rational to lay out a garden that answers all the expectations of a good economist, and which the eye as well as the heart and mind, will appreciate as a characteristic whole.

This it is to which the intelligent author of the fragmentary contributions towards the cultivation of the German taste for gardening points in this almanac; we know of nothing that is more calculated to satisfy a sound taste than what is said in this work. It is true the author's ideas are only given in a fragmentary form; but this apparent carelessness of form does not affect the substance, which throughout betrays a fine understanding and a delicate sentiment of art. After having indicated and critically examined the two main roads which the art of gardening has pursued hitherto, and the different objects which may be attempted in laying out gardens, he endeavors to restore the true boundaries, and to point out the rational object of this art, which is "to elevate the character of the enjoyments which the intercourse with the beautiful landscapes of nature affords." He distinguishes very correctly the garden-landscape,

(the English park, properly speaking), where nature should appear in all her grandeur and freedom and absorb art as it were, from the garden where the features of art may legitimately appear. Without denying the æsthetic advantages of nature, he contents himself with showing the difficulties inherent in the execution of works which imitate her plan, difficulties that can only be conquered by extraordinary efforts. As regards the garden proper, he divides it into the large, the small, and the middle garden, and defines in brief outlines the boundaries within which taste may develop its resources in the case of each of these three divisions. He denounces most emphatically the Anglomania of so many proprietors of gardens, bridges without water, hermitages close to the public road, and other wretched abuses to which the mania of imitation and misapprehended maxims of variety and freedom from restraints have led. But by restricting the boundaries of the art of gardening, he shows how much more efficient this art may become, and how the abandonment of unnecessary and unsuited encumbrances may impart a more definite and interesting character to the features of a garden. In the course of his remarks, he is led to express the opinion that it is not impossible to lay out symbolic gardens, or gardens of a pathetic nature, which, like musical and poetical compositions, would be capable of giving rise to a certain definite range of emotions.

Besides these æsthetic remarks the author has commenced in his almanac the description of the grounds of Hohenheim, which will be continued next year. Any one who has seen these celebrated grounds, or who only knows them from hearsay, must derive pleasure from wandering through them in company with such a refined connoisseur. He will be surprised to learn that these grounds which seemed the result of some arbitrary arrangement, embody a definite idea which does credit to its author. Travelers who have enjoyed the favor of seeing these grounds, have been astonished to find Roman tombs, temples, decayed walls, and the like, side by side with Swiss cottages, and to see smiling flower-beds arranged alongside of gloomy prison-walls. They were unable to comprehend an imagination that combined such incongruous objects in one plan. The conception, that we have before us a rural settlement amid the ruins of a Roman city, removes the contradictions, and reveals in this odd design a unity replete with æsthetic beauty. Rural simplicity and the decayed splendor of a city, these extremes of civilization, join in a most touching manner, and the sober feeling of perishableness is absorbed in a wonderfully beautiful manner by the consciousness of triumphant life. This happy mingling spreads a character of deep thoughtfulness over the landscape, which keeps the sensitive beholder hovering between repose and movement, reflection and enjoyment, and long after we have left the scene, continues to attune the chords of the spirit to corresponding impressions.

We give it as our opinion that the character of these grounds can only be fully appreciated by those who have seen them in midsummer, and we would even add, that their beauty can only be fully felt, if they are approached by a certain

road. In order to enjoy them fully, they have to be reached by the newly-built castle of the prince. The road from Stuttgart to Hohenheim is, so to say, the history of the art of gardening embodied in works which offer interesting suggestions to the attentive observer. The orchards, vineyards, and domestic gardens, which line the road on each side, indicate the first material beginning in the art of gardening without any æsthetic adornments. But now he is introduced into the French style with its proud gravity, its long and rigid avenues of poplars which effect a union between Hohenheim and the open landscape, and by their artistic arrangements excite our expectation. This solemn impression is increased to an almost painful tension as we are passing through the apartments of the castle, which is only equaled by a few similar structures in point of magnificence and elegance, and combines taste and profusion in a rare degree. The splendor which here oppresses the eye on all sides, the artistic style of the rooms and the richness of the furniture excite an almost irresistible desire for simplicity; in the so-called English village, which the traveler now enters, a most beautiful realization awaits the longing for rural scenery. Meanwhile the monuments of decayed magnificence, against whose mournful walls the vintner builds his peaceful cottage, have a strange effect upon the heart, and with a secret joy we behold the revenge which these ruins have prepared for us against an art that in yonder magnificent structure had carried its power over us, even to excess. But the nature which we find in these English grounds, is not the nature from which we had started. It is a nature inspired with intelligence and exalted by art, which gratifies not only the simplest taste, but even those whom the habit of refined enjoyments has spoiled, inviting the former to a reflecting mood, and winning the latter back again to gentle emotions.

Whatever objections may be raised against this interpretation of the grounds of Hohenheim, their founder deserves our thanks for not having introduced any thing heterogeneous to their general character; and we should manifest a great unwillingness to be satisfied, if we were not as disposed in æsthetic matters to take the deed for the will, as in moral things to take the will for the deed. When this landscape is completed, the well-informed reader may, perhaps, consider it a point of interest to view these grounds as a tableau picturing the character of their remarkable author, who, not in his gardens alone, has contrived water-works in a country where hardly a spring was to be found.

The author's opinion concerning the garden of Schwetzingen and the Seifersdorfer valley, near Dresden, will be received by every reader of taste who has seen these grounds; with the author he will denounce as a piece of affectation, a sentimentalism which suspends from trees little tablets upon which moral verses are inscribed, and will reject as barbarous a taste which mixes up mosques and Greek temples in checkered confusion.

EGMONT.

TRAGEDY BY GOETHE.

EITHER extraordinary actions and situations, or else passions and characters form the subjects of tragic poetry; though all these subjects are sometimes united in one composition, yet one or the other is always the principal aim of the drama. If the event or situation is the main point of the poet's attention, he need only dwell upon a picture of the passions and characters in so far as they are instrumental in producing the former. If the passion is the main object, the most trifling act may suffice him, provided the play of the passion is adequately excited by this act. A pocket handkerchief found in a wrong place leads to a master-scene in the Moor of Venice. If the character constitutes the chief aim, he is still less restrained in the selection and combination of events, and the exhibition of the whole man forbids him even allowing too much space to a single passion. The old tragedians confined themselves almost exclusively to situations and passions. On this account they exhibit but little individuality, and their characters are but imperfectly drawn, without any marked outlines or distinguishing features in their delineations. Only recently, since the appearance of Shakespeare, tragic poetry has been enriched with the third class; he was the first who, in his *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, and other plays, brought whole men and human lives upon the stage; in Germany the author of *Götz of Berlichingen* has produced the first model of this kind. This is not the place to examine how far this new class of tragic poems accords with the ultimate object of tragedy, which is to excite fear and pity; suffice it to say that this class exists, and that its rules are well defined.

The present drama belongs to the last class, and it is readily seen how far our introductory remarks are connected with the piece. Here we have no prominent event, no ruling passion, no complications, no dramatic plan; a simple juxtaposition of single actions and pictures which cohere by no other bond than the character that takes part in all of them and to which all refer. The unity of this composition is neither founded in the situations, nor in a passion, but in a man. Egmont's true history could not furnish the author with much more. His imprisonment and condemnation have nothing extraordinary in them, nor is this condemnation the consequence of a single interesting act, but of a number of smaller acts which the poet was unable to use as he found them, and to connect with the catastrophe with sufficient exactness to combine the whole in one dramatic action. If the poet designed to present this subject in the form of a tragedy, he had either to invent an entirely new action for the final catastrophe, to endow this historic character with some ruling passion, or else to abandon these two kinds of tragedy altogether, and to make the character which had attracted the poet's chief attention, the subject of his tragic denouement. He has preferred the last-mentioned expedient, which was undoubtedly the most difficult in

point of management; his choice was less determined by his respect for historic truth than because he felt that he might make up for the poverty of the subject by the richness of his genius.

If we are not entirely mistaken in our view, a character is exhibited in this tragedy who, like a somnambulist, is wandering by the edge of a precipice in a dangerous period, amid the snares of wily politicians, having nothing to fortify himself by but the consciousness of his personal merit, and full of extravagant confidence in the justice of his cause which, however, is acknowledged only by himself. This excessive confidence, of the baselessness of which we are duly informed, and the unfortunate results to which it leads, are to inspire us with fear and pity, or are to move us tragically; this effect is attained.

Egmont is no great character in history, nor is he in the play. Here he is a benevolent, cheerful and open-hearted man, friendly to every body, full of rash confidence in himself and others, free and bold as if the world were his own, brave and intrepid wherever the occasion requires it, generous, amiable and gentle, a character belonging to the beautiful age of chivalry, magnificent and somewhat boastful, fond of sensual pleasures and in love, a joyous man of the world,—all these qualities coalescing in one living, human, thoroughly true and individual picture which owes nothing to the beautifying resources of art. Egmont is a hero, but a Flemish hero of the sixteenth century; a patriot, but unwilling to let the public misery interfere with his amusements; a lover, but not the less fond of eating and drinking. He is ambitious, striving after a high end; but this does not prevent him from culling every flower which greets him on the way, from visiting his sweet-heart under cover of the night; his rest is not disturbed by mental anxiety. With mad daring he exposes his life in the battles of St. Quentin and Gravelingen, but he is almost ready to shed tears when he has to part with the sweet habits of a sensual existence. "Do I but live," it is thus that he pictures himself, "in order to think of life? Am I not to enjoy the present moment in order to make sure of the next following? Is this next moment again to be spent in the midst of cares and solicitous caprice? In a merry moment we have received and given birth to one folly and another; we have caused a whole band of noblemen with mendicants' bags and a nickname of their own choice to remind the king of his duty with sarcastic humility; we have—well what is it after all? Is carnival like high-treason? Should the checkered rays be grudged us with which youthful wantonness chooses to cover the wretched nudity of our existence? If we look upon life too seriously, what is it worth? Does the sun shine to-day to cause us to reflect upon the events of yesterday?" This character is to touch us by its beautiful humanity, not by its extraordinary power; we are to love, not to wonder at it. Regarding this last-mentioned feeling, the poet seems to have avoided it so carefully that he attributes to our hero one foible after another, in order to be sure of dragging him down to our level;—that he finally does not even leave to the

latter a sufficient amount of greatness and earnest deportment, to invest these weaknesses in our opinion with the highest interest. It is true, such traits of human weakness frequently exercise an irresistible charm—in the delineation of an heroic character, where they coalesce with great actions in a beautiful tableau as the mingled attributes of a brilliant humanity. Henry IV. of France is never more interesting to us than when visiting his Gabrielle under cover of the night after a brilliant victory; but by what dazzling deed, by what solid qualities had Egmont acquired any claims to a similar sympathy and forbearance on our part? We are indeed told that these claims are implied, his deeds live in the memory of the people, whatever he says breathes a capacity of winning our favor! Right, but this is precisely our misfortune, we only know of his merit by hearsay, and have to believe in it upon faith and trust, whereas we see his foibles with our own eyes. All things point to Egmont as the nation's last support, but what great things does he do in order to deserve this honorable confidence? (The following passage is certainly no response to this question: "Love," says Egmont, "is most generally won by those who do not hunt after it. *Klärchen*: Is this remark addressed to thee, whom the whole nation loves? *Egmont*: Would that I had done something for them! it is their own desire to love me.") He is not to be a great man, nor is he to relax his strength; a certain relative greatness, a certain earnestness is very justly expected of the hero of any piece; we expect him not to neglect great things by attending to small ones, and not to overlook the wants and the character of his epoch. Who can approve of the following: The Prince of Orange has just left him, after pointing out to him his approaching ruin with all the power of convincing argument, which, according to Egmont's own admission, has almost shaken him out of his imperturbable security. "This man," says he, "infects me with his solicitude;—away from here—this drop does not belong to my blood. Kind nature, expel it again. And some pleasure is left me to efface the wrinkles on my brow." This pleasure, let every body be informed of it, is a visit to his sweet-heart! What! After such earnest summons, to think of nothing else than amusement? No, good Count Egmont! wrinkles in their places, and pleasures likewise in their places! If you find it too troublesome to think of your own safety, you must not complain if you are caught in the noose. We are not in the habit of forcing our pity upon any one.

If the introduction of this little love-affair had really injured the interest of the play, we should have been doubly sorry for such a misfortune, so much more as the poet had to alter the truth of history in order to create this episode. Egmont was married, leaving nine (according to others eleven) children after his death. This circumstance might have been known, or not known to the poet, according as the interest of the drama required; but he should not have ignored it if he once concluded to insert scenes in his play which were the natural consequences of Egmont's marriage. The real Egmont had deranged his finances

by his sumptuous living; and being in need of the king's assistance, his course of conduct toward the republic was very much embarrassed. It was especially his family that kept him back in Brussels with such fatal consequences to himself, whereas all his friends were seeking safety in flight. His departure from the republic would not only have cost him the rich revenues of two governorships; it would likewise have involved the loss of all his estates that were scattered through the king's possessions, and would have escheated to the fisc. But neither he, nor his spouse, a duchess of Bavaria, were used to suffering want; his children likewise had been reared in abundance. On several occasions he opposed these reasons to the Prince of Orange, who wished to persuade him to flee; it was these reasons that disposed him to hold on to the feeblest branch of hope, and to look upon the brightest side of his relation to the king. How consistent, how truly human his conduct under such circumstances! He is no longer the victim of a blind and foolish confidence, but he is carried away by an excessive tenderness for his family. He rushes into his own ruin, because his feelings are too delicate and noble to expect a hard sacrifice of a family whom he loves above every thing. And now behold Egmont in the tragedy! By depriving him of wife and children, the consistency of his conduct is destroyed. The poet is compelled to account for Egmont's unfortunate delay by a frivolous confidence in himself, which lessens our respect for this hero's intelligence without any compensation being afforded him on the score of nobleness of feeling. On the contrary, he deprives us of the touching image of a father and husband, in order to introduce to us an ordinary lover who ruins the peace of an amiable girl that can never possess him, and will never survive his loss, whose heart he cannot even possess without first destroying a love which might have become a happy relation; and who, with the best heart in the world, makes two beings unhappy, for no higher purpose than to efface the thoughtful wrinkles on his brow. Moreover, all this can only be accomplished at the expense of historical truth which a dramatic poet is indeed privileged to alter if the dramatic interest of his subject gains thereby, but not if it becomes weaker. How dearly we purchase this episode which, in itself, is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful pictures, and which would have produced the most striking effect in a more extensive composition, where it might have been counterbalanced by relatively great acts.

Egmont's tragic catastrophe results from his political life, from his relation to the nation and to the government. Hence a description of the political condition of the Netherlands at that period had to be introduced in elucidation of his fate, and had indeed to be made an integral portion of the dramatic action. If we consider how little political affairs are adapted to the stage, and what an art is required to concentrate so many scattered traits in one palpable, living image, and to reproduce the character of the general movement in the movements of the individual, as Shakespeare has done in his Julius Cesar; moreover, if we consider the peculiar characteristics of the Netherlands, who do not constitute one na-

tion, but an aggregation of several smaller ones contrasting with each other in the most glaring manner, so that it seemed much easier for us to transport ourselves to Rome than to Brussels; finally, if we consider what an innumerable multitude of small things combine in order to produce the spirit of that age and the political condition of the Netherlands: we cannot cease admiring the creative genius which has conquered all these difficulties, and has charmed us into this strange world with an art which is equaled only by that with which the same author has transported us in two other pieces to Greece, and into the period of German chivalry. Not enough that we behold all these people as they live and act, they seem to us like old acquaintances. On one side the social mirth, the hospitality, the talkativeness and boastful humor of this people, the republican spirit which blazes up at the least innovation, and as frequently and suddenly cools off again after the most shallow arguments; on the other side, the burdens beneath which the people are groaning, from the new mitres down to the French psalms, which it is forbidden to sing—nothing has been forgotten, nothing has been incorporated in the play without the highest nature and truth. Here we see not merely the common crowd which is the same everywhere, we have before us the Netherlander of this and not of any other century; even here we distinguish the Brussler, the Hollander, the Frieslander, and among these the rich and the beggar, the carpenter and the tailor. Such results are not the effect of mere volition, they are not the offspring of mere art. They can only be realized by a poet who is thoroughly imbued with his subject. These features flow from his pen as they proceed from him who is their original owner, unconsciously and without an effort; a mere adjective, a comma reveals a character. Buyk, a Hollander, and a soldier under Egmont, has won the prize in a game of archery, and being king, he wants to treat the company. But this is contrary to custom.

Buyk. I am a stranger and king, and I do not mind your laws and customs.

Jetter (a tailor from Brussels). Thou art worse than the Spaniard; he has so far been obliged to honor them.

Ruysom (a Frieslander). Let him! but without prejudice. It is his master's way, likewise, to live splendidly, and to spend as quickly as he receives!

Who does not recognize in this "*without prejudice*" the tenacious Frieslander, who is so watchful of his rights that he guards them by a clause even when granting the least concession. How true, where the citizens converse about their princes—

That was a master, (he is talking about Charles V.) He had his hand stretched out over the whole earth, he was all things in every thing—and when he met you, he saluted you as one neighbor the other—how we all cried when he ceded the government to his son—said I, understand me well—he is different, more majestic.

Jetter. They say that he talks very little.

Soest. He is not the right sort of master for us Netherlanders. Our princes should be cheerful and liberal, live and let live, &c.

How strikingly he depicts to us the misery of those days by a single trait: Egmont crosses the street, and the citizens look after him in astonishment.

Carpenter. Fine gentleman!

Jetter. His neck would be excellent food for a hangman.

The few scenes where the citizens of Brussels converse with each other, seem to be the result of a deep study of those times and of that people; it might be difficult to find a more strikingly beautiful monument of the history of that period than is contained in these few lines.

With no less truthfulness the poet has treated that portion of the picture which informs us of the spirit of the government, and of the arrangements which the king is making for the oppression of the Netherlanders. In the play, things have a milder and more humane look. The character of the Duchess of Parma has been somewhat idealized: "I know that one may be an honest and sensible man, even though he should have missed the nearest and best road to the salvation of his soul;" such words could not well have been spoken by a pupil of Ignatius Loyola. With great skill the poet, by causing a certain womanliness to shine through her male qualities, has diffused light and warmth through the political interests whose exposition he had to place in her mouth, and to impart to it a certain individuality and animation. We tremble before his Duke of Alva without turning away from him in disgust; it is a firm, rigid, inaccessible character, "a brazen tower without a gate which no garrison can enter without wings." The prudence and discretion with which he takes his measures for Egmont's arrest, gains for him on the score of admiration what he loses of our good wishes. The manner in which the duke discloses to us his inmost soul, and holds us in anxious suspense regarding the success of his undertaking, causes us to take with him an active part in these proceedings; we take an interest in them as though something were going on that is a subject of importance to ourselves.

Egmont's prison scene with young Alva is executed in a masterly style; it is the author's own conception. What can be more touching than the respect which the son of his murderer admits he has long felt for him. "It was thy name that shone to me in my first youth like a star in the firmament. How often have I listened for thy steps, and inquired after thee! The child's hope is the youth, and the youth's hope is man. Thus thou hast walked before me, and I have beheld thee without envy, and have followed thee onward and ever onward. Now I hoped at last to see thee, and I did see thee, and my heart flew to meet thee. Now I hoped to be with thee, to live with thee, to comprehend thee, to—but all this is cut off, I see thee here!" And when Egmont replies: "If my life has been a mirror to thee, in which thou hast delighted to behold thyself, then let my death likewise be a mirror to thee. Men are not together only when they are together; even the distant and departed friend lives with us. I live for thee, and I have lived long enough for myself,

I have enjoyed every day," &c. The other characters of the play are strikingly drawn in a few words; a single scene depicts to us the sly, taciturn, all-combining and all-dreading Prince of Orange. Alva as well as Egmont are reflected by those who are near them; this mode of picturing a character is excellent. In order to concentrate all the light upon Egmont, the poet has isolated him entirely, on which account Count Hoorn who shared the same fate with Egmont, has been omitted. An altogether novel character is Brackenburgh, Klærchen's lover, whom Egmont has superseded. This picture of a melancholy temperament, animated by passionate love, would deserve special comment. Klærchen, who has given him up for Egmont, has taken poison and departs, leaving the rest of the poison in his hands. He is alone. How terribly beautiful is this scene:

"She leaves me standing, to myself, alone,
She shares with me the fatal drop,
Sends me away, away now from her side!
She first attracts me, then repels me back
Into this dreary life.
O Egmont, what a glorious lot is thine!
She leads the van;
She goes to meet thee with the bliss of heaven!
Ought I to follow and be cast aside?
Ought I to carry unquenched jealousy
To yonder realms of heaven?
I can no longer dwell upon this earth,
But hell and heaven offer equal tortures."

Klærchen herself is drawn with inimitable beauty and truth. With all the exalted dignity which her innocence imparts, still the poor girl, and a Dutch girl withal—ennobled by nothing but her love, charming in a state of rest, rapturously splendid in a state of passionate warmth. But who doubts that the author is unsurpassable in a genre in which he is his own model?

The more perfectly truth is presented to the senses in this piece, the more incomprehensible it must appear that the author should have voluntarily destroyed this effect. Egmont has arranged all his earthly affairs, and, overcome by fatigue, falls asleep. Music is heard, and the wall behind his couch seems to open; a brilliant appearance—Liberty in the form of Klærchen, is seen in a cloud. From the truest and most touching situation we are transported by a stage-trick into an operatic fancy-world to behold—a dream. It would be absurd if we should attempt to show to the author how much our feelings are shocked by this proceeding; he knew that full as well as we do, and even better; but the idea of allegorically uniting in Egmont's brain his two ruling passions, Klærchen and Liberty, has seemed to him sufficiently rich to excuse this freedom. Let this conception please whom it may, the reviewer confesses that he would rather have done without this ingenious fancy in order to enjoy his emotions without any such interference.

MATTHISSON'S POEMS.

It is well known, that during the best periods of art the Greeks have not cared much for landscape-painting, and rigid critics still hesitate whether they ought to allow the landscape-painter a place among artists. But, what has not yet been noticed with sufficient attention, few instances can be found among the ancients of landscape-poetry as a peculiar species of poesy which holds the same relation to epic, dramatic, and lyric poetry, as landscape painting does to the painting of men and animals.

It is a different thing whether we introduce inanimate nature into a picture as the locality of the action, and, if necessary, borrow her hues in order to adequately exhibit the scenes of animate nature, as is frequently done by the historic painter and the epic poet; or whether we adopt the plan of the landscape-painter, and make inanimate nature the main subject of the picture, where man simply acts the part of a figure. Of the former genre innumerable instances are met with in Homer, and who would attempt to equal the great painter of nature in the truth, individuality and animated expression with which he presents to our imagination the locality of his dramatic poems? But it was reserved for modern artists (among whom we may even range some of the cotemporaries of Pliny) to select nature herself as a special subject for artistic exhibitions in landscape-painting and landscape-poetry, and to enrich by this addition the domain of art which the ancients seem to have confined to man and to objects resembling the human form.

Whence this indifference of Greek artists toward a genre which we moderns value so universally? Can we suppose that the Greek, this passionate lover and connoisseur of the beautiful, was insensible to the charms of inanimate nature, or may we not rather suppose that he scorned this subject intentionally, because he found it incompatible with his notions of fine art?

It cannot appear strange, if this question is asked in reference to a poet who possesses a peculiar force in the description of rural scenes and who may be regarded as a representative poet who has shown us by his example what the human artist may accomplish in this peculiar branch of the beautiful. Before addressing ourselves to him personally, let us cast a glance at the style of poetry in which he has shown his excellence.

He in whom the impressions of Claude Lorrain's masterly pencil are still fresh and vivid, will find it difficult to believe that these rapturous emotions were not produced by the fine, but the agreeable arts; so will he who has just been reading one of Matthiesson's descriptions of a rural scene, find it very strange, that there can be any doubt as to whether he has been actually reading the work of a poet.

Leaving it to others to dispute the landscape-painter's place among artists, we shall allude to this subject only in so far as it more immediately concerns the landscape-poet. This inquiry will at the same time initiate us into the principles by which the value of such poems should be deter-

mined. It is not the subject, but the form that makes the poet and the artist; a piece of domestic furniture, and a moral treatise, both may be made an æsthetic work of art by a tasteful execution; on the other hand, an unskillful painter may degrade the portrait of a man to the low level of a common daub. If we hesitate to acknowledge paintings or poems whose subjects are inanimate masses, as genuine works of art, (we mean of the species of art that admits of the conception and realization of an ideal), it follows that we doubt the possibility of treating these objects agreeably to the characteristic maxims of the fine arts. What is the kind of artistic character with which the simple exhibition of rural nature is incompatible? It must be the same which distinguishes the fine arts from those which are simply agreeable. But both these forms of art have the character of freedom in common; hence a work emanating from the sphere of the agreeable, if it is at the same time to represent a form of beauty, must be characterized by the inevitableness of truth.

If we understand by poesy the art of "exciting definite emotions through the free action of our productive imagination," (a definition of poesy which may stand together with so many others still in vogue,) two requirements result from this definition, which no poet who lays a claim to this appellation, can escape from. In the first place, he has to allow our imagination freedom of play and even action; in the second place, he has nevertheless to be sure of his effect, and to excite in us definite emotions. At first sight, these requirements seem to be contradictory; for, by the first requirement, our imagination should rule and obey no other law than its own; by the second, it should be subordinate to the law of the poet. How does the poet remove this contradiction? By imposing upon our imagination the very course it would take, if it obeyed its own law in perfect freedom, by attaining his end through the instrumentality of natural means, and converting the external requirement into a necessity of the inner nature. Under these circumstances it will be found that the two requirements do not only not neutralize, but that, on the contrary, they are identified with each other in such a manner that the highest liberty only becomes possible by the most positive order and definiteness of form.

Here two great difficulties meet the poet on his way. It is well known that the imagination, when acting in freedom, follows the law of association of ideas, which is originally founded in an accidental connection of our ideas in space and time, hence, in experience. Nevertheless, a poet should know how to calculate the empirical effect of such association, since he is a poet only in so far as he attains his object by means of the independent action of our imagination. But, in order to calculate this effect, he must be able to discover a regularity in its manifestations, and to trace the empirical connection of our ideas to the immutable order of the mind. But our ideas cohere *necessarily* only in so far as they are based upon our objective connection of the phenomena, not merely upon a subjective and arbitrary play of the mind. This objective connection of the phenomena is the chief domain of the poet's genius; it is only

after having carefully separated from his subject whatever has been superadded to it from subjective and accidental sources; after having become perfectly certain that he has been solely influenced by his object in all its purity, and that he has subjected himself to the law which regulates the course of the imagination in all individuals; it is then only that he can be assured that the imagination of his readers will agree in perfect freedom with the course which he dictates to it.

But he wants to make a definite impression upon the imagination for no other reason than because he wishes to produce some positive effect on the heart. However difficult the first task may have been to determine the play of the imagination without injuring its freedom, the second task is still more difficult: to impart a definite direction to the emotions of the individual through the medium of this free play of the imagination. It is well known that different individuals are moved differently on the same occasion, yea, that the same person may experience different effects from the same cause acting at different periods. Notwithstanding this dependence of our emotions upon accidental influences, the poet has to determine our emotional state; hence he has to act upon the conditions under which a definite emotion must necessarily occur. Considering that the characteristics of the species are the only thing inevitable in the individuality of the subject, a poet can determine our emotions only in so far as they are common to our species, not to our specifically distinct individuality. In order to make sure that he addresses the character of the species in us, it behooves him first to extinguish the individual within himself, by elevating his own selfhood to that of the race. It is only when he does **not** experience emotions as an individual swayed by this or that accidental influence, but as a man, that he can be sure to carry the feelings of the world along with him—at any rate, he has as good a right to expect this effect as he has a right to expect humanity of every human individual.

Every poetical composition should possess the following two qualities as indispensable attributes: first, necessary reference to the object (objective truth); second, necessary reference of this object, or its description to the sentient faculty (subjective universality). In a poem, every thing should be true to nature, for the imagination obeys no other law, and bears no other restraints than those which the nature of things dictates; but there should not be any thing historically true in a poem, for the actual circumscribes the truth of nature—more or less. Every individual man is so much less a man, the more he is individualized; every form of emotion or sensation is so much less purely human, the more it is characteristically peculiar to certain individuals. Greatness of style depends upon the casting off of the accidental, and upon the unalloyed expression of the universal and the eternally true.

We infer from these remarks, that the domain of the fine arts, properly speaking, only extends as far as we are able to discover an inevitable law of orderly connection in the series of phenomena. Beyond these limits where arbitrary power and chance seem to rule, there neither exists de-

finiteness nor freedom; for as soon as the poet is no longer able to govern the play of our imagination by its own inherent law of harmony, he has either to resort to external means of control, in which case the effect is no longer our own; or else he will exercise no control at all, in which case it is no longer his effect; yet both effects have to coexist if a work is to deserve the appellation of poetic.

This may be the reason why, among the ancients, poesy, as well as the plastic arts, were confined to the human sphere; it was only in the phenomena peculiar to the outer or inner man, that this orderly connection and development were discovered. More enlightened beings than we are, may perhaps be able to discover a similar order among the remaining natural beings; it has not as yet become apparent to our own observation, and a vast field is here as yet open to the wild roving of the fancy. The empire of definite forms does not extend beyond the animal body and the human heart; hence, it is only within this range that an ideal can be conceived. Above man (as a phenomenon), the objective range is closed to art; here science may still explore, though the imagination cannot transgress these boundaries. Below man, it is likewise closed; here the agreeable arts may claim the field, for here, the domain of inevitable order is bounded.

If the principles which we have laid down, are correct (concerning which intelligent connoisseurs will have to decide), it may seem at first sight as though little could be said in favor of rural poetry, and as though the conquest of this vast domain ought to be regarded as a doubtful enlargement of the boundaries of the fine arts. In the region where the painter and the poet of rural scenery chiefly dwell, the definiteness of hues and forms is already much less distinct; not only the outlines are much more irregular, and appear so to the senses, but in combining these forms chance acts a part which is most embarrassing to the artist. Hence, if the artist places definite forms before us, in a definite order, he, not we, adopts a determining principle, for there is no objective order in which the free imagination of the spectator could coincide with the artist's own idea. We receive from him the law which we should lay down for ourselves; hence the poetical nature of the impression is not perfectly pure, because it is not the product of a perfectly independent action of our imagination. If the artist intends to leave our freedom intact, he can only accomplish this result by abandoning the definiteness of form, and hence renouncing true beauty.

Nevertheless this special province of nature is not altogether lost to the fine arts; even the principles which we have laid down, entitle the artist who selects his subject from this domain, to a very honorable rank. In the first place it is undeniable that in spite of the irregularity of forms, this region of natural phenomena is governed to a great extent by a principle of unity and law which may guide the wise artist in the business of imitation. And in the second place it must be admitted that although the forms in this region of art are much less definite (because the parts disappear in the whole and the effect is de-

terminated by masses), yet the combination of these forms is still subject to essential principles of order, as is clearly shown by the shades and hues of a painted landscape.

But rural nature does not exhibit this rigid essentiality of order in all her parts, and in spite of the deepest study of her forms, the artist and poet will have to put up with a good deal that is arbitrary and irregular, and that will therefore preclude the realization of the highest degree of perfection. The essentiality of order which the true artist misses in the arrangement of natural forms, is only to be found within the boundaries of human nature; hence he will not rest until his genius has progressed to this sphere of highest beauty. He will indeed elevate the character of rural nature as much as he is able, and will endeavor to show that the evolution of her phenomena is determined by essential principles of order by which he will be guided in his own imitations of natural scenery; but inasmuch as in spite of all his efforts he will find it impossible to reach upon this road the perfect order upon which the human world is founded, he will represent nature as the symbolic expression of that world, and will thus secure for her all the privileges which belong to human nature as the legitimate world of art.

In what manner is this result accomplished without injuring nature's truth and individuality? Every true artist and every poet who works in this genre, performs such an operation, in most cases most probably without having a distinct consciousness of it. There are two ways in which inanimate nature may become a symbol of the human, either as the symbolic expression of emotions or of ideas.

Emotions, it is true, cannot be represented to the senses as essential states; but as embodied in forms they admit of being exhibited phenomenally; indeed, there exists a universally loved and efficient art which has no other object than to express forms of emotions. This art is music; hence, in so far as rural painting or poetry produces a musical effect, it represents emotions, consequently imitates human nature. Indeed, we look upon every painting or poem as a sort of musical composition, and subject them in part to the same laws. In the distribution of hues we expect to find harmony, tone, and even modulation. In every poem we distinguish unity of thought from unity of emotion, the musical expression from the logical arrangement; in short, we claim that in every poem, besides the ideas which it embodies, the form should imitate and express emotions, and should affect us like music. Of the painter and poet of rural scenes we demand this in a much higher degree, and with a clearer consciousness of a right, since we have to favor both by abating a little of the claims which we generally entertain of productions of the fine arts.

The effect of music (considered as a beautiful, not merely as an agreeable art) consists in accompanying and symbolizing the internal movements of the mind by analogous external movements. Inasmuch as those internal movements (being the movements of human nature), take

place in accordance with the rigid laws of an essential necessity, this necessity and definiteness are transmitted to the external movements by means of which those of the inner nature are expressed; and thus it is that we are enabled to comprehend how the ordinary phenomena of sound and light may be made to participate, as symbolic signs, of the æsthetic dignity of human nature. By penetrating into the mystery of the laws which govern the movements of the inner heart, and by studying the analogy existing between these emotions and certain external phenomena, the composer and the landscape painter, from being mere delineators of ordinary nature, become true painters of the soul. From the sphere of irregularity and chance they ascend to the sphere of essential principles, where they may range themselves in perfect confidence, if not on a level with the plastic artist who makes the outer man his chief subject, but side by side with the poet whose chief subject is man's inner nature.

Rural nature may likewise be drawn within the range of human nature, by being made to represent ideas. We do not mean ideas which are awakened in the mind by the accident of association, for this operation is dependent upon chance, and unworthy of art; we allude to an awakening of ideas which is the necessary result of the operations of a symbolizing imagination. In active minds which have become conscious of their moral dignity, reason never looks idly upon the play of the imagination, but is unceasingly endeavoring to harmonize this accidental play with her own course of proceedings. If there is one among these phenomena that can be treated in accordance with her own practical rules, this phenomenon appears to her a symbol of her own operations; the dead letter of nature is transformed into the language of living mind, and the eyes of mind and body read the same phenomenal signs each in its own way. The lovely harmony of forms, of sounds, and light which ravishes the æsthetic sense, now likewise qualifies the moral sense; the regular and continuous mode in which the lines are joined in space, and the sounds in time, is a natural symbol of the mind's accord with itself, and of the moral connection of actions and sentiments, and the beautiful tone of a painting or musical composition reveals the still more beautiful nature of a morally-attuned soul.

The composer and landscape-painter effect this result by the form of their composition and simply dispose the mind for certain emotions and ideas; but they leave it to the imagination of the hearer and beholder to supply a substantive nature for these forms. The poet, on the contrary, enjoys an additional advantage, which is, to furnish a text for these emotions, to support the symbolic forms of the imagination by adequately interpreting and defining their meaning. But let him not forget that his interference in this matter should have its limits. He may indicate the ideas and point to the emotions, but he must not present them fully expressed; he must not forestall the reader's imagination. Here every detailed definition affects the mind as a troublesome barrier; what constitutes the peculiar charm of such

æsthetic ideas is the unfathomable depth which seems to characterize their meaning. The real and expressed meaning which the poet affixes to his symbols, operates as a finite, and the possible meaning which he permits us to attach to them, as an infinite quantity.

We have not chosen this long road for the purpose of receding from, but approaching to our poet. The three requisites of rural compositions which we have just named, are combined by Mr. M. in most of his delineations. They please us by their truthfulness and vividness of fancy; they attract us by their musical beauty; they occupy us by the spirit which breathes through them.

Simply regarding the faithful manner in which nature is imitated in his landscapes, we cannot help admiring the art with which he manages to invite our imagination to co-operate in the description of natural scenery; he directs her power without interfering with her freedom. The single parts of his landscape-poems seem to be joined in accordance with a principle of essential oneness; nothing is added without a motive, and the general character of these scenes of nature is conceived in the happiest manner. For this reason our imagination finds it so easy to follow him: we fancy we are beholding nature herself, and the impression which is left upon our minds, is like the recollection of scenes that we had witnessed in the past. He is perfectly conversant with the means of imparting to his descriptions life and evidence; he is acquainted with the advantages as well as with the natural limits of his art. In compositions of this kind the poet always labors under certain disadvantages toward the painter, because a considerable portion of the effect depends upon the simultaneous impression of the whole which the poet is compelled to present to the reader's imagination as a successive series of parts. His business is not only to exhibit to us that which is, but that which happens; and if he understands his own interest, he will always manage to select for his compositions such portions of his great domain as admit of a coherent and logical representation. Rural nature being a simultaneous whole of phenomena, it is more favorable to the painter on this account; but being at the same time a successive whole which is subject to continual changes, it is on this account more favorable to the poet. Mr. M. has improved this difference in his compositions with a great deal of good judgment. His object is to present variety in time rather than in space, to exhibit nature in motion rather than in a state of rest and permanence. An ever-changing evolution of scenery is presented to our eyes, and the various features of his landscapes coalesce into an uninterrupted and enchanting harmony. What animation, what a richness of motion greet us, for instance, in the lovely moonshine scene, page 85:

“Der Vollmond schwebt im Osten,
Am alten Geisterthurm
Flimmt bläulich im bemoosten
Gestein der Feuerwurm.
Der Linde schöner Sylfe
Streift schön in Lunens Glanz;
Im dunkeln Uferschilfe
Webt leichter Irrwisch Tanz.

“Die Kirchenfenster schimmern;
Im Silber wallt das Korn;
Bewegte Sternchen flimmern
Auf Teich und Wiesenborn;
Im Lichte wehn die Ranken
Der öden Felsenkluft;
Den Berg, wo Tannen wanken
Umschleiert weisser Duft.

“Wie schön der Mond die Wellen
Des Erlenbachs besäumt,
Der hier durch Binsenstellen,
Dort unter Blumen schäumt,
Als lodernde Cascade
Des Dorfes Mühle treibt,
Und wild vom lauten Rade
In Silberfunken stäubt,” &c. *

Even where the poet designs to place a whole landscape at one view before us, he renders a comprehension of his description easy and natural by the continuousness of the single features of the tableau, as in the following, page 54:

Die Sonne sinkt; ein purpurfarbner Duft
Schwimmt um Savoyens dunkle Tannenhügel,
Der Alpen Schnee entglüht in hoher Luft,
Geneva malt sich in der Fluten Spiegel.”†

Although these scenes are presented to the imagination in successive order, yet we combine them without any difficulty in one idea, because one supports the other and all seem necessary to each other. We find it a little more difficult to execute this combination in the next stanza, where this continuous connection is less striking:

* We subjoin a literal translation of these verses, which we have found it impossible to render in English verse without completely altering the text, and defeating the object of the reviewer.

“The full moon is hovering in the east,
Around the old ghost-tower;
The bluish fire-fly is seen glimmering
Amid the moss-grown walls.
The linden-tree's beautiful sylph
Is shyly roving in Luna's light;
In the dark reed-grass on the river-bank
Evanescant ignes fatui are flickering.

“We see the church-windows gleaming;
The silvery corn-field waving;
Little stars twinkling as if moving
On pools and meadow-springs.
In the desert ravine
Creepers are agitated in the moonlight,
The mountain wreathed with firs
Is veiled by a white mist.

“How beautifully the moon's rays
Are reflected by the stream bordered by alders,
Which is here foaming amid rushes,
And yonder amid beds of flowers,
Which, as a sparkling cascade,
Propels the mill of the village,
And noisily rushing over the wheel,
Is scattered about like silvery dust,” &c.

† “The sun is setting; a purple vapor
Is floating around Savoy's dark and fir-wreathed hills,
The snow of the Alps sparkles as from fire high up in
the air,
Geneva is reflected in the mirror of the waves.”

"In Gold verfließt der Berggehölze Saum;
Die Wiesenflur, beschneit von Blütenflocken,
Haucht Wohlgerüche; Zephyr athmet kaum;
Vom Jura schallt der Klang der Heerden-
glocken.*

From the gilded border of the mountains we cannot get to the blooming and fragrant meadow without leaping. This leap requires an additional effort, inasmuch as another sense is called into action by it. But now again what a beautiful consistency is embodied in the following stanza:

"Der Fischer singt im Kahne, der gemach
Im rothen Widerschein zum Ufer gleitet,
Wo der bemoosten Eiche Schattendach
Die netzumhangne Wohnung überbreitet."†

If the movements of nature are insufficient, the poet borrows motion from his own imagination, peopling the quiet scenes with spirit-forms that are fitting about in the mist, and gamboling in the moonshine. Or memory conjures up the forms of the hoary past, mingling artificial life with the silence of the scene. Associations of this character are not the offspring of a lawless fancy; they are suggested by the local character of the landscape or by the peculiar emotions which the landscape excites in his heart. It is true, they are the property of his subjective intellect, but they are conceived in such a universal spirit that the poet need not hesitate to invest them with objective reality.

Mr. M. is no less successful in producing the musical effects which arise from a happy selection of harmonious images, and from the skillful and melodious arrangement of his rhymes. Who, in reading the following short song, does not experience an impression similar to that which a beautiful sonata might make upon him, page 91?

ABENDLANDSCHAFT.

Goldner Schein
Deckt den Hain;
Mild beleuchtet Zauberschimmer
Der umbüschten Waldburg Trümmer.

Still und hehr
Strahlt das Meer;
Heimwärts gleiten, sanft wie Schwäne
Fern am Eiland Fischerkähne.

Silbersand
Blinkt am Strand;
Röther schweben hier, dort blässer,
Wolkenbilder im Gewässer.

* "The border of the mountain-woods disappears in the golden twilight;
The meadow white with budding flowers,
Exhales fragrance; the zephyrs are scarcely stirring;
From the Jura the bells of the herds are heard resounding."

† "The fisherman is singing in his boat which is slowly
Gliding toward the bank amid the purple hues of the twilight,
Where the shady branches of the moss-grown oak
Are spread over the cottage from which a net is suspended."

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Rauschend kränzt,
Goldbeglänzt,
Wankend Ried des Vorland's Hügel,
Wild umschwärmt vom Seegeflügel.

Malerisch
Im Gebüsch
Winkt mit Gärtchen, Laub und Quelle
Die bemooste Klausnerzelle.

Auf der Flut
Stirbt die Glut,
Schon erblasst der Abendschimmer
An der hohen Waldburg Trümmer.

Vollmondschein
Deckt den Hain;
Geisterlispel wehn im Thale
Um versunkne Heldenmale.*

We do not mean to convey the idea as though it were the happy versification that imparts such a musical character to this song. It is true the effect is heightened but not produced by the euphonious metre. It is the happy combination of images, the sweet order with which they are successively presented; it is the modulation and the beautiful tone pervading the whole composition which makes it the expression of a definite class of emotions, and imparts to it the character of a soul-picture.

A similar impression, although of an entirely different quality, is awakened by the "Alpenwanderer," p. 61, and by the "Alpenreise, p. 66, two compositions in which the most perfect exhibition of nature is united to the most varied expression of emotions. It seems as though we

* EVENING LANDSCAPE.

A golden shine
Covers the grove;
The ruins of the castle in the midst of a bushy forest
Are illumined by a mild and enchanting twilight.

Silently and sublimely
The sea is gleaming;
Homeward glide, like swans,
The fisher boats near the distant island.

A silvery sand
Sparkles on the shore;
Cloudy images are floating in the water,
With purple hues here, or paler yonder.

Waving reed
Rustling wreathes
The gold-crowned hill on yonder jutting point of land,
Round which sea-birds wildly swarm.

Picturesque,
In the grove,
Is beckoning to us with its garden, foliage, and spring,
The moss-grown cell of the hermit.

On the water
The light is dying;
By the ruins of the forest-castle
The twilight is already growing paler.

The moonshine
Is spread over the grove;
Spirit-voices are fitting in the dale
Round the decaying monuments of heroes.

heard a performer who is endeavoring to find out what power he possesses over our feelings; for such a purpose a journey through the Alps, where the great and the beautiful, the awful, and the lovely succeed each other in so surprising a manner, is an exceedingly happy selection.

Some of these landscape pictures touch us by the spirit or the ideas which they embody; the very first, for instance, entitled "Genfersee," in whose magnificent beginning the triumph of life over inanimate matter, of the form over shapeless masses, is very happily presented to the mind in a series of striking and beautiful images. The poet opens the composition with a glance at the past, when the paradise which is now stretching out before him, was still a wilderness:

Da wälzte, wo im Abendlichte dort,
Geneva, deine Zinnen sich erheben,
Der Rhodan seine Wogen traurend fort,
Von schauervoller Haine Nacht umgeben.

Da hörte deine Paradieses-Flur,
Du stilles Thal voll blühender Gehege,
Die groszen Harmonien der Wildniss nur,
Orkan und Thiergeheul und Donnerschläge.

Als senkte sich sein zweifelhafter Schein
Auf eines Weltballs ausgebraunte Trümmer,
So goss der Mond auf diese Wüstenein
Voll trüber Nebeldämmerung seine Schimmer.*

And now the magnificent landscape discloses itself to his view, and he recognizes the locality of those picturesque scenes which remind him of the author of *Heloise*.

O, Clarens, friedlich am Gestad erhöht!
Dein Name wird im Buch der Zeiten leben.
O, Meillerie, voll rauher Majestät!
Dein Ruhm wird zu den Sternen sich erheben.

Zu deinen Gipfeln, wo der Adler schwebt,
Und aus Gewölk erzürnte Ströme fallen,
Wird oft, von süszen Schauern tief durchbebt,
An der Geliebten Arm der Fremdling wallen.†

* There, where yonder in the evening-dusk,
O Geneva, thy spires are seen rising,
The Rhodanus rolled its waves mournfully onward,
Wrapt in the awful night of the forests.

Then thy paradisiacal region,
Thou silent valley, filled with blooming inclosures,
Heard nothing but the great harmonies of the wilderness,
Hurricanes, the howlings of beasts, and claps of thunder.

As though some dubious light
Had descended to the extinguished ruins of a universe,
Thus the moon poured forth her pale rays
Upon these wildernesses over which the dim gloom of
fogs was spread.

† O Clarence, peacefully extended on the high bank!
Thy name will live in the book of ages.
O Meillerie, encircled with a rude majesty!
Thy glory will reach the stars.

To thy summits, where the eagle is hovering,
And where wild torrents rush from the clouds,
The stranger quivering through and through with a sweet
shudder,
Will frequently wander, his loved one leaning upon his
arm.

So far how brilliantly intellectual, how full of feeling, how picturesque! But now the poet seems anxious to do better, and he spoils his work. The subsequent stanzas, which are very beautiful in themselves, proceed from the cold intellect, not from the abundance of a sentiment wholly given up to its subject. If the poet's heart belongs wholly to the subject, he cannot possibly tear himself away from it in order to transport himself at one time upon the Etna, then to the Tibur, then to the Gulf of Naples, and so forth, and to dwell upon these scenes instead of simply mentioning them in a passing manner. We admire indeed the magnificence of his pencil, but it dazzles us instead of quickening the heart, a simple description would have produced a more powerful effect. So many changes of scenery finally scatter the attention to such an extent that our interest in the main subject, even if the poet returns to it, is lost. Instead of re-awakening it, he weakens it still more by a considerable descent at the conclusion of the poem, which contrasts very strikingly with the soaring flight with which he commenced the poem, and which he sustained for a long time. This is the third time that Mr. M. has altered this poem; but we fear that a fourth alteration has been rendered so much more necessary thereby. The various emotions which have influenced him in these changes, seem to have done violence to the spirit which originally dictated it; by endowing it too profusely, it has lost much of its true value which consists in simplicity.

In representing Mr. M. as an excellent painter of rural scenes, we are far from assigning this sphere to him as the boundaries of his genius. Even in this small collection his poetical talent shows itself with equal success in other departments of his art. He has made successful attempts in fictions of the imagination, and has correctly apprehended the spirit that should pervade such poems. The imagination seems totally unfettered, and yet it is in the most beautiful accord with the idea that is to be expressed. In the song entitled "Feenland" (Fairylan), the poet derides the fantastic revels of the imagination with a great deal of humor; this composition is as checkered, as glittering and surcharged, as grotesque as the character of this wild genre requires; the song of the Elfs seems as light, as airy, and ethereal as all the forms in this little moonshine-world should be. A blissful and unsolicitous sensuality breathes throughout the whole of the neat little song of the Faunes, and with a great deal of good-natured frankness the Gnomes divulge their own and their consorts' secret; page 141.

Des Tagschein's Blendung drückt,
Nur Finsterniss beglückt!
Drum hausen wir so gern
Tief in des Erdball's Kern.
Dort oben, wo der Æther flammt,
Ward alles was von Adam stammt,
Zu Licht und Glut mit Recht verdammt.*

* The dazzling day is oppressive to us,
Only darkness makes happy!

Mr. M. is a happy painter of emotions, not only by the manner in which he treats rural scenery, but by the descriptions he has furnished of the emotions themselves. It might be expected that a poet who understands so well how to enlist our sympathy for inanimate nature, must feel at home in the world of intelligence which offers a much richer field. We may even define beforehand the range of sentiment where a muse inspired with the beauties of nature, will love to dwell. Not in the tumult of the great world, not in artificial relations,—in the solitude, in his own breast, in the simple situations of a primitive state, our poet seeks the traces of a genuine humanity. Friendship, love, religious sentiments, recollections of childhood, the happiness of rural life, constitute the staple of his songs; all of them subjects which are in close relation and affinity with rural nature. The character of his muse is a gentle melancholy, and a certain contemplative enthusiasm, to which solitude and a beautiful nature are so apt to incline a sensitive soul. In the tumult of a busy world, one image of the fancy crowds upon the other, and we do not always derive advantage from a variety of tastes and aptitudes; so much more faithfully the emotions are preserved which we confide to the bosom of simple and unvarying nature, whose imperishable and harmonious unity never fails to lead us to unity and peace. Hence, the narrow circle in which our poet revolves, the long echo of his impressions, the frequent recurrence of the same emotions. Feelings which emanate from nature as their source, are monotonous and almost contracted; they are the elements out of which more delicate shades and artistic combinations are formed in the complicated play of the world; it is these that constitute an inexhaustible subject for the painter of the soul. We get tired of the former, because they occupy us too little; but we like to return to them, and we are rejoiced to see the genuine humanity disembarrassed from those artificial manners which frequently are mere degenerations. But, if this return to the Saturnine age, and to the simplicity of nature, is to be truly serviceable to the cultivated man, this simplicity must be presented like the work of our own choice, not of a necessity of our being; it must be the nature with which the morally-developed man ends, not with which the physical man commences. Hence,

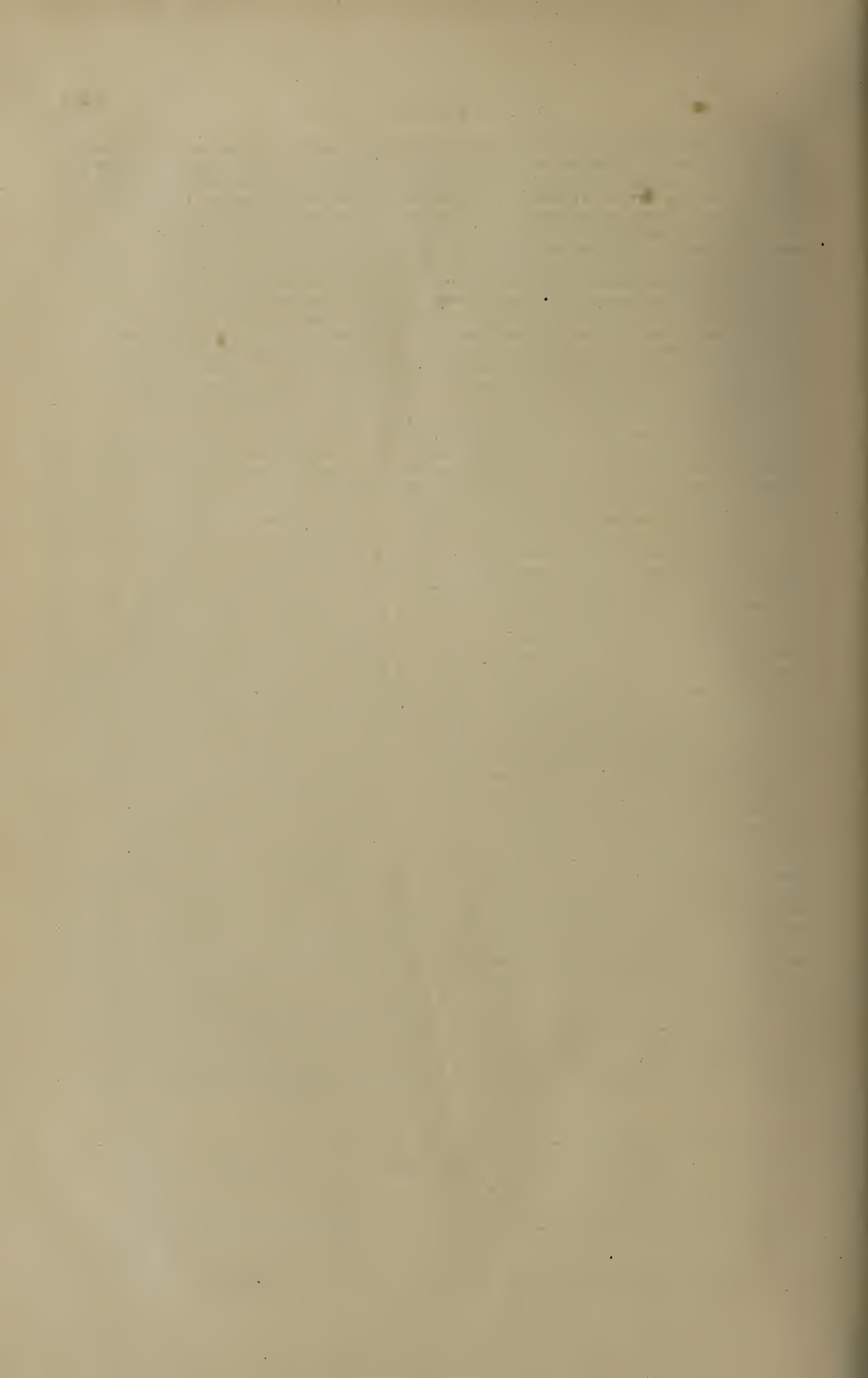
Therefore we love to dwell
 Deep near the globe's centre.
 High above us, where the ether is in flames,
 Adam's descendants all
 Have been justly doomed to light and heat.

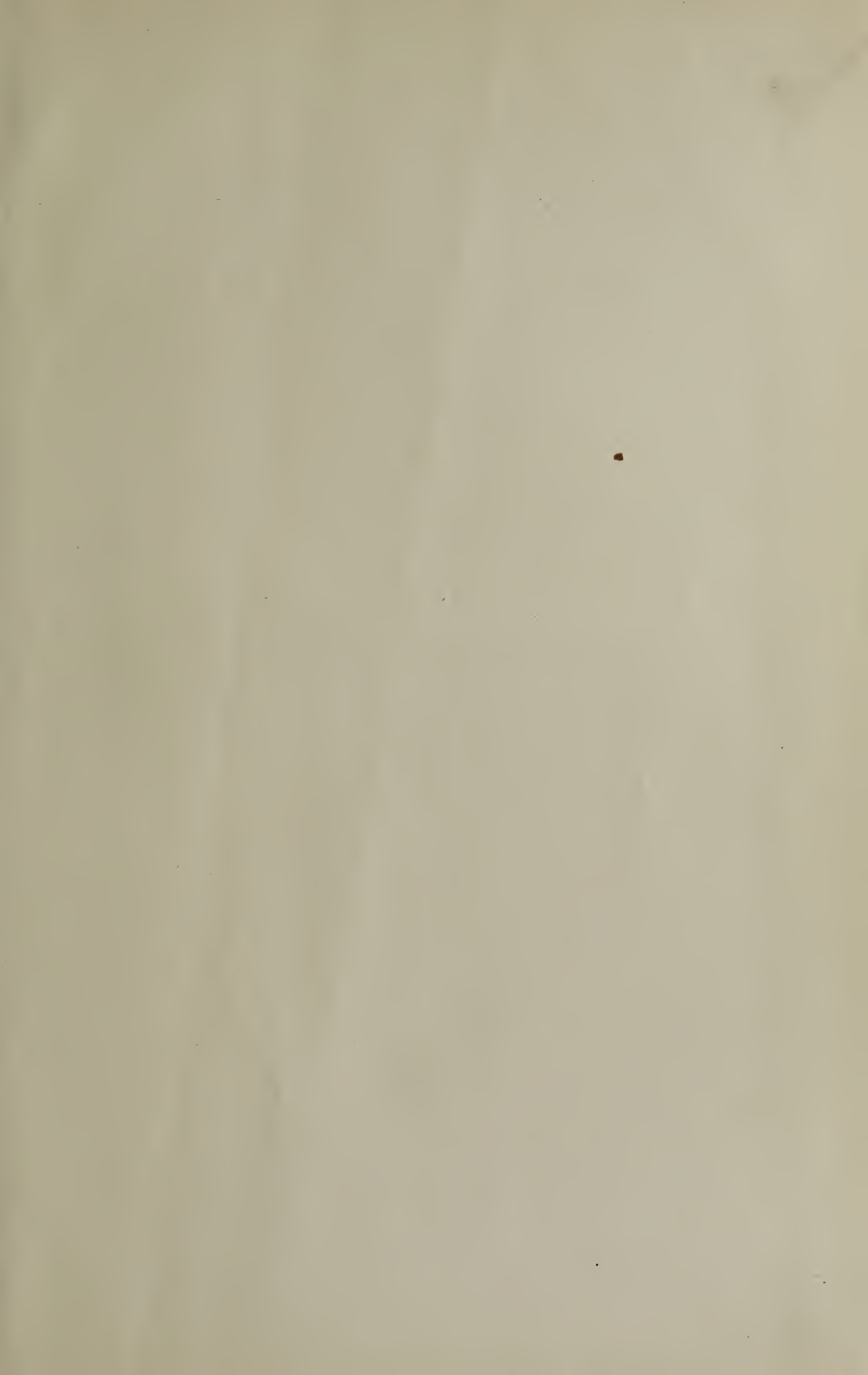
if the poet wants to lead us out of the tumult of the world into his solitude, it must not be the want of relaxation, but the desire for action, not a longing for rest, but for harmony that disgusts him with art, and makes nature appear lovely to him; it must not be, because the moral world is opposed to his theories, but to his practical capacities, that he desires to cast a longing glance at Tibur, and to retreat to the bosom of inanimate nature.

This requires something more than the limited skill of contrasting nature with art, in which the whole talent of the idylist frequently consists. It is only a heart familiar with the highest beauty that can preserve the simplicity of sentiment in the midst of all the influences of a refined culture, without which this simplicity has no dignity. Such a heart betrays itself by a fullness hidden under the garb of the most perfect modesty; by a nobleness which is impressed even upon the playfulness of a capricious fancy; by a discipline which checks even the enthusiasm of the most glorious triumph; and by a never-desecrated chastity of feeling; it betrays itself by the irresistible and truly magic power with which it attracts and holds us, and obliges us, as it were, to be mindful of our dignity while we are doing homage to its own.

Mr. M. has evidenced his claim to this title in a manner that must prove satisfactory to the severest judge. He who knows how to compose a fancy-painting like his "Elysium," (p. 34), is initiated into the innermost mysteries of poesy, and has shown himself the disciple of true beauty. Intimate intercourse with nature and with classic models, has nourished his mind, purified his taste, preserved his moral loveliness and beauty; a genuine and cheerful humanity animates his poems, and pure as they are seen in the mirror of the limpid wave, his beautiful tableaux are depicted in the quiet brightness of his mind. Throughout his works we observe choice, chastity, severity toward himself, an indefatigable endeavor to reach the acme of beauty. He has accomplished much, and we may hope that he has not yet attained his limits. Having tried his wings in a rather humble sphere, it now devolves upon him to take a higher flight, to ingraft a deeper meaning upon the lovely forms of his imagination, and the music of his language, to people his landscapes with living figures, and to exhibit an active humanity upon such a ground. A modest distrust in one's self, is always the sign of true talent, but courage likewise befits it well; and however beautiful it may seem to see the conqueror of Python exchange the terrible bow for the lyre, as exalted a spectacle is afforded us, if the greatness of a hero suddenly flashes from Achilles among a group of Thessalian maidens.

THE END





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